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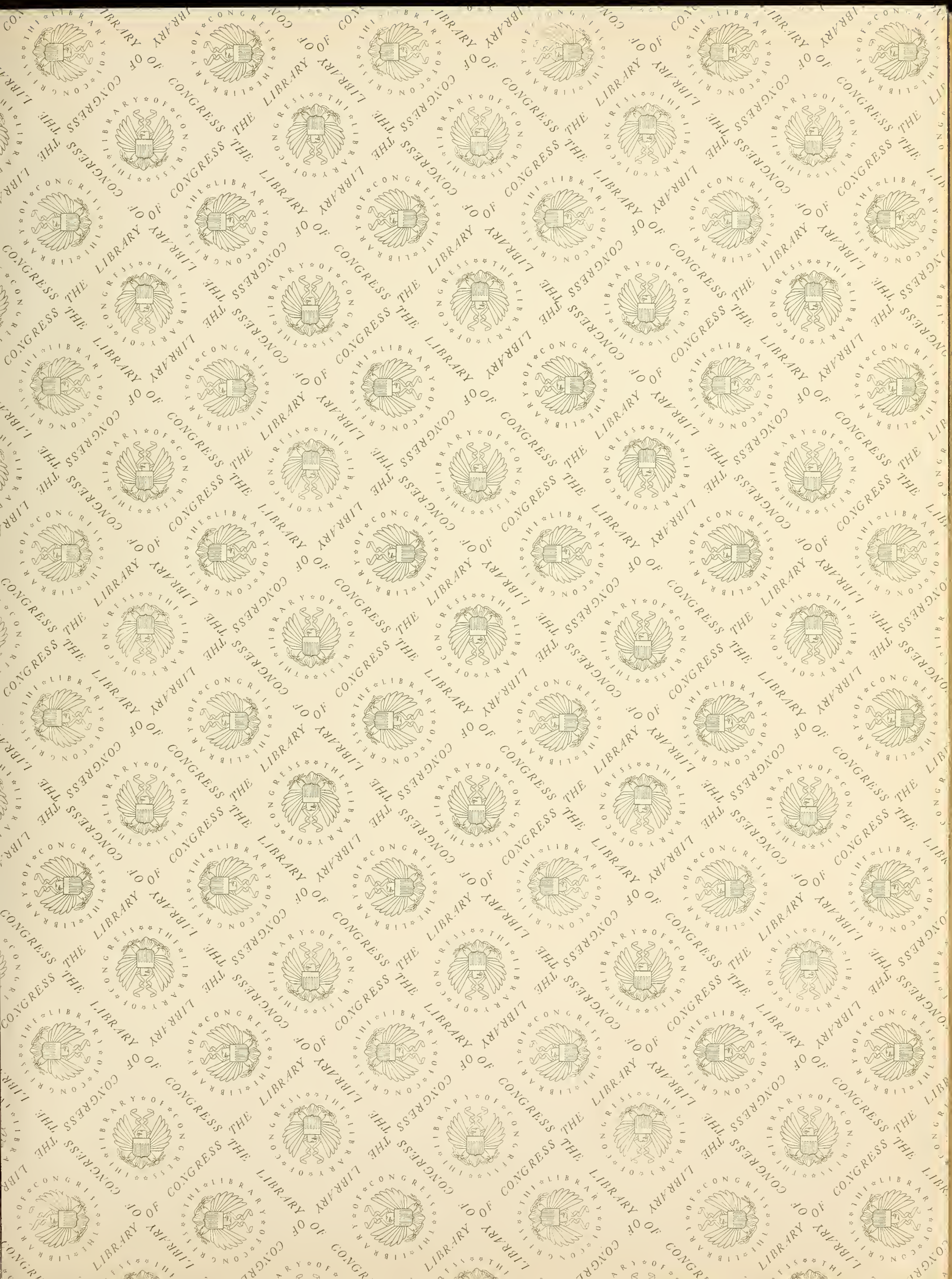
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MODERN SCREEN

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516

"The Men I Love"—Betty Hutton

DEC 27 43

If Cupid's been somewhat unfair . . .
Then tempt him now with shining hair!

No other shampoo

leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

A HONEY OF A HAIR-DO for the girl with long, thick hair. The shining-smooth coronet roll is newer than braids—and the chignon, rolled low on the neck, is very flattering. Before styling, the hair was washed with Special Drene, which deserves the credit for the extra lustre and the alluring smoothness.

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

A girl's best bet for making a dent in the heart of that handsome male is glamorous hair . . . lovely, shining hair that sparkles and gleams with highlights!

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of its natural lustre.

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember . . . Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
if defective or not as advertised therein

Product of Procter & Gamble

PN1993
.M33+

After Hours—

turn heads and hearts with a sparkling smile!

Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

YOU'RE WORKING on the home front—backing our heroes on the battle front. But when your day's stint is done—it's time for relaxation—for fun, for dates and romance.

Do you need beauty to win hearts? Not at all! Look at the popular girls about you. Few can claim real beauty. But they all know *how to smile!*

So let your smile be bright—warm hearts with its magic! But for that kind of a smile you need bright, sparkling teeth. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist.* He may tell you that soft foods have denied your gums the exercise they need for health. And, like many dentists, he may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help make gums firmer. Let Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier, more attractive smile!

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

3,000,000 women are needed to serve on the home front—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now.

What can *you* do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today WITH Ipana AND massage

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

On all the Broadways of America, there's a milling to get into the most extravagant extravaganza in years entitled "Thousands Cheer".

★ ★ ★ ★

It is "M-G-M's Thousands Cheer" if you please, for practically every big name on the big roster of that big studio is represented in the cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is essentially a love story that revolves around Kathryn Grayson and Gene Kelly. But they are the baton wavers in a parade that brings out the exact and thoroughly demonstrated talents of—

★ ★ ★ ★

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Lucille Ball, Virginia O'Brien, Frank Morgan, Lena Horne—Shall we go on?

★ ★ ★ ★

Oh very well—Marsha Hunt, Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, Margaret O'Brien, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, John Conte, Sara Haden—getting winded?

★ ★ ★ ★

Well—Ben Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lessy, Don Loper and Maxine Barrat—whew!

★ ★ ★ ★

Plus three great name bands—Kay Kyser and Orchestra, Bob Crosby and Orchestra, Benny Carter and Band.

★ ★ ★ ★

And lest we forget, the incomparable Jose Iturbi not only plays his immortal piano but acts like a Lunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

This remarkable three-ringed show is photographed in Technicolor, directed by George Sidney and produced by the veteran Joseph Pasternak. It is an original screen play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins who dreamed up a dream of a story about Private Miss Jones.

★ ★ ★ ★

It has the true Army flavor. That's why the most important letters in "Thousands Cheer" are U.S.A.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll be one of the millions to cheer M-G-M's Thousands. We're in it too—at the very beginning we roar. —Leo

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

THE MEN I LOVE
She could show an Alka-Seltzer how to fizz, but Betty Hutton's not all jump and jive. She gets plain soupy sometimes—over those big, joshy guys in khaki 22

BIG BOY
He tells you he's a mug. But you never saw a mug with a more fabulous, gold-plated background than Sonny Tufts 26

THE CHRISTMAS ALAN WILL NEVER FORGET
It was too much for a little boy! The big, lovable dog dying. The shiny new BB gun and the bike. There was too much anguish in it . . . too much sudden, stabbing joy 28

"HIGHER AND HIGHER"
Money has charm . . . but it doesn't hold a candle to love. Michele Morgan and Frankie Sinatra know that from the beginning. But Jack Haley's a little slow to learn 32

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They've got so terribly much to do, these Youngs—with Gig in the Navy and bright-eyed, beamish Sheila in a war plant 34

MODERN SCREEN GOES FARMING WITH GEORGE MONTGOMERY
Our photographer grabbed his hat and flash bulb, scooted to Montana to catch the guy on furlough. These are the pictures he slapped on our desk three days later 36

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He's no droop in a drape, this Donald O'Connor. The guy has a mind of his own and a heart the size of a 50c Valentine 38

1944—WHAT WILL IT BRING?
Grant Lewi, editor of "Horoscope," doesn't pull his punches . . . gives you his nineteen-forty-four cast, straight as it affects both you and the stars 44

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE
You can pop in at Gene and Betsy Kelly's for baked beans and popcorn any night at 11 or kickball Sundays at 3 46

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So much is crowded into the second half of this wonderful life story. Ty's first, dizzying success; then Annabella and marriage; and now the toughest, finest job of his life 48

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FOR VICTORY
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UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS
BONDS
STAMPS

COVER: Betty Hutton in Par.'s "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"

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LOVE
STORY OF
AN ARMY
CAMP

DIRECT FROM
ITS WORLD
PREMIERE
ENGAGEMENT
AT BROADWAY'S
FAMED ASTOR
THEATRE!

MGM's
GRAND MUSICAL HIT

THOUSANDS CHEER

30 STARS! 3 GREAT BANDS!

KATHRYN
GRAYSON ☆

GENE
KELLY ☆

MICKEY
ROONEY ☆

JUDY
GARLAND ☆

LUCILLE
BALL ☆

RED
SKELTON

ELEANOR
POWELL ☆

ANN
SOTHERN ☆

MARY
ASTOR ☆

LENA
HORNE ☆

FRANK
MORGAN ☆

JOHN
BOLES

MARGARET
O'BRIEN ☆

VIRGINIA
O'BRIEN ☆

KAY
KYSER ☆

BOB
CROSBY ☆

MARSHA
HUNT ☆

JOSE
ITURBI

lso: Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, Benny Carter, John Conte, Sara Haden, Don Loper, Maxine Barrat, en Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lessy. Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY, Produced by JOSEPH PASTERNAK. Original Screen Play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins. Based on their story "Private Miss Jones"

By Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

RIDING HIGH

Here's some merry musical nonsense, with Dorothy Lamour playing an ex-burlesque queen. Dottie carries her costume for this one around in her handbag—and it's not a very big handbag, either! Dick Powell plays the handsome hero, Victor Moore has his best part of the year, and Milt Britton and his band produce some nice tunes.

If you *have* money, you don't need to spend it. That's an old principle, neatly illustrated by the late John D. Rockefeller's habit of passing out dimes as tips. If anyone else tipped a waiter a dime he'd get a Mickey Finn in his demi-tasse, but John D. was a multimillionaire, so it was O.K. If you have a few thousand dollar bills tucked away in your dirndl, you won't need a mink coat or a diamond bracelet. Just flash one of the bills, and everyone will start asking you to dinner.

This valuable lesson should be taught to us all at an early age. Dick Powell, as Steve Baird, doesn't learn it until he meets "Doctor" Mortimer Slocum (Victor Moore). (*Continued on page 10*)

Penniless Steve Baird (Dick Powell) needs money to finance a silver mine. "Doctor" Mortimer Slocum (Vic Moore) gives him several $1,000 bills "to flaunt but not to spend!"

The scheme works, and Dick's friends, thinking he's rich, gladly invest in his scheme. Meanwhile, Vic is pursued by Tess (Cass Daley), owner of ranch where they're staying.

When Dick meets burlesque queen Ann Castle (Dottie Lamour) he falls like a ton of bricks. Trouble begins when law puts clamps on Vic, who counterfeited greenbacks!

As last resort Vic bets $20,000 "hot money" vs. Cass' rival's 20 grand on a wagon race. Insures victory by sawing axle of what he *thinks* is enemy's wagon. See pic for results!

GLORIFYING THE ALL-AMERICAN *PIN UP* GIRL!

Here's the girl in every serviceman's dreams . . . set to music, set to dancing, set to loving . . . in a musical you'll never forget!

Betty GRABLE in

PIN UP GIRL

in Technicolor!

JOHN HARVEY · MARTHA RAYE · JOE E. BROWN

EUGENE PALLETTE · SKATING VANITIES

CHARLIE SPIVAK AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE · Produced by WILLIAM LE BARON

Screen Play by Robert Ellis, Helen Logan and Earl Baldwin

You'll laugh your head off when Martha and Joe get together again!

Make your Christmas gift a War Bond. Your Movie Theatre is happy to serve you.

SONGS THEY'LL BE SINGING FROM BROADWAY TO GUADALCANAL!

"You're My Little Pin Up Girl"
"Time Alone Will Tell"
"This Is It"
"Once Too Often"
"Yankee Doodle Hayride"
"The Story of the Very Merry Widow"
"Don't Carry Tales Out of School"
"Red Robins, Bob Whites and Blue Birds"
by Mack Gordon and James Monaco

Another BIG one in 20 CENTURY-FOX'S mighty parade of HITS!

ORSON WELLES · JOAN FONTAINE *in* JANE EYRE

EDWARD G. ROBINSON · LYNN BARI *in* TAMPICO

MERLE OBERON · GEORGE SANDERS · LAIRD CREGAR *in* THE LODGER

Three great DARRYL F. ZANUCK productions: THE PURPLE HEART · WILSON · WENDELL WILLKIE'S ONE WORLD

THE GIRL THEY'RE ALL TALKING ABOUT
MARY LEE
America's Little Sister in
NOBODY'S DARLING
IT'S A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Wherever you go folks are asking, "Have you seen Mary Lee?" She's the most refreshing thing that's come to the screen in a month of Sundays!... How she sings! What a personality! And here she is in a perfectly grand picture—gay, romantic and melody-filled!

with
Louis Calhern • Gladys George • Jackie Moran
Lee Patrick
Bennie Bartlett
Marcia Mae Jones

HEAR MARY SING:
Blow, Gabriel, Blow!
I'm Always Chasing Rainbows — It Had To Be You — and more!

"Higher and Higher" Crossword Puzzle

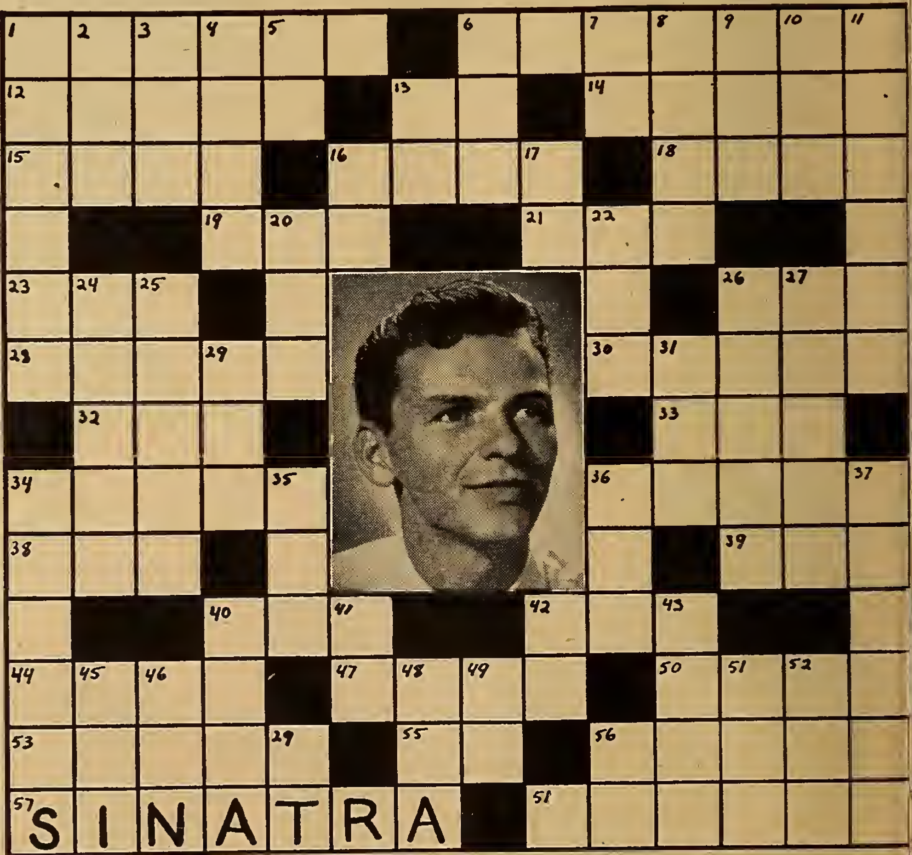
See page 18 for contest details

ACROSS

1. Miss Drake
6. Miss Morgan
12. A musical drama
13. Myself
14. A couch
15. Permits
16. Millie met Fitzroy Wilton at a ——
18. Those who make debuts (Millie and Katherine)
19. Bind
21. Mineral
23. Streets (abbr.)
26. That which is owed
28. Plays Mike
30. Unfastens
32. Sack
33. Aged
34. What Sinatra sings
36. Where Millie goes before the wedding
38. Small bed
39. Fuss
40. Part of the body
42. Advertisements (abbr.)
44. Animal's den
47. Dissolve—what Sinatra does to his fans
50. Musical wind instrument
53. Coarse cotton goods
55. Second note of scale
56. Secreting organ in the body
57. The lad in the picture
58. Mr. Wilson

DOWN

1. Make polite and refined—as Millie was
2. Monkey
3. Encountered
4. Formerly (rare)
5. Sixth note of scale
6. Mr. Torme
7. Casting director (abbr.)
8. Animal's skin
9. First woman
10. Laboratory (abbr.)
11. Follows
13. Mother
16. To exist
17. Behold
20. Plays Mr. Whiffen
22. Studio producing "Higher and Higher"
24. Forbidden—place a curse upon
25. At an angle
26. Deposit at river mouth
27. Loosen
29. What a bird lays
31. Cooking utensil
34. Burns with a hot liquid
35. Masculine title of respect
36. Conjunction
37. Humorous movie, as "Higher and Higher"
40. A melody
41. Plays Millie (initials)
42. Preposition
43. Mr. Sinatra singing alone
45. First three vowels
46. What the Drake mansion used to be
48. A period of time
49. Plays Mr. Drake (initials)
51. Balance (abbr.)
52. Single unit
54. Plays Marty (initials)
56. To depart



Modern Screen's Contest Series—No. 1: "Higher and Higher"

Please Print or Type

Full name ....

Street .... City .... State ....

My definition for Sinatra is ....

....

Mail this puzzle and coupon to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

THE SINATRA SHOW!

IT'S THE SEASON'S TOPS!
in LOVE! in LAUGHS!
in SONGS! in STARS!

Wait'll you see and hear Frankie
wow 'em as he woos 'em with song!
It's an entertainment treat that'll
make your heart skip a beat!

MICHELE MORGAN
JACK HALEY
FRANK SINATRA

in

"HIGHER and HIGHER"

WITH

LEON ERROL · MARCY McGUIRE
PAUL and GRACE HARTMAN
BARBARA HALE · DOOLEY WILSON

Produced and Directed by Tim Whelan

Screen Play by Jay Dratler and Ralph Spence
Additional Dialogue by William Bowers and Howard Harris

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Hear Frankie Sing His Own Hit Parade! "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night," "The Music Stopped," "You Belong in a Love Song," "A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening."

Early in 1944

The most entrancing picture of the year!

Rita HAYWORTH

Gene KELLY

in

"COVER GIRL"

in

Technicolor

MUSIC BY JEROME KERN

LYRICS BY IRA GERSHWIN

with

LEE BOWMAN · PHIL SILVERS

JINX FALKENBURG · LESLIE BROOKS

EVE ARDEN · OTTO KRUGER

and

THE COVER GIRLS

15 of America's Most Beautiful Women

Screen Play by VIRGINIA VAN UPP

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 6*)

Steve is so broke he's thinking of turning himself in to the salvage drive. He has a silver mine but no silver. He's sold a part interest in the mine to a nice old boy named Castle, and now he'd like to buy it back so he could go into the Army with a clear conscience. He'd like to even *before* he meets Castle's daughter, Ann (Dorothy Lamour), who is "resting" between burlesque engagements.

That's when Steve encounters Mortimer Slocum. The "Doctor," an amiable gentleman in a faded Prince Albert, kindly provides him with several thousand-dollar bills. "Don't spend them," he says. "Just show them to people." So Steve, somewhat mystified, shows them to his old college classmates who have been pretty condescending lately. They do the double take of all time and jump to the conclusion that the silver mine has started paying off. They shower him with checks for shares in the property, and Steve believes he can start the mine producing.

Ann arrives on the scene just then, and, looking over the checks and thousand-dollar bills, thinks Steve has been holding out on her father. He has the devil's own time explaining, but finally he gets her out in the moonlight and sings her a couple of songs, which fixes everything. In fact, the world has taken on a distinctly rosy glow, when Steve finds out that the bills he's been showing around so airily are only a reasonable facsimile of the stuff the government puts out. In a word, the "Doctor" is a counterfeiter.

It's quite a blow, particularly since the local sheriff, a dim-witted character called "Foggy" (Gil Lamb), has spotted Slocum. He has matched up his picture with the one on the "Wanted" posters, and the chase is on. But in order to arrest Slocum, Foggy must catch him in possession of the counterfeit money. And right now Steve, not Slocum, has it. The hand is quicker than the eye, and from here on practically nobody knows where the money is at any given time.

Meanwhile, Tess (Cass Daley), the lady owner of the dude ranch where they are staying, is pursuing Dr. Slocum with intentions that are all too honorable. He isn't interested—he's too busy playing Cupid, trying to find a way to help Steve get Ann, plus some *real* money. There is to be a "chuck wagon" race, as a climax to a local celebration, and Tess is scheduled to drive a wagon. When Slocum sees a sample of her driving, he's sure she'll win. He bets twenty thousand dollars (counterfeit) against her rival's twenty grand (government issue), and the race begins. Slocum has taken the precaution of sawing through the axle of the wagon which he thinks belongs to the rival, but he finds out too late that it's the one Tess is to drive. The result is a burlesque race to end all races.

Paramount seems to have a nice gay touch with its escapist comedies, and this one is especially recommended.—*Par.*

P. S.

This is the first time Milt Britton's zany band has been filmed, although they've been doing musical acts in vaudeville and night clubs for 12 years . . . For their movie debut they perform their hilarious rendition of the "Poet and Peasant Overture," which concludes with Gil Lamb crashing through a grand piano . . . Breakaway duplicates of a stageful of musical instruments, chairs and music stands were made for this scene. In one number, 25 violins and two full-sized grand piano props are smashed to smithereens . . . Near tragedy when one of Gil's opponents got hold of a solid chair by mistake and whopped him over the head with it . . . One of the largest scenic panorama backgrounds ever made was painted for an outdoor production number in "Riding High." It's an Arizona desert scene of sand, cacti and rock formations with the blue range of the Santa Ritas rising in the distance. Scene was painted in two sections, and the total length was 310 feet. It stands 30 feet high. Took artist, P. T., Blackburn, and his two assistants, only seven days to complete it . . . Only location trip was made to Tucson, Arizona. Only camera man and stunt men made the trip, however, and all the shooting necessary was done in a few days.

MADAME CURIE

Every once in a while a picture comes along which reminds us of the extraordinary advance Hollywood has made in the last 25 years. Back in the days of Keystone comedies, none would have believed that people would go to see a picture about the scientific discovery of radium. But people *will* go, and they'll find it as exciting as any serial.

"Madame Curie" as a story has tremendous dramatic tension. And you'll be carried away by the triumphant performances of Greer Garson as Marie Curie, and Walter Pidgeon as Pierre, her husband. Their long years of labor together have poignant overtones which will bring a lump to your throat. Eve Curie, their daughter, wrote the biography on which the picture is based, so every scene in it rings true.

Back in 1892, we find a young Parisian scientist named Pierre Curie, who is at the moment a very disturbed young man. He has promised to let a student share his laboratory, and now he has found to his consternation that the student is a girl. "Woman is the natural enemy of science," he tells his assistant, David (Robert Walker), forebodingly. "No true scientist should have anything to do with women."

But of course Marie Sklodovska is not an ordinary woman. She is first and foremost a scientist. Pierre soon changes his mind—and his heart. In less than a year he and Marie are married. Marie is working for her doctor's degree, and the subject of her work is the strange radiation given off by pitch-blende. None knows its cause, and Marie is determined to find out. After a few experiments, she and Pierre realize that she has stumbled on an entirely new element. They decide to call it radium, and they devote the next five years of their lives to trying to isolate it. At the end of that time all they have to show for their heroic, almost unbelievable labor, is a faint, luminous stain on a saucer in the dark. They have found radium, but their task has only begun. . . .

Few of us are given the courage, persistence and devotion of Marie and Pierre Curie. But seeing this magnificent story come alive on the screen is an inspiration to us all.

Pierre's father and mother, as played by Henry Travers and Dame May Whitty, contribute much to the picture.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

To prepare themselves for their roles,

(*Continued on page 12*)

YOUR HEART WILL SING
The Desert Song
It's WARNER BROS.' LYRICAL MIRACLE!
GLORIOUSLY IN TECHNI-COLOR

STARRING
DENNIS MORGAN ☆ IRENE MANNING
with
BRUCE CABOT · LYNNE OVERMAN
GENE LOCKHART · Directed by ROBERT FLOREY
Produced by ROBERT BUCKNER . Based Upon a Play by Lawrence Schwab, Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, Sigmund Romberg and Frank Mandel . A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT A WAR BOND—YOUR MOVIE THEATRE IS HAPPY TO SERVE

FACTS ABOUT A VITAL PROBLEM

every wife should understand

Safe new way in feminine hygiene gives continuous action for hours!

● Your happiness—your very health—can depend on whether or not you know the real facts about the vital problem of feminine hygiene!

Many women, who think they know, depend on out-dated or dangerous information . . . make the mistake of relying on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures . . . or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today modern, well-informed women everywhere have turned to Zonitors—the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories which spread a greaseless, protective coating . . . and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and *give continuous medication for hours.*

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7130-A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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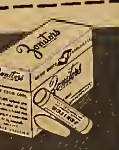


Zonitors ~ SO CONVENIENT

(Continued from page 10)

Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon went over the script together, added several simple, everyday things to give their characterizations warmth, exchanged ideas about what the Curies must have been like . . . James Hilton, author of "Random Harvest" and other best sellers, was narrator for some of the sequences in the film. Has a very distinctive, unusual voice . . . Bob Walker gets another acting plum as second male lead, approached his first scenes slightly tongue-tied. Was completely thawed out in no time by that special Garson charm . . . Walter Pidgeon's shoes got an "extra" a job. When the man had to have another pair to get a speaking part as a waiter, Walter loaned him a pair of his 13 triple C's.

CROSS OF LORRAINE

This is type casting at its best. M-G-M has given Jean Pierre Aumont the part of a sergeant in the French Army. Jean Pierre *was* a sergeant in the French Army, so he is very good at it indeed. In fact, he's even better than he was in "Assignment in Brittany," and you remember how he won your heart in that.

He plays a soldier named Paul. Paul is a brave man, but he is too reasonable to be a good fighter—he sees both sides of everything. When Marshal Petain decrees an armistice, Paul persuades his companions to lay down their arms. The Germans have promised to send them back to rebuild their homes—surely that is better than to be dead heroes! Victor doesn't agree with him. Victor (Gene Kelly) doesn't trust German promises. They find how right he is when they are tricked into going to a concentration camp instead of back to France. After that, Paul comes to hate the Germans with a feeling that is as deep and perhaps more bitter than Victor's. He has gotten his comrades into this—some way he will get them out.

Meanwhile they are subjected to the constant brutality and sadism of the German sergeant, Breger (Peter Lorre). Not just physical cruelty, although there is plenty of that, but small mental tortures that are even worse. Things are made bearable only by the deep courage of a Catholic priest, Father Sebastian (Sir Cedric Hardwick), and by the devotion and skill of Dr. Francois Le Maire (Richard Whorf).

The plan which Paul finally evolves for their escape is so dangerous that it seems impossible it will work at all. But sometimes Nazi viciousness can be turned against itself—and Paul is a clever man. They do escape from the camp, but they are not free of Nazi power which holds their beloved France in a strangling net. Paul and Victor defy that power in a scene that will make you stand up and cheer.

This may be a propaganda picture, but you'll admit it's effective. The whole cast is magnificent, and includes, besides those already mentioned, Tonio Selwart, Joseph Calleia and Hume Cronyn.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

This was Jean Pierre's last film before leaving for Africa to join the Fighting French Army. Spent his last day at the studio bidding good-by to pals, shaking hands all around, promising to send post-cards . . . Author Robert Aisner was the second member of the "Cross of Lorraine" company to enlist in the same Army. Aisner formerly was a lieutenant in the French Army, was captured during the German invasion and imprisoned in 1940. Screenplay of the picture was based on his experiences in the prison camp . . . Hume Cronyn was signed to a long term contract after M-G-M executives saw rushes of the first few days' work. Cronyn debuted in films as the timid armchair criminologist in "Shadow of a Doubt" . . . Richard Whorf held an exhibition of his paintings at a local art gallery, sold most of 'em right off the walls the first day . . . During production Jean Pierre and Maria Montez were married. Charles Boyer was best man, Jeannine Crispin, matron of honor . . . Gene Kelly is still head of a chain of Eastern dancing schools, started before he entered pictures and was better known for his hoofing than his acting . . . Kelly spent time between scenes teaching songs to Aumont, who in turn will sing them for his compatriots in the French Army.

THE MAN FROM DOWN UNDER

It's odd the way any picture in which Charles Laughton appears turns out to be strictly a Charles Laughton picture. The rest of the cast is apparently just there for background, like the scenery. There's no question about Laughton being a great actor, and when his role is sufficiently interesting, nobody minds his being in every scene. Fortunately, this is the case in "The Man from Down Under." "Jocko" Wilson is a fascinating character—you can't get too much of him.

It all begins at the end of World War I, with "Jocko" sailing from France back to his native Australia. He is gloriously drunk and has completely forgotten that he had a date to marry one Aggie Dawlins (Binnie Barnes) before he sailed. But he isn't so drunk that he forgot to smuggle a

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Remember the way it goes? Below there are 20 clues. On pgs. 65 and 77 there are two more sets of clues, and on page 92 are the answers. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score, you'd have to guess all 20 questions on the first set of clues. 20 questions . . . at five points each . . . adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star for you. Simple, no? Go ahead, you quiz-ical brighties, and no cheating! 60's normal this time, 70's good, 88 or so is in our class this month, and anything over is strictly genius. No fair peeking at page 92 for the answers, either.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Crane's dame
2. Rooting for Ronnie
3. Ray is gay!
4. In Livvy's footsteps
5. Pasteur
6. G-stringer
7. Ex-elevator girl
8. Shuttles between B'way and H'wood
9. Lassie's master
10. Janie's jumpin'
11. Concert-hall heart-throb
12. Yodeling cowgirl
13. Benny's Man Friday
14. Among first stars to wear khaki
15. Divorce plans jolted H'wood
16. Gadding with Gabin
17. Discovered Ginny
18. Powers girl
19. Star of "silents" (has accent)
20. Astaire's youngest dancing partner

(*Next set of clues on page 65*)

couple of little Belgian orphans aboard ship. They are a boy and girl he found in a street fight, and they already adore "Jocko" with utter devotion.

Time marches on, in Australia as elsewhere, and the boy orphan grows into "Nipper" Wilson (Richard Carlson), contender for the Empire Boxing Championship, with "Jocko" as his manager. The girl, Mary (Donna Reed), whom "Nipper" believes to be his sister, has been away at an exclusive finishing school, but she comes home to see "Nipper" try for the championship. It's a tough fight, and when "Nipper" finally wins, he has injured his shoulder so that the doctors say he will never be able to box again.

"Jocko," who wagered every cent he could lay hands on, and some he couldn't, on "Nipper," has won enough to buy a hotel in the country. It's a fine hotel—it has everything but guests. When one finally does appear, complete with maid, chauffeur and limousine, she turns out to be Aggie Dawlins. Aggie is bent on revenge for the way "Jocko" left her waiting at the church. She wins the hotel away from him in a crap game, and about that same time "Nipper" walks out on the family. "Jocko" can take the first blow, but the second breaks his heart. He doesn't know that "Nipper" had to leave because he felt a most unbrotherly affection for Mary.

It takes World War II to iron out all these problems. The climax is wonderful—and undiluted Laughton.—*M-G-M.*

BUTTON YOUR LIP!

If you're dying for Johnny to get those furlough papers for Xmas (and we certainly hope he does), you just can't be nosey! Don't you dare ply him with "Where have you been?" and "Where are you going?" If he drops maybe just a hint, keep it under your bonnet. You know the one about the walls having ears!

P. S.

Richard Carlson trained for his fight scenes with former middleweight champ Freddie Steele . . . Binnie Barnes once cured herself of smoking too many cigarettes by changing to a tiny trick pipe. Now smokes only two cigarettes a day, has given up the pipe altogether . . . Carlson went through the embarrassing procedure of attending farewell parties when he was scheduled to leave for Navy duty, then showing up for work again to face all his friends who had given him bon voyage presents. Last minute, Navy changed his orders, postponed his call.

GUNG HO

Remember the pictures in Life magazine a while ago of Colonel Carlson and his Marine raiders? Universal has made a picture based on their expedition, and it's a thriller-diller. The title, "Gung Ho," is Chinese for "work together," and that's the way the raiders do it.

Just the regular training a guy goes through to get to be a Marine is tough enough. But the training given the lads who are to be sent on a special commando-type mission—well, even Superman would

(*Continued on page 16*)

IT'S THE JOYPACKED DANCE & ROMANCE HIT OF '44!
WITH A NEW STAR!

MONOGRAM
proudly presents

BELITA
in
"LADY, LET'S DANCE"

It's the big, musical smash that sets the pace for '44 . . . with a great cast starring Belita, the most talented personality in Hollywood . . . 4 name bands, dance-happy tunes . . . and magnificent spectacle!

SHE SKATES
SHE ROMANCES
SHE DANCES

with a great cast
JAMES ELLISON
FRICK & FRACK · WALTER CATLETT
LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD · MAURICE ST. CLAIR
AND 4 BIG BANDS
HENRY BUSSE
MITCH AYRES
EDDIE LeBARON
LOU BRING

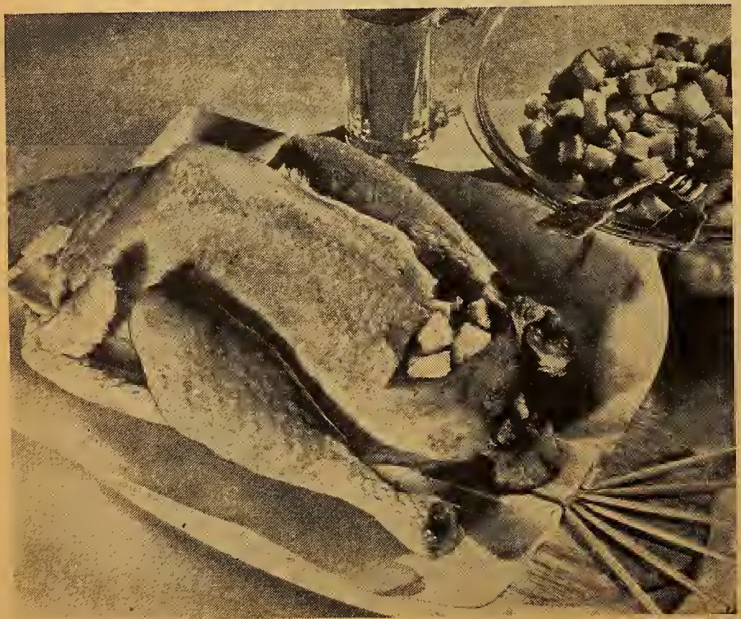
Produced by SCOTT R. DUNLAP
Supervised by William D. Shapiro
Directed by Frank Woodruff
Original story by
Bradbury Foote & Scott R. Dunlap
Screenplay by
Peter Milne & Paul Gerard Smith

By Marjorie Deen

"Uniform" Hospitality

Let's all resolve to invite boys in service to share our holiday feasts.

Irene Manning, Warner Bros.' lovely new singing star, now appearing in "The Desert Song," is shown here entertaining Marine Neil Thomas, Seaman Waldo A. Rowell and soldier Dick McMullen at a turkey dinner.



When *you* prepare a poultry dinner for servicemen—whether you feature turkey, capon, goose or chicken—make success doubly certain by having plenty of flavorsome stuffing because the boys go for it in a big way!

So near and dear to every serviceman's heart is the subject of food that there are those who claim—and we think rightly—that where our boys in uniform are concerned, there is no more effective morale builder than a good, home-cooked meal!

This opinion is shared by Irene Manning, Warners' lovely new singing star. And Irene certainly ought to know. First off because she is a war time bride herself and has first-hand information on how her own serviceman feels about a dinner that features *homemade* specialties and that is served on a snowy tablecloth with gleaming silverware and all the trimmings! Secondly, Irene recently asked three boys from different branches of our armed services to share a big turkey dinner with her. "And you should have heard them rave and *seen them eat*," she told us with a reminiscent chuckle.

Fortunately a camera man was on hand to catch their pleased expressions so that you can actually see for yourself how delighted they were with the fine fare that Irene provided for their enjoyment. Of course we'd be the first to admit—having met Irene—that the charm and beauty of the hostess contributed greatly to the success of the occasion. But the home atmosphere and the home cooking also played star roles in this particular picture.

If you want to garner *your* share of appreciative smiles and heartfelt thanks, too, then make it one of your 1944 Good Resolutions to ask some of the lonely, homesick boys from nearby camps to your house for dinner, often—especially on holidays!

"But what about the necessary food points?" you may well ask. Well, Miss Manning has some suggestions to offer along those lines. First, she advises building your menu around poultry. Not necessarily turkey, either; because roast duck, goose, chicken or capon will also receive a hearty welcome from guests and family alike. That is, as Irene sagely remarked, if you also provide a liberal amount of rich brown gravy and plenty of tasty bread stuffing.

Irene further advises omitting the first course entirely in favor of a simple salad served right along with the main course. Team up now-plentiful white potatoes with turnips for the necessary vegetable accompaniment; or serve sweet potatoes with some other inexpensive fresh vegetable and your point score will be gratifyingly low!

End the meal with a Steamed Fig Pudding which gets its fine flavor from this flavorsome, non-rationed fruit and its unusual color from a most surprising source—as you'll discover when you study the recipe. Such a meal would be a festive one indeed—worthy of your best efforts and of your uniformed guests.

By the way if you ever have any questions you'd like to ask about recipes or rationing, be sure to drop us a postal or letter, and it will take but a short time for the Modern Screen envelope to reach you with our reply. For we realize that food is more important now than ever before, and we want to help you in every way we can to make the best possible use of today's often limited food supplies.

SAVORY STUFFING

For a 10-15-pound turkey plan on using two 1-pound loaves of enriched white bread. For a smaller bird make the necessary adjustments in all ingredients.

To make a dry stuffing—the kind that men really like best—you must have *dry* bread. This does not mean remembering to buy it a week ahead, however. Instead, simply spread out the slices of fresh bread on large baking sheets and place in warm oven to dry out. Then remove crusts and crumble the slices between your fingers. Or, if you prefer cubes, stack about 4 crustless slices together and cut into ½" strips, then cut crosswise into ½" cubes.

In a large skillet melt 1 cup shortening. We suggest using half vegetable shortening or other *bland-flavored* fat and half poultry fat which can be purchased without point penalties if you have none "saved up." Sauté 2 small minced onions and 1 cup chopped celery in the melted fat until soft but not brown. Add the prepared crumbs or cubes; also 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and 1-2 teaspoons sage, marjoram or poultry seasoning. Toss all together, lightly. (A little of the liquid in which giblets and neck have cooked may be used to moisten the dressing. However the amount used—if any—should be small, as a soggy dressing is not desirable.) Pile the dressing into cavity in bird lightly—leaving room to expand during roasting. Sew up opening or lace together tightly with string wound around skewers placed across the vent. Use some of the stuffing to stuff the loose skin at the neck. And now you're ready to truss and roast the bird in the usual manner.

STEAMED FIG PUDDING

2 cups sifted enriched flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1½ cups chopped figs
4 tablespoons shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg, beaten
1 can condensed tomato soup

Sift flour with baking powder, soda and spices. Wash figs, dry, chop fine, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons of flour mixture. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg, then the flour alternately with the soup. Stir until smooth. Fold in figs. Turn into a greased mold, filling it two-thirds full. Place on rack in steamer or deep kettle, over boiling water. (Water should not touch the pudding mold since it's the steam that does the cooking. More boiling water may be added, as needed, after the first hour of steaming.) Steam 2 hours. Serve with the following sauce. Serves 8.

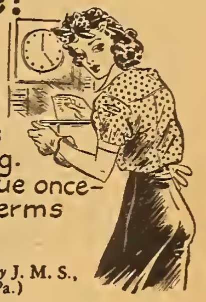
PUDDING SAUCE: Mix ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add an egg which has been beaten with 1 tablespoon cold water. Beat with a fork until smooth. Slowly add ⅓ cup corn syrup blended with ⅔ cup boiling water. Cook in top of double boiler about 5 minutes—or until smooth and slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Flavor with ¼ teaspoon vanilla or a couple of tablespoons of rum, brandy or sherry. Serve hot.

Many will recognize in "Steamed Fig Pudding" a worthy first cousin of the long famous "Tomato Soup Cake," now destined for a popular revival because it calls for only 2 tablespoons of shortening! If you would like to have a recipe for this unusual cake, FREE, *just send your request—a postal card will do—to:*

THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

No wonder there's a Kleenex shortage— everyone wants Kleenex because it saves as it serves!

Annie isn't Absent Any More!



—since her plant pals use KLEENEX to help keep colds from spreading. They use a tissue once—then destroy, germs and all!

(*from a letter by* J. M. S., York, Pa.)

MIGHTY IMPORTANT!—for authorities say ½ of all war-work time lost from illness is due to the common cold!

MOM'S HOME!

WHEN WILL SHE LEARN KLEENEX KEEPS LIPSTICK STAINS OFF TOWELS—SAVES LAUNDRY, SOAP, MANPOWER!

(*from a letter by* R. G. A., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.)

No Brush-Off!

I tuck KLEENEX around the neck of dark dresses to prevent those powder "rims". KLEENEX catches the powder that won't brush off— Keeps down cleaning bills!

(*from a letter by* A. L., Springfield, Ill.)

Only KLEENEX* *has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that saves time, saves trouble, saves tissues!*

★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WE COULD MAKE MORE KLEENEX IF

we made the tissues thinner or skimped on size. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain KLEENEX QUALITY in every particular!

Lip Expression

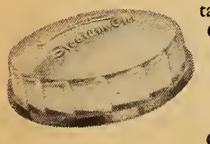
Your Priceless Gift

There is no charm quite so captivating as the fascinating warmth of lovely lips. Stadium Girl Lip Make-up adds a certain enchanting allure to your priceless gift.. LIP EXPRESSION. You will love the satin-smooth texture of this new make-up. Your lips appear so soft, so beautiful, so captivating!

6 Exotic Shades

For the perfect complement to your exquisite lip make-up there is Stadium Girl Cheek Make-up. The charming warm colors of this new rouge adds a gay subtle blush to your cheeks.

4 Exotic Shades



SEND *30¢ for regular retail size of either Stadium Girl Lip Make-up or Rouge. Lip shades: Light, Vivid, Dark Red, Medium, Medium Red and Tropic (Deep Red). Cheek shades: Light, Medium, Dark and Tropic (Deep Red).

*Includes Fed. Tax and mailing.

A CAMPUS PRODUCT

Stadium Girl

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YOUR MAKE-UP COMPANION

You can get Stadium Girl at 5 and 10¢ Stores

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(Continued from page 13)

probably fold up about the third week.

Take the group that's training under Colonel Thorwald (Randolph Scott). They're so tough it scares you to watch them. They are still plenty human though—like the two half-brothers, Kurt Richter (Noah Beery, Jr.) and Larry O'Ryan (David Bruce) who are in love with the same girl. Kurt and Larry have fought all their lives, and now they are battling for Kathleen (Grace McDonald).

The day comes when they both have to tell her good-by. The Raiders move out on the first leg of their long journey. At Honolulu they board a submarine, and once in its cramped, narrow quarters, are told the object of their mission. They are to raid Makin Island, a fortified Jap position which threatens the Hawaiian Islands.

Afer a long, nerve-racking voyage in the crowded sub, they finally sight the black, palm-fringed outline of Makin Island. The moment for which they've been training all these weary months is at hand. Efficiently, silently, the Raiders make their landing. They are greeted by Jap snipers at every hand. You'll want to see that battle, not hear about it from me. When you do see it, you'll find yourself saying, "So that's how they do it." Because those scenes give you the real inside on guerrilla warfare.

A string of young actors has been assembled for this job. Sam Levene and Alan Curtis rate special mention.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Thirty U. S. Marine Raiders, including four survivors of Lieut. Col. Evans F. Carlson's original raiders of Jap-held Makin Island slightly over a year ago, checked in at Universal from Camp Pendleton to play their parts for this picture . . . Two complete companies of cameramen, extras and technicians were used, one at the San Diego Marine Base and one at Camp Pendleton, California . . . Location at Camp Pendleton was an exact replica of the beach at Makin Island . . . Studio crew and officials lived at a Guyule Camp and commuted to Pendleton every day, a trip of 130 miles.

PIN UP GIRL

To our armed forces, "pin up girl" is just a synonym for Betty Grable. Pictures of la Grable in a bathing suit have become practically standard GI equipment, and Twentieth Century-Fox has now dreamed up a movie to prove it—in Technicolor. It has pretty girls, pretty tunes and a pretty funny plot.

Betty plays a girl named Lorry Jones. Lorry's theory is that truth lacks glamour, so she dresses it up a bit here and there. You couldn't really call it lying—or could you? Lorry is the toast of the local USO, and all the boys take along pictures of her to wherever they're going. In fact, by the time she leaves home to take a typist job in Washington, she is engaged to—in round numbers—three hundred stalwart members of the U. S. Army. Not to mention a Marine named George.

Lorry and her girl friend, Kay (Dorothea Kent), stop in New York on their way to Washington. There they palm themselves off on the haughty Club Chartreuse by saying they are pals of the great Tommy Dooley (John Harvey), young war hero just back from Guadalcanal. As friends of Dooley they are greeted with champagne, corsages and perfume. "We're sitting pretty now," Lorry thinks. "Yeah," says Kay, "on a keg of dynamite."

It looks as if the girl has something there when Tommy Dooley arrives in person. Lorry's imagination starts working overtime again and gets them out of the frying pan—right into the fire. She tells Tommy she's a glamorous singer, and when he later follows her to Washington, he doesn't recognize her with glasses on, pounding a typewriter. Although the legs *do* look familiar! Pretty soon Lorry is working the day shift as a mousey typist, and the swing shift as a night club singer, and both ways, she's in love with Tommy 100 per cent. Complicated, but fun!

Martha Raye is wonderful as an entertainer who loves *all* the soldiers and sailors. You'll find Joe E. Brown and Eugene Pallette in the comedy department, too. Listen for an embryo Hit Parade tune called "Time Alone Will Tell."—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Betty Grable prefaced production of this one by her marriage to Harry James, one day before the picture started . . . Newcomer John Harvey was last seen emoting on Broadway in "Kiss and Tell" . . . Martha Raye and Joe E. Brown were kept busy between scenes introducing their visitors to Betty. Guests were servicemen Martha and Joe had met on their overseas entertainment tours . . . The Sonja Henie of the roller skates is 20-year-old Gloria Nord, who leads the Skating Vanities . . . Top song writers Mack Gordon and Jimmy Monaco teamed for first time to turn out seven numbers, among them: "You're My Little Pin Up Girl," "Time Alone Will Tell" and "Red Robins, Bob Whites and Blue Birds."

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER

This one starts right out with Roy Rogers on a horse, but that's where it fools you. The horse isn't Trigger. In fact, Roy and Trigger don't get together till along in the second reel, but when they do it's love at first sight—naturally.

It's love at first sight, too, with Roy and Kim Adams (Ruth Terry)—at least on Roy's side. Kim's father is the genial, gambling rancher who owns Trigger. Mr. Adams is training horses in the hope of selling them to the U. S. Cavalry, but so is Brock Danvers (Onslow Stevens) who wants no competitors. So maybe it's an accident, and maybe it's not, that Brock urges Adams to ride the as-yet untrained Trigger. Maybe it's an accident that the saddle comes off and Adams is killed. Maybe—but Roy doesn't think so.

With Adams out of the way, Danvers concentrates on persuading Kim to sell him the ranch. Kim has been spending her winters as an actress in New York, and he urges her to go back to Broadway and forget the ranch. Bewildered and heartbroken by her father's tragic death, Kim is ready to agree. She is even ready to let Danvers shoot Trigger as a horse too dangerous to have around, but that's where Roy steps in. He spirits Trigger away, while Danvers fumes impotently, and goes to work to train the horse to do every trick under the sun. By the time he gets through, Trigger could star on Information Please.

During a Mexican fiesta, Roy sees Kim and points out that her family has never been the quitting kind, and that her father would want the ranch to stay in her hands. Roy can be pretty persuasive, especially when he backs his arguments up with songs by Hoagy Carmichael. It's no wonder that Kim changes her mind and decides to stay.

So Danvers has plenty of competition after all, in trying to sell horses to the U. S. Cavalry. The contracts are to be awarded on the basis of a cross-country race, complete with a simulated battle and gas attack. Wait till you see that race!

Bob Nolan and the Pioneers are around, and so are Guinn Williams, Mary Treen and Duncan Renaldo.—*Rep.*

P. S.

Roy has made nearly 50 pictures since 1938 . . . Made a trip to New York during production of "Hands Across the Border" to star in the Madison Square Garden Rodeo. Begged to be allowed to ride up front with the motorman on his first trip through a subway. Was champion dart thrower of the Sixth Avenue Penny Arcades. Garnered more space in New York newspapers than any other actor since Valentino . . . While the picture was being prepared for shooting, Roy was working full time with his pigeons which he trains for the Signal Corps. Gave General MacArthur, Winston Churchill and Jimmy Doolittle to Uncle Sam just before he climbed back on Trigger for H.A.T.B.

NORTHERN PURSUIT

Errol Flynn in an old tweed suit can create a tidal wave of fainting femininity. Errol in the uniform of the Northwest Mounted Police will have you swooning in the aisles. The role he plays in "Northern Pursuit" fits him like the uniform. Steve Wagner is dashing and handsome and brave as 16 lions. He is also not too bright—or anyway that's what Colonel Von Keller (Helmut Dantine) thinks. Von Keller is a German flier who has been landed in Canada, with several companions, from a submarine. They have a sinister and important task to perform, but there are obstacles in the way. One of the obstacles is Steve Wagner.

When Steve first encounters Von Keller, the flier is wandering through the wilds of Northern Canada, lost and snowblind. His companions have been killed by an avalanche, but he is plowing on with Teutonic determination, trying to reach his rendezvous with a secret agent from the States. Steve and another "Mountie," Jim (John Ridgely), find Von Keller. But Steve who is of German descent, sends Jim in alone to headquarters and stays in a cabin with the sick flier.

Orders are immediately sent out to get both Steve and Von Keller. Steve, apparently furious at the treatment he receives from Headquarters, resigns from the force. Von Keller is put in a concentration camp, but escapes, and Steve is again brought in for questioning. This time he knocks down his superior officer and says "To hell with Canada!" In fact he's thrown into jail.

Is it just an act? Is he baiting a trap for Von Keller? The one who wonders most about this is Steve's fiancée, Laura (Julie Bishop). Steve is bailed out of jail by a mysterious stranger and promptly disappears. Somewhere he and Von Keller and the agent from the States are together—somewhere in the vast bleak wilderness north of Bear Lake. Steve is facing Nazi cunning with Canadian courage, but the odds are heavy against him.

You'll find this an exciting picture. Helmut Dantine is almost unbearably convincing as the German flier. And, as I keep saying, there's Errol!—*War.*

P. S.

Between scenes Errol managed to finish his book, "One Man in His Time," which is his third novel. Second, not published, is "Charlie Bowtie Comes to America." . . . Helmut set a precedent by writing one of his scenes. Job was turned over to him because of his knowledge of Nazi psychology . . . Russell Hicks, a bit player in the picture, will be more familiar to many servicemen than Flynn. Hicks is the principal player in "The Articles of War," which every soldier in training is required to see every three months.

"What's happened to our Marriage?"

1. I met Stan when I went to work in a war plant. We fell in love, were married . . . and at first had a beautiful life. Then suddenly . . . a barrier between us! I, who counted so on our precious hours together, was crazy with grief!

2. Then one night, we went out with Kay and George, our closest friends. Later, Kay and I were alone and she asked why I looked so tragic. Anxious for sympathy, I told her my troubles. "Sue, darling," she said when I finished. "It's so simple. You know, a wife can often lose her husband's love if she's neglectful about . . . well, about . . . feminine hygiene . . ."

3. "See here, Sue," she suggested. "Why don't you try Lysol disinfectant? My doctor recommends it for feminine hygiene . . . says many modern wives use it." Then she told me how this famous germicide cleanses thoroughly . . . deodorizes, too. "And besides," she added, "Lysol's so easy to use. Just follow directions—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."

4. Now, Stan and I are more happily in love than ever before! Kay was absolutely right about Lysol. It *is* easy and economical to use—and it works wonderfully!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. **Lasting**—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet MS-144. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Modern Screen's Contest Series No. 10 - "Higher and Higher"

WIN $1,750!

1ST PRIZE.................I. J. FOX FUR COAT

2ND PRIZE..............$200 IN WAR BONDS*

Try and try again prizes**

3rd—1,352nd PRIZE....................$1.00 each in War Stamps

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
** If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

Well, kids, here it is—a brand new 1944 contest series! Anyone of you, regardless of how big a prize you won in last year's series, is eligible to walk off with this lush I. J. Fox fur coat or the wad of War Bonds. All bars are down for "Higher and Higher"!

HERE'S HOW: Work the crossword puzzle on page 8. It's based on Frank Sinatra's new picture "Higher and Higher." But first, you'd better whip over to our story of the movie on page 32 before you start working the puzzle. Makes it much easier!

After you've worked the crossword puzzle, take a look at your Swoon King in the picture. You'll notice we've filled in his last name in number 57 across, SINATRA. We'd like you to make up a crossword puzzle definition for Frankie. Maybe you'll stick to the accepted title, "Sultan of Swoon," or maybe you'll get kind of weak in the knees after seeing him in "Higher and Higher" and give with something like "Dizzying Dreaman" or "Out of This World!"—anything goes, and good luck.

RULES

1. Solve the crossword puzzle on page 8.
2. Write your own definition for Frank Sinatra.
3. Fill in your FULL name and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (Mrs., give your own first name, not your husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
4. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families.
6. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than February 10, 1944.
7. Neatness will count, though elaborate entries will receive no preference.
8. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one *big* prize in the entire 1944 series. Those who have won prizes in our 1943 series are eligible to enter this new series.
9. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
10. This contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

Something for a white Christmas—this luxurious I. J. Fox sable-blended muskrat fur coat. It's going to be MODERN SCREEN'S Xmas present to some lucky reader! Maybe it'll land under your tree.

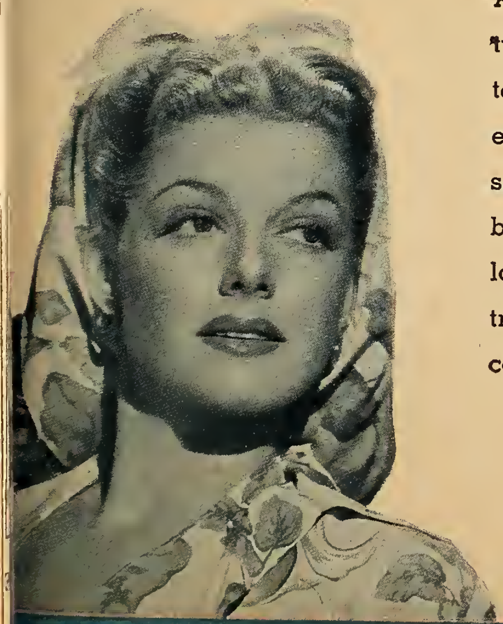
WINNERS IN MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST NO. 8 "HERS TO HOLD"

1ST PRIZE............Miss Lee Pavalow, Bronx, N. Y.
2ND PRIZE..........Mrs. Joyce Henning, Calamus, Ia.
3RD PRIZE............Mrs. Ruth Chastain, Decatur, Ill.
4TH PRIZE.......Mrs. Mildred Earnest, Chanute, Kan.
5TH PRIZE......Miss Opal Mincher, Wilmington, N. C.

TURN TO PAGE 8 FOR THE "HIGHER AND HIGHER" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ANN SHERIDAN, star of "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS", a Warner Bros. picture, chooses "George Washington's Choice", a Bates registered heirloomed bedspread. Comes only as shown, in all white...woven of luxurious American cotton, reversible and completely pre-shrunk.

Ann Sheridan's Background for Beauty



ANN SHERIDAN, star of **"THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS"**, a Warner Bros. picture, selects a superb reproduction of the bedspread which George Washington chose for his bride. Only Bates with its near human looms could catch the elegance and spirit of the priceless original. So painstakingly woven are these spreads that only a few can be offered and every bedspread will be registered by number in the name of the purchaser. Bates proudly presents this heirloomed spread for you, your grandchildren and your great-grandchildren to treasure, and to use. Comes in all white only...woven of luxurious American cotton, reversible and completely pre-shrunk. In sizes 82x110 and 96x110.

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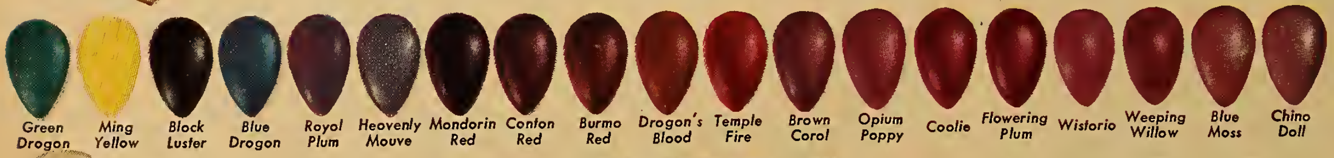

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Send me two sample size flacons of CHEN YU Nail Lacquer, shades checked below. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

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- ☐ OPIUM POPPY
- ☐ BROWN CORAL
- ☐ TEMPLE FIRE
- ☐ DRAGON'S BLOOD
- ☐ BURMA RED
- ☐ CANTON RED
- ☐ MING YELLOW
- ☐ GREEN DRAGON
- ☐ MANDARIN RED
- ☐ HEAVENLY MAUVE
- ☐ ROYAL PLUM
- ☐ BLUE DRAGON
- ☐ BLACK LUSTER

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Merry Christmas to our readers . . .

Come to think of it, this will be our first Christmas together, won't it? Last year, this page didn't exist, and we didn't really know you . . . Especially because Christmas is coming up, we're glad we can chat. At Christmas we need friends. It's like having lots of logs piled on the fire when there's frost on the windows—and thinking, "to heck with the frost!" . . . This Christmas, of course, nothing can keep all the frost out. At countless family tables, there are empty chairs, empty plates, empty hearts. Church bells ring this year. But stifling their message of peace on earth is the thunder of guns, the muffled agonies of a tortured world . . . But, like we said, friends help. We have grown awfully close to the readers of MODERN SCREEN. Every month, some fifty thousand of you write to us. We laugh with you. And sometimes you tell us your troubles. Through our questionnaire, you help us edit the magazine. From your letters we get warm glimpses of you—and the shy, fine admiration you show for fine people like Laddie, Ronnie Reagan or Frank Sinatra . . . So do you know what we'd love just because it's Christmas? A Christmas card from *you*. Just send us one, and see what happens!

"The Modern Screen Gang"

Camp McCall's brass band met Betty and hairdresser. Paratroopers jeeped 'em 25 miles thru swamp. Arrived with layer of red dirt on faces.

THE MEN

She never does anything in a small or inconspicuous way; she is lusty, gregarious, whole-hearted. "When I sing," she told Dorothy Lamour one day, "I don't stop by putting my neck in it. I put my feet, ankles, knees, torso, teeth and topknot into every note. Gosh—do I knock myself out!"

When she sings "Murder, He Says," she exercises more muscles than Bernarr Macfadden has ever examined in the body beautiful. When she sings "I'm Doin' It For Defense," she brings admiring chiropractors from miles around, inarticulate with admiration for such mobile joint mounting. When she sings "The Fuddy-Duddy Watchmaker," the Amalgamated Union of Mexican Jumping Beans gets up a picket line bearing the placard "Unfair!"

After she had finished her stint in Madison Square Garden recently before an audience of 22,000 customers (breathing hard out of sympathy), Betty Hutton stepped to the microphone and gave the bond buyers their final joyous jolt by announcing her engagement to radio-writer Charles Martin. Mr. Martin was in the audience at the time, but he is a wise man and knows when a fiancé should be seen—flanked by the rest of the audience—and not heard—beside such a master of sound as Betty.

The wedding, Betty told reporters, won't take place until January. Hollywood wisenheimers, delighted with Betty's effervescence and her eagerness for change, will *(Continued on page 25)*

Wires curled when Betty toll-called fiancé Charles Martin about rumored engagement to someone else. Martin wired back roses. Betty's in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek."

By Cynthia Miller

Betty, who outmugs Harpo, was made honorary paratrooper after one of the guys leaped to platform; kissed her and yelled, "My wife just had a baby. I had to kiss someone."

I LOVE!

Betty's joshed and jitterbugged with them, sung till her throat's gone froggy. She loves the whole Army. And the feeling's terribly mutual.

In "Two for a Show" on B'way, Betty turned nursery rhyme into hep-happy free-for-all, was IN from then on. Perfected knock-out tactics with Lopez's band. On set, Betty knits between scenes, needs no last minute cramming on lines

BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY

After first night at Casa Mañana, owner Billy Rose said, "All I ask is, don't tear down the house." Betty eats like a prize fighter, practically never tires, sleeps in dibs and dabs (in gigantic bed), is easy bait for round of penny poker.

Betty was heller in grade school. Played sand lot baseball, "shinny," tin-can hockey in neighborhood alleys. Even earned scar (on left cheek). At 14, stormed B'dway with peanut-sized band, flopped miserably. (With Don Ameche at Command Performance.)

give you 20 to one that the marriage never occurs. Maybe they're wrong. Maybe not. Meanwhile, everybody loves Betty. What tabasco is to steak, what Roquefort dressing is to salad, what Manville is to Reno—that's what Betty is to Hollywood. And to camp shows. And to personal appearance trips. And to bond tours.

Although this was possibly her most spectacular appearance to date, there have been other trips and other climaxes. That swing to Army camps through the South, for instance. After leaving the continental train, Betty, her publicity man and Doris Harris, her hairdresser, took a local. It was hot. It was dusty. There was no food on the train. And Betty was supposed to be a glamour girl.

She wore a simple dress that indicated several of the reasons she photographs so well, but which was also utilitarian because it could be washed. She wore no stockings. She wore spectator pumps. So the famed Hollywood glam reputation had to find an exemplar in her hairdo, of course. Each morning, Doris combed the fragile, fine, glinting Hutton hair. She swirled it and upswept it; she added a cluster of flowers and—because Betty's own hair kept shedding curl as a roof sheds rain—a dreamy set of artificial bangs. "Those bangs," someone in the group allowed, "make *(Continued on page 88)*

On periodic diets, Betty pecks at cottage cheese, crackers and skim milk, sees visions of steak, French fries and chocolate malteds. Likes heavy food—in large quantities.

ter reading script of "Star Spangled Rhythm," Betty, despite ter- ambition, bounced into head office in dither, moaned, "I'm ed. This part's too big for me." (With make-up man Bob Ewing.)

Kathryn Grayson taught Betty to chirp operatic aria. In return, Betty coached Kathryn on "Murder"—with gestures. Caused riot when they tried it at H'wood Canteen one night.

"I'm a lunk! A cigarette-in-the-side-of-the-mouth guy," says Sonny Tufts. But don't let that fool you. The effect is strictly Boyer.

By Jeanne Karr

BIG BOY

Wife Barbara's limbering up for the dance routine she'll do in Sonny's coming pic, "When I Come Back." Blond giant's sloughed 15 lbs. for part. Says Par.'s signed him for rest of life.

Paulette Goddard saw his screen tests run off and said, "He's for me." She calls him Flash Gordon. Also the Amiable Ambler. He's six-foot-four, blonde, loose-limbed, slipjointed, and moves at an easy lope across the Paramount lot with his grin, his Hi! and his lifted forefinger. He calls a bird a buhd—the only giveaway that he comes from Boston.

Whether his eyes are blue or gray has been a question for years. There's no question about the humor behind them. He takes his sudden startling emergence on the Hollywood scene with the same kind of balance and sanity that you felt in "Kansas" on Corregidor. Only time he got excited was on hearing that his younger brother, Lieutenant David Tufts of the U. S. Navy, had been decorated at Nova Scotia for saving a munitions ship from destruction by fire.

Himself, he's 4-F by virtue of a cracked pelvis, an enlarged heart, two knees that slip out when he's not looking, a crushed right hand, a bursa of the shoulder and some minor flaws that we won't go into. They skiid wild in Winchester when he was a boy, and Sonny skiid wildest. It got to be something of an event when he came home uncracked.

At the draft board, his chart was so full of red marks you could hardly read the thing.

"What the hell do you do for a living?" asked the man at the desk.

"I'm under contract to Paramount."

"Yeah? What *are* you? A stunt man?"

He was christened Bowen Charleton Tufts III, to be known thereafter as Sonny. The nickname's juvenile flavor doesn't worry him. To him, it's just the name he's always been called by. Even Charles Seymour, the President of Yale, called him Sonny. The president is a distinguished looking gentleman with silver-gray hair and a clipped moustache. Against a background of bearded Monty Woolleys in hooded gowns, he was handing out the diplomas on graduation day. The ceremonies were going out over the air. The names rolled impressively. T. Uppington Uppington: Van Rensselaer Cabot-Lodge Jones. Suddenly the president looked up into a familiar

(Continued on page 91)

At Yale, drum-boogie Tufts threw 5 dance bands together, took one on 22 summer cruises across Atlantic. At one point in career, gridiron hero was M.C.-ing in beer joint.

As assistant editor of Yale record, Sonny says he used to drape himself over typewriter and read Benchley and similar stuff all day, then bat out what were practically carbon copies.

ust one week after Sonny was introduced to studio execs, e was on the set—acting. Did most of his business out of amera range till Goddard and others straightened him out.

"I'm no actor," says Sonny. "I just go to the studio at 9 and come home at 6. In between I say lines." The Tufts range from 6 ft. 2½ to 6 ft. 8, swear it's due to milk. Sonny's 6 ft. 4.

The Christmas Alan Will Never Forget

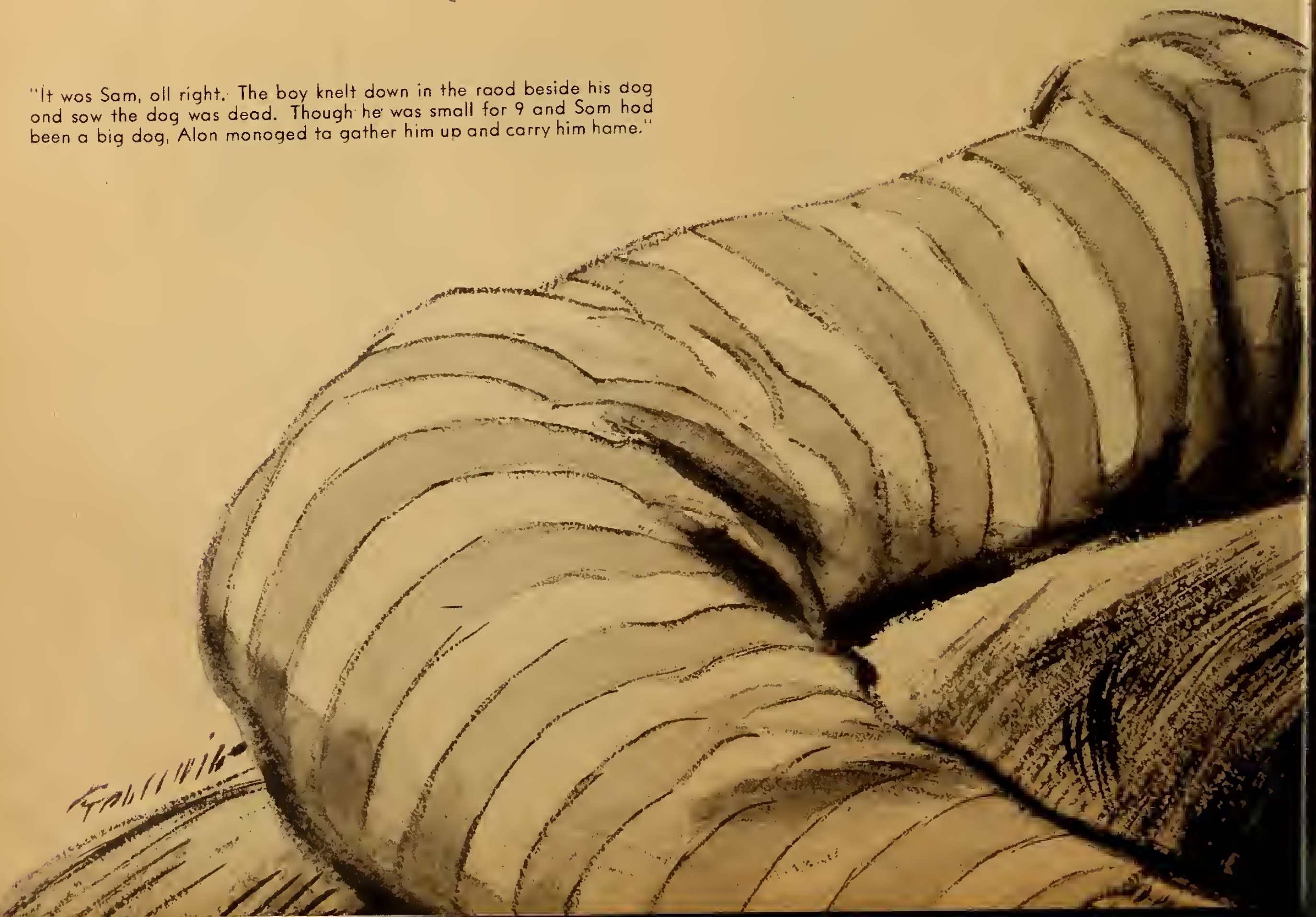
It was a Christmas of stabbing pain
back when Laddie was nine and Sam, his shaggy mongrel, died.
But in it, too, there was a kind of wondrous joy.

He was only nine, but privation had made him old before his years. He remembers that Christmas for many reasons. But mostly as the Christmas when he grew up.

Not that he put it in so many words to himself. It wasn't till years later that he recognized it as a kind of turning point. His first encounter with the shock and grief of death. His first realization that you couldn't do anything about it. His first glimpse of the knowledge that material values don't count beside those of the spirit. If that's not growing up, what is?

At the time, it just seemed that a lot of things all happened around Christmas that year. They hadn't been in California long. His stepfather had just bought the little lot in Alhambra and put up a garage. The house was supposed to come later, but it never did. Alan thinks they knew even then that it never would, because his stepdad had partitioned the garage into front room, kitchen and tiny bedroom.

Alan had the bedroom. They got water from the filling station across the road. They bathed in a galvanized iron tub. Their heat, such as it was, came from a little old oil burner. But Alan felt fine. He liked the man his mother had married. It was no longer just the two of them against the world. Mom had been right. But then, she always was. "Everything'll work out." That was her slogan. It might be potato soup now, but next week it was going to be



"It was Sam, all right. The boy knelt down in the road beside his dog and saw the dog was dead. Though he was small for 9 and Sam had been a big dog, Alan managed to gather him up and carry him home."

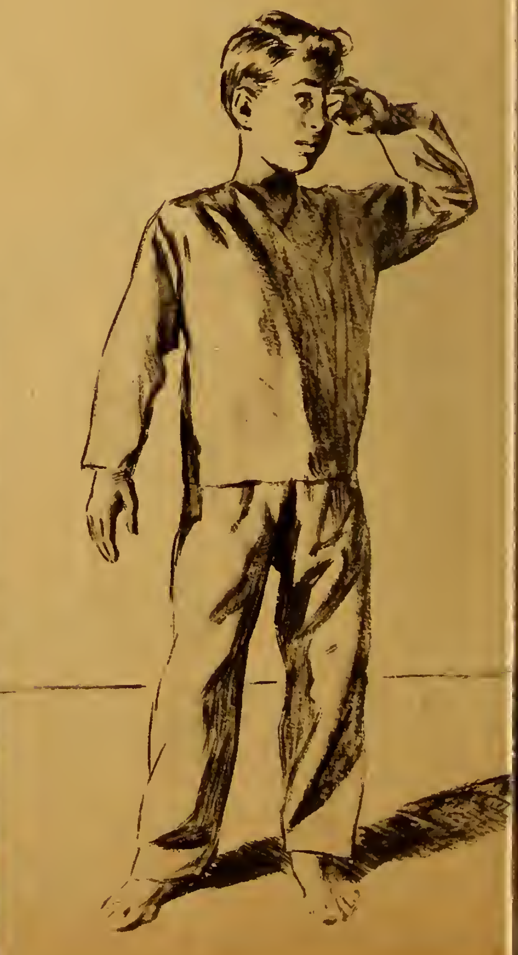
By Nancy Winslow Squire

"He stuck Chris inside his pajama top and started back. There was a funny look on his stepdad's face. Not mad, just funny. Below Alan's pajama top, Chris's tail waved gently

something wonderful. So surely and calmly did she believe in the future that Alan accepted faith as a matter of course. Tough luck was only temporary. Everything would work out.

Now, after years of struggling alone, Mom had someone to help her. After months of camping out, they had a roof over their heads. Alan was helping, too. Every day after school he'd whistle to Sam, his collie-police dog, and they'd trot off together to sell papers at the El Sereno junction. It was the best spot, because a two-car track came in from Alhambra, and a three-car track from Pasadena, and people got off and changed cars and went in to Los Angeles.

Mom was always afraid of his getting hurt, but shucks! he could take care of himself. It was Sam he used to worry about. No more, though. Not since he'd trained Sam to go lie down in front of the drugstore till he got through. He was a smart one, that Sam. He'd



never budge, but his eyes would keep following Alan till he saw him pull the last paper out from under his arm. Then he'd start barking like crazy and run out to the curb and wait. No matter how excited he got, he wouldn't step so much as a paw over the curb till Alan came and got him.

Walking home, they'd stop to look in at the Christmas windows. Alan wished he could have a paper route. With a route, you earned more than standing on a corner. But you couldn't have a route unless you had a bike, and bikes were for rich kids. You could dream, though. You could dream you had a bike and a route and could walk right into this store and buy a Christmas present for Mom.

Mom said presents didn't matter. What mattered was how you felt inside on Christmas and every other day. Mom said, if you couldn't afford to give, then *wanting* to give was just as good. But Alan noticed that she always managed to give him something. Even last year, which was the worst, she bought him some books and hid 'em in the closet, and he found 'em ahead of time and read 'em. Never let on, though. Acted just as surprised on Christmas morning.

He squashed his nose against the window glass. "What would you buy for Mom, Sam, if you had money?"

It was two weeks before Christmas. He was playing ball with some fellows in the school yard. Just as the bell rang for the afternoon session, a boy came running in from the street. "Alan! Hey, Alan! Your dog got hit by a car on the road."

Alan laughed in his face. "You must be crazy. I just saw him when I was home for lunch."

"Yeah? Well, I just saw him about two seconds ago, and he's layin' there, and he don't look good to me—"

Alan's feet were taking him down the street. They felt like lead. Why didn't they move faster? Everything felt funny—his head was light, his chest so heavy he could hardly breathe. What was he worried about, anyway? That kid must've seen some other dog that looked like Sam. Sam *(Continued on page 71)*

"Then, at last, he put his hand out. Solid. Real. A bike. His eyes went first to Mom's face, then his stepdad's. He couldn't talk. His feelings were too mixed up. He was crying inside."

By Zachary Gold

One moment Michele Morgan's in a bog, the next, she's whirling higher and higher. It's love, all right, but strangely enough, its name is not Sinatra.

Higher and

STORY Mr. Cyrus Drake was waking in his usual manner to a fine spring day in New York. Byngham, the butler, shook his shoulder gently. Mr. Cyrus Drake opened one eye, found that it didn't focus properly, closed it rapidly and threshed promptly to the other side of the bed. Byngham shook again. This time, in response, Mr. Drake himself shook in imitation of a startled dervish.

"Go away," Mr. Drake said.

"It's seven o'clock," said Byngham. "In the evening."

"When I want the time," Mr. Drake said, "I'll buy a sundial."

"You did *(Continued on page 81)*

1. Valet Mike (Jack Haley) tells Cyrus Drake (Leon Errol) he's broke, bankrupt. Drake grunts, turns over.

2. But later that evening, when he announces plight to staff of servants, Mike gets a whirlwind idea.

5. She goes, but, as Pamela Drake, sits haughtily in patrons' box. Mike, eyeing Sir Wilton (Victor Borge) with Katherine Keating (Barbara Hale), No. 1 deb, literally throws Millie at him.

6. Mike plans strategy. Millie lures Wilton, though she's really starry-eyed over Mike. Unsuspecting, Mike finds her in park asking Sinatra's advice, drags her back so Wilton can propose.

Higher

Kitchen maid Millie (Michele Mor-
n) is to be palmed off on N. Y. as
ake's daughter, snag wealthy husband.

4. For nights, Millie's waved to Sinatra thru window. He finally marches in with flowers, invites her to butlers' ball.

whirl of events, wedding to Wil-
s called off, Mike finds fabulous
h, leaves Millie to marry Sinatra.

8. Months later, returning to Drake's new night club, he finds Sinatra married to Katherine and Millie waiting for him.

PRODUCTION Don't need to remind you of the wallop Frank Sinatra packed singing Jimmy McHugh's "Let's Get Lost." Had us all in a Sinatrance (still does!). But you'll really oh and ah when you hear him do the five McHugh-Adamson numbers in "Higher and Higher." All tailored just for Frank, too. Wait till you hear him give with "The Music Stopped" and "You Belong in a Love Song" for something right out of this world. Besides these lush numbers, there are five more new songs with some 15 starlets chiming in, including Marcy McGuire whom you've heard guesting *(Continued on page 81)*

By Lisl Swan

Gob and a Girl

They're wonderfully typical, these two, with Gig Young in Navy blues, Sheila in a war plant, and the whole darn crew piling into the kitchen for Sunday dinner.

Gig wants a little girl just like Sheila. *She* wants a replica of Daddy, green-brown eyes, dark brown wavy hair. Both agree on two kids.

The day, nine months ago, when Gig Young ceased to be an actor and became Byron Barr, seaman, was one he will long remember. He had been told to travel light; he assembled only the bare necessities for the trip. Razor, shaving soap, comb, brush, toothpaste and brush, half a dozen handkerchiefs and Sheila's picture were carefully wrapped and arranged in a cardboard shoe box. Perhaps, for a moment, he looked at the meager belongings that a man can carry from one physical life to another: the bodily comforts and the single symbol of love.

Then he reported to the railway station and was assigned to a Pullman equipped with tier bunks. Friendships began to develop. Gig met a boy who had been halfway through his medical training when he (*Continued on page 85*)

He and Sheila make hobby of collecting war bonds, home recordings. Delight catching chums off-guard, recording their voices.

Gives orders to Cesar Romero in Coa
Guard. Hitch-hiked home first leave, so
Ann Sheridan. Best pic, "Old Acquaintance

Gig kinda misses his civilian tags, especially his prized red ties and contrasting coats and trousers!

Crowning glories: Ability to wiggle ears, one at a time; to sign his name with a pencil held between toes.

Modern Screen Go

George shuttled around 3 days getting home to Conrad, Montana, from camp. Met brother in Fresno and came part way with him. 3 days traveling back left 6 with family.

Big guy finally dropped bag in front hall at 1 P.M. At 2 he was at work on combine. Timed furlough for harvesting. Grows peas, flax, oats on 600 acre farm run by brother.

Typical furlough day: Up at 5, in fields by 6. Lunch, with neighbor's wheedling him into ride on pet nag. Work thru sundown. Dinner at 9. Bed at Work togs: Jeans, broken-down shirt. Dinner clothes: Jeans and clean jers

Farming with George Montgomery

We sent our photographer hot-footing out to Montana to catch the big guy on furlough. found him knee-deep in clover—and hayseed.

George scooted over to new 10,000 acre ranch first chance he got. Burst with pride at 3,000 acres of white pine, grazing land for 750 head of cattle. Brothers bought it for him last April.

Routine was upset when George hitched to Great Falls to sell $10,000 worth of bonds at dry goods emporium. The whole clan turned up for farewell dinner and Mom's chicken a la Russe.

Furlough at end of 6 months came, luckily, so George could skip home for the season he's never yet missed . . . even while he was in Hollywood. It's Corporal Letz now, on duty somewhere outside the country.

Something for the Girls

The coke crowd thinks he's snaky. The bridge set thinks he's Henry Aldrich in a reet pleat. And a sweet-faced girl named Gwen thinks Don O'Connor's Clark Gable—without the ears.

Till last January, Mom was the only woman in the life of Universal's "Top Man," Donald O'Connor.

Now there's Gwen Carter—17 in October and a senior at L. A. high school. Don was 18 last August. She wears a gold bracelet he gave her. There's a key, then "DON," then a heart, then "GWEN." On his 18th birthday, she gave him a silver identification bracelet. It says "DON" outside, and inside, "I LOVE YOU. GWEN."

His two women met in Mom's kitchen. Don had a date with Gwen and two other kids. He was late getting ready, so he guessed he'd go pick 'em up and bring 'em back, and they could listen to records or something while he finished dressing. Mom was washing the dinner dishes as they trooped in. She knew the others. So the little one—soft brown eyes in a heart-shaped face, floating chestnut hair—

"You must be Gwen," smiled Mom, "and Don's got good taste."

Gwen's answering smile was a little shy. But when the others headed for the living room, she hung back. "That looks like an awful lot of dishes. Could I dry them for you?"

"Lord love you, child, they don't mean a thing to me. Now if you really want to be good to me, go in and play the piano nice and loud. I always did like a lively tune with my dishes."

The O'Connors, close-knit to begin with, have drawn closer through the years. Of seven children, only Don and Jack are left to Mom. Three died in infancy. A small daughter was killed in a street accident. Then there was Bill, *(Continued on page 40)*

Don says marriage can wait—2 years. But tied Gwen Carter up with whopper of a diamond. Says he wants 5 kids some day, 3 boys, 2 girls. Also wants to play "Hamlet" in movies.

When Don was tyke, Mom said only way he could wriggle out of practicing the piano was to break a finger, so he promptly broke a finger.

By Ida Zeitlin

Couple months ago, Don arrived at Gloria Jean's house to take her to movies, forgot wallet, blushingly accepted loan from Gloria's pop. Most valued possession: gun that belonged to John Barrymore, whom he hero-worshipped, given him by Diana.

First time Don saw himself on screen, he gulped "Who's that stupid looking punk?"—then slunk out. The "punk's" next pic for Univ. "This Is the Life."

After scanning date possibilities at studio, Don found gal who looked young enough, asked her out, found she'd been married couple of years. (With Annie Rooney, niece Patsy and Gwen.)

Peggy Ryon's pet story's about Don spotting prowler on grounds. Shouldering 22, he yelled, "Hands up or I shoot." Character behind bush snorted, "Who you kidding, sonny?"

Something for the Girls

continued

Don's pattern of perfection. In their vaudeville act, Bill would pick Don up by the scruff of his neck, whirl him like a pinwheel and land him on his feet, to mad applause. To express the height of his ambition, Don used to say: "Maybe some day I'll be as good as Bill—"

Two years ago Bill went to Peoria for the Christmas holidays, contracted scarlet fever and died after four days' illness. It was months before his brother's face lost its stricken look.

Having worked literally from infancy, Don grew up with a sense of responsibility. After Bill's death, it deepened—especially in respect to Mom. Sometimes Patsy, Jack's 14-year-old daughter, also under contract to Universal, wishes he'd confine it to Mom. His normal greeting to Patsy is: "What's the matter with your hair? What's the idea painting your nails that color?"

"Make him leave me alone, grandma," she wails. "The minute I show up, he starts picking on me."

Gwen describes him as the kind of boy who decides he's going to do a thing and does it. He decided to buy a house for Mom and bought it—with the money he'd saved while he was at Paramount. Mom's been traveling 'round all her life, working pretty hard—it's just about time she had her own house, he figured. Himself, he didn't particularly want a house. Made him feel funny. Settled down, kind of. But he got over that pretty quick. It's nice not to worry where the dough for your next hotel bill's coming from.

Mom has fun buying furniture and working 'round the house all day. Help? Hers is the age-old cry. "I'd rather do it myself than go chasing behind someone else to do it."

"Sure it's not too much for you, Mom?"

"Know what would happen if we got a maid? I wouldn't know what to do with myself, and I'd start getting cranky."

Don watches it, though. If he thought she were overdoing things, he'd put his foot down. He's got quite a lot of say over things—more than his brothers had when they were his age. And he thinks it's all right being boss, if you don't take advantage.

The screen prepares you for a jumping jivester. He's anything but. The exuberance is there, but under leash. Even when he's laughing his head off inside, his face doesn't show it. Slapstick's the only thing that makes him laugh out loud. "Me, I'm all mouth," says Mom, "but the boys are quiet."

His steady blue eyes make you feel he's a guy you can tie to. His emotions are warm, if casually expressed. He says hello to everyone on the lot, whether he knows them or not, and it makes him mad if they don't say hello back. His ambition is to learn all their names, so he can say "Hello, Fred" instead of just hello. That way you feel closer, says Don.

He never leaves Mom without kissing her. It may be a quick kiss, but that's fine with her. They both hate to be fussed over. Being busy and young, he'll sometimes forget her birthday. The last time it happened, a jeweler called on Mom a few days after the event—

"Your son sent me over. He said you're in the market for a watch. Here are five watches. Which do you like best?"

She made her choice, and he handed her a card. "Don said this goes with it." The card read, "I'm a drip, but I love you, Mom."

One day last December he was watching the auditions for "Blackouts" at El Capitan. His eyes wandered and came to rest on five-foot-two-and-a-half, brown eyes in a heart-shaped face, floating chestnut hair—

"Whose that girl?" asked Don, trying to be casual.

"Gwen Carter," said the girl he knew in the show. "Her father's the orchestra leader."

"Introduce me, will you?" She introduced them. Presently Gwen left. "Do you know her phone number?" Don asked his friend.

She eyed him coldly. "What if I do?"

That stopped him till New Year's Eve. At the party he went to, a girl mentioned Gwen's name. "Do *you* know Gwen Carter?—Look, I'd love to have her number—"

"Well, I'd have to ask her first."

"Okay, you ask her. And in case she doesn't want to give it out, maybe she wouldn't mind calling *me* just this once. Sure, I know it's not etiquette, but I have to get hold of her some way."

Call *him!* Gwen should say not. Who ever heard of a girl calling a boy? "You can give him my number, though. I don't mind."

She says their first date was at Grauman's Chinese. He says it was Chinatown. They argue about it all the time—

"We went to Casa d'Amour for dinner," says Gwen, "then to Grauman's Chinese, and next night to Chinatown. He thinks we went to Chinatown first, but we didn't really."

"We went to Chinatown and got a flat tire," says Don. "She thinks we went to Grauman's Chinese, and you know how women are—have to have their own way."

Wherever they went, it was together—and neither has dated anyone else since. They bowl or play miniature golf. They go to Venice and do the rides. Gwen balks at the roller-coaster, which Donald dotes on. Once he went 18 times in a row.

When the boys can get week-end passes from training camps, they go to Larry Krieger's—Don's best friend—and jitterbug. The crowd includes Ann Rooney—Gwen's best friend—Gene Reynolds, Larry Nunn. The Lindy and Slicker are their favorite dances. They don't go to night clubs, and they don't smoke or drink. Don took a sip of Dubonnet on his 18th birthday and didn't like it. As for smoking, he won't even kid about it. "I hate it," he says soberly. "Especially for girls. It takes some of the sweetness away."

When he works next day, he's supposed to be in by 10:30. His intentions are good but, you see, it's like this—

First, they stop at a drive-in. No evening feels right unless you stop at a drive-in for turkey sandwiches and malts. Then he takes Gwen home. Gwen says, "You can only sit down for a minute, because you've got to be in by 10, so—" Then they start discussing things, and the next time they look at the clock, it's 11:15.

Mom says she can't fall asleep till Don gets home. Every time she hears a siren, she thinks it's Don. He tries to talk her out of it, but you know how women are. His brother Jack's 37 years old, married 15 years; and Mom still isn't relaxed about *him* yet.

She *says* she can't fall asleep, but half the time she *is* asleep, so he tries to get in without waking her up. Leaves the car out, because the garage makes a racket. Listens at the back door for the refrigerator to go on. If he can time it to slip in while the current's on, he's okay. Sometimes she hears him open the refrigerator to get his bottle of pop, and down she comes.

He takes the words right out of her mouth. "Sorry, Mom, I'm late. We got to talking. I'll make it up tomorrow night."

What more can a fellow do than say he's sorry and he'll try to do better? Mom lets it go at that. Besides, you'd never get anywhere with Don the strict way. He's got too much of the bullheaded Irish in him. Besides, there's no argument. He thinks she's right. Can he help it if something always comes up?

So he climbs into bed with (*Continued on page 90*)

O'Connor's a jive artist, trapeze aerialist, acrobat, skit writer, willing stooge for Anne Gwynne or anybody handy. Clan was once called, "The Royal Family of Vaudeville."

Chums say Harry and Betty have finally settled on Bert Lahr's estate in Coldwater Canyon, paid $85,000 for it. (Here at preview of Ice Follies.)

Reports have Cooper handing over $1,000 a week to Naval Aid. He and wife Rocky both nuts about dancing, hardly sat out number during Army benefit.

Dennis Morgan and Eddie Cantor horsed around on Screen Guild show, rode Dinah Share about pedigreed calf she gave Geo. Montgomery for birthday.

Groucho, who dubs every glamour gal "Lamour," did hip-wiggling tango with her that laid guys in the aisles at March Field. Did show and broadcast for fliers there.

CANDIDLY YOURS

We trail the stars from March Field to the Stork Club . . . at benefits, broadcasts and on beautiful binges. Here's what cooks on the scene and behind it.

Reagans flung party for Frank Sinatra, invited Ann Sheridan whose cook requested 1, Frank's autograph; 2, song dedicated to her kids; 3, his comb. Annie stayed home.

and F. Langford no sooner hit home than they their stuff for guys abroad via "Command formance." Here, Bing helps tizzy things up.

In N. Y. Lana and Steve Crane binged at El Morocco. Rode hansom in Central Park. On train, in shops and C. B. S. playhouse, over-zealous autograph hunters hounded Lana while Steve acted as interference.

Betty Grable splitting with Harry . . .

Lieutenant Ty Power a pop . . .

Sonja Henie heading for breakdown . . .

Alan Ladd facing a crisis . . .

Johnny Payne's life in danger . . .

Alice Faye's marriage threatened . . .

Van Johnson and Judy to wed . . .

Greer Garson giving up career for Dick . . .

Capt. Ronnie Rea

1944—what will it bring?

Grant Lewi, editor of the world's largest horoscope magazine, gives out with another set of his uncanny predictions.

Editor's Note: *We asked Grant Lewi to give us a picture of 1944 that would thrill every reader. Here it is. 1944 for the stars. And, in case you care, 1944 for you.*

He has limited his personal predictions to your love life, your family life, your work—and travel. By "love," Mr. Lewi means you and your joe, if you're single—you and Hubby, if you're married. The business about work applies equally to school, home or job. By travel, he refers to any activity that brings you into contact with new places, new people, new ideas.

We offer you Mr. Lewi's predictions with a word of warning. Don't laugh them off. They have a fantastic knack of coming true!

If you were born in Aries (March 21-April 20)

Love: Romance favored March-July, especially favored Apr. 11-May 4. Except glamour, permanence.

Family: Changes in home life around the end of June. Be progressive, alert to opportunity; avoid strife and rebellion; be independent but friendly. Make a new start after July 5. Don't quarrel with your elders, those who share your life with you.

Employment: Major opportunity breaks for you after the end of July. Look for happiness and progress through routine. Protect health from excess.

Travel: New starts at end of June and after may take you into a new environment, perhaps through marriage, work. Very active travel influences after Nov. 25. Broaden and expand, but avoid breaks due to temperament, strife, mere discontent. Short journeys likely anytime this year.

Aries-born Sonja Henie faces disappointments, perhaps hardships. There seem to be disruptive influences in her home life, which can affect her health through nerves, worry, responsibilities piling up on her. That house she's just bought may prove a headache—she's going to find that she needs the man in the family, may rebel against the war that keeps Dan away. Sonja's year seems centered in her personal life rather than in her career. Starting at the end of March, she must watch health carefully; vitality isn't what she'd like it to be, and if she doesn't heed the warnings of fatigue and other symptoms, she can run (*Continued on page 76*)

Donald O'Connor middle-aisling . . .

ive duty . . .

Paulette Goddard altar-bound . . .

Errol Flynn to carry a torch . . .

As French prisoner of wor in "Cross of Lorraine," Gene wos required to wear o thick beord. Yipped the doy script colled for cleon-shorn face. No foshion plote, he hotes to doll up, colls himself o "wolking slum."

Peddled wor stomps between scenes, mode big sole to Pierre Aumont. First pic gove him the "screaming meemies." Current one: "Cover Girl."

The Beautiful People

By Kaaren Pieck

Gene Kelly's world revolves around Betsy and Kerry. Betsy's world revolves around Kerry and Gene. Kerry's just over a year old. Her world revolves round her stomach, with her parents somewhere close to the hub but still outside it. She welcomes them with cries of simple pleasure. She welcomes food with a moan of pure ecstasy and falls on it like a wolf in babe's clothing.

That's by her father's account. Gene's a split personality where his child is concerned. Part of him stands outside himself and says, "So she's our kid, so what, there *have* been others." That part tries to be objective, but who does it think it's kidding? The other part just lets go and wallows in adoration.

He thinks he's lucky. Out of all the guys in the world there were to marry, the only girl in the world married him. They met at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Show. Gene was dance director, Betsy Blair came looking for a job. If the movies were shooting it, they'd show a flash of dark eyes and blue, meeting and holding. It was almost as swift and sure as that. She was still only 17 when they married. Gene had been tapped for Hollywood, and by that time there was no question but that, where he went, he was taking his lamb along.

Their honeymoon's all mixed up with tumbleweed. They drove out West—this was well before Pearl Harbor—and Betsy had never been out West before.

"When we hit Texas," Gene told her, "you'll see tumbleweed." He described the prankish grace and gayety of tumbleweed. He got her all hot and bothered about tumbleweed. They crossed Texas, their eyes panting for tumbleweed, and there was no tumbleweed. They reached the state's western edge. Beshrewing the day he'd ever mentioned the stuff, but grimly resolved not to let Texas get away with it, Gene turned the car round and doubled back. No tumbleweed. Betsy (*Continued on page 74*)

Sunday night picnics on the kitchen table. Receptions for baby at 3 A.M. A kiss in the middle of a tea party. Life with the Gene Kellys reads like a fairy tale!

Scar on Gene's face dates from bike fall 25 years ago when he was five. In pre-college days he wanted to be a priest, studied journalism, law, medicine, before he hit on hoofing. Paid tuition mixing cement by day, soda-jerking by night!

When baby was born, Gene burst into tears at the good word. They'd planned to call her Bridget, settled for Kerry.

By Kirtley Baskette

TYRONE POWER

Ty was 18 when he got to H'wood, eager, confident. But one year changed that. Here's the 2nd, tougher part of Ty's moving life story.

Tyrone Power is signed up for the biggest fight of his life today as a Lieutenant of United States Marines in the battle for freedom. Already, starting as a private, he has won his bars with distinction in less than a year. Hollywood is not surprised. Nor is anyone who knows the story of the slim, eager, intense son of an illustrious father who became one of the greatest stars Hollywood has ever known.

Battling through desperately sick days as a baby in California, Tyrone, Jr., grew up in Cincinnati, Ohio, where his mother, Patia, taught in the Schuster-Martin Dramatic School. But his frail boyhood body was no measure of his spirit, his fierce determination to lead in whatever he undertook and to run his own affairs. He made his mark in school, had his normal helping of mischief and adolescent romances. But smoldering within him always was the call of the Power heritage, a name great in the theater since the 1700's.

At high school graduation, Ty announced he intended to act. "All right," said his mother, "but you've got to be the best." Tyrone adopted that phrase as his secret advice. Skipping college, he joined his father, *(Continued on page* 50)

Ty, between pics, tried writing history of fabulous Power family from beginnings in Tyrone County, Eire. Below, in "Lloyds of London," milestone pic.

Tyrone met Annabella in "Suez," married her 4 months later. House had stairway winding from bedroom to garden pool for early dips. Together they did "Liliom" on stage, also summer "hayseed" circuit.

Topping much publicized romance, S
Henie and Ty Power were paired in
and Fiddle." Sonia was Ty's first rec

Chums around studio dubbed him "Phantom Bridegroom" when wedding scenes in 3 pics ended in waste basket. At his own wedding were Don Ameche, whom he'd met in radio, Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer.

who promised to teach him all he knew of acting.

Tyrone. Jr.. 17, played Shakespearean roles with his father in New York and Chicago, then came with him to Hollywood where Tyrone, Sr., had a part in "The Miracle Man." Young Ty met movie celebrities, was welcomed everywhere with his famous father. The outlook couldn't have been rosier.

Then one night, between Christmas and New Year's, he awoke in the Hollywood Athletic Club to hear his father gasping for breath. Tyrone Power, Sr., died in his son's arms.

Stunned and desolate, his rosy future now black, Tyrone Power III realized he was no longer a kid, the son of a famous father. He was Tyrone Power, on his own. And he was just 18. It was up to him, alone, to make—or break his future.

His first days alone in Hollywood were to young Tyrone Power an unbelievable, empty dream. A wise man once said that no young man actually believes in death. Ty at 18 had never met it before. Once when his dog, "Nig," had got old and rickety, they took him away. But all his family, even Grandmother Reaume, were hale and hearty. He remembered nothing about his own babyhood struggles to live. What he had been through could not have actually happened, he felt. When his father's rites were over, he tramped the streets of Hollywood trying to figure things out.

There wasn't any answer.

But he knew one thing: The (*Continued on page 64*)

1939, year they were married. Camera men trailed the now famous Mr. and Mrs. Power from Port Washington, L. I., when they pulled in on Dixie Clipper from Europe.

Carole Lombard used to rib Ty about title of "Mr. America," won at Chicag Fair. (Myrna Loy's behind her.) Critics disagreed on "Rose of Wash. Square." One reviewer said Ty, playing grand larceny kid, stole everything but the pic

Ty's answer to Marine Corps questionnaire asking civilian ambitions: "uncertain." Hank Fonda enlisted in Navy same day Ty joined M.C., spent 1st day's leave together in lushest H'wood hotel, wallowing in luxury.

Ty at boot camp. Ran James and Crosby close second when he recorded "Ballad of Leatherneck Corps" for U.S. Treasury. Disc sold 525,000 when released, still selling wildly.

Buddies said Ty took training at Quantico hard. No grumbling, but he lost pounds, was always dog-tired. Annabella nixed all activity so he could sleep when he got home. Last week at O.C.S. got 3 hrs. a night.

By Fredda Dudley

Vic Mature and Anne Shirley had wisenheimers up a tree last month when they suddenly announced their engagement, just as abruptly cancelled it. Unpredictable pair may be wed by time you read this!

Veronica Lake coached Deanna who coached the Comedians at Leading Men Vs. Comedians Ball game. D. says she'll never move from home she and Vaughn built.

Shortly after Gable's return to U. S., he met press in Wash., D. C. Despite mobs of gal fans in halls, only women War Dep't. allowed near him were female scribes!

GOOD NEWS

Ellie Powell-Glenn Ford wed . . . Gene Tierney, Cobina Wright mamas . . . Alan Ladd returning to civvies . . . Vic Mature back in the running!

Shortly after Glenn Ford had joined the Marine Corps, Eleanor Powell asked him—during one of those hurried week-end trips to Los Angeles—"Why don't you buy one of those Marine dress blue outfits? I think they're awfully good looking."

Glenn, listening raptly to a Shostakovitch recording, shook his head. "Not for me," he said. "Someone around town might think I'd grown too big for my olive drabs."

Somewhat later he was advanced to the rank of corporal, and Ellie greeted the announcement with a blissful sigh. "And think how nice your gold stripes would look on those Marine dress blues," she added, flirting at Glenn from a corner of her eyes.

Glenn shook his head. "I will not be cajoled," he said. "No dress blues."

When he became a sergeant, Glenn and Ellie began to make wedding plans. Glenn wanted Ellie to wear white satin; he wanted a double ring ceremony, which would be performed in Eleanor's house in the exact room in which they had spent so many hours getting acquainted, then falling in love, and finally planning for the future. "Just a small wedding, with only our families present," he said, sticking to the Ford tradition of no swank.

Ellie was in complete accord with the plans—with one small addition. "Now, for the wedding," she suggested, as if for the first time, "I think you should wear dress blues."

From the L. A. Times: "Mr. Ford, with (*Continued on page* 54)

Glenn Ford

Eleanor Powell

Columbia studio before entering the Marine Corps, wore the traditional dress blue uniform of the Marine Corps. He is a sergeant, stationed at Camp Pendleton."

Ellie wore a white slipper satin dress, made with short, puffed sleeves and a throat-hugging cowl neck. Over each ear was a small bouquet of orange blossoms which held her tulle veil in place, and she carried a bouquet of white orchids.

Mrs. Blanche Powell gave Eleanor in marriage, and Eleanor's matron of honor was Mrs. Joel Delson, the sweet-voiced secretary who has long handled the Powell affairs with tact and efficiency.

If you remember your romantic dope from previous issues of MODERN SCREEN, you will realize that this marriage was actually the work of that cleft-chinned cupid, Mr. Pat O'Brien, who knew both Glenn and Ellie long before they knew each other. He considered this to be a mistake. He told Glenn, "You aren't the average guy, so you'd never be contented with the average girl. You should meet and fall for someone special—like Eleanor Powell, for instance."

The next time the O'Briens were giving a party, they invited both Eleanor and Glenn who—with that cognizance of two naturally wary people—decided that this was a set-up, and that in a diplomatic way they would have nothing of it. Which proves how wrong a girl and a boy can be when trying to outwit an Irishman.

As soon as the war is over, you will be seeing Glenn again in the vigorous roles he likes so well, but probably there will be no more glorious dancing Powell pictures because Eleanor plans to make marriage her career.

Class of 1963

He was a second lieutenant of cavalry, slim, tall and very, very worried as he assisted his wife to board a plane. On the flight to Washington, D. C., where his mother-in-law was eagerly awaiting the couple, the lieutenant repeatedly glanced from his wife to the expanse of countryside sliding beneath the wings of the plane. He was keeping a close watch for the busiest bird in America.

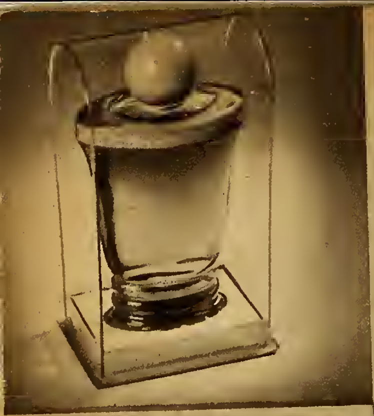
However, the plane outsped the stork this time. Lieutenant and Mrs. Oleg Cassini reached Washington in ample time for Miss Antoinette Cassini (to be called Toni) to put in proper and unhurried appearance, weighing a mere four pounds. Despite her small size, Miss Toni was lusty. Gene was doing so well that doctors said she would be quite robust enough to (*Continued on page 59*)

Night Betty Hutton and Arthur Treacher clowned at Canteen, guys rolled off seats! She flew by bomber to Ariz. for pic, did comp show en route.

Until Dolores Moran's 21, she's sworn off night clubs, substitutes studying and canteening. Was electrified at Garfield's card tricks, conjured up for his new role!

At Long Beach bond rally, baseball game between Harry James's band and Freddie Martin's men brought in over three million dollars! Betty's last pair of cobwebby nylons brought forty thousand from eager bidder.

Greer Garson



←To enhance each glittering belle come Christmas: Rose Geranium or Jasmin Bouquet eau de cologne from Dorothy Gray. Each $1.50.

←To sparkle her tresses give her this giant size bottle of Drene Shampoo. It has a special conditioner added to set her curls agleam. 95c.

Marvelous is the→ matched kit from Richard Hudnut for all glamour-loving young ladies on your list. Lipstick, rouge and powder for $1.65.

For the colonel's→ lady or Judy O'Grady. Two kinds of blended base, Miner's liquid make-up, and the Patti-Pac cake. Price, 25c and up.

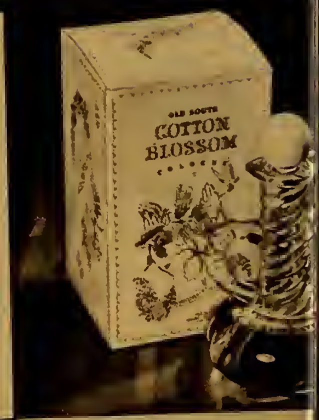
←What's in it for you? Well, there's Cutex polish, remover, file, nail white, orangewood, oil and remover for the cuticle, all at $2.50.

Christma

CAROL CARTER HELPS

Looking for a little→ Gift Set with multiple appeal? Blue Waltz gives you face powder, cologne, perfume and freshener in box of petal pink, 25c.

Shades of Scarlett→ O'Hara! Give some lucky girl this zesty "Old South Cotton Blossom" cologne. It's mighty sweet and costs but $1.25.



←Chen-Yu makes any gal's Noel a happier one! Gleaming, gay polish, a bottle of remover and a mite size bottle of Lacquerol. For $1.00.

←Baby formul
Buy one 50c b
tle of Menn
Antiseptic ba
oil, two 25c pa
ages of Menn
baby powder, a
wrap Noel-lil

←A super gift that sells for a pittance. Only 25c for this neat box that holds Hampden's magic face powder, lipstick and their foundation base.

←Everyone is going a-foot these days . . . which is why Dr. Scholl's "foot ease" kit is so welcome. Three musts for happy feet. The cost, $1.00.

This tidy case for→ a bright-eyed beauty. It contains Maybelline's cream mascara and a handy brush. It's wonderful for all femmes. 75c.

Jergen's Lotion is→ a gift to please everyone on your list! It's so kind to skin and hands . . . and men love the stuff for after-shaving. $1.00.

Shopping

HOOSE GIFTS OF BEAUTY

←We wager she'd rather receive Nonchalant Parfum by Varva than be called the best cook in the county. Comes in a bow-box. $1.00-$10.00.

Here's a Tangee→ face powder, lipstick and rouge trio that adds up to a three-point flight into flattery for the Sophisticated Lady. $2.00.

Wanted — one→ Stocking Stuffer! Here's the perfect filler-inner. It's Pond's lotion to soothe the hands that launch a thousand tasks. 50c.

←Sara, Sue or Sandra will adore Revlon's nail enamel and lipstick boxed like a miniature floral offering. All this glamour costs $1.25.

←A merry Christmas idea, and what's more, a very patriotic one. Wrap your presents, then decorate with war stamps. Cost, 10c and up.

Susan Hayward

report to 20th Century-Fox for her next picture around February 1, 1944.

Cobina Wright Jr. Beaudette's young son was born at 10:10 A.M. one morning. Shortly after luncheon that same day the telephone of a friend rang and a cheerful voice announced, "This is Cobina. Have you heard about my baby? It arrived this morning!" And that wasn't the only call placed by the enthusiastic young mother. You might quote that to the next biddy who says our generation is soft, and starts to give you that rugged grandmother routine.

Little Red Riding Points, or Goldilocks and the Three Steaks:

While Dennis Morgan was in Oregon on a bond tour, he snatched a few hours from government business to go buck hunting. "Ah, venison for the Morgans," he sang triumphantly, rubbing his hands together. He had the deer meat properly segmented, packed in dry ice and shipped to Los Angeles where it was placed in cold storage against the winter's dearth of red coupons.

Now Dennis and his elder son, Stanley, have frequently gone hunting together with a BB gun. They have knocked tin cans off fence posts and peppered an occasional oak tree in the valley shallows, so Dennis felt certain that Stanley would be interested. He described his feat glowingly, and Stanley listened carefully, finally observed in a sorrowful voice, "I know you did it for us kids, but after you had seen 'Bambi,' Daddy, it must have been awfully hard on you to shoot that poor deer."

Mr. Morgan has said nothing about his hunting trip since that moment. He thinks he should write to Mr. Disney and sign the pledge.

On Thursday, when the maid is out, Joan Fontaine has been rushing home from the "Frenchman's Creek" set to prepare dinner for herself and Brian Aherne. Ordinarily the maid leaves some succulent dish in the ice box ready to be heated.

What was Joan's delight recently to find two prepared salads in the cooler, fresh rolls ready to be slipped into the oven, and a thick cut of steak back in one corner of the refrigerator. In front of it was a covered dish which the delighted Mrs. Aherne, having spotted the steak, simply ignored even as you and I would.

She broiled the red points, then set up the feast. Brian found the dinner delicious, the steak done to a turn.

The following morning the maid rushed from the kitchen just as Joan was departing for the studio. "You didn't eat the stew I had cooked and left in that covered dish," she said, swallowing rather carefully, "so you must have eaten the horse meat I bought for the dog."

Beef Grief:

When Homer was a little boy calf, he had guileless brown eyes, soft ears and uncertain legs, but he liked to wrestle with Jimmie Craig. Whenever Jimmie had a day off, from "Kismet" or some such Metro picture, he spent it on his farm doing odd jobs and wrestling with Homer for exercise.

Homer's shoulders enlarged and his weight increased; still he liked to wrestle gently with his owner. Then came the day when Homer heard, from a gossip columnist no doubt, those stories about bulls. He took the rumors seriously and catapulted Mr. James Craig against a concrete retaining wall, luckily some 15 feet distant.

X-rays revealed three broken ribs. So Metro took advantage of Jimmie's sedentary state by assigning him to the nearest studio (*Continued on page 79*)

It's only rarely that Mrs. C. can drag Jimmy Craig away from his beloved 10-acre ranch for a spree at Macamba. He's more intrigued tending cattle, chickens, rabbits. Lately acquired another hand—his mom from Nashville, Tenn.!

Shirley Temple (between Bob Walker and Claudette Colbert) is tickled to be back working after four years of school. Is crossing her fingers that she can come East to visit her closest crony in a N. Y. school, for the holiday whirl!

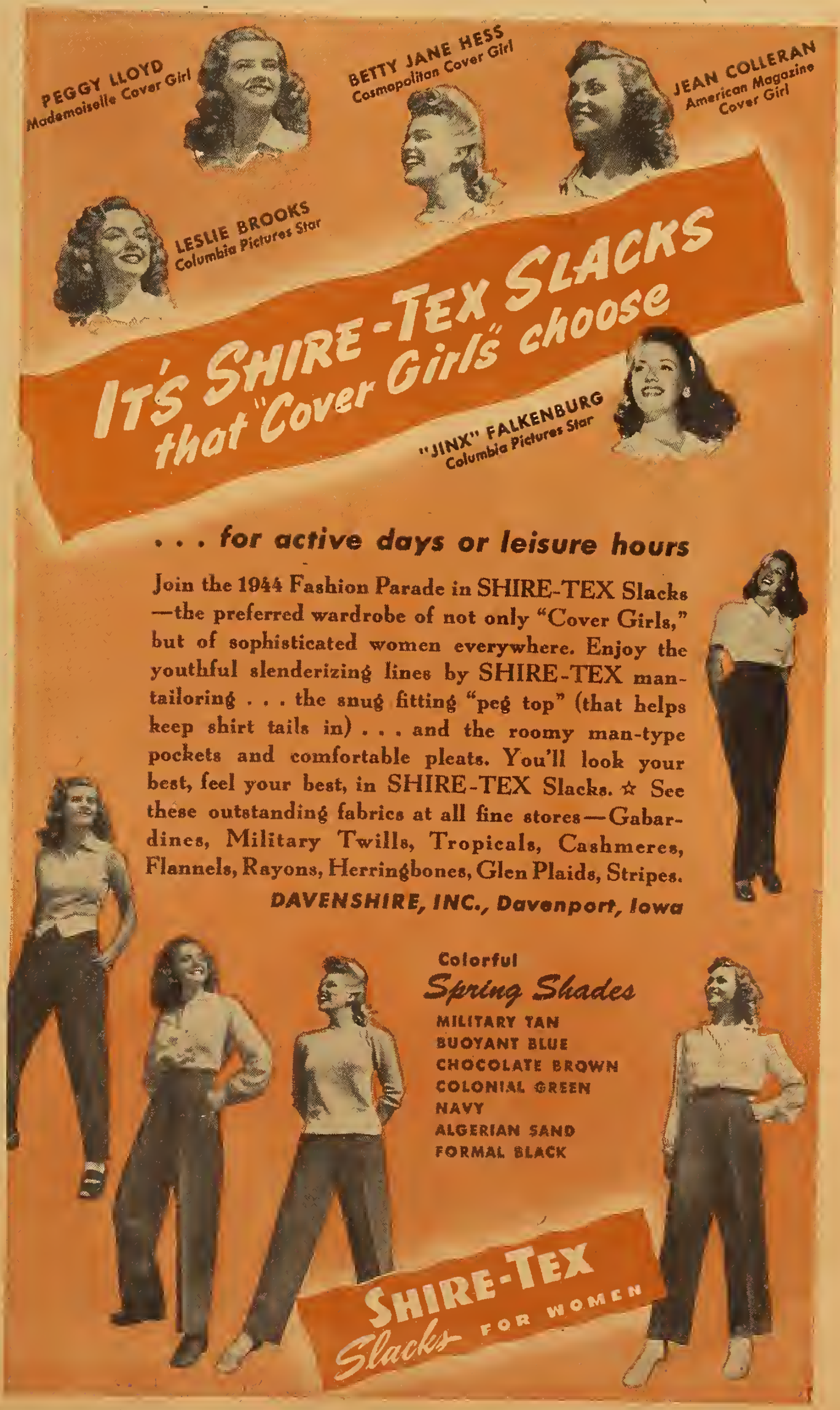
Rita Hayworth

Cover Girl FASHIONS FOR YOU

Yep! The famous Cover Girls stepped right out of the picture to give you their camera angles on clothes. First off—while they can be strictly siren in slither-and-slink get-ups, they feel more like themselves in happy-go-lucky togs. Like lumberjackets or slacks, for instance. They claim good posture's even more important than your gym teacher says . . . that it's a sign of brightness to be able to dress well on small change . . . that a fur coat's second only to War Bonds as an investment, especially if you use your head and get a fur that's dependable. They also think wacky lapel gadgets are super-solid. All sounds sorta like you, doesn't it? Say—d'ya suppose *you'll* ever be a Cover Girl?

Hi, Jinx Falkenburg! Is it you or your Shire-
ex slacks giving that snake-hips effect? One
hing's certain—this new peg-top cut sure helps
o keep a gal's shirt-tails anchored, doesn't it?

over Girl Martha Outlaw calls it a "Go-
erywhere" jacket and she's not kiddin'. Grant's
s its twin if you want it. Jacket about four
llars, plaid gadabout skirt around three.



PEGGY LLOYD
Mademoiselle Cover Girl
BETTY JANE HESS
Cosmopolitan Cover Girl
JEAN COLLERAN
American Magazine Cover Girl
LESLIE BROOKS
Columbia Pictures Star
IT'S SHIRE-TEX SLACKS that "Cover Girls" choose
"JINX" FALKENBURG
Columbia Pictures Star

. . . for active days or leisure hours

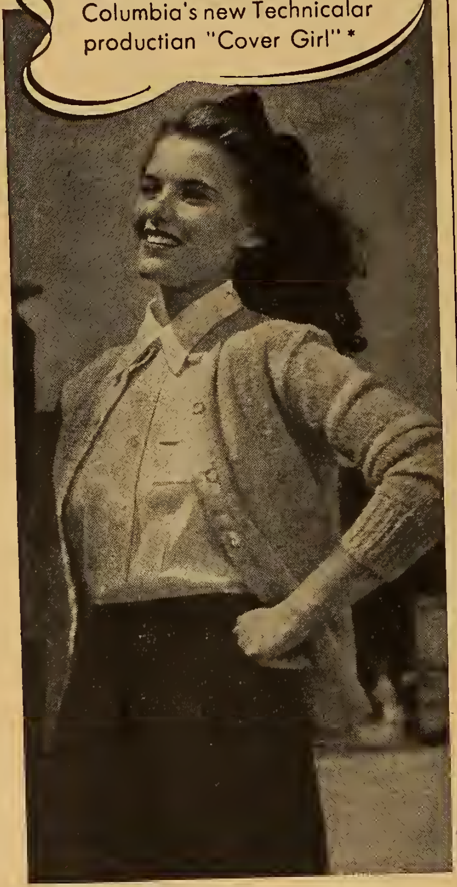
Join the 1944 Fashion Parade in SHIRE-TEX Slacks —the preferred wardrobe of not only "Cover Girls," but of sophisticated women everywhere. Enjoy the youthful slenderizing lines by SHIRE-TEX man-tailoring . . . the snug fitting "peg top" (that helps keep shirt tails in) . . . and the roomy man-type pockets and comfortable pleats. You'll look your best, feel your best, in SHIRE-TEX Slacks. ☆ See these outstanding fabrics at all fine stores—Gabardines, Military Twills, Tropicals, Cashmeres, Flannels, Rayons, Herringbones, Glen Plaids, Stripes.

DAVENSHIRE, INC., Davenport, Iowa

Colorful
Spring Shades
MILITARY TAN
BUOYANT BLUE
CHOCOLATE BROWN
COLONIAL GREEN
NAVY
ALGERIAN SAND
FORMAL BLACK

GRANTS FOR FASHIONS

Cover Girl
See Francine Counihan in Columbia's new Technicolor production "Cover Girl" *



Famous Bradley Cardigan
of imported wool yarn
in the new nubby knit! Just
one of the many Bradleys
you'll find at Grants!
Bright colors. **4.98**

See dozens of other budget priced fashions as worn by glamorous Cover Girls in your nearest Grant store! Yes, Grants has really smart fashions at prices you can easily afford!

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Cover Girl FASHIONS FOR YOU continued

"Cover Girl" star, Rita Hayworth, matches her glamour with a tuxedo coat of Featherlite Persian Lamb, wisely picked for its deep lasting blackness and marvelous drapability.

Mink? Guess again! It's mink-blended muskrat that Cover Girl Peggy Lloyd's wearing. Because it was blended by Hollander, ou Peggy knows it will keep its loveliness

"It isn't necessary to wear expensive clothes to be a Cover Girl," says Harry Conover, head of the Conover Agency. Model Helen Mueller gets the low-down on budgeteering as stylist Bonnie Foster Kelley and Art Director John G. Boetel of the W. T. Grant Company view the new clothes gallery of Grant's Cover Girl fashions.

Cover Girls Dusty Anderson and Karen Gaylord go for the new "shirtwaist" look in spic-and-span crepe Joyce Lane blouses. Could they be for you? Could be, if you have two or three dollars and you know your way to Grant's.

"You'd look just as Pretty, Mommie

. . . IN A HOLLANDER COAT LIKE THIS!"

Glamorous Rita Hayworth . . . star of Columbia's technicolor production, "Cover Girl," poses for you in *Featherlite Brand* Persian Lamb, dyed by Hollander for lasting loveliness.

Daughter's right . . .

Persian Lamb's loveliness will add to yours! You'll wear it every day, everywhere—proud of its deep black luster, its tight curl, its supple peltry that drapes as easily as fabric.

•

Since 1889 the Hollander mark on furs has been a symbol of enduring beauty. You will find it, too, on your present fur garment when you have it cleansed and rejuvenated by *Hollanderizing.*

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PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLYWOOD'S PAUL HESSE

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that actually

COLORS HAIR

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Yes, Duart has developed a quick, simple rinse that **actually colors** hair! One of the 12 beautiful shades will add lovely, natural looking color to your hair. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach... but color stays 'til your next shampoo. Helps cover grays, blend faded ends or streaks. No more expensive than other rinses. Forget past disappointments and ask at your beauty salon for Duart Liquid Rinse.

DUART MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.
SAN FRANCISCO • NEW YORK

TYRONE POWER

(Continued from page 51)

best memorial he could offer a father like his was to go on with the show.

There were messages from Cincinnati. They wanted him to come back home. Later, when he had got over this shock, maybe then—

Ty walked into the Hollywood Plaza Hotel lobby and sat down at a desk. "Dear Mother," he wrote, "I love all of you more than ever. But I've decided to stay here and carry out my plans. I think that's what Father would have wanted. Know you'll understand." Mrs. Power understood. She and Ann came out soon to Hollywood to tell him so.

There were other letters, from New York and London and cities all over the world. And a great stack of wires and telephone messages from Hollywood.

past studio gates . . .

These heartened Tyrone. They made him feel his Dad was still with him, still introducing him to the people he must know in his new profession. He pulled himself together and shook off the despair of loneliness. He moved out of the Athletic Club into a one-room Hollywood apartment. He got his clothes pressed and his hair cut, and then one day he hopped a bus to a studio.

He asked for the big studio man who was his father's friend and who had written such a warm letter. Secretaries smiled and opened doors promptly at Tyrone Power's name. Ty was ushered into the big office like a prince. The producer greeted him warmly, had him sit down.

"So you're Tyrone Power, Jr!" he smiled. "Well, I knew your father when he was the greatest Brutus that ever played 'Julius Caesar'! Yes sir—I'll never forget one night in London—"

He reminisced for an hour and a half. He traced Tyrone Power's career over three continents. He was charming and finally he said, "Well, you'll have to come in and see me again some time—any time."

Before he knew it, Ty was outside the studio. He still hadn't said what he had come to say: What about a job?

That was the way it went. That was typical. Studio doors opened like magic to Tyrone Power's name. He spent hours with people telling him about his father.

At last it dawned on Ty that he was really a curiosity. He was Tyrone Power's son. He wasn't a personage himself.

He stopped seeing his father's friends. He just went around cold and hunted a break. Then he heard what was really the matter with him. "Too young." "No experience." "Nothing for your type."

And so the months passed. Tyrone had a little money to live on. There was a small inheritance, pitifully small, from his father. He couldn't get it for a while, but his father's attorney volunteered to advance him $10 a week against it. That's what he had to live on—and that was all.

Tyrone moved all around. In that first year he lived in 15 different places, rooms, apartments, dinky hotels, guest houses, shacks—about everything. It wasn't always by choice. One day his landlady came in, apologetic but determined. She said she'd have to have her rent, or else.

"All right," said Ty, "I'm broke. I guess it's 'else.' I'll move." And he started lugging out his trunk.

"No rent," she said, "no trunk."

Ty shrugged. He gathered up his loose belongings and moved out. Four years later he called by to redeem that trunk. The landlady remembered him and, by then, she knew who he was. She was very polite. "Your trunk hasn't been touched," she assured him earnestly. "Everything is just as you left it." Ty thanked her and winked to the friend who had come with him. When they got the trunk outside, Ty opened it. Inside were a stack of old telephone books.

In the summer following his father's death, Patia Power drove out to Hollywood with her dramatic class from Schuster-Martin. She found Ty living over a garage on Orchid Street, right up from Hollywood Boulevard. She was shocked at the state of his wardrobe and general underfed condition. But she was happy to see the same eager sparkle in his black eyes. Enthusiastically he told her he was "working." The job turned out to be a speculative rehearsal for a local Hollywood show, "Lo and Behold," that later went on to New York to make a hit as "New Faces." Ty didn't go with the show.

The home town kids who journeyed out with his mother that summer—seven of them in an old Pierce Arrow limousine—the "Traveling School of the Theater" Patia called it—did Ty a lot of good. He had made friends in Hollywood, but they were mainly the casual hard-bitten permanent-extra type of kids whose only real ambitions were to hang around Hollywood and have fun.

broken hopes . . .

Patia Power took a house in Hollywood that summer for her crew, and while they were in town Ty ate regularly. When it came time to leave, she suggested that Ty drive back to Cincinnati for a visit. She thought it would do him good, and she knew he could stand some more home cooking. But about that time what seemed the break he'd been waiting for came along. At Universal a picture was getting ready that would use lots of juveniles. "Tom Brown of Culver," starring Tom Brown. Ty knew Tom and had been tipped off. And Tom put in a plug. While his mother was in town, the studio casting office called, actually called him. He got the part; $500 salary. They mentioned a contract. This was it! Ty was always an optimist. The Traveling School of the Theater traveled on home to Cincinnati. Everyone was happy, especially Tyrone, waving them off. He'd show them now! Ty almost wore out the script of "Tom Brown of Culver." He had a respectable little part at first. But in the end it was cut down to nothing much. When the picture came out, Tyrone Power showed up in a brief bit, and nobody noticed him. He asked Universal about the contract. The answer was: "What contract?"

For the first time since he had tried to crack Hollywood, Ty was discouraged. Up until then he had grinned at all the kicks in the teeth and laughed off the tough times. He was young; he could take it. He worked for nothing and lived like a tramp, but cheerfully—because he though some fine day the break would arrive.

Ty quit going out with his friends. He did a few bits when studios called him. But he stopped haunting the casting directors. He felt betrayed.

Of all the friends of his father's i Hollywood, one in particular had measured up. Arthur Caesar, top Broadwa playwright and Hollywood scenarist, too more than a curious interest in Tyron Power's son. Caesar realized the spo needed was not pats on the back, but aid and advice. He placed himself, as much as anyone could, in the role of father-confessor to the youthful Ty.

Arthur Caesar's home was always open to Ty. Whenever he needed a square meal or good advice, he went to Arthur's.

To keep his independence, Ty contributed his part. He refused to take a job with anyone, but since Arthur couldn't drive a car, Ty became his chauffeur. For a while he lived over Caesar's garage, driving the writer around the studios and eating with the family. It was natural that now, discouraged, mixed up, he should go to Arthur for advice. Caesar gave it.

"You can hang around here and scratch for a break," he said, "and you may get it. Lots of kids have. But what if you do? Will you be able to handle it? Listen: There's only one solid way to make the grade in Hollywood—that's to rate it. That means acting experience. You haven't got it. Go get it. If you're asking me—I'd take the first train to New York."

Ty didn't tell him that he'd already been down to price tickets East. That's the kind of a kid he was—still.

Tyrone had been in Hollywood a little over a year the day he climbed into a day coach at the dingy old Los Angeles station. Ann, visiting in San Diego, came up to see him off. It wasn't an auspicious departure. Ty had just enough in his pants to eat on. He didn't have quite enough to get to New York, so he'd bought a ticket to Chicago. Chicago was where he had first trod a professional stage with his father. Ty knew some people there. He thought he might get a job and stake enough to start him off in New York.

star of the side show . . .

When the train pulled out, Ann cried. Her brother looked so frail and lonely waving out the smeary window of the day coach. She knew how he hated to quit anything, to admit defeat; she knew his pride. But if Ty felt bad about leaving Hollywood, defeated, he never let it show. He kept a brave smile beaming until the coach vanished down the track.

In Chicago he found something going on that changed his plans. The World's Fair Century of Progress Exposition was going full blast. On the Midway there were plenty of jobs for entertainers. When Ty mentioned he was from Hollywood, he didn't have any trouble. He signed up for skits all over the Midway. For a while he had an ironic job—at the Hollywood Pavilion—a place that purported to show

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 12)

Set 2

1. Breathtaking blonde
2. Maureen's mama
3. Smoothy
4. No Jenny Jitterbug
5. Zola
6. Brooklyn babe
7. Paramount peach
8. - - - - - - c - - - - h
9. Sad-eyed young'un
10. Wild Injun grows up
11. Yummy in a uniform
12. Chatterbox
13. Coffee colored
14. Drawling; shaky-voiced
15. Smart girl
16. Daughter crashing pictures
17. Bespectacled professor
18. The Captain's lady
19. Drifted to B'way
20. Whom Sgt. York came home to

(Next set of clues on page 77)

JEAN PARKER . . . CO-STARRING IN "MINE SWEEPER", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

The "Darling Hands" of Jean Parker—

Any girl can have smooth, soft hands Jean Parker's way.

"My hand care is specialized and practically professional. But so simple," says Jean.

"Your skin will benefit from 2 ingredients in Jergens Lotion that are so effective against roughness, that many doctors prescribe them.

"You'll love it, too," says Jean. "Jergens Lotion never feels sticky." . . . 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle for this famous lotion, the favorite hand care of the Stars.

The Personal Hand Care of the Stars—they use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

JERGENS LOTION
FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE
HANDS

exactly how pictures were made in Hollywood. Ty acted a movie star in the make-believe set. He got $30 a week. Sometimes he got his check, sometimes not.

He found a place to live in a barn on North Dearborn Street, a bunk-together deal with other youngsters working the fair. He needed to save some money. Chicago was a great radio center. So he haunted the stations in off hours and kept in touch with theatrical circuits, too. It paid off. Ty got some jobs. He appeared on a couple of programs with a fellow named Don Ameche, who was to get his Hollywood break the same time as Ty.

shadow of things to come . . .

He had better luck in the theater. Eugenie Leontovich, Gregory Ratoff's wife, starred that summer in "Romance" in Chicago. Ty grabbed a small supporting part in "Romance"—his first real crack at any sort of steady play. It lasted eight weeks. He saved his stake.

Anyone seeing the peaked youth pile off the crowded bus in New York, his suit looking like an old pair of pajamas and three days of black beard on his pale cheeks, would never have guessed that in less than two years the same young man would be mobbed in the same indifferent city, as the most sensational young star out of Hollywood!

Broadway was a lot like Hollywood as far as jobs went. Everyone knew the name, Tyrone Power. None was interested in giving that name a job. Like a million kids before him and a million more to come, Ty haunted the agencies and producers' offices, smiling at the icy-eyed secretaries—and getting nowhere. His bankroll shriveled. Plenty of times it was a toss-up whether to spend the last nickel at the automat or on a bus.

Later, on his first trip to Manhattan as a Hollywood celebrity, Ty stayed at the Waldorf-Astoria. Naturally, he was besieged by reporters, photographers and famous people. Invitations to dinner and swank soirees swamped him. Social leaders and cafe society queens like Elsa Maxwell bid for his handsome presence to make their parties buzz. One night, after a steady round of this, the biggest affair of all came up. Ty was in his dinner jacket, all set to go, sitting in his room with a pal from Hollywood.

The pal said, "Ty, I'll bet everyone in New York knows who you are by now—think of that!"

"Nuts," replied Ty. "I can take you to a place where nobody will give me a tumble." They made a bet of a buck. Then Ty left the hotel, giving his society hostess the slip.

He took a cab down to an address way below Forty-second Street, ducked down a side street and led the way to a basement restaurant. The air was heavy with smoke, garlic and stale wine. A fat Italian waiter waddled up.

"Why you stay away?" the waiter grunted. "You no lika da food?" Ty said he'd been busy, but he liked the food and he wanted some right now, including wine.

The waiter looked him up and down appraisingly, then, suspicion in his voice, he asked, "You a-workin' now? You *sure?*"

Ty said he was sure. So the waiter took a chance, served them, and Ty won his dollar. Nobody in the place gave him a second glance.

Katharine Cornell — the Incomparable Kit—really discovered Tyrone Power. Darryl Zanuck made his name a household word and his face romantic to millions. But it was Cornell who first had any real faith in the son of the famous father. The idea wasn't entirely original with her. When Tyrone and his father first played Shakespeare together in Chicago, Helen Mencken, a good friend of Cornell's, mentioned in a letter: "Tyrone Power is here with a tall, handsome son, Tyrone, Jr. The boy is green but watch out for him. He has talent, and he's definite Broadway material." Cornell remembered that. When her husband-producer, Guthrie McClintic, mentioned that Tyrone Power's son had been in the office and said he was in New York to crash Broadway, Miss Cornell had an idea.

spook stuff . . .

So had Tyrone. His idea was that if he was ever going to be a Broadway star himself, he'd better be seeing some of the top shows. At that point it didn't look like he was due to be the main attraction very soon. But that posed a problem.

WE'LL MATCH YOU
$10 for 10%

We get a kick out of minding other people's business. For example, we'd like to know just how you're managing to sock over 10% of your weekly pittance into War Bonds. In fact, we're so darn eager to know that we're offering $10 in War Stamps for the prize-winning letter each month.

This month's prize winner:

Perhaps this isn't the kind of a letter you're looking for but, if it's sacrifice you're hunting, consider this: Have you ever crawled on your belly through a stinking jungle and listened to the whine of machine-gun bullets just over your head, or waded through vermin-filled swamp clear up to your hips wondering when your number was coming up? Walked a lonely sentry post in the dead of night, when a twig snap sets your nerves tingling, never knowing what might come out of the blackness at you? No, but you probably know someone doing this very thing and doing their share of War Bond buying, too. A guy thinks a lot of things when he gets into things like that. Mostly about home and those he loves. Some of us get back in pretty good shape, others aren't so lucky. We try to make the whole mess out a bad dream, but no go, it's very real.

We're anxious as hell to get it done, so along with our regular business of soldiering we like to feel that we're buying in on the future and give some of our dough back to our Uncle Sam every month, so's he can give us the stuff we need, when we need it. Don't let anyone kid you, he's doing a swell job of it, too. 10 percent? It's that and a lot more.

Pvt. David M. Yerkes
Army Air Force
Bushnell General Hospital

How can you see Broadway shows at $4.40 or worse, when you are needing two-bits regularly for a dinner at the automat and no visible source of income? There was one show Tyrone particularly wanted to see—Katharine Cornell in "Flowers of the Forest" which was just opening. He remembered that her manager, Stanley Ghilkey, had known his dad. He thought he would just sort of drop around and chew the fat, and he might get across a hint that he could use a couple on the aisle.

He dropped in Ghilkey's office. "Mr. Tyrone Power? Oh, yes," brightened the secretary. "Mr. Ghilkey's expecting you." Ty raised a black eyebrow in surprise, but he walked right in. The manager said, "You got our call, then—that's fine. Here are the tickets." Ty's head buzzed. What went on?

"Sixth row, center," said the manager. "Drop in tomorrow. Mr. McClintic is expecting you." That was even goofier! But Ty wasn't spoiling this by asking questions. He grabbed the seats, got on the telephone and got a date. That night he went to the play in style. Next morning Guthrie McClintic hired him as understudy to Burgess Meredith's lead opposite Katharine Cornell in "Flowers of the Forest."

straw hat circuit . . .

When summer came, Ty joined the straw hat circuit at Katharine Cornell's advice, as "Flowers of the Forest" closed. He went up to West Falmouth, Mass., with a contract to play "Romeo and Juliet" with Cornell in the fall. He worked like a Trojan all summer to be ready. He played cooks and cops, heavies and heroes. He shifted scenery and painted sets.

"Romeo and Juliet" tried out in Baltimore. Patia Power came up from Cincinnati to see it. Ty played Romeo's friend Benvolio. The part wasn't sensational, bu one critic said this, "Small though his par is, Tyrone Power gives it a feeling yo don't forget." After the performance Cornell told Ty, "You did very well." Tha was high praise from her. Ty grinned, " was scared stiff." Patia Power was mor critical. She pointed out to him where h was okay and where he was weak. Sh said, "You'll have to work hard."

From then on he developed a mania fo work, and so he lived modestly in an apartment with a couple of friends, spendin all his waking hours studying the stage Katharine Cornell rewarded him with th part of De Ponlengney in her production o "St. Joan." Ty received a telephone cal backstage one day.

The other actors heard him laughing int the mouthpiece.

"Somebody," he roared, "wants to know I've ever considered acting for the movies!

That was a joke to Ty—after all the tim he'd spent trying to get a nod in Holly wood! The talent scout was persistent. Bu Tyrone wasn't having any. He told hi flatly that he was going to stay on th stage until he knew acting backwards an forwards. The critics liked Ty in "S Joan." He was better and he knew it. Th Hollywood offers came again. Ty kept say ing "No," but he began to wonder if h meant it. He took his problem to Kathar ine Cornell. Although she had alwa spurned movies, Cornell advised him make a screen test anyway. He did.

The test was terrible.

In fact, Ty's test was so gosh-awful, th by all the rules of show business he shou never have rated a train ticket West. Ar he almost didn't. One of the stories th tell around Fox today is about the da Darryl Zanuck, Twentieth's head man, ar his production staff watched Tyro Power's test. Ty, badly photographed, w thin and white, all eyes, eyebrows ar forehead. He was badly directed, to Everyone squirmed with embarrassme In the middle Zanuck picked up the boo 'phone. "Stop it," he said.

A producer grinned. "I was wonderi when you'd end the agony," he said. "Wh is it—N.G.?"

Zanuck puffed his cigar. "That's righ he said, "N.G. That is, the test. Wire Ne York," he told his secretary, "to make decent test of that kid."

So Ty made another, and while it w no prize-winner, it showed some of t electric personality that was later to reg ter on the screen. Tyrone Power was Lucky this trip. For several reasons.

One was that Zanuck was hard up players. He had taken over the old Fox not long before. He inherited two star

(Continued on page 68)

Are You in the Know?

Would you wear this number for
- ☐ School
- ☐ Doting
- ☐ Ping Pong Porties

Know what's what to wear for *when!* But *how* you wear your clothes is *vital.* For instance, with the proper posture: head up, chin in, shoulders flat, tummy pulled in. And, with that utterly-at-ease look . . . especially important on "those" days, when nagging little worries can change a girl from a wow to a wallflower! Trust to Kotex sanitary napkins. Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex don't show. So relax in the *dating* number (above). No outlines need spoil your style.

WON'T YOU TELL ME WHEN WE WILL MEET AGAIN*

*Copyright Mayfair Music Corp.

The name of this song is . . .
- ☐ You'll Never Know
- ☐ Doy in—Doy Out
- ☐ Sunday, Mondoy, or Always

A tune they swoon to—when gals are crooned to—"Sunday, Monday, or Always". A good tune, too, for a juke session—and you're there forgetting you ever flirted with the thought of missing the fun (because of "that certain time"). You're *sure* of yourself, for you're sure of Kotex, with its special double-duty safety center that *really* protects you . . . sends doubt scurrying eight-to-the-bar!

If he calls you "groovy" . . .
- ☐ Would you burst into tears
- ☐ Feel complimented
- ☐ Never speak to him ogain

Groovy" is teen-talk for "smooth"—
d that's another way of saying a girl
s poise, self-confidence. How to get
oovy? It's something you have to work
, full time. It's being part of your crowd
speaking their lingo—keeping your
tes—even when your calendar tempts
u to retreat. Of course, *comfort's* a
nderful ally. And most smooth girls
ow that Kotex *is* more comfortable.

Did this girl score . . .
- ☐ A hit
- ☐ An oce
- ☐ A strike

You're up on your pins if you got this one! You're in on America's No. 1 sport. And if *you're* a good sport, you'll bowl *regularly*, for that's what keeps your team scoring. It keeps you scoring for Uncle Sam, too, by helping you stay fit. So don't let down on trying days. Remember, Kotex stays soft while wearing . . . doesn't just feel soft at first touch. You'll get greater comfort, and you can rule chafing right out of your game. (We almost forgot—she scored a *strike!*)

STOP GUESSING!

☐ Check here if you're teen age and want *free* the newly edited booklet "As One Girl To Another". You'll learn do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.

If you're the mother or friend of a teen-age girl and want the booklet "As One Girl To Another", please check here ☐

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want *free* the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again". It tells how to stay on the job, even on problem days. Facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting.

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*Address*______________________________

*City*_________________ *State*_________

Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest *destroys* odors. It's unscented, safe, *sure* protection.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

A WISP OF
Smoke
A warning wisper
Smudge
may be on your teeth
IODENT POWDER -1- FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
IODENT POWDER -2- FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

Start using Iodent Paste or Powder at the first sign of telltale smudge on your teeth. Iodent No. 2 is made by a Dentist *especially* to clean hard-to-bryten teeth and Iodent No. 1 is made for teeth that are easy to bryten. Iodent Powder has all the desirable qualities—safety, effectiveness, refreshing flavor—which has made Iodent Tooth Paste famous for over twenty years.

SAVE with SAFETY for YOUR SECURITY
Get War Bonds and War Stamps Today!

IODENT
TOOTH POWDER
or
PASTE

(*Continued from page 66*)

and only two—Will Rogers and Shirley Temple. Will had just been killed tragically in an airplane crash in Alaska. Shirley was growing up and slipping from her dimpled box-office charm.

Ty hopped a train for Hollywood, expenses paid with a Pullman berth and everything this time. He was still 20 years old. He didn't tell his decision to anyone—his mother or Ann or any of his pals, except Katharine Cornell, until he had his ticket West.

He came to Hollywood and rented an apartment at the swanky Sunset Towers. It took about all his small check but Ty told himself, "If I make the grade this time, I'm going to jump, not creep!"

grand entrance . . .

He started his first picture of the new contract on May 5th, his birthday.

It was "Girls Dormitory," designed to introduce the French charmer, Simone Simon, to America Tyrone Power, Jr. (they tagged that "Junior" back on his name at the studio for prestige), played about two minutes on the screen in "Girls' Dormitory." He played the lonely schoolgirl's cousin who pretended to be her suitor. He sat on a park bench and pretended to make love to Simone. His part was incidental, and you could hardly find his name on the cast and credits.

But there was an odd little omen. As Tyrone made his entrance in the picture, the scene showed him bursting through a door at the girls' school, smiling full-face right into the camera. His first lines were: "Well—here I am!"

It was as if the words were meant for Hollywood. Here Tyrone Power was. No one at the studio had any idea what would come of that tiny scene. Fox big shots barely noticed it—so intent were they on the reception of Simone Simon. Simone didn't click as expected. But for some strange reason a ton of letters swept into the studio. "Who was the boy who played the cousin?" "Where did he come from?" "We want to see him again." Darryl Zanuck had a sensitive ear. He thought he sensed something stirring. He called Ty into his office, handed him a script. "Take this home and read it," he said. "Never mind a test. The part's yours."

Ty will probably never forget the first days on the set of "Sing, Baby, Sing." He played a fast-talking newspaper reporter, and he thought he was doing all right. But he noticed the director had him do scenes over again and again. He noticed the rest of the actors acted just a little funny toward him. He had the feeling something was going on, and he didn't exactly get it. What Tyrone didn't know was that the director didn't want him in the part. He thought Ty was too green and too unknown. He'd obeyed boss Zanuck's instruction, but grudgingly. And whatever Ty did was not right.

So Tyrone got the boot. It hurt him—bad.

But he drew a consolation prize in "Ladies in Love." There were three stars in that—Constance Bennett, Loretta Young and Simone Simon again. All had leading men. Ty's part was the smallest lead for the smallest part. The picture was only fair, but once again letters swamped 20th Century-Fox about Tyrone Power. And Darryl Zanuck still had to have new blood. His directors told him this Power kid was just so-so, too stiff and stagey for the camera, too perfect in his talk for one thing. Damned near as correct as an Englishman. That gave Zanuck an idea.

One day Tyrone found a note in the dinky little dressing room he occupied, in the rows reserved for bit players and extras. It was along about option time and he ruefully crumpled it up in his fist and tossed it into the wastepasket. "See me—Darryl Zanuck" meant, he imagined, strike number two in Hollywood. He was snakebitten for luck at this studio. Directors were hostile. Stars were standoffish. What the hell!

But he reported. Zanuck handed him the screen play of a super-special the studio was banking on to lead the year's program, "Lloyds of London."

"Take this home," suggested Zanuck, "and read it. Maybe you'll do it."

Ty's spirits zoomed. He said nothing to his friends, not even his mother, but, secretive as always, locked himself in his room that night. He read the script from cover to cover, and as he read, his heart began to sink right into the rug. He knew Freddie Bartholomew was already cast as young Jonathan Blake in the picture, and Freddie was at the height of his sensational career. Ty could discover no other possible part for himself than Jonathan Blake. As he read he asked himself anxiously, "Where the heck do *I* come in?"

He took the script back. Zanuck eyed him keenly. "Think you can do it?"

Ty shrugged. "What is there to it?" At that Zanuck exploded. "What *is* there? Are you crazy? Just the whole picture—that's all. Listen, son—this one's a star-maker!"

Suddenly it dawned on Ty that Freddie Bartholomew's part was the small one—Jonathan Blake as a boy. What Zanuck had in mind for him was the star job—Jonathan Blake grown up!

This time it was no give-away part. Ty had to earn it. He came up for a test, and tests were always his Jonahs. A little stock actress was assigned to emote with him. But when Ty got on the stage, shaky and scared to death, he almost fell over. There was a star he'd hardly dared approach before—Alice Faye.

"Thought I might help," she smiled. "Can I run through this with you?" Could she! Alice had always felt bad about Ty's getting booted out of "Sing, Baby, Sing." She has a heart built for size and, cannily wise in show business, she sensed this was the time to use it. Ty realized he did have friends after all. He calmed down. The test was a honey.

love on ice . . .

"Lloyds of London" made Tyrone Powe the hottest star in Hollywood. The pictur made tons of money, and the picture wa all Tyrone Power.

Ty had arrived, and he knew it. Something new and important had come int his life at long last.

But even before this turn in his lif arrived, something else had struck hi with a sweet, piercing pain. For the firs time in his life, Tyrone Power fell in love

It had been one day in the Cafe de Pari at 20th Century-Fox that a chubby littl blonde beauty with twinkling blue eye and an impish smile tripped over to th table where Tyrone Power was havin lunch and said:

"My name is Sonja Henie. I'm skatin down at the Polar Palace. Won't you com and see my show? Here are two tickets.

Ty used the tickets. He sat, spellboun at Sonja's symphony on skates. After th performance, he went backstage to congratulate her. "I hope I'll see you arou the studio," Ty said. "I'm sure you will Sonja laughed. They had a date the ne night.

When Sonja finished "One in a Million that made her Number Five in Hollywoo top box-office ten, she went on a natio wide tour. At the same time, Tyro Power, finishing "Lloyds of London," to his first vacation. It was odd, columnis noted, that at almost every city where Sonja played, Ty showed up—Detroit, New York.

He was East on his vacation, after chasing Sonja around the country, when he got a telegram from the studio. "Report back at once," it said. "New picture going right into production." It was signed by the studio casting director. Quickly they had whipped up a picture to co-star Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie. "Thin Ice" was to be rushed out while the headlines were hot.

Theirs was a gay, young healthy romance. Both were in their early twenties, and neither had had a serious love before. It may have been a coincidence that from the minute he fell in love with Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power couldn't miss. Perhaps the emotion—an experience of a love affair—was what he needed to mold him into a confident actor with a deeper, wider range. Anyway, all Ty's pictures were hits from then on, in rapid succession: "Love is News," "Cafe Metropole," "Thin Ice" (they finally made it), "In Old Chicago," "Second Honeymoon," "Marie Antoinette." Tyrone Power became the biggest romantic young star in Hollywood. And with his own rising star that of Sonja Henie kept pace. Nothing at all loomed in the path of their marriage—except that both Ty and Sonja were pretty young, and neither Patia Power nor Sonja's mother was too keen to see their brilliant children haltered by matrimony—yet it might have happened, this story book wedding, if Sonja Henie hadn't taken a trip back to Norway. Ty saw her off on the train. She meant to be gone only a couple of months. She stayed six. That was too long.

no story book ending . . .

Tyrone Power was young, handsome, at the peak of his career and for the first time getting an intoxicating taste of glamorous Hollywood life. He was meeting celebrated people everywhere, and they were introducing him into the pleasant social life of the glittering screen colony. And he liked it. Ty never "went Hollywood" in all the time he was there. He always drove a modest car. He never threw his money around, became a clothes horse, night club barfly or a playtime Charley boy.

The only extravagance on record that Tyrone ever indulged in, in fact, while he was a great star, were foreign trips, an airplane, and once he leased an island off the Mexican Coast with great plans to make it a romantic paradise retreat. A vivid, romantic imagination, never one of Ty's deficiencies, inspired that. But he seldom went overboard—and never for girls. Although they besieged him (who wouldn't?), Ty simply could never be a Casanova. He was far too sincere for that.

But Sonja, his one girl, was away for a long, long time, and those months of Tyrone's life were too full and exciting to sit and pine. One night he went to a Hollywood premiere and sat enchanted at a petite, auburn-haired actress making an amazing comeback. Ty watched the picture with all the adoration of a fervent fan. He remembered those days when he was ushering in the Cincinnati movie house, how he would stand back of the curtained rail in the rear and dream about this girl.

Janet Gaynor was romantically free then, and "A Star is Born" had invested her with a new glamour. Ty fell hard. Sonja Henie learned about that in the newspapers.

It was more of a social, party and cafe romance than the Sonja Henie love. Janet moved in an established big-name Hollywood set. They went to smart dinner parties and danced at the latest, brightest places.

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Ilona Massey

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a gone goose . . .

But in this period, Tyrone made the picture that put him at the peak of his career, "Alexander's Ragtime Band." By then his small-time beginner's contract had been ripped up time and again and a new one written. "Alexander" brought him a new boost. He was in the top money. On the face of things, Tyrone Power at last had everything he had ever dreamed of. He had everything but one thing very important—a home.

Tyrone Power's romantic dreams of Janet Gaynor and any he had left over about Sonja Henie vanished one afternoon at the entrance to the little test stage above Stage 4 at 20th Century-Fox, one afternoon in 1938. Two tests were scheduled that afternoon. A mere make-up one for Tyrone Power, the star of "Suez," soon to start shooting. And another of a new French actress who had never made an American picture. Hardly anybody in Hollywood knew Annabella Carpentier. Tyrone Power never had seen her.

Annabella had finished her test and hurried out the door at the exact moment Ty hurried in. They collided with a good, solid bump.

"Oh," gasped Ty, "pardon me!"

Annabella was so confused she lapsed into French, "Pardonnez *moi!*"

They looked at each other until the silence was embarrassing. Then the wardrobe girl introduced them. They didn't meet again until "Suez" began, but all the time Ty couldn't think of much else besides the pert, blonde beauty of Annabella and that intriguing way she talked. It wasn't a romance at first. There were some handicaps. First, because Annabella, though estranged, was still legally married to Jean Murat, a French actor. She had a daughter, Ann, in France. Even if Ty had fallen hard, which he didn't right away, Annabella could not have said yes.

But she was something that the too-serious, high strung and ambitious Tyrone Power had never met in Hollywood. She was a real person, a warm human being —that first, and an actress second. For the first time in his life, Tyrone was not leading; he was being led.

And so, finally, Annabella went to France to get her divorce, and after "Rose of Washington Square" Tyrone and a pal made a flying tour of South America. It was triumphant. It was riotous. All the Latin warmth, adoration and enthusiasm swamped Tyrone Power as he traveled from country to country.

But at last in Rio de Janiero he had had enough.

He was at the Copacabana when the cable came. "Boat docks Rio tomorrow. Love, Annabella."

And so at Rio, as the tiny boat lights twinkled out in the bay, and distant Sugar Loaf loomed blue-silver in the night, Ty whispered what he knew he would whisper one day and got his answer—"Yes!"

They came back together and were married one Sunday in the Bel-Air house where Annabella lived. Charles Boyer gave her away, and his wife, Pat Paterson, was maid of honor. Patia Power was there and Sister Ann and Grandmother Reaume. There was no official honeymoon because Tyrone was working in "The Rains Came." Later on, they had the honeymoon at, of all places, the Grand Canyon.

grand finale . . .

With Annabella, Tyrone has found a personal happiness he never approached in the restless striving days of his eager youth. With her he traveled to Europe, returned to the stage for summer stock. With her he bought his home at last, the lovely white house on a canyon's brink that Grace Moore had built but never lived in. With Annabella, Ty remodelled and furnished it to a bride-and-groom's dreams. With her, too, Ty went on acting, never lagging in the standards he had set for himself as a star. "Johnny Apollo," "Brigham Young," "The Mark of Zorro," "Blood and Sand," "A Yank in the R.A.F.," "Son of Fury," "This Above All," "The Black Swan"—great pictures all.

And in this ripened phase of his life Tyrone, too, developed as a person. He had leisure to read and quiet evenings to talk and develop his philosophy of what it's all about. He has had the seasoning responsibilities of husbandry and adopted fatherhood to broaden his character. Even his slim body has matured into a powerful physique that makes his frail boyhood days unbelievable. He has become a responsible citizen and a man. And so he was ready to face another more real and trying test. He was fit to serve his country when his country needed men.

Because Tyrone Power's short but outstanding record as a Marine is no accident. Months before he was enrolled he plunged into a rigorous regime of exercise to harden his body for the beating he knew he must take. For years he had seriously studied flying, buying a plane, winning his pilot's license and taking off steadily in defiance of his own studio's ban. That's why he tried desperately to get in naval aviation when war broke, and then, considered too old for that, he applied for the glider group, until it was discontinued. Now at last, after winning his bars the hard way in the Marines, Ty is in the air, in training at the Naval Air Station at Corpus Christi, Texas.

He was home in Hollywood on leave a few weeks ago—tall and straight and tan with his dark hair cropped close and a keen enthusiastic look in his eyes.

He spent his ten-day leave at home with Annabella and his family. Only once did Ty leave his home. That was for a Naval Aid performance at the Playtime Theatre. The day after he left for Corpus Christi, Annabella left on a bond boosting tour.

The brilliant career that lies behind him today is only a memory, and the future, bright again though it can be, is something he isn't worrying about yet.

The other day at Quantico, Lieutenant Power saw a young Marine in his teens slumping around the grounds with a sloppy carriage. He called him to attention and dressed him down. "At your age," he said severely, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I can hold myself straight and look at me—pushing 30!"

Pushing 30. Ty thought that over afterwards, and his own words amazed him. He felt exactly as young and strong and as cocky and confident as he was at 17 when he set out alone from Cincinnati lugging his dinky imitation leather valise, headed on the quest to make Broadway and Hollywood yield to him the fame and fortune which he sought. Now he was 29, pushing 30! It didn't seem possible.

Yet so much had happened.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We'd been sitting through Jimmy Dorsey's stage shows from 10 a.m. until 7 p.m. Finally, Mr. Dorsey looked down at us (we were sitting in the first row) and said, "I know you're hungry because you've been here all day, so I've had a little lunch fixed for you." And out he came, a tray of milk and sandwiches for each of us. Nice guy that Dorsey, isn't he.

Nancy Arford,
Indianapolis, Indiana

THE CHRISTMAS ALAN WILL NEVER FORGET

(Continued from page 31)

couldn't be hit by a car. Not Sam, who'd never step so much as a paw over the curb unless Alan took him.

It was Sam all right. The boy knelt down in the road beside his dog and saw that the dog was dead. Though he was small for nine and Sam had been a big dog, Alan managed to gather him up and carry him the short distance home. Mom wasn't in. She'd gone out to market when Alan left for school. He carried his burden round behind the house and laid it down. He wasn't going to cry. He was too big to cry. Mom hadn't cried when his father died—anyway, not where he could see her.

He'd been too young then to understand the implications of death, that he'd never see his father again. He understood now. A swift vision formed—of himself at the junction, pulling the last paper from under his arm—and no answering yelp of joy, no dash to the curb, no eager eyes upturned, no feet trotting beside him. A tide of agony washed over him, flung him down with an arm across Sam's body—where he lay and let the sobs rack him.

Presently he rose, found a spade and buried the dog under the window of his little bedroom, so he'd always be near. Then he walked off alone toward El Sereno.

* * *

When Mom found out about Sam, she said, "I'm sorry, son," and that was all she said. It was all Alan wanted her to say. Mother and son were alike. When they felt most deeply, they talked least.

But it couldn't have been more than two or three days later that the kitten appeared. Alan found her curled up one afternoon on the old Army cot that was his bed. Mom said she'd just walked in. When he sat down, she jumped right into his lap and started purring. Pretty darn cute.

From the first, she attached herself to Alan, and her devotion and furry helplessness warmed his heart. He pretended Sam had sent her as a Christmas gift, so he named her Christmas and called her Chris for short. A slight family difference arose on the subject of her sleeping habits. Chris thought she belonged at the foot of Alan's bed. So did Alan. His stepdad said it wasn't healthy to sleep with an animal in the room. Cats should be put out at night.

So between them, Chris and Alan developed a system. He'd put her out, she'd run round to the back window, he'd climb through and bring her in. Next morning he'd toss her out again, and everyone was happy.

On Christmas Eve he went to bed early. Something mysterious and pleasant was in the air—he could tell by the way he'd been kidded at supper-time, by the way Mom's eyes shone. He'd brought Chris in, and they lay together in the dark corner farthest from the doorway that had no door. Quietly, breathlessly, Alan waited.

"I'm going to nail up some planks," his stepfather called, "so you can't see Santa. He might get sore if you caught him."

Alan grinned to himself. He'd known for a number of years who Santa was. "Okay," he said.

"Meow," said Chris.

"Alan, I thought I told you to put that cat out."

"Yes, sir." He picked Chris up and went slowly toward the front door. Of course he could bring her back later by the window, but it just didn't seem right to put her out at all on Christmas Eve. She might get her feelings hurt. They didn't put the animals out of the manger when the Child was born.

He opened the door, stuck Chris inside his pajama top, closed the door and started back. There was a funny expression on his stepfather's face—not mad or anything, just funny. Alan looked down. Hanging below his pajama top, Chris's tail waved gently to and fro.

James Beavers must have decided that, for tonight anyway, he'd risk hypothetical germs against a kid's longing. "Some cats have no tails," he said gravely, "and some tails have no cats. Now get in with you, so I can nail up these boards."

* * *

Chris slept sweetly all night. Alan didn't. At intervals, he'd stick his head out to look at the sky, which was full of stars. The family had agreed that, when

(Continued on page 73)

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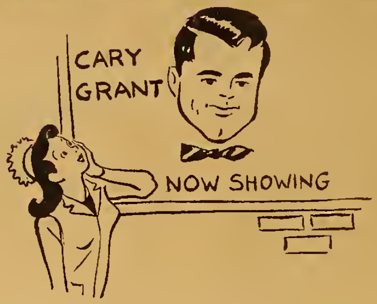

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(*Continued from page* 71)

the last star blinked out, he could call it morning. As a rule, Alan loved the stars. They made him feel peaceful. That night, though, they just acted stubborn. He said, "Please stars, go out." He said, "If I was a star, I'd go out for you." He said, "All right, you ole meanies, see if I care." Next time he woke up, the sky was gray, but one star still twinkled. He kept his eyes riveted on it, till at last it faded. Then he jumped up and pounded at the planks.

He's had his fair share of thrills in recent years, but they haven't overshadowed the thrill of that Christmas morning when he stepped through the gap to be dazzled by a Christmas tree, under which lay a B.B. gun and—!!! He looked again and rubbed his eyes and looked a third time. Yes, it was still there. A bike!

You've got to understand that to Alan the thought of owning a bike was something as far-off, as unattainable and glorious as, say, a phone call from Garbo would be to a fan mag writer. Neither could happen except in a dream, and Alan's dream had come true. He doesn't know how long he stood looking before he moved. Then he circled it. Then at last, afraid it would vanish under his touch, he put his hand out. Solid. Real. A bike. His own. His eyes went first to Mom's face, then to his stepdad's. He couldn't say a word. His feelings were too mixed up. He was crying inside.

* * *

Later he went out, B.B. gun in one hand, the other wheeling his bike. He pedaled up and down in front of the house for a while, then rode her up the hill, which she took like a bird. If you've read his life story, you know what happened next. The rich kids lived on the hill. They attended the same school as the poor kids down below, and some were swell and others were stuck-up brats. One, a bully as well as a brat—whom Alan had disliked from the first—rode a shiny new bike of his own and broke into noisy guffaws at sight of Alan's.

"Secondhand Ladd with a secondhand bike. Whyncha give it to the junkman?"

It was easy to fire Alan's temper. This time he controlled it. "Wanna bet my bike's better'n yours?" he asked steadily.

"You're nuts."

"Okay, I'll race you."

They raced down to Alpha Street, and Alan won. Without even waiting to gloat, he steered his way home.

"Mom, have I got a secondhand bike?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "We couldn't afford a new one."

"It's better'n a new one," he blazed. "I just beat a kid on the hill, and his was new."

Through his loyalty and defiance, the hurt was plain. "Sit down a minute, son. I want to tell you something.

"You know what Christmas means. You know it's not presents. We give things to children because the wise men brought gifts to the Child at Bethlehem. He died so many years ago that sometimes people forget that the gift doesn't matter. Only what goes with it.

"So in a way, I think maybe you're right. Maybe your secondhand bike *is* better. But not because you beat the other boy. You see, if we had a lot of money, we could just have gone to the store and bought the best bike in the place, and that would have been the end of it. Well, we couldn't do that. So we had to start a long time ago, saving a little here and a little there and getting a thrill out of it, thinking how happy you'd be. And the biggest thrill of all was seeing your face this morning.

"Can you understand, Alan, or are you too little? It's not the bike. It's being glad to give up things because you love someone else very dearly. It's being happy because you're making someone else happy. That's what Christmas means. That's what went with your bike. That's what makes it better than a new one maybe."

"Sure, Mom," said Alan. "I understand. It's like when I was little, and I asked you was there a Santa Claus, and you said he was God. That's the same thing, isn't it?"

She gave him a swift hug. "Exactly the same."

They weren't given to demonstration, but for once Alan didn't disentangle himself. Against her shoulder, he found words for the question that had ached in his heart for two long weeks.

"Mom—you said the angels took Daddy. D'you think—they took Sam, too—even—even if he was just a dog?"

"I know they did, Alan."

"D'you think—he's happy?"

"I know that, too."

Then he broke away. "I'm happy, too, Mom," he crowed. "I'm gonna get me a paper route."

* * *

It was the nicest Christmas any boy could have had.

Last Christmas was the nicest any man could have. Alan wishes Mom and Sue could have known each other. Sue gives Christmas the same feeling his mother did.

Last year was special. The baby was due in March. Alan would be entering the service in January. Sue didn't know yet and he couldn't spoil things. He'd tell her when the holidays were over. . . .

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Christmas Eve. Holly and mistletoe and little Santa Claus nooks all over the house. Christmas cards lined up on the mantel. The tree standing ready to be trimmed. But first they had packages to deliver. In Beverly they picked up a soldier, headed downtown. They couldn't let him be late for a Christmas party, so they took him downtown. On the way home, they picked up a sailor.

"Where you going for Christmas?"

"Nowhere particular."

"How about coming home with us?"

So the sailor helped Alan trim the tree. Sue wasn't allowed to help. (If Alan had had his way, he'd have packed her in cotton wool till the baby came.) They hung up five stockings. Two soldiers were coming in the morning. Alan disappeared and returned, hiding something behind him. He was very busy at the mantel for a couple of seconds. When he moved away, a tiny stocking, filched from the baby's layette, hung beside the others. . . .

Christmas morning. Like Christmas morning in millions of American homes. Sobered by the shadow of war, but Christmas just the same. Ohs and ahs and tissue paper flying and laughter and hugs and maybe a tear or two. Practical gifts this year—nothing flossy in wartime. Negligees and a bedrest and comforter for Sue, the expectant mother. Sports jacket and suede shoes for Alan—who was just as tickled as if he didn't know they'd have to be put in moth balls till the war was over. . . .

People dropping in all day. Fifteen for turkey and plum pudding at five, with Alan carving. It's a job he hates. But Sue likes the bird brought in whole, brown and noble-looking. So he grunts and carves. . . .

Much later that evening. The guests had left. Sue and Alan sat watching the fire burn down. He spoke of his mother. She'd died in '37 before he became Alan Ladd of the movies. Too soon to enjoy the years of ease that would have followed the years of struggle. Too soon to share his happiness.

But Ladd, tough guy of the screen, remains her son.

"If she could only have waited," sighed Sue. "If she only knew—"

He spoke with the quiet conviction of faith. "She *does* know."

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

(*Continued from page 47*)

finally persuaded him that she could live without it.

A month or so after landing in California, they drove down to San Diego. "You'll see gardenias," said Gene.

"*This*," Mrs. Kelly said, "I'd like to see."

They drove and they drove. No gardenias. "Nothing," mourned Betsy, "but a bunch of old milkweed rolling along—"

Gene let out a yip. "Milkweed! It's tumbleweed, Betsy, good old tumbleweed, followed us all the way from Texas—"

Having been introduced, Betsy watched with respect. Then—"Where d'you s'pose the gardenias'll catch up with us?"

The experience paid dividends. They had a mob at the house one night, playing their favorite game, Indications. It was Gene's turn to act out the word. The minute he came rolling into the room like a hoop, Betsy shrieked, "Tumbleweed!"

Their friends were awed. "You people are hypnotists."

Before Kerry, they lived in a little house in one of the Hollywood canyons. They're incorrigibly social. They hate to go to sleep. Almost any night would find their gang at the fireplace, popping popcorn, eating hot dogs and beans and potato salad. Betsy loves picnics, Gene hates them. "They're young," he says.

"*We're* young," Betsy points out.

It was something of a wrench to leave the little house. But Kerry was coming, and they needed more room. They were scared at first by the size of the places they looked at—especially Gene, who'd spent his New York years in hotel rooms and small apartments.

They finally rented what still seemed to them a mansion. But though the rooms were spacious, they were simply furnished. And one of the bedrooms could be easily converted into a sunny nursery for the baby. And their friends, the Dick Whorfs, lived on the same street. And in time they'd get used to a kitchen where you had to walk from the stove to the refrigerator, instead of just reaching.

baby talk . . .

On Broadway, Betsy was one of those overnight sensations in Saroyan's "The Beautiful People." Her baby's the reason she doesn't go back to work. She won't have a nurse because the baby's bound to do something cute today that she didn't do yesterday, and heaven forbid Betsy shouldn't be around to see it.

Gene's pretty deft about doing infant chores, while protesting loudly. "Who, me? Kelly, the movie actor? Change a baby's pants? You must be crazy." He's nonchalant now, though he used to be a little tense. The one time he really got scared was when she was three weeks old and wailed through the night. Betsy was still in bed. He had 60 pages of script to study and a 7 o'clock call. Chasing between his script and his child, he grew distracted. "She hates me," he informed Betsy gloomily. "I can see it in her eyes."

At 14 months Kerry's such an agreeable girl that her dad likes to hear her bawl once in a while. "Just to prove she's not slap-happy." He addresses her indiscriminately as Dopey or Angel, and is firmly convinced that she's going to be a dancer. This stems from the day when she pulled herself up by the edge of a cigarette table, stood on her toes and admired herself in the mirrored top.

Like him, she's a night owl. "Won't go to sleep till you hit her over the head." This fails to bother her parents, who don't go by the psychology books. Deaf to the cries of the orthodox, they've been known

YOU, UNDER THE MISTLETOE

There'll be mistletoe this year, just as there's always been. And plum pudding. And dancing and fun. But when your conscience keeps nudging and pricking, you can't be very gay, can you? Especially when you think of all the fellows who aren't around this year. The Red Cross needs you . . . needs your nimble fingers and your quick, unfuddled mind. They need you in a hundred different capacities. And you need them because they give you a chance really to do things, to be of genuine use. Get down to see the Red Cross people today at your local chapter. Ask them what you can do. Then go and have the best darn Christmas ever!

to haul her downstairs at 3 A.M. to meet the people. "Trains her to cope with life," the Kellys maintain.

The one thing she resents is the end of a meal. Take the spoon away, and she sputters all over her bib. Pop eggs her on. "Attaboy, Kelly, stand up and fight."

Like most families in wartime, the Kellys now have a maid and now they don't. Betsy takes the maidless intervals in stride. "So what, lots of people never have any help." She looks like something moonlit out of a fairy tale, but there's nothing frail about her capacity for work.

for the love of pike . . .

She loves to cook—learned partly by watching her mother, partly out of a book. From Gene she learned to cook fish. She'd always loathed it, but the first time they went out to dinner, he took her to a fish place and—well, you know how it is on your first date—she choked it down—

Gene, for his part, is a convert to custard, her favorite dessert. But only the way she makes it. Otherwise it's still pablum and the hell with it. He's also one of those who can't understand why God made little vegetables. Betsy serves them and looks hopeful, but that's as far as she'll go. Things don't matter enough, says Betsy, to make a fuss about.

Dishes, for instance. She hates them. Gene hates them worse. So she washes them. Once in a while conscience pricks, and he offers to help.

He's the Sunday chef. "The way I slave Sunday mornings!" They eat heartily around noon—melon and potato cakes made from leftover spuds, and scrambled eggs—no one, brags Kelly, can tie him for scrambled eggs, they're eider down—and honey from the comb and sausage or bacon, for which they save their ration points.

Betsy goes to the butcher in pigtails and what Gene calls her "Claudia" look. "Takes a mean advantage of the guy's protective instinct and brings home the bacon—"

By 3 the neighborhood kids have gathered in the backyard for a game of kickball. Gene's nuts about kids, and it works both ways. They call on him for aid, advice and plain conversation. One lad, a doctor's son, lugged his printing press over to be admired.

"Got a business scheme I'd like to talk over with you. Thought I'd print my dad's cards and leave 'em around at doors. Drum up a little trade."

"Did you tell your father?"

"No, I want to surprise him."

Gene persuaded him that the surprise might be on the other foot, and switched him to selling War Bonds.

If they haven't already asked people in for the evening, they'll start phoning around eight. "What you doing tonight?" Their cronies include the Dick Whorfs, Keenan Wynns, Hume Cronyns, Nancy Walker, Judy Garland, Van Johnson. There's always someone around to sing and play. And since none of them's at a loss for either ideas or language, they can talk the evening away with great content. Gene's friends note, however, that he's never so deep in talk that he doesn't know just where Betsy is. He'll wander over, drop a kiss on her hand or hair and go right on with the argument.

You'd be hard put to it to find a taste they didn't share. Both hate golf and love baseball. They like the same books, the same games, the same newspapers. They studied Spanish together, and now they're trying to get up a class to study Russian.

nothing important, darling . . .

Ask them what made the first year the hardest, and they'll eye you blankly. Gene recovers first. "If I'd married anyone else, there'd be a million things. Not with Betsy. She's so serene. Nothing bothers her—"

"What's there to bother me?"

"Well, I read too late—"

"All right, you read too late."

"Once I read till 7:30. You thought that was silly—"

"It *is* silly, but not when you do it. How about me? I mislay things—"

Once she left her ration books in the glove compartment of Van Johnson's car. They were having dinner that night with Van and Nancy Walker to celebrate Van's birthday. He tried to slip Betsy the books under the table, but Gene caught them. Chin in hand, he regarded his wife. "What did I ever marry you for?"

Next day he went off to Columbia—where he's on loan for "Cover Girl"—inadvertently taking her car keys along with his own. At noon she was on the phone. "Nothing important, darling. Just, what did I ever marry you for?"

There is also the hat question. Gene has a flair for women's clothes and yearns to see Betsy in ravishing hats. Any hat on her head makes her feel like a snared pigeon. Ever hopeful, he buys them, and she doesn't wear them. Last winter they were going to New York to see her folks. His Christmas gift was to be a fur coat for the trip. As a fillip to this lovely surprise, he designed a little fur hat to go with it, and took his creation to various shops—where they gave him that here's-a-sucker look and told him what was wrong with the hat. In the end, he found an appreciative soul who respected his genius and made the thing the way he wanted it. Betsy wore it to the station and as far as Pasadena, and that was the last time he saw it on her head.

"I *did* wear it," she protests. "Once last year, and once this."

A few weeks ago he thought he'd found the solution. A beret. She'd love a beret. They were casual and cute. But it had to be right. Not too floppy, like most of them. He scoured the town and finally found it at Bullocks—the ideal shape, the ideal shade of brown for her coloring.

"It's beautiful, Gene," she said. "Only—"

"Only what?"

"Well—I don't know when I'll wear it."

At that point he gave up.

He's got a temper but he never gets mad at Betsy. Bad manners rile him. Take the modern classic example—the guy who sees you make for a parking spot and cuts in ahead of you. Then he really explodes—jumps out, arms flailing, Irish vocabulary unleashed. What makes Betsy mad are people talking in the movies behind her. Gene gives this the haha. "Mad like a butterfly. She turns round, gives with the appealing smile and says, 'Please.'"

At Gene's first preview, Betsy got so excited she cried. "Thousands Cheer," his latest, was recently released. It belongs to Kathryn Grayson and to Gene. In it, he picks up where he left off in "Me and My Gal" and goes on—a long way—from there. We don't know whether Betsy cried at this one or not, but thousands cheered.

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1944—WHAT WILL IT BRING?

(*Continued from page 45*)

into very serious trouble.

If you were born in Taurus (April 21-May 21)

Love: Glamour near home till August, especially powerful May 5-29. Great popularity starting July 26 for about a year: love and social life swell, with a high point Aug. 11-Sept. 3.

Family: Opportunity centered in home, family life till July 26, especially around June. You may change your locale here, get off to a new start in an altered environment.

Employment: Steady work likely; whatever is done consistently benefits you. Unselfishness pays high dividends. Progress via routine leads to recognition, success.

Travel: Short trips in April, May; longer ones, or more permanent removals, in June, late October, November. But don't be jumpy: nearby things demand attention especially after June.

Report says that Marine students under Lt. Tyrone Power learn more in two weeks from him than they learn in months from anyone else. Ty's horoscope shows success in the armed forces. This year increases his popularity and his luck. Change around the end of May starts the ball rolling for him in a new direction. Something about love or children takes stage center in his life. Anyone heard any reports that Annabella is expecting? Could be, this year.

Even though Alice Faye Harris is looking forward to a blessed event, it looks like trouble for her and Phil. Starts in late March, early April, gains speed in late June and becomes decisive soon after. It's possible that this will take some form other than a split—divorce isn't the only trouble a married couple can have—but if they survive together this bearing down of the planets, nothing will ever break them up. But will they?

If you were born in Gemini (May 22-June 21)

Love: Glamour catches hold for a long stay. Romance and good times are a permanent part of your life. Marriage chances increase after July. Have fun, look for lasting ties.

Family: New home conditions in latter half of the year make for happiness. Could mean a home of your own.

Employment: You'll work hard for what you get, but can win by persistence. New start in routine matters in October-November should be grasped confidently.

Travel: The most permanent thing about your life seems to be change. Be ready for anything. Trips, new starts, new locales especially likely in June-July.

Johnny (Gemini) Payne leads the male 20th Century fan mail poll, doesn't seem to get less popular in '44. Fact is, he can zoom in the service, may turn up with a medal. He has courage, the capacity to take chances and get away with it. Danger at the end of May, end of July, through September, bears watching.

Paulette Goddard's secret heart may make her Mrs. Secret Heart this year. She's under very magnetic influences, can charm 'em plenty. She's also got lots of luck developing now, which can bring her financial stability for a long time. Temperament can trip her at the end of June; before the luck comes, there's a chance for her to stymie it, lose heavily by indiscreet, badly-timed flare-ups.

Errol Flynn's troubles won't be over till after March, and actually, till after the end of June, he has to watch his step. Then it's smoother sailing with less of the limelight on unpleasant things. He can get back in the chips this year by conservative means, but has to look out for financial loss if he lets his impulses run away with him. He's going to have a tough time settling down, but apparently makes the effort in the last six months of the year. The house in Mexico will cost him plenty, may prove a headache. Errol isn't stable enough yet to make a go of it, will cut and run from the settled estate probably in late November or December. Looks like globe-trotting, the cover-up of a serious heartache.

If you were born in Cancer (June 22-July 23)

Love: Take it seriously! You can attract older men, establish something sound and lovely. April-May find you magnetic; October-November can clinch things.

Family: Put down roots of your own, avoid being rutted in the past. Avoid discord at end of June in putting family relations on a new basis.

Employment: Decision right after Jan. 20 gives you a grip on routine. Everything's changing around you; stick-to-itiveness makes everything better. Changes of work, or attitude toward it, from Oct. 23 on, should be achieved discreetly.

Travel: Look for it after mid-July, especially through the end of August. A brief trip may lead to unexpected results.

Olivia de Havilland's got to make up her mind about something important. Love hold's stage center—she may think she's hurt before the end of March and crawl into her shell. She's awfully sensitive, anyway, and now her capacity for feeling misunderstood is tremendous. She'll decide this year whether to go on with pictures or not. She's got the making of a recluse, despite her romantic history. Marriage? That's hard to say. She's a very complex little person, doesn't know what she wants or how to get it.

If you were born in Leo (July 24-August 23)

Love: You can get what you want this year, especially May 23-July 12. A friend may turn into a sweetheart swiftly, with lasting results.

Family: Relatives, neighbors, those close by are important; but home-life isn't the most important thing to you now. You make and achieve happiness by being unselfish with those who share your daily life.

Employment: Big chances for gain after July, through things done quietly, without boasting. Even if your role seems behind-the-scenes, results are worth it.

Travel: Frequent short trips likely, long ones not. Change, October-November, may bring removal to a nearby place, for keeps or at least for a long time.

Bob Taylor's health needs watching, January-June, and especially at the end of March. Danger from accidents and to the heart is present. He's a natural leader, has plenty of daring, can lack judgment when courage or ego is challenged. Bob's sense of duty and personal worth are terrific, a combination that makes him a strong fighter, a brave leader, a daring and effective pilot. He can win equally as much glory in service as on the screen.

If you were born in Virgo (July 24-August 23)

Love: gets more important this year; you acquire lasting friends after June, are magnetic (July-August), can find real love Aug. 11-Sept. 3. Be ready for happiness!

Family: Leadership is expected of you in your circle.

If you seem over-burdened, look on responsibility as opportunity. Establish your duties, stick to them, avoid rebellion, breaks, temper especially after Nov. 25.

Employment: Swell opportunities to progress, achieve recognition, success. Luck smiles especially after July. Take the lead, win friends, influence people and stabilize bank account. Chances to do all are numerous, the influences benefiting you stable and enduring.

Travel: Restlessness (July 13-Aug. 29) should be used up in a vacation trip. A short journey (Oct.-Nov.) can lead to unexpected change.

Virgo-born have zoomed in '43; five Virgo's were top-flight stars in '43, only one in '42. Leading them all was Alan Ladd, getting more fan mail than Valentino in his prime. Alan has long-lasting glamour influences at work for him, can hold his fame and popularity. But he's facing danger till March, when the most critical aspect in his chart is repeated where it influences him directly. That's crucial. Accidents menace him; he's got to watch his judgment, which can be faulty at critical times.

Ingrid Bergman and George Montgomery were born the same year, month, and day, according to the best information we can get. Both have lots of luck this year, especially in the last four months.

George, reported on duty in the Pacific northwest, is delayed and apparently held back till after mid-January. Then it looks like travel and far places.

Donald O'Connor's jitterbug career is probably over. Very likely it's the armed forces for him—he's just 18—and the end of his movie career. Might marry that alleged high school fiancée suddenly toward the end of July. Don's got the makings of a great fighter, should get in the thick this year.

Van Johnson's accident last April 1 could be the subject of an article all by itself. If he escaped the terrific planetary influences operating then, he can live forever, even though it did make him 4-F. Van's looking for his ideal woman, and it's not an easy search. He wants perfection. Look hard around the end of July, Van—maybe you won't have to be lonesome any more. If it isn't Judy Garland, look for an older girl. Van has the makings of a great dramatic actor, will start bigger roles soon.

If you were born in Libra (September 24-October 23)

Love: Libra is glamour and love, and now it's emphasized by very favorable influences. Keep ideals high to get what you want and hold it. June-July, and Sept.-Oct., find you irresistible.

Family: You incline to be self-centered, must be ready to take on responsibility after the end of June. Look out for resentments, bad judgment June 20-July 5. Elders may look to you for a lot: Be happy to do your share and maybe even more—it's your way to happiness, even if obligations seem to cramp you.

Employment: Look for betterment after July 26, for swift-developing chances July 13-Aug. 30, for gain Oct. 14-Nov. 25.

Travel: Expect anything; far places hold widening opportunity. Jan. 20-Mar. 28 can take you almost anywhere. Be progressive, don't get into a rut—the essence of your development is found in change leading to increased standing and prestige, perhaps far from where you start.

Greer Garson should be lovelier than ever, go on to new highs of popularity—she's likely to become the first lady of the screen and hold the place for a long time. The latter half of the year is difficult for her, may require her to drop everything for something dear to her in personal life. She values her love for Richard Ney above anything, will go to him without hesitancy if he needs her, and he may.

If you were born in Scorpio (October 24-November 22)

Love: A friend may become a sweetheart (Sept. 29-Nov. 25)—you can meet someone through relatives who'll be important if you're taking your emotions seriously.

Family: Change in family status can widen your scope, bring you new opportunity and advantages, though you may feel more "on your own" than before after the end of July. Don't keep expecting too much from elders.

Employment: You gain through cooperative effort, via chances coming Jan. 20-Mar. 27. Those whose opinions count favor you May, June, July. Seek added prestige, popularity, responsibility. Good things come your way if you keep conscience clear, self-respect high.

Travel: Need to stand on your own two feet takes you to far places where there's opportunity after the end of June. Your world enlarges—grasp opportunities to "Go places and do things" confidently.

Roy Rogers is going great guns, seeing new parts of the world and riding the crest of a wave of popularity, especially after the middle of the year. A woman is important in his life and helps his luck immeasurably this year. Good year for Roy to buy property for long-term holding; a new start at the end of the year gives him a push in the right direction.

If I have Hedy Lamarr's correct birth data, 1944-5 are crucial years in her life, bringing big change and a new viewpoint. Her temperament can break out in strange places, and with her naturally bad marriage indexes, she may be gracing Reno

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 65)

Set 3

1. Marital mix-up
2. Button nose
3. Ex-member of British Guards
4. Rebecca's successor
5. Juarez
6. Ball of Fire
7. Singing siren
8. Wed just once
9. British import
10. Stashed college plans for Army camp tours
11. Starred with Stevens
12. Radio wren
13. Frog-throated gag man
14. Friend of Fonda
15. Hummingbird
16. What the boys in the back room will have
17. Genial bandman
18. Thriller diller
19. Returned to H'wood opp. Bette Davis
20. Sweet 'n' simple

(Answers on page 92)

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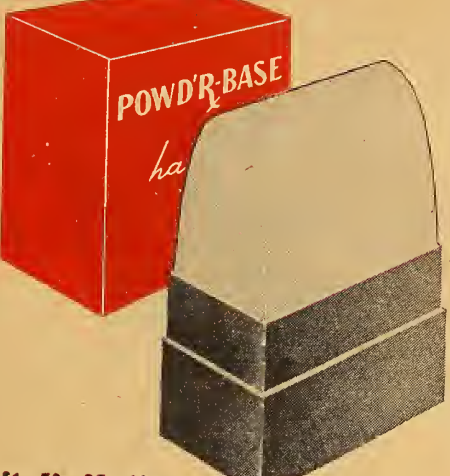

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or some similar center of the 5th Freedom. Money runs through her fingers; she has to look out for debt, sponging friends and hare-brained financial schemes that appeal to her get-rich-quick impulses.

If you were born in Sagittarius (November 23-December 21)

Love: Feet-on-the-ground till June prevent costly breaks, keep you calm for glamour to come later. Idealistic tie can claim you May 23-July 12, can lead to swift, glamorous marriage and a new life for you. But look before you leap—don't marry just to get away from something you don't think you like!

Family: You're likely to be resenting all kinds of restraints till the end of June. Elders seem harsh—but take it and like it! Your opportunity to "be yourself" comes later: don't hurry it rebelliously.

Employment: Opportunity zooms after June; take on new responsibility, aim for a new high of prestige, earning power. Favor of important folks is yours May 23-Aug. 29 if you don't let ego and temperament put you in a false light.

Travel: Distant places beckon May 23-July 12; take trips, perhaps establish yourself permanently elsewhere. Avoid jumpiness, fickleness of purpose—wherever you go, have some purpose bigger than just plain adventure; thus make adventure mean something lasting.

Mrs. Harry James is slated to be just Betty Grable again before the end of 1944, according to the way I read the planets' influence in her chart and Harry's. Plenty of glamour surrounded both of them when they were married last July, but by mid-1944 the sober realities of life have cracked down, and it looks splittish, even though a little James is on the way. Too bad. Neither chart is too good for marriage, and there's more pressure on them than they're likely to take together.

Frank Sinatra's a Sagittarian who's skyrocketed in '43. He won't hold the peak he does now, for the englamoring influence passes. Hope he's saved his money—but it wasn't till August that "Frank Sinatra owned Frank Sinatra 100%." Till then, his partners, bosses, promoters and managers took most of what he made, typical of the influence that splot-lighted partners in the lives of Sagittarians. Frank's a lot more stable than his sanctified sex-appeal career, will be better off in every way when the smoke clears, and he isn't quite so magnetic. He may not make so much money, but he'll prosper financially, be better able to enjoy life.

If you were born in Capricorn (December 22-January 20)

Love: Best social periods are Jan. 29-Feb. 21, and Oct. 14-Dec. 11. This isn't a glamour-year for you, but there's a chance for a good, permanent tie after the end of June, if you're grown-up enough to value what's offered then.

Family: Peculiar conditions with elders, who'll either expect a lot of you or swing to the other extreme and tend to spoil you. Be a mature, responsible member of the family group; an adult can benefit you tremendously.

Employment: Regular daily chores develop past the drudgery-point, lead to recognition, advancement. Better yourself in connection with work Jan.-Mar. 28, assume more responsibility along cooperative lines.

Travel: Swift developments in June-July can take you far, cause a kind of break with the past. Be courageous, grasping new opportunities at a distance, without quarreling with those you may be leaving behind. July 13-Aug. 29 good for trips, removals.

Judy Garland takes on responsibility—we bet it's a husband. She takes her men, and herself, seriously. Reports that her dates with Van Johnson are for dancing, only we put in the raised eyebrow department. Their temperaments are alike; both are lonely at heart, show very similar backgrounds and psychological conditioning. Sure, they can hurt each other—probably will. But there must be deep understanding and sympathy between them, and there's a better than even chance that, having got acquainted, they'll click. Basically, both are afraid of being hurt, but may discover in each other precisely the safe refuge they seek.

If you were born in Aquarius (January 21-February 19)

Love: Good stable influences heighten your popularity and magnetism throughout this year; restrictions drop off after the end of June. You're slated to get something that'll make you very happy. Engagement, marriage before end of July makes you even happier than you'd dreamed. You're especially favored Feb. 13-Mar. 17, and May 30-June 22.

Family: Your individualism doesn't think much along family lines this year; sweethearts, relatives at a distance, are more important than those close by. Make sure you don't hurt those you love most by neglect.

Employment: Routine won't appeal to you till after the end of June; then you'll find that your continued happiness depends on consistency. Look for practical ways to lead your own life in the last six months of the year, by taking on regular duties soberly.

Travel: comes easy to you; you seem to take it for granted, can spend lots of time moving from place to place. Opportunity lies afar, even though it entails a lot of hard, consistent work. Go places and broaden your outlook.

That baby of Lana Turner's came just in time to worry everyone. Born in Leo, sign opposite her mother's, she came just a week before an eclipse, and it wasn't till the day after the eclipse that little Cheryl was pronounced out of danger. Lana's got a swell year ahead; she goes right on, works hard, and everyone keeps right on loving her. Health complications in June, July, August tell her to slow down, rest. If she doesn't she can make unhappiness for herself. Love's important for Lana, but low vitality this year can cause temperament and trouble which by common-sense moderation she can avoid. I can't get Steve's birth data, but if Lana's chart is any index, and it probably is, their marriage should last.

Capt. Ronald Reagan, U. S. A., is rarin' to go. He's doing important work where he is near home, but in some way seems to be in the thick of things December 1943-January 1944. Maybe just an extra press of work that finds him in the middle, but it looks like action of some kind.

If you were born in Pisces (February 20-March 20)

Love: You'll have to take yourself seriously this year, to benefit by the social-love influences. Jitterbugging won't bring out the best in you; but there's a chance for the Real Thing, especially after July 26. Be alert to chances for engagement, marriage.

Family: Changes at home start popping right after January; you or your family may move. Whatever has been looking like a restraint seems to be removed; elders are easier to deal with. Strike out on your own—you might even be starting a home of your own!

Employment: Excellent chances Jan. 20-July 26, especially May 23-July 12, bring progress, gain. Assume responsibility in your job, to benefit by expanding chances later.

Travel: Change can mean travel, and since change in home-life, fundamentals, is likely, you can look for travel, a new locale for your home and family. A long trip Oct. 14-Nov. 25 is excellent.

Betty Hutton has marriage highlighted this year, though it may be no more than an off-again, on-again proposition. Her career takes a new turn; she seems to get more mature and serious-minded, can surprise everyone by doing roles of depth and importance. She's got a touch of genius, has Betty, and great self-assurance. Watch health, last part of the year, Betty . . . and look out for gossip in November and December.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 59)

projection room where he spent day after day reviewing old Clark Gable pictures. The studio wants Jimmie to learn to emulate the Gable voice.

Brass Buttons:

By the time you read this, Alan Ladd will be wearing tweeds instead of khaki and preparing to make your hearts gLadd with more characterizations as deft as those in "This Gun For Hire" and "The Glass Key." The serious recurrence of difficulties caused by old swimming injuries bedded him, first, in a hospital near his Army base. Later he was moved to a second hospital where he could be given more specialized medical attention. Sue, frantic, of course, left Hollywood immediately to remain with him. At present it is not known whether surgery will have to be undertaken or not. The only certain thing is that he has been given an honorable discharge from the Army.

* * *

"You can't, no you can't, no you really, really can't, oh, you can't get them up in the morning . . ." Reveille, kids, with hot licks in the sizzling Harry James manner.

In the barracks, bestirred by a boogie-woogie beat, foggy joes sat up and aimed an appreciative ear. "What a war," said one. "Getting bugled out of bed by Harry James!"

Yep, he was hep. The terrific trumpeter has recorded all of the Army bugle calls, and these are being used on all posts where recordings regulate the khaki life. However, when the first group was recorded, some of them were rejected and had to be done over again. Harry, who may some day soon be awakened by his own music, thought that the rejection might have been caused by his mild addition of a few jam session passages. Investigation indicated that even the colonel was a brother under the tin—he liked the variations as well as any ex-gator in the Army. The difficulty was entirely in the technicalities of the waxing.

So, on the set of "Two Sisters and a Sailor," the Pied Piper of Pin-Up Girls re-recorded several of the bugle calls before an appreciative audience of officers from nearby Army posts.

Music has charms to Sousa savage beast.

* * *

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Chamberlain's
LOTION

You know Christmas: It arrived October 15 this year. Or at least the holly, red ribbons, packages, greeting cards and racked brains did. Paulette Goddard solved her overseas gift problem by logic: Q: What would make a man, overseas, happy at Christmas time?

A: A real Christmas, with comradeship and laughter.

Q: How does one send comradeship and laughter in a package weighing not more than five pounds?

A: By sending something that will enhance the man's popularity.

So Paulette sent Burgess Meredith a huge box of vitamin pills to keep him healthy, and four pair of nylons (her last) with six lipsticks (different shades) to make him popular.

* * *

There is a chap on Hollywood Boulevard who will tell you that Captain Clark Gable is one of the finest characters on earth. This chap has long earned his living by making briar pipes. Along came the war with the result that his shipment of briars from England was stopped.

But recently he received a parcel from Captain Gable, who had been a peace-time customer; the parcel contained enough briars for many, many pipes, so the chap is flourishingly in business again.

* * *

Dinah Shore is now addressing all those "Corporal George Montgomery Letz" letters to an A.P.O. number, probably one trimmed with fur. George had one idea and one alone when he was inducted: to get overseas as soon as possible, preferably to some post where his knowledge of languages would be useful. He excels at Russian especially.

* * *

He was blond and dashing. He wore the slate blue uniform and the gallant cardinal cap of the Fighting French. From his expression it was obvious that he was concerned with his own thoughts, hence utterly oblivious to the interested glances of strollers along New York's Fifth Avenue. Suddenly a sub-jitterbug stepped up and said, "Excuse me, M'sieu, but may I have your autograph?"

That started it. In a few moments Jean Pierre Aumont was the astonished vortex of a circle of laudatory fans. It was his last day in New York. The day before he had kept a promise to Universal, by putting Maria Montez Aumont on a Hollywood-bound train.

When Maria arrived in Hollywood, however, she had a roaring case of influenza, caused partly by change of climate, partly by her previously heavy picture schedule and partly by her wretchedness over Jean Pierre's departure for a combat area.

* * *

The Domestic Scene:

His head was bent. He walked slowly about. His dark eyes scanned the expanse of the sound stage with great concentration. "Any luck today?" someone asked.

Our hero pursed his lips. "One this morning," he admitted, but added with a sigh, "none this afternoon."

"Any contributions?" the friend queried further.

Mr. Charles Boyer turned back the lapel of his coat to reveal four safety pins. "The script girl gave me two yesterday," he said.

Explanation: When the Boyers bought the layette for their youngster (due in December), they remembered to buy everything, *but* everything, except safety pins.

So prospective-papa Boyer has been collecting pins from every possible source. Trying to buy them in Los Angeles is like trying to buy an excursion ticket to Biarritz.

* * *

Ingrid Bergman's five-year-old daughter, Pia, was a recent visitor to the set of "Gas light" where she incited the crew to riotous laughter. Someone asked Miss Pia if she wanted to be an actress when she grew up. "No," she said definitely, "I want to be a director like Mr. George Cukor, because a director is the only person who can tell my mother what to do and she will mind."

Somewhat later she was seated comfortably on a ladder, watching the filming of a very difficult scene. In the midst of the take, Miss Pia—who had watched her mother in a certain pose studying her script the night before—piped shrilly, to the utter destruction of the sound track, "You're not doing it right, Mother. You're supposed to be lying on your tummy on the bed when you speak those lines."

Director Pia was hustled off to the confines of her mother's dressing room.

* * *

Bette Davis, thinner, quieter, but obviously enjoying her work, has told everyone in the studio how delighted she is that Claude Rains was given the role of Mr. Skeffington. Paul Henreid was originally set, but refused to do it because he felt that he wasn't right for the part. Finally the part came back to Rains, who was on the Warner lot under contract, a fact that Bette had pointed out repeatedly.

Gowned in one of the frilly dresses of the period, Bette was chatting with a set visitor between takes. Something about a magazine article entered the conversation, and Bette said naturally, "Farney was such a lot of fun when I was working on that. He and the writer and I spent a lot of time together. He kidded the life out of both of us." Her tone was entirely natural. Once again, as she has before, Bette appears to have accepted a major event of her life with a courage which has extracted the sweetness from memory and left all bitterness to those of smaller heart and narrower vision.

* * *

This department, striving as it does to bring happiness to all, has a super-duper announcement to make. It has to do with "Shoulders" Johnson, otherwise known as Van, a sterling character who is to tweeds what Frank Sinatra is to a microphone: a swoon-maker.

Recently a group were having luncheon in the Metro commissary, and someone kidded Van about a girl he admired. Van, grinning, admitted that he had been squiring an aggregation of lovelies. But, he added, it was all part of a system. He really wanted to meet the right girl, fall genuinely in love and get married. "That's the only real happiness," he asserted sincerely. "That's the way to live."

* * *

Quickies:

The good neighbor policy is about to get an elevator ride when esta rubia, Veronica Lake, goes to Mexico City as a guest of the Mexican Government. She will be accompanied by her close friend, Rita Beery, but she will leave her chubby young daughter in Hollywood with her nurse.

The Bob Crosbys are painting their baby buggy for a third occupant, due in the spring.

Miss Cheryl Christina Crane, nicknamed "Cherry," is losing her babyhood black hair and becoming a blonde like Mommy Lana.

Ann Sothern went down to Texas to be nea her husband, Bob Sterling. After an elapse six days, she had spent exactly three hours with him, so Ann sent for her sister to com keep her company.

They do say that wee Bonnie Baker wil marry Lt. Holly Morse of the First Motio Picture Unit when his decree becomes final

Another bit of wisenheimer conversatio says that George Raft has never quite reconciled himself to the loss of Betty Grable.

"HIGHER AND HIGHER"
PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page 33*)

around on all the big hook-ups. They're not kidding about this being a real filmusical. . . Jack Haley plays the same part in the movie that he did in the Rodgers and Hart Broadway production of "Higher and Higher" back around 1941. This is definitely a pre-war affair. No tears or worries, just wise-cracking by Haley at his best and swoon stuff by Sinatra. . . . It's Michele Morgan's first comedy in this country, and Frank's first crack at acting. He did appear in a picture recently singing with T. Dorsey's band, but gosh, in this, he walks, talks and sings, too, all for the same admission price! . . . We've got a Cinderella in Barbara Hale. She started out as a model in Chicago and has only been in pictures a quick six months, doing bit parts. In "Higher and Higher" she not only got the second feminine lead, but gets to kiss Sinatra, marry him, 'n everythin'! . . . Tim Whalen, the director, is getting himself a reputation as a perfect jinx—the nice kind this time. The man's positively psychic as far as picking out talent goes. He's the lad who discovered that Victor Mature was nothing short of a dream man, and a whole year ago, he cooked up this deal with Sinatra. If that isn't foresight 'r somethin'.

"HIGHER AND HIGHER"
STORY

(*Continued from page 32*)

buy one, sir," Byngham said. "It's seven o'clock by the sundial."

"Mike!" Mr. Drake yelled. "Get this man out of here."

Mike O'Brien sat up sleepily on the other enormous bed in Mr. Drake's bedroom and rubbed his eyes. He looked at Byngham and nodded.

"O. K. Byngie," he said. "He's up now. I'll take over."

Byngham nodded imperturbably. He crossed to the door and lifted Cyrus Drake's jacket from the floor. He dusted it off carefully. Reaching through the pickets he extracted matchbooks that showed that Mr. Drake had visited, in succession, the previous night, the Club Gala, Happy House, The Tombstone, The Pelican Club, the Bit O' Paree and Lefty Houston's Third Avenue Bar and Grill. He also extracted a letter. The letter was still sealed.

"The letter, sir," Byngham said. "I've been telling you about it every night for a month. It is still unopened."

"Well, mail it," Drake said. "What am I paying you for?"

"It was mailed," Byngham said. "It was mailed to you."

"Terrible service," Drake said. "I'll have to talk to the O. P. A."

Mike said: "Leave it there. I'll take care of it now."

When Byngham left, Mike got up a little groggily and picked up the letter.

"Want me to read it?" Mike said.

Cyrus Drake sat up in bed once more, shook himself thoroughly and said: "Business before pleasure. Read it."

The letter contained two paragraphs. The first one, in words of three syllables or more, made a point about bankruptcy.

"It means," Mike said pleasantly, "that

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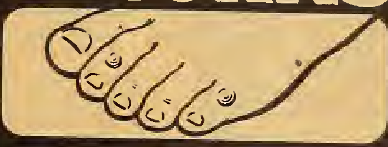

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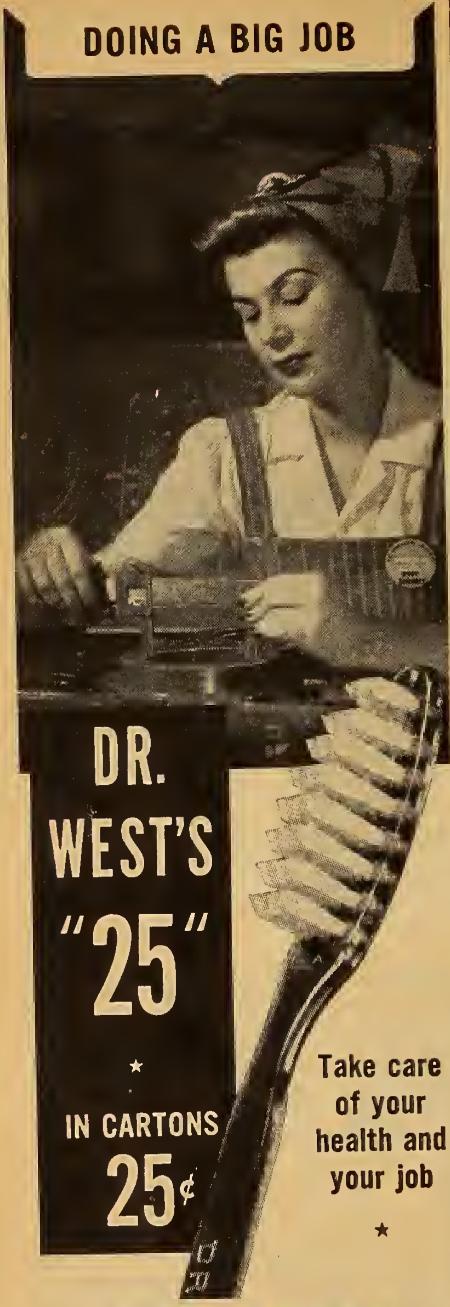
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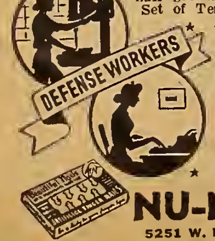
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you're broke. In a word, washed up!"

"Oh," said Cyrus Drake; he slid back to the pillow again. "Wake me up in a half hour."

At eight o'clock promptly, Cyrus Drake rose, dressed carefully and walked down the gilt and gold staircase of his New York mansion, crossed a small hall and entered the baronial dining room lit for dinner. The dining room, that is, was lit. He inspected the long, beautiful table for a moment and then decisively walked to the swinging doors that led to the spacious kitchen.

family retainers . . .

"You are all invited," he said to the servants, "to dine with me tonight."

That is exactly how it happened that Mickey and Marty, footman and first maid, Hilda, the upstairs maid, Byngham, the butler, Mrs. Whiffen, the cook, Millie, the slavey, Oscar, the chauffeur, Mike O'Brien, valet extraordinary, and Sandy, the social secretary, happened to dine with Cyrus Drake one spring evening.

At the dinner table, Cyrus made a short speech and to the point: "Friends," he said, "I'm broke. The bank says so. They added up all the numbers, and it came out minus."

Marty said: "All the dough that's been in the family all these years!"

"What are we going to do now?" Hilda asked.

"Yes," Drake said, picking at the food, "what are we going to do now?"

Mike O'Brien said: "Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I got an idea."

Byngham said: "We can use one."

"The Drake name is still money in the bank. Top drawer. Best in New York. Now if he had a daughter—"

"I have one," Drake said.

"You have one!"

"She's with my wife."

"Where's your wife?"

"There are some questions," Drake said, "that I leave alone. Last heard from, she was in Switzerland."

"What's her name?"

"Pamela."

"Now if Pamela Drake were in town," Mike said excitedly, "she'd be able to hook herself a guy and a million bucks in no time at all. She'd be terrific."

"But," Byngham groaned, "we don't know where Pamela Drake is."

ersatz daughter . . .

"So what?" Mike said. "That's fine. Neither does anyone else. Now just suppose—" his eye traveled over the table; from Mickey to Sandy, from Hilda to Mrs. Whiffen and then finally to Millie, the slavey, looking up at him excitedly. "Now just suppose," he said, "that Millie became Pamela Drake!"

The plan was so simple, it was fantastic. Mike O'Brien took over the job of making Millie into Pamela Drake, debutante, heiress of the Drake millions.

Millie was beautiful. Under the drab of the servant girl's costume was pure gold. Transformed, Millie was a willow, poised and beautiful; dressed in the best Fifth Avenue had to offer, she was breathtaking; coiffed, manicured, shining, she was a pure joy to the eyes.

Mike O'Brien stood back and looked at her: "Wonderful," he said. "Now remember. Who are you?"

"Millie."

"No," Mike said. "Pamela Drake."

"Yes, Mike."

"Put a little more enthusiasm into it. Don't you want to be Pamela Drake?"

"I don't know, Mike," she said slowly.

"Why not?" Mike groaned.

Sandy said: "Maybe she's in love."

"With whom?" Mike said. "I never saw any guys around."

"Well," Sandy said, "maybe it's the guy next door. It's a possibility."

"What guy?" Mike said.

"She waves to him every night through the window."

"Yes, he's nice," Millie said.

"Who is he?" Mike said.

Just then the door bell rang. It was a young man, a little thin, with large, pleading eyes. There was something very appealing about him. He was carrying a bouquet of flowers. The servants gathered around him curiously. But when he saw Millie, he walked toward her boyishly and extended the flowers.

"You haven't waved the past few days," he said. "I thought you were ill."

"Is this the guy?" Mike said.

"Yes," Millie said. "That's him."

"Who are you?" Mike said.

The fellow grinned at him modestly: "I'm Frank Sinatra."

Mickey, the upstairs maid, fainted.

"Sinatra," Sandy said faintly.

"Thank you for the flowers," Millie said.

"Not at all, Miss—Miss—"

"Millie."

Mike O'Brien yelled: "Pamela Drake. She's Pamela Drake. Millie's just a nickname."

"Oh," Frank said, puzzled. "Funny, I thought she just worked here. I was going to ask her to wear the flowers to the Butlers' Ball. My chambermaid invited me to sing there."

"Oh, I'd love to go to the Butlers' Ball."

Mike said desperately: "Of course, you're going. You're one of the patrons. Don't you remember they invited you to sponsor it this year—"

Millie said: "What?"

Mike said hurriedly: "So long, Frank. Glad you dropped in. See you at the Ball." He opened the door and almost pushed the pleasant young man out.

The Butlers' Ball glittered sedately in one of the fanciest ballrooms of one of New York's biggest, handsomest hotels. In the boxes that lined the balcony two groups eyed each other rather hostilely. In one of the patron's boxes, Millie sat splendidly, flanked by Cyrus Drake on one side and by Mike O'Brien on the other. In the second of the two boxes, Katharine Keating, whose place as Number One Deb of the Year, had seemed secure until Pamela Drake had arrived, sat haughtily, flanked also: on one side, her mother; on her left a rather languid gentleman who went by the name of Sir Wilton Fitzroy Wilton, K. B., O. B. E.

Mike O'Brien leaned over and whispered in Millie's ear: "See that thin slice of corn by Keating's side? Take a good look at him. That's your next husband."

"But I don't even know him."

"A detail," Mike said. "That's the boy we're after."

bumpsi-daisy . . .

On the stage now, Frank Sinatra was singing, his voice almost caressing, soft, whispering of romance and moonlight. The orchestra played softly behind him, weaving a spell of magic around the melody. Katharine Keating and Sir Wilton rose to dance. Mike was on his feet.

"Come on," he said. "That's our cue. Here's where we meet Sir Wilton."

They circled the half darkened floor, and in Mike's arms, Millie looked up at his face. "I like to dance with you."

"Do you?" Mike said.

"Do you get that feeling?" Millie said. "You're walking on air. You're away from this world floating higher and higher."

"That's just Sinatra's voice," Mike said.

"Maybe," Millie said. "But maybe it's—"

Mike said tensely: "Now!"

He twirled her out and, caught by surprise, Millie almost stumbled. She tried to recover. One leg went out awkwardly;

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a shoe flew off. She spun once more and crashed into a man's arms. Sir Wilton looked at her in amazement.

"How charming you Americans are," said Sir Wilton. "How utterly charming."

And that was how Pamela Drake happened to meet Sir Wilton.

After that, events moved swiftly. It was odd how simple everything was. Sir Wilton was almost jelly each time he saw Millie. And he did see her again, several times. He saw her at the Debutantes Dansant when Millie was voted Number One Deb of the Year. Everything went wonderfully. It was only a matter of time until he proposed.

And Mike O'Brien saw to it that Sir Wilton got his chance to propose. He arranged a party at the Drake mansion.

half a love . . .

"This is the big night, kid," he said to Millie. "This is when we collect on all the bets. This is the payoff."

"You think he'll propose tonight?"

"If he doesn't, you can put me in a corner and call me dopey," Mike said.

When he left, Millie stood despondently by the window. Someone came into the room and sat down at the piano. It was Frank Sinatra. Frantically, she motioned to him to come outside and meet her. He looked at her, puzzled. Then he understood, nodded yes. Millie slipped out the back door, hurriedly. She thought no one saw her, but Mickey standing in the shadow of the stairs, saw her go out.

"Frank," Millie said to Frank Sinatra, "you've got to help me."

"Sure," Frank said.

"Were you ever in love?"

"Well," Frank said. "Well, no. Not yet."

"I am," Millie said.

"That's fine," Frank said.

"The man I love wants me to get married."

Frank said, "Good fellow."

"He wants me to get married to someone else."

"What?" Frank said. "Say that again."

They had come down the street and into the park. Under the soft lights a night wind whispered between the trees. The music welled up, and Frank's soft voice took up the refrain. Then out of the darkness, Mike O'Brien came storming.

"Listen, you imitation bird," he said heatedly. "What are you doing out here?"

"I asked him," Millie said.

"Well, ask me to take you back. Sir Wilton's burning up waiting for you."

"Mike," Millie said softly, pleadingly, "do you want me to marry him?"

"Sure," Mike said harshly. "And that's all I want. Let's get away from this spurious sparrow. Come on."

"Thanks, Frank," Millie said.

And that night, on schedule, Sir Wilton proposed to Millie. Millie accepted.

The day of the wedding was a little sultry. Clouds lined the sky over the skyscrapers of New York. But in the Drake mansion, all was excitement. In the upstairs boudoir they were getting Millie ready for the ceremony. Downstairs, Sir Wilton paced up and down languidly looking at his watch. Mike looked everything over for a last O. K. and then raced upstairs to check on Millie. When he got to the boudoir, he found Mickey and Sandy but no Millie.

"Where is she?"

"Up in the attic," Sandy said.

"What is she doing there?"

"You know the old rhyme. Something old, something blue— She's trying to dig it up."

"No time for that," Mike said.

He went up to the attic. The great room was musty and dark. Through a high window, the sunlight came spattering the old wooden floor with gold. Old chests,

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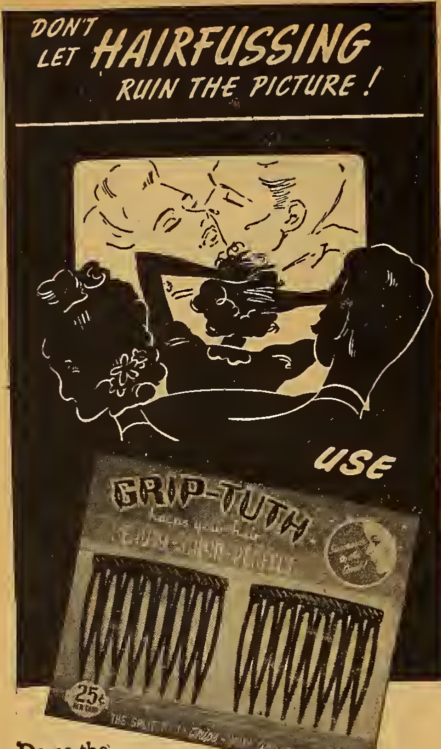
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dusty and hidden, lined the sides; in one corner an old music box stood, still waiting patiently to play its tinkling minuet. Across the room, caught in a shaft of sunlight, Mike saw Millie.

"Hey," he said softly. "Millie. You're beautiful."

She looked up, seeing him: "Am I?"

"Wonderful," he said.

a woman's privilege . . .

She came toward him walking a little sadly. When she passed the music box she lifted the lid curiously. The old gay music spilled out. She laughed, and she was going to drop the lid.

"Wait, let it play," Mike said. "It's music for you. Dance?"

They waltzed slowly around the musty old attic. Mike was looking down at her softly, fondly, holding her gently.

"You don't want to marry Sir Wilton," he said, "do you?"

"No, Mike. Not really."

"You don't have to," he said. "I didn't know it before. I can't make you do it."

There was a clatter of steps on the attic floor, and Byngham, Drake and Marty broke in.

"We thought you ran out on us," Byngham said. "Sir Wilton's suspicious."

"Let him," Mike said. "Millie isn't going to marry him."

"What!" Byngham yelled.

"Listen," Mike said harshly. "The kid's in love. We can't make her marry him."

"We need the money," Byngham said.

"Millie's going to get married to the guy she loves," Mike said. "To Frank Sinatra."

Behind Mike an open dumbwaiter shaft yawned. Marty yanked Millie and started her out of the attic. Mike moved. But not quickly enough. Byngham was even quicker. He pushed. And Mike tumbled into the waiting dumbwaiter.

running interference . . .

Tumbling out of the dumbwaiter at the bottom of the shaft, Mike found himself in a large room that he had never seen before. It was a huge panelled room; in one corner was a tremendous fireplace. One wall was lined with wine racks. Mike reached for a bottle curiously, blew the dust off, read the label.

Then suddenly he understood. There had once been a tavern on the site of the Drake Mansion, back almost in the days of New Amsterdam. The meaning of the whole thing dawned on him. The invaluable old furniture, the wines aged enough to be worth their weight in gold: money! Millie didn't have to marry Sir Wilton!

He realized suddenly that he could hear the whisper of voices. Checking, he found an open vent in the wall. The voice he heard was the voice of the preacher reading the marriage ceremony.

The voice droned: ". . . anyone who can show cause why these two people should not be joined in matrimony . . ."

If he could hear voices, Mike thought swiftly, they should be able to hear his.

He shouted: "There is cause. She isn't Pamela Drake. She's Millie. Just a servant!"

And he spilled out the story. He grinned as he heard the shouts of consternation wafting down to him through the wall vent. That stopped the wedding all right.

Stopped it cold!

So he was waiting for them when they broke into the room, Byngham and Drake and Marty and all the others, fighting mad. But when he got through explaining to them about the old tavern, they calmed down.

Byngham said: "My apologies, old man. Stay here and take over this place for us. We can run it as a night club. You manage it."

"No," Mike said, "I'm pulling out now. Just tell Millie to be happy. With Frank—"

He walked out quickly before any of them had a chance to stop him. He walked out and left it all flat. He wanted to get away. Maybe he'd forget Millie, forget the girl with the large, lovely eyes and the charming smile. She wasn't for him. She was for another guy. Just pull up stakes, then; get away—

So it wasn't until two months later that the news came through to him that Frank Sinatra had married Katharine Keating. And when he heard it, he came raging back to New York, back to the Inn on the site of the old Drake mansion.

He found it full of charming people. It was a success, the biggest night club success in New York for a decade. It had an air, different, amusing. But he didn't stop to look at it. He was searching for a face, a smile. He walked swiftly through the room, through to the kitchen. He looked around. Over by the sink a familiar figure was hacking diligently at the dishes. Mike O'Brien grinned for the first time in two months.

"Millie!" he called.

And when she turned, he didn't need to know anything more. Everything he wanted to know was there in her eyes. He felt as if he were walking on air, floating higher and higher. That was love, wasn't it? Through the swinging doors of the kitchen he could hear the orchestra playing, and over it came the soft voice of Frank Sinatra singing of love and romance, moonlight and the touch of lips in the dark. But he didn't need Sinatra to tell him about love now. He didn't need anything.

All he needed was Millie.

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CAST

Millie	*Michele Morgan*
Mike	*Jack Haley*
Frank Sinatra	*Frank Sinatra*
Drake	*Leon Errol*
Mickey	*Marcy McQuire*
Katherine	*Barbara Hale*
Hilda	*Grace Hartman*
Byngham	*Paul Hartman*
Sandy	*Mary Wickes*
Marty	*Mel Torme*
Oscar	*Dooley Wilson*
Mrs. Keating	*Elizabeth Risdon*
Mrs. Whiffen	*Ivy Scott*
Mr. Green	*Rex Evans*
Fitzroy Wilton	*Victor Borge*

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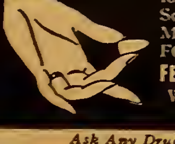

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GOB AND A GIRL

(Continued from page 35)

decided that he wanted to fight now, instead of waiting until he had finished his course. He met another chap who had reached the star salesman's position in one of the nation's most successful business organizations. Another man had been associated in business with his father and had been planning to be married—"but we decided to wait. Things may be pretty uncertain for me."

Gig kept still. He asked questions of others and listened attentively; about himself he said nothing. Finally he wandered out to the platform for a smoke and was joined by a tall, rangy character who said quietly, "Say, riding in this three-tiered bunk car is quite a come-down after traveling in a Flying Fortress, isn't it, Captain?"

Gig took it easy. "How do you mean?" he temporized.

kidding the captain . . .

"I saw 'Air Force' six times," the boot said. "Swell picture. You did a fine job. And I liked your getting promoted—right in the thick of things—from lieutenant to captain."

Gig grinned. "Yeah. It was a long picture," he said. "Do me a big favor, will you, please? Just don't say anything about this to the other guys. Okay?"

The boot surveyed Gig appreciatively. "Sure—if that's the way you want it."

Toward morning he awakened with a frightful jar. "Oakland," he thought. Cautiously he raised the blind a few inches to take a squint at his new base. . . . He noted the dry-bed river, the span of concrete bridges. He blinked. This was all oddly familiar. . . . Los Angeles! They were just pulling out at 3 A.M. . . . that meant at least 14 hours of travel and at least 5 more hours of blissful sleep.

Gig turned over and buried his face in the pillow with a grunt of contentment.

The following night he had his first experience with Navy regimentation. He fell in line behind a serpentine of boots, took a dinner tray and proffered it along the food-assembly queue. "That's no way to carry your tray, Mister," the bo'sun observed. "Turn it around."

But this was only a minor mishap, to be followed—as in the case of practically all boots—by bigger and better contretemps. One afternoon, on the drill field, the drill officer suggested that Gig take over the column and give the orders. Gig, with the extreme courtesy one uses toward a petty officer, protested that he didn't feel exactly able to put the boots through their paces yet.

"You'll get along swell," the officer said with about 40 times the confidence Gig felt. "I've got some business to attend to. Be back after awhile."

So Gig, assembling his vocabulary of orders, called the first: "Dress, right DRESS!" The men extended their arms and turned their heads to complete the maneuver. There they stood, finger tip to next man's shoulder, a very pretty sight. And there stood Gig, slowly turning to stone. He couldn't remember what to say to get them out of this position.

Days, weeks, centuries and eons passed. Gig knew that if he took a step forward he would fall flat over his long grey beard. At the moment when he was praying to be disintegrated by Buck Rogers or swooped out of the world by Superman, a buddy came to his rescue. In a stage whisper, he fed Gig his next line. A samaritan, brother, a pure, unadulterated samaritan in the flesh.

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A movie was being shown at the base one night, but Gig asked permission to skip it as he had seen the feature previously. He wanted to do his laundry in solitude during the time when the other boots were attending the movie, he explained, so his request was granted by his immediate superior.

He was rushing down the corridor, one arm full of clothes, and a bottle of Clorox under the other, when a petty officer suddenly emerged from the chief's quarters. "Where are you going, mister?"

Gig explained.

"But you're supposed to be seeing a movie with the other men," the petty officer said coldly. "Who gave you permission to be absent?"

Naturally, Gig didn't want to get the subordinate officer into trouble if permission shouldn't have been granted, so he stumbled over a few words, mumbled a few syllables and started to extend one arm in a gesture of pure amnesia as to the officer's name.

The gesture was too wide; the bottle of Clorox, spurting a dozen small rivers of chemical, promptly crashed onto the "deck." Without a word, Gig and the officer darted to the far end of the corridor to get an armload of swabs to clean up the mess.

Vigorously they worked side by side. Some of the Clorox had even seeped under the chief's office door . . . luckily he wasn't there at the time. When the deck was dried, Gig was allowed to go on about his washing without further explanation. Oh, yes, he borrowed the Clorox belonging to another boot.

navy blues . . .

After Gig had completed his three months in boot camp, he knew he would be allowed an occasional week-end pass, so he sent for Sheila who joyously moved north. She finally found an apartment large enough to accommodate herself, the phonograph-recorder she couldn't force herself to store, and the few other things she and Gig really needed to set up wartime housekeeping. Then she settled down to being a Navy wife. She learned in the first two weeks that the greatest problem was loneliness.

If Gig didn't get home for two weeks, that meant day after day of cleaning an already spotless apartment; of cooking for one; of being remote from friends and familiar surroundings; of having too much time to think about her family, who are prisoners in the Philippines. She talked the situation over with another Navy wife with whom she had made friends.

"Why don't you get a job?" the friend asked.

"I'm not much of a commercial asset," confessed Sheila forlornly. "I've never worked, so I don't know a thing about an office."

"You could learn, couldn't you?" encouraged the friend. "It's no trick to learning filing or switchboard operation."

When her friend made an appointment for Sheila with the office manager of a defense plant, she filled out the application forms with a trembling hand and high hopes. The manager said, after scrutinizing Sheila, "I think we can use you. You strike me as being the sort of young woman who will get on well."

Sheila proved, in short order, that she was an exceptional wife in more ways than simply learning business routine in a rush. She has only one ration book, of course, because Gig isn't allowed extra

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

The Men I Love (Betty Hutton) . . ☐
The Beautiful People (Gene Kelly) ☐
Gob and a Girl (Gig Young) . . . . ☐
Something for the Girls (Donald O'Connor) . . . . ☐
Tyrone Power, Part II . . . . ☐
MODERN SCREEN Goes Farming With George Montgomery . . . . ☐
"Higher and Higher" . . . . ☐
The Christmas Alan Will Never Forget (Ladd) . . . . ☐
1944—What Will It Bring? . . . . ☐
Big Boy (Sonny Tufts) . . . . ☐
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points for his liberty periods. Producing three to five well-balanced meals for two, three, four or five persons every week-end requires ingenuity. The additional members of the Young family—in case you're curious—were acquired by Gig at the base. He couldn't resist bringing home an occasional boot who was lonely.

There was the case of the Sleep Walker. He was placed in an upper bunk, from which he fell with spine-jarring regularity. He took a good deal of kidding, some of it from Seaman Young. However, Gig awakened groggily one night, under the impression that he was at home and started to get up. That first step was a bad one.

The next day he suggested that the sleep walker be a Young house guest over the next week-end. "You can sleep on the couch and spare yourself some bruises," said the prospective host who had learned the hazards of an upper bunk.

With this descent of hungry service men upon her kitchen in mind, Sheila bought up a supply of macaroni and spaghetti. By adding fresh tomatoes, as much hamburger as her red coupons will afford, fresh or canned mushrooms and plenty of seasoning, she keeps a kettle of simmering stuff ready to blitz salty appetites.

Perhaps the greatest change to take place in the lives of Sheila and Gig is their return to comparative anonymity. They had just reached the stage in Hollywood, where they were generally recognized wherever they went. If "Old Acquaintance," the picture in which Gig does such a stratospheric job opposite Bette Davis, had been released before Gig left, he would really have been on the gravy train.

One night he was hitchhiking from the base to town and was picked up by an obviously well-to-do citizen of considerable culture and background. This citizen launched almost immediately into a description of his daughter. She had just appeared in a high school drama. "She's got the stuff. She's an actress, all right," said her fond father. "Why, she's remarkable! Do you know that she memorized 50 pages of script and NEVER FORGOT A LINE."

The father talked on. His daughter was going to a dramatic school next—then she would probably be trained in some little theater. "Provided she doesn't get married," said the father. "That girl will have her name in lights some day."

They drove on in silence for a few yards, then the man asked Gig, "What were you in civilian life?"

"An actor," said Gig.

The man regarded his passenger through pince-nez glasses. "That so? How did you get started?"

"When I was in high school I was in all the plays," Gig explained cautiously.

strictly the ticket . . .

The man cleared his throat after having given Gig another brief glance. "Well," he said comfortingly, "not everyone gets to be tops in that profession. It requires an extra something. Now, that girl of mine . . . she'll have her name in lights some day."

After Gig had thanked the gentleman for the ride, he stood on the corner and watched the sedan roll down the street. "Your name in lights," he said thoughtfully, grinning to remember the watts he had been given for "Air Force."

He adjusted his white cap; he straightened his shoulders. He looked down at his navy blue arm. "Brother," he said, "it's going to be a great day when I get that red chevron and that crow on my sleeve. Yes, sir, a great day. Pharmacist's mate, third class. For Byron Barr, at this time of life, it's strictly the ticket."

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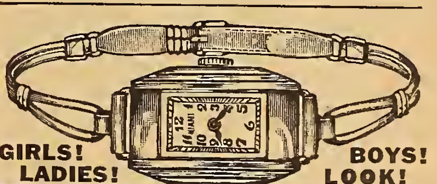

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THE MEN I LOVE

(Continued from page 25)

you an official star, like Astaire or Boyer."

The troupe stopped at Washington and sped by taxi to a restaurant. No, they couldn't be served—too many persons waiting ahead of them. They rushed to a second restaurant, to a third, a fourth. Their train was scuffing its heels and snorting with impatience to get away, so the troupe rushed back to the station. Without food. Or water. On they chugged through the hot and muggy afternoon.

At length they reached their station and were taken to a small hotel. It was too late to have dinner. There was but one restaurant in town, and that was closed for the night. It had been 18 hours since any one of the travelers had eaten a bite. Betty struggled upstairs, famished and exhausted, and looked at herself in the mirror. All the curl had slid out of the artificial bangs, and they hung on her nose like a Shetland Pony's mane drips over his forehead.

soldier's lament . . .

It was too, too much. Uttering a wail, Betty collapsed on the bed and had hysterics. So Doris was enlivened by the thought of the corner grocery . . . in a few minutes she returned with a can of milk and a box of shredded wheat biscuits. Betty ate four and went to sleep for 12 hours.

The next morning the girls and their escort were collected by the hospitality committee from a nearby camp and jolted over the scenery in a jeep. They started out, crisp and toothsome as spring lettuce in their spic cotton dresses. Their powder, rouge and lipstick was applied in a way to make G. I. haircuts curl. Oh yes, and those glorious artificial bangs were crinkled and set in place as neat as the fringe on a bright new awning.

The jeep careened, casting up dust. The sun beat down, bringing forth perspiration. The wind blew, trying out encircling movements. By the time the girls arrived at camp, the bangs strongly resembled the twiggy flotsam tossed up by the Mississippi after a flood. "The heck with it," said Betty. "Glamour is a snare and a delusion. From now on it's going to be just the kid herself."

The kid herself did all right. She lost her voice every day because of the abandon with which she entertained the boys. Then, at night when she should have been getting sleep, her hotel room sounded like the inside of a cave during a rock slide because of the uninterrupted knocking. Everyone who could walk in tricornered pants or with two canes wanted an autograph.

She and Doris, after three such nocturnal experiences, perfected a plan. Doris always occupied the room assigned by the hotel clerk to Betty, and vice versa. Doris would open the door and hold a slim forefinger to her lips. "Miss Hutton is in another part of the hotel—asleep. You'd better be quiet or you'll awaken her, even on the next floor. Besides, the rest of the guests are complaining, and you know that if we get thrown out of here, there really isn't any other place to stay."

The nobleness of human nature always won; the callers went away quietly, and Betty—in sleep—reassembled her dispersed voice.

Girls on camp shows soon learn that, in addition to possessing the stamina of a commando, it is useful to employ the tact of a diplomat.

After a performance there were always a dozen elegantly eligible young officers eager to date the star. Doris, small, rounded, dimpled but aggressive, would look up, up, up into the bronzed faces and announce fiercely, "You can't take Betty out unless you take me out, too. That's official. I have to keep an eye on Betty; she's always getting herself into predicaments unless I'm there to protect her."

Results were phenomenal. Brass buttons with honorable intentions laughed and took both girls out on the town; wolves silently slunk away.

Surprises on a trip of this kind are always many. A boy from Brooklyn barged up to Betty one day to demand, "Will you autygraph me arm?" Betty obliged, using his pen which was said to contain indelible ink. The task completed, the overjoyed soldier contemplated his arm with solid satisfaction. "I ain't never going to wash it again," he vowed.

Someone was always saying to Betty, "I was in Philadelphia, when you sang there with Lopez. How are things up in the old town now?" Or it was Cleveland, or Memphis, or Denver or Des Moines. Nearly always Betty could tell them something about the town—the name of the hotel at which she had stayed or the name of a restaurant at which some famed pre-war food could be found. It was a connecting link with home for the homesick kid in khaki.

As Betty came off the platform one night, a dark-eyed boy with a shock of curly hair, took her gently in his arms and kissed her in a manner that would have sent the Hays office reeling for a schooner of smelling salts. The entire episode happened so fast that Betty was unable to forestall it in the first place, and the impact was so profound that it took her a few minutes to begin to struggle, in the second. Then, with words massed on her tongue like bees ready to swarm from an outraged hive, all Betty's ire was dispelled when the boy asked pardon. "You're the first girl I've kissed for nearly a year. And I won a bet big enough to take me home on my next furlough, so I can kiss my real girl," he confessed. "Gosh, you're swell."

Not all the experiences on such a trip are joyous. Betty made it a practice to visit the hospital at each camp; a good many entertainers call on the enlisted men, then rush away for lack of time. Betty refused to discriminate in this way: she visited the officers, too.

As she strolled along one corridor, she spied a man in an oxygen tent, so asked to enter. The nurse considered for a moment. "His condition is critical," she admitted. "The doctor doesn't think there is much hope for him. You see, he's lost interest in everything; he makes no effort to get well. He just lies there without even so much as moving his head if he can avoid it."

conundrumming major . . .

That Betty had to see. No one can explain those things—least of all peripatetic, hep cat, jitterbug Betty—but it may be that some instinctive thing made her want to share her own boundless energy with the weak and sick.

She tiptoed in, beaming. "Hi, soldier," she said.

"He's a captain," whispered the nurse.

"They should put rank on pajamas, I guess," grinned Betty, saluting. "Where are you from—just give me a hint and see if I can guess the town."

For a moment his eyes wandered away, lack-lustre and dispassionate. Then two

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slight wrinkles appeared over one eyebrow. With difficulty he whispered, "A river named after a state flows beside a capital."

Betty's index finger pointed to her forehead; her features writhed as she smeared thought all over her face. The captain's accent was soft, his voice was easily localized. "That, now," said Betty, imitating the accent, "sounds like Austin, Texas!"

The captain's right hand moved out to take Betty's in congratulation. She chattered. She told about making a personal appearance there. She tramped around the room in a perfect lampoon of a cowboy on Saturday night. Softly she sang, "Hand me down my boots and saddles."

The next day, as Betty was leaving the post, she met the nurse who was off-duty. Jubilantly she told Betty that the captain had eaten what was, for him, a terrific breakfast. His entire condition had improved to the point where the doctor was positive the man would live.

murder, she said . . .

On another occasion the blonde blitz almost lost her zoom. She was rocketing through a ward, stopping at every bed to shake hands with the occupant, finding out where the man had lived, then reminiscing about his home town.

She rushed up to this particular boy and thrust out her hand. He shook his head, then—so that she might not think him ungracious—he lifted the cover with his left hand to reveal a bandaged right stump.

Betty swallowed hard. But her expression didn't change. Pity, she knew, would have hurt him more than he could have endured. The casual attitude, the flippant crack was the only possible refuge. "Gosh, looks to me like you had an accident, bub," she said lightly.

The boy relaxed. He grinned, then laughed. "You've got something there, Betty," he agreed. Abruptly he began to ask her questions about Hollywood . . . about make-up—"I'm lucky, see. Some of the guys had bad luck with their faces."

"Me—I was born that way," opined Betty.

After the trip through the hospital there was usually another camp appearance scheduled for Betty. "Murder, He Says"—sung again and again and again. Sun and sand and wind and applauding waves of khaki. Then the little trains again.

At night, Doris and Betty did their laundry. Doris washed every stitch that the two girls had worn that day. The next morning, Betty did the ironing. This division of labor was arranged by Doris because she hates to iron.

The permanent camps were pure, unadulterated heaven to the troupers. There, they were usually guests at the home of the officers. The wives of officers, Betty came to admire and respect.

She said, getting serious in a manner wholly out of character for a slick-chick musical contortionist, "Doris, these women have some meaning in the world. They have found a way of life that comes as close to happiness as a person can get. They follow their men; they have a society all their own. They make every day count, because they don't know how many or how few such days will be. It takes a lot of love to be an Army officer's wife."

And, later on, Doris learned something else about her amazing friend, Hutton. The entertainers were met at the train of a town of some 10,000 population, by the local service club representatives, all civilians for a change. The girls were welcomed as guests in the homes of local people of prominence.

Standing at a second story window one evening, Betty looked over the lawn below to the border of beeches, and beyond their lavish foliage to the placid, established town beyond.

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On the sidewalk two children were taking turns riding a tricycle, while a third child was pulling his kid sister in a little red wagon. A pretty woman emerged on the porch when a car drove up and called, "Darling, we're out of bread. Do you mind picking up a loaf at the grocery?"

The masculine voice boomed from the car. "Okay. Say, honey, come along with me for the ride."

"This, brother," said Betty in a small voice, "is happiness. When I think sometimes how darned unhappy I can be; when I think of the struggle I've had, and the struggle I'm going to have to keep right on making, I get very, very tired. I mean I really do. These people have everything. A husband and wife really love each other. The kids grow up in happy homes. Everybody belongs to a woman's club, and the country club. They have solidity and permanence. Happiness, kid!"

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS

(Continued from page 41)

his script, his bottle of pop and his buttered matzoth. It was while they were playing the borscht circuit that he acquired his passion for buttered matzoth. Every morning Mom cleans the crumbs out of the bed.

He used to start taking his clothes off at the door and finish up in his room, leaving a trail behind. "Saves bother," he'd explain. "Next morning I can put 'em back on the same way." Since they bought the new house, he hangs things up. First, he's got more clothes—described by Mom as all drapes and droops—and he's reached an age where they mean more to him. Second, when a guy has a couple of nice rooms, like his bedroom and playroom, the least he can do is keep things off the floor.

The playroom, glass-enclosed, is his pride and joy. It's done up in rattan now, but Jack gave him a white polar bear rug for his birthday, and rattan doesn't go with polar bear. So after the war he plans to fix it up with brick glass and blue mirrors and modern stuff—that's his idea of gorgeous. Big, beautiful blue mirrors and brick glass and white fur rugs, zowie! They can always stick the rattan in the backyard. It's okay with Mom. She trusts him that much, to let him do what he wants with his own room.

He hates waking up fast. He wants to float for a while. While floating, he croons his favorite Crosby tunes. Sometimes Mom *has* to wake him up fast, so she turns the light on or starts talking to him. He hates having the light turned on, he hates being talked to. "I'm asleep," he growls. "Tell me when I wake up."

Still asleep, he shuffles to the piano and plays his two solos—boogie-woogie and classical. The classical's "Clair de Lune," the boogie-woogie's nameless. Still asleep, he dresses and eats—cornflakes every day in the week. Mom eats with him, but there's little conversation. He's still asleep. He trails the body outdoors, gets into the car, and the miracle happens. The minute he hits the car, he's wide awake.

Cars are to Don what babies are to their mothers. On the one hand, they thrill him to the depths. On the other, he can make them sit up and say momma. Give him a car to build or pull apart, and the world is his. The gift of gifts, on his birthday, came from Mom—a Jaguar '38, righthand drive and all. She meant to surprise him, but got so excited herself that she spilled the beans ahead of time. When the car was delivered, Don circled it for a full five minutes. Then he touched a fingertip to it. Then he grabbed Mom and hugged her. "Now I believe it," he said.

He hadn't been driving it more than a month when someone backed into him in a parking lot and dented a fender. He didn't say a word—just drove out, went half a block, turned round and went gunning back.

"Where you going?" asked Gwen.

"Back to fight."

"What's the sense of that? Why didn't you do it right away if you had to?"

"First I thought, what's the use? Now I've got myself steamed up."

When he gets that tight look on his face, you might as well keep quiet. Gwen kept quiet.

The guy was still there. Don jumped out and pointed to his fender. "See that? See that—?"

"Yes," said the guy. "It's awful."

"I'll say it's awful. That's a new car. If my fender's getting dented, I'd like the pleasure of denting it myself."

"I'm terribly sorry," said the guy. "I'll be glad to pay for it."

"Oh," said Don, climbed in and drove off.

"Feeling better?" asked Gwen.

"No. He was so nice I couldn't start a brawl. But I'm still more mad because I *couldn't* start a brawl."

He hates arguments, but feels the need of a fist fight now and then. Takes it out in boxing at the Y and yearns just once to muss it up in the ring. "Out of town somewhere," he pleads with the powers-that-be. "Under a different name." The idea leaves them cold, so he compensates by going to the matches Friday nights. Gwen doesn't like them, but goes along and hides her face at the worst parts. Don doesn't *act* excited. All he keeps saying is, "Left jab, left jab, left jab."

But then he's just naturally deadpan. He can slay the rest of the crowd without moving a muscle. Like when he imitates an Englishman. Or the time they happened to see a smash-up, and everybody got out and started arguing which car hit which. "Let's draw matzoth," said Don, "and decide." Came the audience response. "Yeah," he agreed, "that was pretty funny. Somebody else should've said it so I could've laughed."

He wants his women to look nice. "If you're coming to the studio," he tells Mom, "wear something young. That hat yesterday looked like you're somebody's gramma."

"I am."

"And what's the idea, did you run out of lip rouge?"

"Oh, get along with you, son. That won't help the wrinkles."

"What wrinkles?" he asks.

"Bless you," she answers.

The dress he likes Gwen best in is the one she wore on their first date—yellow crepe with pleats all round. The suit she likes him best in is a brown-and-white stripe. He used it in "The Third Glory," his coming picture. There's a scene where he was supposed to catch and tear it in

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an electric fan. He kept saying "no."

"But why, Don? The studio'll make it good."

"It's not that. Only—well, this is my girl's favorite suit, and I won't tear it. Not for anything."

He's generally late for dates. With the program lined up for him by Universal, he's got so many darn things to do that when he gets home, he's torn two ways. Wants to hurry so he'll be on time, and doesn't want to hurry so he can relax.

Anyway, you can't dress in a hurry. He found a hair on his chin a few months ago and shaved it off. Now he's got enough hairs so he has to shave every day—he thinks. Also he's fussy about the hair on his head—and about his teeth, which he brushes 99 times a day. And he's got to get all the drapes and droops right.

When he finally presents himself at Gwen's door, there's likely to be a box under his arm. Not flowers. Some fuzzy animal. They both love fuzzy animals. Gwen's bed is piled high with specimens brought by Don. You can't be too sore at a boy who brings you an animal.

BIG BOY

(Continued from page 27)

face. "Sonny Tufts," he said before he could catch himself and blushed purple. Made a quick recovery, though. Hanging on to the diploma as though loath to hand it over, he eyed the young giant sardonically. "I'd never have believed it," quoth President Seymour.

It took a good five minutes for the howls to die down, and no one howled any louder than Bowen Charleton III. Except for anthropology, his major, he'd gone clipping through college at a fast 61. Too busy rowing, playing football and organizing bands.

Among his curiosities, he preserves the letter his mother wrote him when he announced that he was going to Yale. The first Tufts settled in Winchester 300 years ago, and the family hasn't moved three square miles since. So Harvard's been a tradition with them. Sonny plumped for Yale, because that's where his crowd at Exeter was going. "Yale," wrote his mother in stately measures, "may be for some people. Not for us."

Mother's a Beacon Street stalwart, and Sonny gets a bang out of her ways—especially since he broke loose at the age of 14. (They amused him less when he wanted to play football Saturday afternoons and had to go riding instead, because nice boys went riding.) A year ago he was doing night-club work. When people inquired, Mother'd go vague on them. "Oh, we don't know exactly where Sonny is just now—down in New York somewhere, doing something or other—. Tell me, how was the season at Newport last summer?"

"So Proudly We Hail" brought her 'round. The home town turned out in style for the local boy. Sirens and police escorts. Cameras and reporters and yelling crowds. Two lines of ushers to get Kansas out of the theater in one piece. Mother was impressed. The cameramen wanted pictures of her meeting with Sonny, and she played up like one to the business born.

Dad was a different proposition. All that mattered to Dad was guts. A banker himself, he *did* tentatively suggest that his elder son might like to follow in his footsteps. When Sonny pointed out that he couldn't even keep his checkbook straight so how could he be a banker, Dad conceded the point.

pizzicato on the catgut . . .

Music was Sonny's line. He got a mandolin the Christmas he was eight, and his uncle taught him to play "Down by the Stream where I First Met Rebecca." From there he was off. Banjo, sax, guitar, piano and on up to string instruments. When he started organizing bands, he settled for the drums, which were easiest and made the most noise. His first singing models were Eddie Cantor, Bea Lillie and the Duncan Sisters.

He sang with the Trinity choir. Mother thought that was lovely. She thought it revolting when he learned all the songs from "Topsy and Eva." Dad roared, got him to the piano when people were at the house. The showdown came the summer he was 14.

Tito Bruin was a Harvard boy who liked Sonny's work on the drums. He had a band set for a Mediterranean cruise. "How'd you like to make the trip with us, kid?" Sonny would have made a trip to the moon with big Irish Tito—a swell pianist, a guy who said phooey! to society stuff. Besides, he was flattered.

tramp in white linen . . .

That started the pattern, which continued through Exeter and Yale. At college he organized his own band for the cruises. Winters they'd play at girls' schools, at proms and house parties. Summers they'd sail the southern seas, get off at Naples, play Rome, Florence, Venice and catch the boat back at Trieste. Once he missed the boat and shrank from wiring home for money. Money meant nothing to Dad, but initiative meant a lot.

In one white suit he took himself to Barcelona and hired out as stoker on a tramp. Only thing—he forgot to ask where the boat went from there. It went around Spain, by river to Seville, down to Casablanca and the Gold Coast. He likes to remember that he hit Casablanca before FDR or Humphrey Bogart.

The next turn came because Tito Schipa was on board the summer of his junior year and because Sonny got a little high one night. If he hadn't been high, he wouldn't have found the nerve to approach Señor Schipa after the ship's concert. "I'd like to do opera," he said.

"There's just one way to do it. Study."

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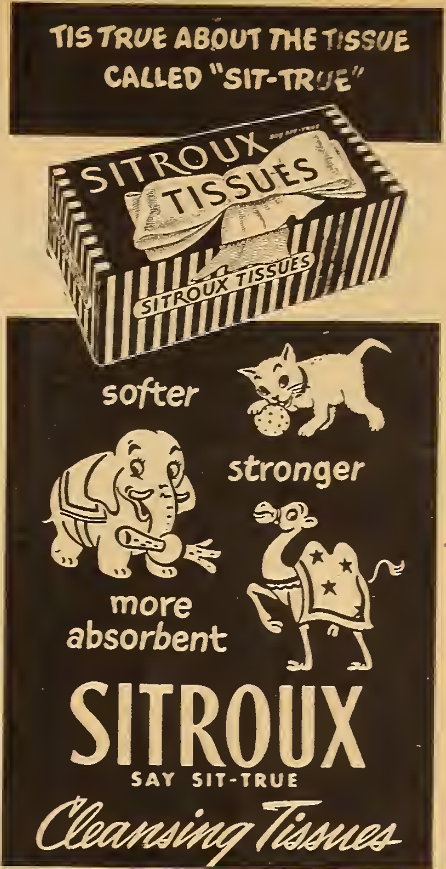
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So when they landed, Sonny checked his drums in and, as they were crossing the bridge, dropped the check into the water. There's nothing like recognizing your own weaknesses. He knew he'd never have the heart to sell the drums.

No drums, no band. He studied opera instead through his senior year. Then to Paris for more study. Then to New York, where his ambitions got a sudden shot in the arm.

A friend of his knew Earl Lewis, assistant director at the Met. Lewis happened to let fall a testy remark. "Where are all these American tenors you hear about?"

"I know one," said the friend promptly.

"Tell him to come down."

In a blue funk, the operatic aspirant tried to wiggle out of it. His sponsor led him by the hand to the stage of the Metropolitan. In the glare of a spotlight, with terror beating his brains out, he sang. Apparently his voice was unaffected. They said it was fine. They told him to come back after he'd studied some French and Italian roles. Mother was elated. She phoned every week to find out why he wasn't at the Met yet. This time it was Dad who seemed a little leery.

Dad would have enjoyed the outcome of the story, but he didn't live to see it. He died while Sonny was still doing this opera stuff and left a trust fund which made possible further lessons at 15 bucks a throw. Meantime Sonny had practically immured himself behind a brownstone front, where he pecked out scores with one finger.

In the midst of all this, Leonard Sillman offered him a spot in "Who's Who." If the truth must be told, Sonny was growing weary of the Spartan life. Its rigidity cramped his natural spirits. To make the Met, he'd have to go on studying for another two years.

He did all right in musicals. He did all right at night clubs. But not till he took Dad's advice, did he go over big. "There are one million voices in these United States," said Tufts to Tufts. "Get yourself something special." So, tongue in cheek, he sat down and wrote a little fantasy about a cowboy who first got tangled up, then fed up with a society dame. He wove it through a medley of cowboy songs, presented the number in his big bashful way and plunk! he was a headliner, pulling down three times as much as any but the top singers at the Met. Which failed to console Mother.

Meantime he'd married. There was this girl in "Who's Who" he'd been traveling around with. She ups and introduces him to Barbara Dare, her best friend. One look at the tall, soft-eyed brunette, and brother, that was all! Four months later they hustled over to New Jersey and got married. Officially, Sonny was still studying for the opera, so they thought they might as well keep it to themselves for a while.

They came out to California with an angel and a hotel manager. Alexis Thompson was the angel. He'd been a year behind Sonny at Yale and thought his friend ought to be in pictures. Not only thought it, but did something about it. "I'm going out to California on my last fling before I join the Army. I'll take you and Barbara along. I'll get someone to act as your nursemaid, front for you at the studio—Jack Donnelly, say. I'll sign a contract with you and pay you a salary. That way, you don't have to let them push you around. Just sit till they offer you something good."

Jack Donnelly's a little red-faced Irishman. Having spent his life in hotel business, he's innocent of the subtleties of the movie game. So he pushed right into Joe Egli's office at Para., Sonny trailing right behind.

"This is my friend, Sonny Tufts. He'd like to be in movies."

"Would he now," said Joe.

Sonny blushed and headed for the door, where Egli nailed him with an appraising sweep from head to toes. "No harm in giving your friend a test," he observed.

For his singing test Sonny did the cowbody medley. For a dramatic test, they gave him something vaguely familiar and stood his hair on end—"we have only ten days—let's make them bubble like vintage champagne—"

"I'm strictly a lunk," he groaned, "—a cigarette-in-the-side-of-the-mouth-guy. I can't talk like that—"

"Talk," they said.

So he gagged it.

mock romeo . . .

Two executives watched the test run off. One scratched his ear. "Either the guy's sensational or he stinks. I can't figure which."

"Let's figure why they gave him Charles Boyer dialogue from 'Love Affair,' and we may get the answer."

The answer came out right. They signed him. Mark Sandrich gave him the star-building part of Kansas in "So Proudly We Hail." At the preview, his first appearance was greeted by silence. When he lumbered on for the second time, they took the roof off—RKO snatched him for "Government Girl." Sandrich grabbed him back to play opposite Goddard in "When I Come Back." He and Barbara are in San Francisco now, where most of the picture's being shot.

You wouldn't think it to look at her, but Barbara's domestic. With her height, her dark beauty, her smooth Spanish hair-do, she suggests the exotic. Instead, she's incurably sweet and feminine—the Melanie type, her husband calls her. He has yet to meet the person she dislikes or criticizes.

Only one thing bothers Sonny. Movie stars are supposed to be immaculate. He thinks that's a pain in the neck. He'd sooner have a tooth or his appendix out, than his nails manicured. He went through "Government Girl" in one pair of shoes and never had 'em shined. His hands are always grubby, his hair's always mussed. When it gets too bad, Barbara takes a comb to it.

In New York he blew his topper and invested in a fancy suit of pajamas. They lie unmolested in his drawer, while he goes to bed in a broken-down T-shirt.

"Fine thing," says his wife. "What did you buy them for?"

"To wear when I play my next Boyer part," grins Kansas.

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 12)

1. Lana Turner
2. Jane Wvman
3. Ray Milland
4. Joan Fontaine
5. Paul Muni
6. Barbara Stanwyck
7. Dorothy Lamour
8. Fredric March
9. Roddy MacDowall
10. Jane Withers
11. Nelson Eddy
12. Judy Canova
13. Rochester
14. James Stewart
15. Deanna Durbin
16. Marlene Dietrich
17. Kay Kyser
18. Carole Landis
19. Paul Lukas
20. Joan Leslie

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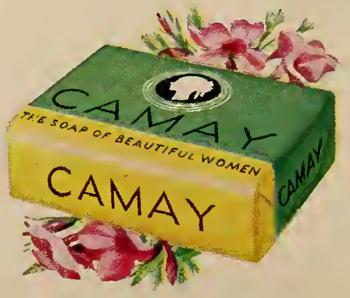
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Behind him, laughter and ease and wonderful, mad Maria. Ahead, uncertainty and the hard, grim business of war. 40

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Jim Brown saw her and lost his tongue. It was always that way with this girl-shy goop. Yet he proposed the day he met her 46

"THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK"
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FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
SAVINGS
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STAMPS

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The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're talking about "Madame Curie", one of the finer efforts in the annals of motion picture progress.

★ ★ ★ ★

This adventurous romance of the woman whose love and devotion endowed us with the magic of radium is in for a run at the famed Radio City Music Hall.

★ ★ ★ ★

Our office wag wishes to edit this copy to read "Radium" City Music Hall.

★ ★ ★ ★

As a matter of fact Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—your favorite film company we take it—has a few pictures in the bag which are really going to cause ohs and ahs, pull in the awards, and all that sort of thing.

★ ★ ★ ★

"A Guy Named Joe", "The White Cliffs", "Madame Curie". Three worthy successors to "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest".

★ ★ ★ ★

As a matter of course, Greer Garson is "Madame Curie". Greer and Walter Pidgeon are the stars.

★ ★ ★ ★

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy and produced by Sidney Franklin, the "Random Harvest" duo, "Madame Curie" can be described in a word of one syllable—great.

★ ★ ★ ★

Its cast, typical of M-G-M, includes ten names additional to Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon—names that could grace any theatre marquee and mean something.

★ ★ ★ ★

They are Henry Travers, Albert Basserman, Robert Walker, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty, Victor Francen, Elsa Basserman, Reginald Owen, Van Johnson and Margaret O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

Incidentally the mention of Margaret O'Brien makes us think of another fine M-G-M film "The Lost Angel" which you must not miss.

★ ★ ★ ★

But first comes "Madame Curie" with our favorite screen couple in a screen play by Paul Osborn and Paul H. Rameau based on the book by Eve Curie.

★ ★ ★ ★

Produced with love and attention to detail, with settings that are superbly artistic, a camera that understands, and a story that will keep you enthralled, "Madame Curie" is a real event in the theatre.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is an event that you

Mr. and Mrs. Miniver . . . . together again!

GREER GARSON
WALTER PIDGEON

give their best performance in their best picture

MADAME CURIE

Directed by MERVYN LeROY Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Presented by M.G.M.

With a brilliant supporting cast, Henry Travers, Robert Walker, Dame May Whitty, Elsa Basserman, Van Johnson, Albert Basserman, C. Aubrey Smith, Victor Francen, Reginald Owen, Margaret O'Brien • Screen Play by Paul Osborn and Paul H. Rameau. Based on the book, "Madame Curie" by Eve Curie. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

By Virginia Wilson

One day while gathering wood outside their French village with her sister, Bernadette (Jennifer Jones) sees a vision of a beautiful lady in white at mouth of a cave.

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE

Here is the story of a miracle. It is a story so tender, so moving and so real that you will believe in that miracle without another thought. Faith is the strongest single force in the world, and we need lots of it today. "The Song of Bernadette" will help give it to us.

The miracle occurs in the little town of Lourdes, in the French Pyrenees. It happens not to a rich or powerful or even intellectual member of the community, but to a simple little peasant girl named Bernadette Soubirous. Bernadette's family is incredibly poor. She herself is not bright in school, and her first 14 years have passed without anything to mark her as different from the other girls she knows.

This particular day seems to her like any other. She is scolded by her teacher, Sister Vauzous (Gladys Cooper), for not knowing

(*Continued on page* 8)

Lady is visible only to her, and townspeople believe her to be lying or insane. When questioned by authorities (Alan Napier Chas. Bickford, Vincent Price), she sticks to her story.

As a final test, they ask her to have Lady perform a miracle. A rivulet of healing water springs out of the ground. Because she was chosen by Heaven to see Vision, Church says it's her duty to take veil.

Years later Bernadette develops a tumor and dies, blessed by one last Vision of The Beautiful Lady. Great tribute is paid her in the church built around the cave, which has become a shrine for healing.

Directed by HENRY KING • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG • Screen Play by George Seaton • A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

THEY CHASE BLUES! RADIO'S GREATEST STARS IN REPUBLIC'S GREATEST SHOW!

Roy Acuff and HIS SMOKY MOUNTAIN BOYS AND GIRLS the rural riots of radio's "Grand Ole Opry"

Isabel **RANDOLPH** the uppy "Mrs. Uppington" of the "Fibber McGee and Molly" show

Harry **"PAPPY" CHESHIRE** Happy "Pappy"- star of the tremendously popular network hit, "Barnyard Follies"

O, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

Fun and excitement set to music

starring

RADIO'S POPULAR ENTERTAINERS
ROY ACUFF & HIS SMOKY MOUNTAIN BOYS AND GIRLS
THE RADIO ROGUES
ISABEL RANDOLPH AS "MRS. UPPINGTON"
HARRY "PAPPY" CHESHIRE
THE TENNESSEE RAMBLERS with
FRANK ALBERTSON • LORNA GRAY • IRENE RYAN

Songs
"O, My Darling Clementine"
"Low and Lovely"
"Fireball Mail"
"Barrel House Bessie"
"Pollywolly Doodle"
and more

IT'S A REPUBLIC PICTURE

(Continued from page 6)

the answer to a question about the Holy Trinity. But Bernadette often doesn't know the answers. After school in the afternoon she and her sister, Marie (Ermadean Walters), and a friend, Jeanne (Mary Anderson), go off together to gather firewood. Jeanne and Marie cross a little brook near the village dump, leaving Bernadette behind. And there, in that amazingly humble setting, the girl sees a vision. A lady appears, standing in a little grotto on the hillside. She is a beautiful lady, bathed in golden radiance, with roses at her bare feet. She speaks to Bernadette graciously, but when the other girls return, she disappears.

You can imagine what would happen if you told your friends and family a story like that. It happens to Bernadette. Her schoolmates laugh at her, and her father reprimands her crossly for making up fairy tales. But next day Bernadette goes back to the grotto and sees the Lady again. This time the mystical radiance is so strong that the girl faints, but not before she has promised the Lady that she will come to the grotto every day.

Rumors spread fast in a small town. Soon everyone knows that the little Soubirous girl is seeing visions. They accept Bernadette as a child of Heaven or dismiss her as an accomplished liar, according to their temperaments. But enough of them believe her so that the thing becomes a sensation, and the story reaches the newspapers. Bernadette becomes the object of a searching, cruel investigation. Every possible attempt is made to get her to confess the whole affair is a fabrication. One of her most bitter inquisitors is Dutour (Vincent Price), the cynical Imperial Prosecutor. Another is Peyramale (Charles Bickford) who represents the local church and fears that Bernadette's story will cast doubt on her whole religion. It is, curiously enough, a man of science who believes her wholeheartedly. Dr. Dozous (Lee Cobb) is convinced that Bernadette is too simple and naive a child to make up such a story, and he knows that her faints are physically genuine.

The girl's honest, straightforward answers to the investigators' questions baffle every attempt to discredit her. And now Peyramale is won over by a miracle which the Lady performs at Bernadette's request. From the barren ground a spring of healing water suddenly begins to flow. It brings sight to old Bouriette's blind eye. It brings life back to the dying baby of Croisine Bouhouhorts. Faith and healing go always hand in hand, and miracles are the result.

The authorities, completely dismayed and bewildered by these events, order the grotto boarded up. Bernadette says a sad farewell to her Lady, who promises her happiness in the next world but not in this.

And, truly, Bernadette finds little happiness here on earth. Those who are touched by Heaven may not live as the rest of us do, and at last Bernadette realizes that only as a nun will she find peace.

This is an extraordinary picture. Not only for its theme, but in the delicacy and artistry with which it has been handled. Jennifer Jones is Bernadette, and the rest of the cast is equally effective. "The Song of Bernadette" is, in all probability, the picture of the year.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

"The Song of Bernadette" was in preparation eleven months, in actual work before the cameras three months . . . Famed Czech novelist Franz Werfel hid for

small town of Lourdes. Vowed if he ever reached America safely, he wouldn't do another thing until he wrote the story of Bernadette which he had come to know from reading two tiny pamphlets discovered in his hide-out . . . A New York literary agent sent galley proofs of the book Werfel finally wrote to Producer William Perlberg, who was skeptical at first, but felt convinced it would make one of the most inspiring pictures in the history of the industry by the time he got to the last page . . . Every big-name writer in town wanted a chance to script the film, but Perlberg turned the story over to George Seaton, who heretofore had written only comedies. To those who criticized, Perlberg said, "I have faith in him. I know he can do a fine, craftsmanlike job. He isn't an egotist, won't try to alter the story" . . . Seaton went to the desert for eight weeks, came back with a wonderful script. Director Henry King filmed it as is . . . Director King was on duty with the Civilian Air Patrol when the script was sent to him. He had to read it piecemeal between flights and accepted the assignment because he thinks the film will be the high spot of his career . . . Seven girls were tested for the role of "Bernadette" using the Vision scene. King stood behind the camera, waved a long stick and asked the girls to imagine they were seeing the Vision. All of them did very well, but "only Jennifer actually saw a Vision" . . . She had never worked in pictures before, but the studio cured her camera fright by having her work with every

(Continued on page 10)

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

It's awfully easy and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. But do keep score accurately if you want an idea of your Star Intelligence Quotient. The quiz offers three sets of clues, the first on this page, the second on page 85 and the third on page 105. If you can guess, on the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you get it on the second clue, give yourself 4. And if you must turn to the third clue before guessing the name, score yourself 3. For your total score add up all 20 individual scores. 60 is average, this month. For the answers, turn to page 112, but don't look before you're finished. Peeking spoils the fun.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Button Nose's boss
2. Arlington Brough
3. Mrs. Olivier
4. Has anybody here seen ——?
5. Little Caesar
6. Said aye to Ney
7. Overworked "Nazi"
8. Rodeo Romeo
9. Brian Aherne's sister-in-law
10. Viennese baron
11. "Big Charlie"
12. Invaded Africa with Hope
13. Rose wilted
14. Tall, dark and ghoulish
15. Cinema address: 10 Baker St.
16. Slap-happy stooges
17. Silly over Sue
18. Dusky delight
19. Accent (French) on Love
20. Prominent proboscis

(Next set of clues on page 85)

Beautiful...

Bewitching...

..."the Perichole"...

She risked a kingdom for this one kiss!

He taught her everything and she hated him for it!

He ruled a kingdom and she ruled him!

The Marquesa understood and loathed her—because she, too, was a woman!

Once—and only once—in a lifetime comes a "PERICHOLE"... singer in the streets, power behind the throne, all woman, all wonderful . . . *From Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel* . . . this immortal screen thrill. Don't miss it!

Benedict Bogeaus Presents

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey"

Starring

Lynn Bari • Francis Lederer • Akim Tamiroff

with Nazimova • Louis Calhern • Blanche Yurka • Donald Woods

Directed by ROWLAND V. LEE • Screenplay by HOWARD ESTABROOK

From THORNTON WILDER'S Pulitzer Prize-winning Novel

A ROWLAND V. LEE Production • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Are You in the Know?

Are these Lindy Hoppers doing—

☐ A Boogie
☐ A Shorty George
☐ A Tip

"Know how" is what makes the difference between a smooth rug-cutter and a dud! So lady, be hep to this "shine" step. It's a *Tip*—and here's another: Know how to *stay in the fun* regardless of what time of the month it is! It's simple, for Kotex sanitary napkins are more *comfortable*—and that special safety center keeps you protected—poise-perfect. So save your "jitters" for a jive session.

This Hair-do's for you—if

☐ Your face is long
☐ Heart-shaped
☐ Round

Down with pompadours—up with sweeping manes! Newest locks have a flat-topped look. They're shorter, sleek, often center-parted. Vary this hair style to suit your face-type, but *if your face is long*, take the short hair-do shown here—flat crowned, and fluffed a bit at the sides. The "flat" look is a grooming *commandment* when "certain" outlines threaten a sleek costume. That's when you thank Kotex for those flat pressed ends. Because they're not stubby, no one will guess your secret.

How would you introduce them?

☐ "Capt. Smith, this is Lieut. Brown"
☐ "Miss Brown, may I present Capt. Smith"
☐ "Lieut. Brown, Capt. Smith"

Learn your military P's and Q's! When introducing army officers, mention the one with higher rank *first*—even if the other *is* a woman. "Captain Smith, this is Lieutenant Brown" is correct (and don't address the Wac as "Miss"!). Knowing your army etiquette is a social must, these wartime days. On difficult days, too, you can preserve your "social security." Just depend on the comfort Kotex gives, for Kotex stays soft while wearing. You'll learn—comfort, confidence and Kotex go together!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

For Trying Days, try KURB tablets...if you suffer from cramps. It's a Kotex product, expressly compounded for relief of periodic discomfort. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!

☐ Check here if you're teen age and want *free* the newly-edited booklet "As One Girl To Another." You'll learn do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want *free* the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Full of facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting. It tells how to stay on the job, even on "problem" days.

Send name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MM-2, Chicago 54, Ill.

(Continued from page 8)

supporting player in their tests three months before production began.

WHAT A WOMAN!

Rosalind Russell specializes in playing career women. The smooth, feminine kind who make a million with one hand while they're breaking hearts with the other. In "What A Woman!" Rosalind is an agent, or, as Hollywood says, a "flesh-peddler." An agent, according to a line in the picture, is someone who takes a short cut to fame by developing other people's talents instead of his own, and collecting ten per cent. In the case of this particular agent, the ten per cents have mounted up till "Carol Ainsley, Inc." is a fantastic business.

None of which impresses Henry Pepper (Brian Aherne), a magazine writer who has been assigned to do a profile on Miss Ainsley. "Women," according to Henry, "are for *after* office hours." He experiences a slight change of heart when he gets a birds' eye view of Carol, and settles down happily to getting material for a nice long profile.

Carol is too involved in business worries to pay much attention to Henry at first. She has just sold the best seller "Whirlwind" to the movies for a fabulous sum, and is now engaged in a search for a man to play the hero. He must be an unknown, and he must be a guy who will stop the women dead in their tracks.

She finally discovers him in the person of Michael Cobb (Willard Parker) who wrote "The Whirlwind," under the pen name of Anthony Street. He is, unbelievably, a college professor, and is ashamed of having written a popular novel, so he has kept his identity secret. Carol takes one look at him and says, "This is it!" But her interest is entirely professional. Michael says, "This is it!" too, but his intentions are strictly romantic.

Henry sticks around, egging them both on and having fun in his own quiet way. Then all of a sudden he discovers he's in love with Carol himself, and the situation ceases to seem so funny. From there on, there's hell to pay.

Rosalind turns in a breezy portrayal of the agent, and Brian is his usual suave self. Willard Parker is as gorgeous a hunk of man as you've laid eyes on since Mature deserted Hollywood.—*Col.*

P. S.

Director Irving Cummings calls his actors and actresses to work in love scenes with, "Man your battle stations, kids!" . . . Roz Russell, besides her picture career, does a full time job of charity work, war entertainment and motion picture industry problem solving. Is chairman of a special sub-committee for Information for the Victory Committee, Vice-President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, director of the Hollywood Guild (which cares for needy families), hostess and a sponsor at the Masquer's Club's parties for servicemen, a director of the newly opened Sister Kenny Institute in Minneapolis . . . Willard Parker's real name is Worster Van Eps, took his professional name from his godfather, the noted Dr. Willard Parker . . . Brian Aherne inaugurated the policy of giving autographs only to those who will purchase a ten-cent war stamp. Is now trying to get the Screen Actors Guild to ask all players to adopt the practice.

CRY HAVOC

The story of nurses at Bataan has been told before. It will, in all probability, be told again—and again. Heroism is a tale that always bears repeating, and there is

This group of girls, unlike those in "So Proudly We Hail," are not regular nurses. They are just volunteers who have had no real experience, except a first aid class or two. They are pressed into service by the two nurses in charge—Captain Marsh (Fay Bainter) and Lieutenant Smith (Margaret Sullavan)—because there is literally no one else available.

The girls come from varied backgrounds—everything from Philadelphia Main Line society to Brooklyn burlesque. Their reactions to dirt, hunger and death are just as varied. Smitty, looking them over on their arrival, is in despair. What good will they be? A bunch of kids in pretty clothes, with no more idea than a fly of what a bomb can do to a human being. But the girls learn fast under fire—learn that caring for wounded soldiers is so vital a job that nothing else matters. Not bombs, nor disease nor *anything*.

Smitty, who is secretly facing death from malignant malaria, is not an easy person to work for. She has a particular feud with Pat (Ann Sothern), whom she considers impertinent and a bad influence. Pat, on the other hand, is sure that Smitty dislikes her because she gets some attention from Lieutenant Holt. Holt is the hero of the picture, but he never appears on the screen except in one "long shot." His presence, however, provides much of the action.

The bombing scenes are effective, but reminiscent of "So Proudly We Hail." It is the emotional scenes in the women's shelter which provide the raison d'etre for "Cry Havoc," and they are perhaps a little on the talkative side. More action would have lent an effective contrast. But this is still a moving, sympathetic story of a group of brave girls.

Margaret Sullavan plays Smitty with clear cut, dramatic tensity. Joan Blondell provides what few light moments there

'TEN-SHUN!

$10 for 10%

There may be a wonderfully dramatic story in that packet of bonds lying in your dresser drawer. A story of small sacrifices and big ones. We want you to tell us about it. We want to know just how you're managing to scrape together over 10% of your weekly salary or income for War Stamps and Bonds. And why? What, specifically, keeps nudging you on? Tell us, and if your letter is selected as the prize-winning one of the month, we'll send you $10 in war stamps. Address your letters to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

This month's prize-winning letter:

For 14 months I traveled with my husband and lived in the town nearest his camp. Three months ago, we decided it was unwise and expensive, especially on a sergeant's salary. We agreed that I should go home and live with my family. Since then I've been buying a bond a month. Before, I was lucky if I could manage a 25c stamp. Since my husband now lives in the barracks, our expenses are reduced still further, and I hardly feel the pinch of the $17.50 each month from my husband's $106 pay. By February, our heir apparent, who's due then, will have at least six to eight bonds to his credit.

Evelyn Schneider
Brooklyn, N. Y.

..again it's WARNER BROS!
CARY GRANT
His assignment is the answer to a submariner's prayer!
JOHN GARFIELD
He knows how to tell a Jap—with torpedoes and TNT!
Here's the story-behind-the-story of the bombers that plastered and blasted Tojo's home town!
DESTINATION Tokyo
They've got sweethearts in every port— and girls, you'll be among 'em!
DANE CLARK
ROBERT HUTTON
WARNER ANDERSON
ALAN HALE
JOHN RIDGELY
WILLIAM PRINCE
Directed by DELMER DAVES
Produced by JERRY WALD
Screen Play by Delmer Daves and Albert Maltz • From an Original Story by Steve Fisher • Music by Franz Waxman

A few eye-catching scenes from the most exciting musical of 1944!

Rita Hayworth at her loveliest

Rita Hayworth
Gene Kelly
in
COVER GIRL
in Technicolor

Music by JEROME KERN
Lyrics by !RA GERSHWIN
with
LEE BOWMAN · PHIL SILVERS · JINX FALKENBURG
and
THE COVER GIRLS
15 OF AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp · Produced by Arthur Schwartz
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

are as the ex-burlesque queen. And Ann Sothern really walks off with your affections as Pat.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

All 13 gals went without makeup, gritted their teeth and smiled when their sister actresses insisted on coming calling on their set dressed in cool sheer prints, and newly Max Factor-ed . . . Over-size, dirty dungarees were the only "costumes" issued for the film . . . Maggie Sullavan brought her two daughters, Brooke and Bridget, to watch her work in some of the less tense scenes . . . On the set, a messenger brought Ann Sothern a new copy of Charley Grapewin's novel, "Meg Randall," and her pals discovered the girl on the book jacket cover looked just like Annie! Ann checked with Charley and discovered it was just coincidence. Said Mr. G., "Lots of folks have asked me if that's you. As far as I know, she isn't. The only explanation I can make is that the illustrator is a Sothern fan." Ann's best day was the one she got off, to marry Lt. Robert Sterling of the AAF.

BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

Why do people die? Oh, of course everyone dies sometime, but why do some die suddenly, violently, by accident? That's what a young priest, Brother Juniper (Donald Woods), tries to find out in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." He has just seen five people flung to death from a broken bridge high in the Peruvian Pyrenees. Why were *those* five people fated to die this way? What was there in their lives to create this destiny?

Brother Juniper goes to a neighboring Abbess (Blanche Yurka) in his search for information. She tells him of the twin brothers, Manuel and Esteban. (Francis Lederer plays both). Orphans, they were each given the same education, but Manuel, a dashing devil-may-care lad, ran off to sea. Esteban, who was a more studious type, became a public letter writer for the people of Lima. The brothers were devoted to each other, but they were soon separated by more than Manuel's love of the sea. A girl is involved—a gay, beautiful singer named Micaela (Lynn Bari). Manuel falls madly in love with her. Micaela has started her career by singing in the streets of Lima, but with the help of Uncle Pio (Akim Tamiroff), a wily, cynical old peasant, she is launched in a theatrical presentation of considerable magnificence.

In the course of her career she meets the Viceroy (Louis Calhern), who is entranced with her immediately. He decides to move her right over to the palace. This displeases the powerful Marquessa (Nazimova) who has hitherto exerted her influence over him. She begins to plot against him, and the Marquessa is a very expert plotter indeed. But she is also a lonely woman who has recently adopted a young girl from a convent, as a companion. The girl, Pepita (June Lorring) disconcerts the worldly Marquessa with her utter goodness and innocence. She even makes the Marquessa wonder, eventually, if intrigue is worth while. In the meantime Manuel returns from the sea, and Micaela must choose between him and the Viceroy.

These people, their lives and the eventual tragic death of five of them are woven

FREE OFFER!

Here's your chance to get a gorgeous magazine for free. All you have to do is fill out the following questionnaire. Then, if your coupon is among the first 500 to come in, we'll mail you a copy of SCREEN ROMANCES. It's full of the latest movie fictionizations. You'll love it. Be sure to send us your questionnaire before the 20th of January.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Lana Turner Life Story, Part I . . . . ☐
"The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" ☐
MODERN SCREEN Goes on a Date (Van Johnson and Gloria De Haven) . . . . ☐
A Guy Named Joe (Cotten) . . . . . . ☐
Judy Cried Her Heart Out (Garland) . . . . ☐
Journey for Jean Pierre (Aumont) ☐
Ferdinand, the "Wolf" (Jim Brown) . . . . ☐
The Reagan Boys . . . . ☐
Laddie Comes Home (Alan Ladd) ☐
It Comes Up Love (Donald O'Connor) . . . . ☐
Good News . . . . ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? . . . .

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in the order of preference . . . .

. . . .

. . . .

My name is . . . .

My address . . . .

I am . . . . years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

into an engrossing tapestry of fate. Akim Tamiroff is particularly triumphant in his role of Uncle Pio. "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is as fascinating a puzzle of destiny now as when it won the Pulitzer Prize years ago.—*U. A.*

P. S.

This is the first picture Mr. Benedict Bogeaus has ever produced. He chose "San Luis Rey" for his first story at the suggestion of friend Arthur Landau, veteran Hollywood story agent, who in turn chose it because it's one of the most popular books in the public library, year in and year out; and because it had fine production possibilities with opportunities for good actors to do some really important emoting . . . Lynn Bari was borrowed from 20th Century-Fox for the role of La Perrichole, gets to wear a silver lamé gown with a net of silver sequins weighing as much as she does—110 pounds . . . Nazimova, at 64, has twice as much energy as women half her age. Says she hasn't any recipe for youth, really, but "so many women let themselves get old by sitting down and looking at their middles. I never do that. It gives you a double chin. I always look up!" She suffers from a fear of heights, yet refused to have a double for the bridge-crashing scenes.

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY

Ordinarily you could put the entire plot of a movie "musical" into your right eye with no appreciable discomfort therefrom. But "Knickerbocker Holiday" has a story which provides plenty of interest, as well as giving Nelson Eddy his best acting opportunity in years. Whether he takes advantage of that opportunity is something else again. If you're an Eddy fan, you'll probably think he does.

Charles Coburn also has a nice fat part and makes the most of it. The setting is the town of New Amsterdam (New York to you!) around 1650, shortly after Manhattan was purchased from the Indians for exactly $23 and a string of beads. (Chorus—give it back!) The new governor, Peter Stuyvesant (Charles Coburn) is to arrive any minute, and the town is agog. Particularly the graft-stuffed town council, which has been getting way with murder.

One man, Brom Broeck (Nelson Eddy), is hoping the governor will institute some much needed reforms. Brom has been writing editorials for the local newspaper on that subject for a long time, but who reads editorials? Apparently the Town Council does, because a couple of girls run in this morning to tell Brom he's about to be arrested for sedition. One of the girls is Tina (Constance Dowling), daughter of the chief councilman and a very pretty dish indeed. Brom is in love with her, but he hasn't gotten any farther with that than with his campaign for reform. He stops now to kiss her, and the gendarmes arrive before he's through and cart him off to jail.

Governor Stuyvesant's boat docks, and the governor lands, complete with a startling, silver-studded wooden leg. He promptly complicates matters by falling in love with Tina. At *his* age, too! Love and reform both take quite a kicking around before everything straightens out to form a Knickerbocker Holiday!

Nelson Eddy has some particularly charming songs to sing, and Charles Coburn is, as usual, a gruff old gentleman with a heart of gold. Constance Dowling wears ten petticoats and manages to look seductive in spite of them.—*U. A.*

It's always August underneath your arms!

Warm clothes make you more likely to offend! Prevent underarm odor with MUM every day!

Sure is cold outdoors!

You're all bundled up in warm woolen clothes. You scurry indoors quick as you can—for still more warmth. *And your chances of offending with underarm odor are even greater than in the summertime!*

Because even if you don't see or feel any moisture, odor can form. And it will c-l-i-n-g to your warm winter clothes. And it may turn you into the girl you swore you'd never be—the girl who offends!

So don't take chances! Your daily bath washes away *past* perspiration. Follow it up—quickly—with Mum, to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come*. And then you're sure. Safe. Fresh and dainty.

Try Mum. Depend on Mum. One quick minute after your bath . . . before your evening dates . . . and you're safe for hours to come.

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—*Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable for this important purpose. Try Mum this way, too—avoid embarrassment.*

Start the day right. First your morning bath to wash away *past* perspiration. Then MUM . . . to prevent *future* underarm odor. Takes only 30 seconds to smooth it on!

Woolens are wonderful . . . *but* they trap odor! So don't take chances with *your* job! Stay dainty with Mum. Use Mum any time . . . even after you're dressed!

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

In his arms . . . you'll be safe and serene. Even after hours of dancing, Mum prevents underarm odor. So give yourself some real peace of mind. Try Mum. You'll like it.

They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring . . . *they last and last.*

Stronger Grip

If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today, try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted.

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DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS HAIR NETS
SAFETY PINS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAP FASTENERS

P. S.

Nelson Eddy, star, rates another credit as composer in this one. Wrote "Oh Woe" and "Holiday." Most of the original music written by Kurt Weill for the Maxwell Anderson stage play has been retained, and Charles Coburn gets to sing the haunting "September Song" . . . Constance Dowling will be a new face to movie fans. Half Russian, half Irish, she's a volatile bundle of beauty with a natural flair for things dramatic. Came to Hollywood via stage work in New York . . . Charles Coburn could work only ten minutes at a time with his leg bent double. 39 fittings were necessary to set the peg leg he wears in the film . . . The photographers had a tough time figuring out a way to keep their cameras from shaking during Carmen Amaya's dance numbers. The heel-pounding typical of her Flamenco style of terpsichore caused vibrations. They finally whipped up a crane-like contraption, rigged so the part farthest from the camera would absorb all the noise bounce.

LOST ANGEL

I'll bet this picture will surprise you. It's what they refer to in racing circles as a "sleeper." The story of an infant prodigy brought up by college professors till the age of six doesn't sound like anything to cause dancing in the streets, does it? But when you put little Margaret O'Brien in the role of the prodigy, and team her up with a tough newspaperman played by James Craig, you've got something. Marsha Hunt, Philip Merivale, Donald Meek and Keenan Wynn lend additional gusto to the proceedings.

A group of scientists adopt a baby girl as an experiment. For the first six years of her life they teach her all the things that will develop her brain and body to the utmost. She studies Chinese poetry instead of reading Mother Goose, does Yogi exercises instead of skipping rope. They've even named her Alpha after the first letter of the Greek alphabet. On her sixth birthday some visiting professors from Harvard arrive to test her I. Q. The scientific world awaits the result with bated breath.

But about that time a newspaperman named Mike (James Craig) also arrives. Not from choice—he'd rather be investigating the case of a gangster named Packy (Keenan Wynn) who, Mike thinks, has been framed on a murder rap. Or else he'd like to be out with his charming girl friend, Katie (Marsha Hunt), a night club singer. But his editor has sent him to interview Alpha, and his not to reason why. Something about the kid's grave loneliness bothers Mike. It isn't right to bring her up like that, not having any fun or believing in fairies or Santa Claus or anything. So Mike sets out to remedy the situation. What he doesn't expect is that Alpha will fall so hard for his talk about magic and leprechauns that she'll run away from the Institute and come looking for him. But she does—and at the same time Packy breaks jail and shows up at Mike's apartment. It's a laughter packed situation, and the scene of Alpha teaching the gangster Yogi will enchant you completely.

This is a long shot that came home a winner.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Margaret O'Brien didn't know what she was saying when she solemnly rattled off "Sine me gracias agere propter gratulationes vestras." The Latin acceptance

abused hair
MADE LOVELY AGAIN

Dulled and dingy hair needn't cause despair. One shampoo with soapless Admiracion makes a thrilling difference. It floats away dirt . . . loose dandruff . . . soap film. Lets *natural* loveliness of hair shine through. TWO TYPES—"no lather" in red carton or "foamy" in green carton. At your Beauty Shop ask for an Admiracion Shampoo.

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Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY

Smart new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—**GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each. Send name and address today for order. We trust you. Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone.
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This lipstick is NO Tattletale

DON JUAN is the *new*, modern lipstick that *stays on you!* —leaves no flaunting stains or embarrassing smears. The lovely Don Juan shades keep your lips fresh-looking, softly glowing, *hours longer.* Smart women have already bought *a million dollars' worth* of the new Don Juan.

Check these 4 beauty extras:

1. **DON JUAN LIPSTICK STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed.
2. **LOOKS BETTER:** No greasy "hard" look, no need for constant retouching.
3. **NOT DRYING OR SMEARY:** Imparts appealing, soft "glamour" look. No ragged lips. Creamy smooth — easily applied. Over 7,000,000 sold.
4. **STYLE SHADES:** Try Military Red, a rich, glowing red, acclaimed by beauty editors. Six other shades.

Deluxe size $1. Refills 60c. Junior Size 25c. Tax extra. Matching powder & rouge. Trial sizes at 10c stores.

Don Juan
MILLION DOLLAR
Lipstick
STAYS ON!
Looks better – hours longer

given a copy of "An Introduction to Philosophy." She learned it from hearing her mother read it to her, then did the whole speech perfectly the first take—even though a baby tooth fell out and had to be replaced before the scene could be shot again . . . Jimmy Craig has 2500 Cornish Cross chickens on his ranch in the San Fernando Valley. His big problem used to be market day, when he and his hired man had to rush around choosing and catching the unlucky ones. Finally Jimmy built a flat section of chicken house wall of lath and wire netting. It slides the length of each chicken run on two taut wires. As it moves along, it heads all the feathered fellows to one end of the run—and the wire pens them in. Jim can then pick out the selected stock and crate them with little or no effort!

TENDER COMRADE

Suppose you were one of the kids who got married back in 1939. The war seemed awfully far away then. Oh, sure, there were people who said we'd get into it eventually. But you figured there were always a few sourpusses like that around. So—you got married, and the honeymoon was sheer heaven, and you started keeping house. Maybe you had a few arguments with your husband about your wanting to take a job and his thinking woman's place is in the home. Or about whether it was a good idea to have children now or wait till later when you had more money in the bank. But the arguments were made up with kisses, and life was almost too wonderful to bear.

That's the way it was with "Jo" Jones (Ginger Rogers) and her husband, Chris (Robert Ryan). That's the way they got married, and those are the things they argued about. And then came Pearl Harbor . . .

So now Chris is Sergeant Jones of the U. S. Army, saying a last farewell to Jo before he goes overseas. And Jo kisses him good-by and goes back to her job on the assembly line of the war plant. Three other women work alongside Jo. They are Helen (Patricia Collinge), who is older than the others and has a son as well as a husband overseas; Barbara (Ruth Hussey), whose husband is a sailor with a girl in every port; and Doris (Kim Hunter), who seems like such a child that the rest can't believe it when she announces that she has just married a soldier named Tony.

The four war wives rent a house and even have the super good fortune to acquire a housekeeper named Manya (Mady Christians). But life for a group of women together is apt to be complicated when they are as different as these four. Especially since Jo finds she's going to have a baby.

The way they work out their problems will make you weep as well as laugh. It will bring the war as close to you as next door. Watch especially for little Kim Hunter, as Dora—she has quite a future. But it's Jo's picture, and you'll find yourself arguing and kissing and praying right along with Jo Jones. Because that's the way Ginger Rogers acts. Ginger's a war wife herself—she *knows*—*RKO*.

P. S.

"Tender Comrade" was so true to life for many of the cast, the film is bound to have a special warmth about it . . . Three days after the picture finished, Bob Ryan reported for induction in the Army. Says he told his wife the very same things he had to say in the script to Ginger Rogers . . . Ginger's husband, Marine John Calvin Briggs, left for an unknown overseas destination the week

What to tell your husband

if he objects to your getting a war-time job

BUT I CAN SUPPORT OUR FAMILY!

1. ANSWER: It isn't a question of pride! Millions more women *must* take jobs or our war effort will bog down! It means winning the war—saving lives of our boys! It's up to each husband to help his wife get a job.

BUT HOW DOES A CIVILIAN JOB HELP?

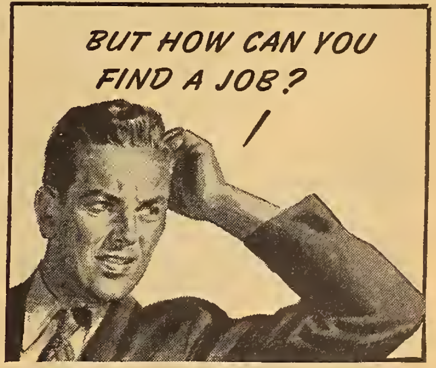
2. ANSWER: Just as fighters need weapons, so civilians need restaurants, stores, buses, laundries, etc., to keep going. That's why housewives, with vital *civilian* jobs, speed victory as much as girls in war plants!

BUT I MIGHT GET DRAFTED SOONER!

3. ANSWER: A wife's job does not, in itself, affect her husband's draft status in any way. And isn't it better for you to get a *job* now—if he's called anyway—and have a plan to support yourself and family?

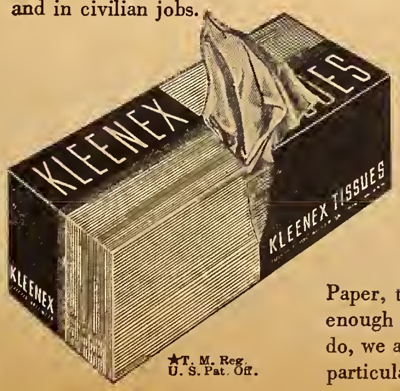
WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT SOME OTHER TIME!

4. ANSWER: Right now *is* the time to discuss it! Because your country needs women *at once!* Millions of them! With or without experience! Full or part time! In war plants and in civilian jobs.


BUT HOW CAN YOU FIND A JOB?

5. ANSWER: Easy! Your newspaper want ads show the kind of jobs in *your* town. And you can get free advice at your local U. S. Employment Service Office. *"The More Women at Work—The Sooner We'll Win!"*

Published in the interest of the war effort by Kleenex* Tissues



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex quality* in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

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"ROUND-TOWNER"

Filmtown's pet Casual!

Slick trick dress that goes to the office and out on dates with the greatest of ease! Beautifully tailored of lovely new **"Frostpoint"**—the fabric find of the year! Designed especially to trim you—slim you! Smart "Chinese-y" monogram right over your gay, young heart! Sizes 9 to 17. **$8.98,** plus postage.

Send no money. We mail C. O. D.

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PROMPT DELIVERY!

If you are not completely satisfied, we will gladly refund your money

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Please send **"Round-Towner"**, at **$8.98,** plus postage.
BLACK ☐ BLUE ☐ BROWN ☐ (Mark 1st and 2nd choice)
Size: 9 11 13 15 17 (Circle size)
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spend those last precious few days with him at La Jolla . . . Mady Christians was brought out from New York to play the housekeeper role. Originally the part was assigned to Katina Paxinou, but when Madame Paxinou's illness took a turn for the worse, presaging a long recovery, RKO was forced to substitute Miss Christians . . . Ginger and Bob have more love scenes in this film than she's had with any of her leading men since "Kitty Foyle." The writer is the same man who adapted "Foyle," incidentally—Dalton Trumbo, an A No. 1 movie scripter who turns in his work in actual shooting-script form with camera directions, notes to the actors, etc., already incorporated. Works at home, because he thinks most studio writers' offices are "like rabbit hutches, with the wind blowing in under the door."

THIS IS THE LIFE

If I had to hitch my wagon to a particular star these days, I'd pick young Donald O'Connor. The lad is going places fast. In this latest picture he has toned down a bit, and some of the rough edges have been smoothed, with pleasing results. He still has that natural charm that makes friends with you right away.

Susanna Foster plays the object of his affections. She has a beautiful voice and she's an attractive girl, but somebody ought to tell her not to wear her hair up. It looks *awful!* As Angela, she plays an 18-year-old, in love in a moon-struck fashion with a man twice her age. The man is Hilary Jarrett (Patric Knowles), a surgeon and a major in the United States Army. He is convalescing from tropical fever at the little country hotel run by Angela's Aunt Betsy (Dorothy Peterson). When Hilary sees that Angela is talking herself into thinking she's in love with him, he leaves for his home in New York. Before he goes, he confides in her worried boy friend, Jimmy (Donald O'Connor), that he's interested in her only as a friend—particularly in her vocal career.

However, Angela follows him to New York, gets him in a weak moment and wangles an engagement ring out of him. By the time Jimmy manages to get to New York, too, she is flashing a diamond the size of a golf ball and talking airily about "when Hilary and I are married." Jimmy feels completely sunk till he accidentally encounters Hilary's svelte, blonde ex-wife, Harriet (Louise Allbritton), and realizes that she and Hilary are still in love. He executes a complicated series of maneuvers to get them back together again, most of which blow up in his face. One does work, though, eventually, and everybody lands in the right set of arms.

Peggy Ryan, as a dancer with Ray Eberle's orchestra, is an exuberant brunette edition of Betty Hutton. She and Donald put on a couple of hot routines that will have the cats in the aisles. Better dig it, kids.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Tenth consecutive co-starring picture for Peggy Ryan and Don O'Connor . . . Susanna Foster fans will love this one. She sings four famous and familiar numbers: "Open Thy Heart," "L'amour Toujours L'amour," "With a Song in My Heart" and "Chiri Biri Bin." During production Miss Foster was visited by members of the national music society, Sigma Alpha Iota, who presented her with an honorary membership card . . . Don hadn't yet turned 18 when this picture was being filmed and had to attend studio school three hours a day. He hated it. Would rather poke around the wardrobe department and help the crew move props during his spare time . . . Last picture for Patric Knowles for the duration. He's now civilian flight instructor at an Air Corps Cadet training school in Oxnard, California . . . "Smokey," two-year-old terrier, trained by the famous dog trainer, Henry East, literally steals the picture. He appears in 283 scenes out of a total of 321 shooting sequences . . . Smokey was almost suspended during scenes on set of interior of a Brownstone mansion in New York. Marble floor had to be faked with painted linoleum, and Smokey's claws were making such a racket the dialogue in the scenes wasn't clear. Henry East saved his doggy career by putting small pieces of rubber tubing over the toenails.

HEAVENLY BODY

This is what used to be known as "drawing room comedy." Meaning that it's witty, urbane and very, very civilized. It's a gay story of a husband who neglects his wife for a comet. Hedy Lamarr and William Powell, who made such an attractive couple in "Crossroads," are married again in "Heavenly Body." And, by the way, any resemblance between the title and Hedy is strictly coincidental. The title refers to the comet.

Professor William Whitley (William Powell) has discovered this comet sailing steadily across the heavens, and he now spends all his nights watching it through a telescope from his observatory on Mount Jefferson. This leaves Vicky (Hedy Lamarr) at home with a good book. One evening, however, she selects as reading matter a horoscope which she's had the local astrologer cast for her. It states flatly that on the twenty-third of this month her "true love" will enter her life. Vicky has always supposed that Bill was her true love, but now she begins to wonder. Maybe, somewhere waiting for her is a man who will have no interest whatever in comets. She finally tells Bill about the horoscope and moves him into the guest room till she can look over the expected arrival. Bill is bewildered and indignant, but helpless.

On the twenty-third no handsome stranger shows up, and Vicky breathes a sigh of relief as the clock strikes 12. She

(Continued on page 22)

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN HAVEN'T SHOES

It's nice, slipping into your snug, quilted housecoat and watching the snow collect on the windowsill. Feeling warm and secure and safe. Nice till you open a paper and read, "During this terrible winter we (Greeks) have had to bury our loved ones without clothes. Almost everyone is in rags, and for the sake of the children we had to save the clothing to protect them from the bitter cold." That comes from a letter sent the Greek War Relief last year. This year it's worse. And the awful, achy part of it is that you've probably stacks of good, warm clothes in your own attic. You will go through your house today, won't you, and send whatever blankets, shoes and clothing possible to the Greek War Relief Association, 730 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. . . . or to your local chapter. If you don't know its address, just drop a card to headquarters in New York, and they'll tell you. But do it now. It's so frightfully urgent.

The MERRIEST Man-Hunt in KISSTORY!

SHE CHASED HIM CLEAR ACROSS HIS MAP...

They're Head over Heels

in Laughs!

The Comedy Sensations
of "My Sister Eileen"
together again
and funnier than ever!

WHAT SITUATIONS!...
WHAT LAUGHS!...
WHAT LOVE!...
What a Picture!

Rosalind
RUSSELL

Brian
AHERNE

IRVING CUMMINGS'

What a Woman!

with **WILLARD PARKER**
What a "Find"!...Sensation of the Year!

SCREEN PLAY BY THERESE LEWIS AND BARRY TRIVERS...A COLUMBIA PICTURE

But sometimes it's the other way round . . . daughter discovers the new things first

Yes, many a mother has been amazed to have her daughter come home from college or office with the news about Tampax . . . "It is so neat and dainty. It is worn internally, so it cannot be detected. It really sets you free every month from pins, belts and external pads."

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Wear Tampax in tub, shower, pool or ocean. Sold at drug stores and notion counters in *three absorbencies:* Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory size, 20¢. Economy package lasts 4 months' average. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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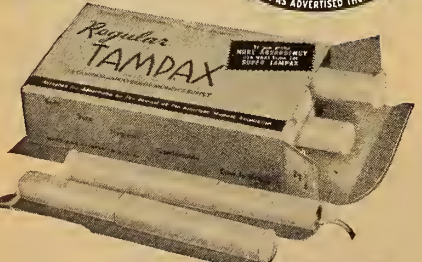

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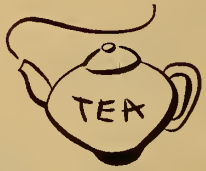
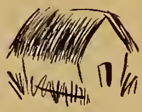
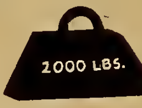
"The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"

PICTURE PUZZLE

See page 26 for contest details

BET 

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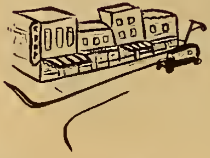
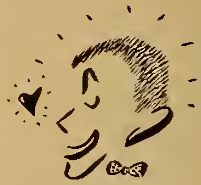
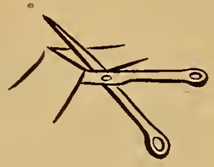
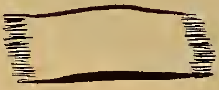
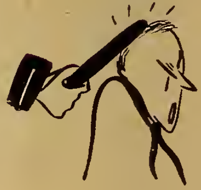
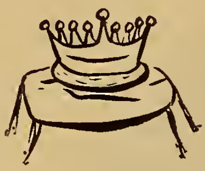
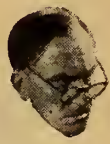
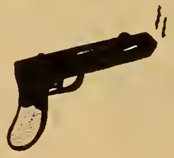
 **WITHOUT HER**  **BRACKEN.**

SHE  **A**  **AND** 

-ED HER  **HER**  **'S**

 **PACKIN'!**

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"The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"

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You'll grin out loud when Claudette spills the secrets of a candid camera career girl!

She says she's too busy for romance that's dizzy... but

When this immovable force meets this irresistible body

And she flashes her bulbs at Whataman Mac Murray...

it's pash in a flash. So she makes him an assistant

Who really loves his assignments

And the things that develop in her darkroom

And under the bed of the East River - make this the first hilarious roar of 1944"

—Melisse

It's
Paramount
Again!

Claudette Colbert
Fred MacMurray in **"NO TIME FOR LOVE"**

with
Ilka Chase Richard Haydn
A MITCHELL
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PRODUCTION
Directed by
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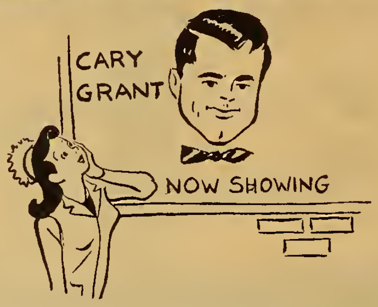

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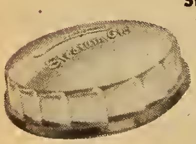

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 16*)

didn't really *want* to leave Bill, anyway. Just then the Air Raid Warden rings the bell and points out that she's left a light burning. He also remarks that her clock is 20 minutes fast. That does it! It's still the twenty-third, and the Warden is a tall, handsome stranger named Lloyd Hunter (James Craig). This, Vicky decides, is destiny of the 18-carat variety. It's no use struggling against fate.

But Bill is prepared to struggle plenty. His attempts to convince Vicky that it's all just a broken-down fortune teller's pipe dream leads to some of the funniest lines and situations of the season. The cast includes Spring Byington, Fay Bainter and Robert Sully. I think you'll like "Heavenly Body."—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

New discovery Robert Sully used to be a practical engineer, got into pictures after friends insisted he take one of the offers being made to him weekly by studio execs . . . He's 6 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 210 pounds, sent the gals swooning from the theater at the sneak preview of the picture. Scar tissue left over from earlier mishaps keep him out of the Army, though he's tried to enlist in every branch of the service . . . Celebrated visitor during production was Hilary A. St. George Saunders, combined operations recorder on the staff of Britain's Lord Louis Mountbatten. He said he was there because he wanted to watch his favorite actor—Bill Powell—at work . . . Hedy Lamarr keeps up a continuous campaign to urge friends to write daily to their friends in service. "It's so little to do—do it today and don't put it off," she tells everyone . . . Hedy revives a famous Garbo fashion deal—the pill-box hat. It's the same, but Hedy wears hers squarely on the back of her head instead of dipped over one eye . . . Snowball, the huge white cockatoo, went crazy and flew around like a mad thing when he

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I got into the Beverly Hills Hotel awfully late one night, feeling high. As I stood there talking to the bellhop, the phone rang and he asked me to answer it. "Desk, send up some cigarettes, please." "Who's this speaking?" I asked. "Simone Simon," answered the voice. "Yea, and I'm Mickey Mouse," I said.

Anyhow, I grabbed the cigarettes, brought them up and found Miss Simon at the door. "Since when do they have soldiers for bellhops?" she wanted to know. "Listen, lady," I told her, "the labor shortage is so acute they're drafting men out of the Army." Instead of being angry, she laughed and asked, "Where do you live?" "Across the hall," I said. "Splendid, won't you have breakfast with me at 10 tomorrow morning?" "I'd love to," I said, bowing out of the room in a thick haze.

Sgt. Julian Feigus,
15th Fighter Control Sqdn.

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I SAW IT HAPPEN

Opening a War Bond show in Duluth, Ralph Bellamy's first words were, "Folks, we're here to sell you some War Bonds, and we're gonna do it if we have to stand on our heads." The evening's entertainment progressed beautifully until almost the end, when one of the ushers brought Mr. Bellamy a slip of paper on which was written, "I'll buy a $100 bond if Mr. Bellamy will stand on his head." For a moment he stood staring at the audience with an air of disbelief, then flung off his coat. "Okay, you asked for it," he said . . . and darned if he didn't stand on his head.

Alice Pinchak,
Duluth, Minn.

was released from his cage for one scene. Finally had to be tied in place for one quick shot, but his keeper assured bird-lovers on the set it didn't hurt him a bit . . . Technical adviser on the film was Dr. Robert S. Richardson, on the staff of Mt. Wilson Observatory. Dr. Richardson was pleased to see that the astronomers in the picture were not portrayed in the usual aged, bearded fashion.

DESTINATION TOKYO

Cary Grant looks exactly the way captains *should* look, even when they're in a submarine under the Pacific instead of strolling up Fifth Avenue with a girl on each arm. He manages to look handsome, dashing and efficient at the same time. He has to be efficient to be captain of of the *U.S.S. Copperfin*, which is the submarine in this picture. The *Copperfin* has a very special mission to perform. Its destination is not the Aleutians or the Solomons or any one of the other places its crew guesses. This time the destination is Tokyo.

But nobody aboard knows that when they sail from San Francisco Harbor. They head northwest the day before Christmas, 1942, with "Wolf" (John Garfield) and "Cookie" (Alan Hale) joking and ribbing "The Kid" (Bob Hutton). For some time they cruise under water during the day (how would you like to eat your Christmas dinner at the bottom of the ocean?) and only come up to re-charge their batteries at night. After all, an American plane coming over would bomb first and ask questions afterward. And, as Cookie says, you'd be just as dead if it was an *American* bomb that exploded.

They finally reach a rendezvous in the Aleutians where they take aboard a weather expert (John Ridgely). The weather, on a mission like this, isn't just something to use for conversational purposes. Before the sub can get back under water after Ridgely comes aboard, it is spotted by a Jap plane. The battle which ensues will have you biting your nails like mad, and if you think *that's* exciting, wait till the boys get to Tokyo Bay! That's when things really start happening.

There have been so many of these submarine pictures that "Destination Tokyo" won't win any Oscars for originality. It's lively entertainment though, and it is helped considerably by John Garfield and Alan Hale. By now Alan must feel more at home in a sub than he does on land. Others in the cast are Dane Clark, Tom Tully, William Prince, Warren Douglas and John Forsythe.—*War.*

Glamorous
VIRGINIA GREY

Appearing in 20th Century-Fox Picture "Sweet Rosie O'Grady"

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Here is what you will receive in the Complete Trial Application: Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton with complete instructions and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

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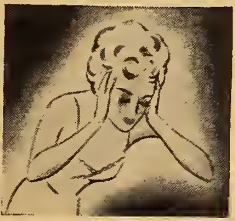

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Make-up

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Hollywood Stars

ALEXIS SMITH IN "Adventures of Mark Twain," a Warner Bros. Production

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The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

In 25 and 50 cent sizes—regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

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Perc Westmore,
Director of Make-up
Warner Bros. Studios,
Hollywood

P. S.

No visitors were allowed on the set during production . . . Cary Grant, John Garfield, Dane Clark and the rest of the cast were under the strictest surveillance at all times, because certain parts of the picture were a military secret until Navy authorities gave their okay to release the film . . . One of the technical directors was Commander Dudley Walker Morton, who received a Distinguished Service Cross from General MacArthur, the Navy Cross with two stars and a Presidential Citation for captaining a submarine that put 20 Jap ships under the sea, blew up a Jap sub and destroyed an unannounced number of enemy fighting craft . . . During production, it was discovered this wasn't the first time Grant had been in a submarine. When he was 13 and running messages between the lines, he went out on patrol with a British sub during the thick of the fighting. At that time, though, he didn't have to remember all the technical names tossed at him in the script. Spent his lunch hours in the Green Room muttering them over and over to himself, so they'd come naturally when the cameras started rolling . . . The sub set was on rollers, and the movement was violent. Seasickness was an everyday occurrence, with one or another of the cast tottering off every once in a while to rest . . . For one scene on the deck of the sub, Cary had to be dramatically serious while a prop man perched on a 20-foot stepladder squirted water in his face with a hose. Grant commented, "That guy on the ladder worries me. He just sits there dead-pan and squirts me in the face. It's tough to keep from laughing." . . . A like experience was Bob Hutton's. Extremely ticklish, it was all he could do to remain perfectly still while Bill Prince "operated" on him for appendicitis . . . the film has many authentic seascapes, and the entire production was made under Naval supervision.

NO TIME FOR LOVE

Maybe it's the manpower shortage, but the Hollywood heroines are certainly pursuing the heroes lately. Jean Arthur chased John Wayne all over the West's great open spaces in "A Lady Takes A Chance." Olivia de Havilland practically held a shotgun on Robert Cummings to get him to marry her in "Princess O'Rourke." And now in "No Time For Love," Claudette Colbert pursues Fred MacMurray the length and breadth of Manhattan and under the East River besides. It's boy meets girl in the comedy manner, and it would cheer up a case of acute melancholia. Go see it, quick.

Claudette as Katherine Grant, photographer for a magazine called "Mirror," thinks marrying for love went out with the smelling salts era. That is, she thinks so till she gets an assignment to photograph some "sandhogs" at work digging a tunnel under the East River. The sandhogs are not pleased to see the beautiful Miss Grant. "Dames in a tunnel is a jinx" is the way they put it. Katherine promptly proves their point by causing one of them named Ryan (Fred MacMurray) to fall off a ladder. Then she has to scoop him out of the way of some machinery to keep him from being killed. When he comes to, instead of being impressed and grateful, he tells her it was all her fault in the first place. And adds that she's not his type and might as well stop making eyes at him. The outraged Miss Grant retaliates by announcing furiously that she has a chair at home in her bedroom which has more personality than Mr. Ryan. Result: Ryan shows up that night to look over the chair.

Katherine is lost from then on. She moons around till her sister, Hoppy (Ilka Chase) says she has LOVE spelled out on her forehead in neon lights. Katherine denies being in love but hires Ryan as her assistant on the theory that the more she sees of him the less she'll like him. "It won't work!" Hoppy says. It doesn't.

Richard Haydn is wonderful as a vague but effective Cupid. June Havoc plays one of Ryan's girl friends whom Katherine describes as a blondined case of arrested development. Claudette and Fred are both at their best. It's a funny show.—Par.

P. S.

Wooden, 130-foot tunnel reproduction was one of most complicated in screen history. Construction was so ingenious that technical adviser Charles Wall, inspecting engineer of all tunnel projects in N. Y., threw out 20-year-old method of structural support and ordered a variation of this plan for Brooklyn-Battery tunnel . . . Only experienced sandhog in cast was Rod Cameron, who'd worked underground for five years in New York state and Calif., before movies nabbed him . . . During filming of tunnel cave-in, Colbert and MacMurray wallowed around in mud for 10 days. After last scene Director Leisen dove head-on into the mud from the camera-platform, just to prove he sympathized with all they'd endured. Gave each actor a glassful of mud for remembrance—with a hundred-dollar bill attached! . . . Claudette was stoic until last day when she broke down and sputtered, "I'll never have a mud facial pack for the rest of my life!" . . . Richard Haydn, playing puckish composer-pianist with yen for food, had to eat constantly during production. By end of picture, he had consumed a tray of canapes, three chicken legs, half a dozen apples, six plates of corned beef and cabbage, plus boiled potatoes and 19 bananas!

A (THRILLER) DILLER—A DOLLAR!

You tell wonderful stories. Honestly you do. Stories about bumping into stars in elevators or over lunch counters . . . meeting Hollywood glamour gals in overalls and with their hair down. We want you to keep on sending us these anecdotes, as many as you possibly can. And for every one we print, we'll send you $1. Address your envelope: Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. If you'd like your story returned to you, better send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

This month's prize-winner:

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Mobs of people crowded the steps of the treasury department in Washington. Dozens of Hollywood actors and actresses were there, too, for the big bond rally, but the favorites were Abbott and Costello. When a red-headed girl walked up to their booth to buy a bond, Costello turned to Abbott and said, "You know, I've never kissed a red head." "Well," Abbott asked, "what are you waiting for?" "Nothin'," Costello answered, and coolly proceeded to kiss her.

Lillian Hackman,
Washington, D. C.

CAN VITAMINS RESTORE NATURAL COLOR TO YOUR GRAY OR STREAKED HAIR?

Here's how you can test the amazing Panates 2-Way Double Action Anti-Gray Hair Vitamin Treatment and Get Satisfactory Results or Get Your Money Back for the Asking.

You've read and heard about the latest miracle of vitamin science—the anti-gray hair vitamins. Now test the original double action anti-gray hair vitamin formula, PANATES, on a trial offer so fair it calls for immediate acceptance.

NOTHING TO FEAR

REMEMBER, PANATES ISN'T A HAIR DYE. You can test PANATES whether you now artificially color your hair or not, because Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins act from underneath. Soon you may notice you need less and less hair coloring. But let me tell you what this amazing discovery is, how it works, and why so many thousands of women and men who once accepted the double vitamin PANATES treatment, this same trial offer, now continue with PANATES because of the changes in hair color they see taking place.

Tests reported by a national magazine on small groups of gray haired women and men, ranging in ages from 21 to 60, while too recent for conclusive evidence, have shown startling results. These people were given fairly large daily doses of certain vitamins, and in from 1 to 6 months 88% of them showed first signs of results.

Previously, tests with animals showed that when these animals did not get these vitamins in their daily food, their hair turned white. Then, when they were fed adequate amounts of these vitamins, their hair became natural in color again.

The tests on people showed that age had no bearing on the results. The quickest action was obtained by a man in his fifties. The man's hair started to turn from gray to a natural black in only one short month. The slowest case was a girl in her twenties. It took 6 months for her to get any signs of results.

Panates give not only the anti-gray hair vitamin, but wheat germ oil (Vitamin E) as well. Panates actually is a healthful food supplement. It works by giving your system a source for the hair color vitamins that may be lacking in your daily diet and, if so, should literally feed natural color through the hair roots to check gray spread, to give the hair new lively lustre, and to bring new hope for restoration of normal hair color once again. While too new to guarantee 100% results, we can and do make a very fair money back trial offer. We are certainly making it easy for you to test the PANATES Treatment yourself to see what PANATES' two vitamins may do for you in your fight for the happiness of lovely looking natural hair color beauty.

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PANATES is absolutely harmless. It is a natural way to seek natural hair color. It is concentrated food elements, vitamins. PANATES action is simply by supplying to the system a source for certain healthful vitamins which may be lacking in your own daily diet. You can test PANATES in the confidence these vitamins are taken by countless thousands the nation over.

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Send coupon for either the $1.79 (30-day) or $4.79 (90-day) Panates Anti-Gray Hair and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins. You need send no money, but pay postman on arrival on the positive guarantee results must please you or money back. Send remittance with your order and we pay postage. Or, you are invited to check the coupon for a free booklet which tells much about Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Whatever you send for, do it now. Don't let another day pass without taking steps to see what Panates Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins with Wheat Germ Oil supplement, the two-way double action treatment, may do for you. Mail the coupon, today.

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The amazing story of Anti-Gray Hair Vitamin research and discoveries has been compiled in a very interesting and valuable booklet. If your hair is gray, graying, streaked, or off-color and lifeless looking, send for this wonderful booklet. It is yours, free. Mail coupon today.

A Few of the Scores of Letters from Panates Users

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TESTIMONIALS

Mrs. C. E., of Michigan, says: "I have been taking PANATES regularly . . . My hair is beginning to darken at the roots. . . . This began about three weeks after I started taking PANATES. . . . My complexion is much smoother. . . ."

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This Trial Offer Is Fair and It Calls for Instant Acceptance.

Remember, this day may be the happiest day in your life. Now it is quite possible a lack of anti-gray hair vitamins in your diet may be causing your gray hair . . . It is quite possible that simply by improving your diet and by taking small harmless concentrated food vitamins each day, you may not only check the gray spread but actually change much of the gray, old looking, streaked off-color hair back to lovely original color . . . natural color! You take no chances. Our money back guarantee is your protection. Now, today, mail the coupon. Who knows . . . perhaps gloriously soon your hair will show first signs of being restored to its original youthful color! But it's up to you. Act . . . mail the trial coupon today.

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Modern Screen's Contest Series No. 12

"The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"

$1,750 Picture Puzzle!

1ST PRIZE.................... I. J. FOX FUR COAT

2ND PRIZE.................. $200 IN WAR BONDS*

Try and try again prizes**

3rd—1,352nd PRIZE........................ $1.00 each in War Stamps

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by Paramount Pictures.

** If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

Here's something new in the way of a picture puzzle contest. The jingle we've got this month is based on Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken's new picture, "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"—and the stanza fits the tune of "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Try it and see!

HERE'S HOW: Since the picture puzzle is based on "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," you'd better read the story of the movie on page 48 before filling in your coupon. Then hop to it. Each picture represents a word or part of a word. Fill the words in on your coupon. You can tell if you're on the right track by singing the whole works to the tune of "Yankee Doodle Dandy." If the words fit, you've got a good chance of winning.

RULES

1. Solve the picture puzzle.
2. Fill in your FULL name and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs. give your own first name, not your husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families.
5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than March 10, 1944.
6. Neatness will count but *do not* send in elaborate entries. They will receive no preference.
7. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one *big* prize in the entire 1944 series. Those who have won prizes in our 1943 series are eligible to enter this series.
8. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

So beautiful, so snug, this I. J. Fox Persian lamb coat styled with tuxedo front, wide turn-back cuffs: 1st prize for this contest.

WINNERS IN MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST NO. 9: "LET'S FACE IT"

1ST PRIZE.........Miss Talitha Smith, Albertville, Ala.

2ND PRIZE.......Miss Virginia Baker, Pocahontas, Fla.

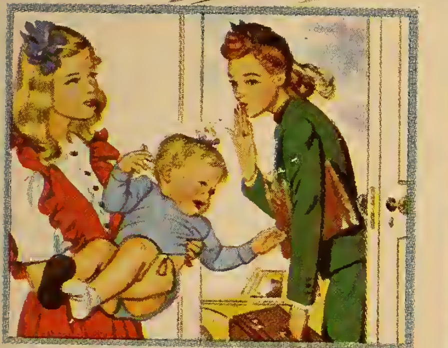
3RD PRIZE...Lt. Paul Lee Johnson. USNR, Odessa, Ma.

4TH PRIZE.........Miss Gene Miller, Rochester, N. Y.

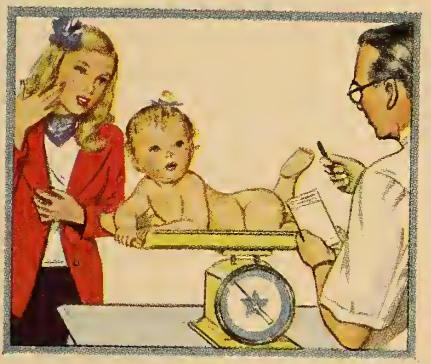
5TH PRIZE....Mrs. Annie Preston, New Brunswick, N. J.

TURN TO PAGE 18 FOR "THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK" PICTURE PUZZLE

Dear Sis:—
Your baby has given me a beauty tip—and I've got myself a Marine!



A BREAK—THAT'S WHAT IT WAS . . . when you asked me to stay with baby Susie while you visited her Daddy out on the Coast. I was staying home darn near every night, anyway. Lonesome as heck. But how was I to know *what* a break it would be!



THAT BLESSED DOCTOR of yours! I took Susie to him for her check-up as you told me. (She's fine!) As we left I wailed, "I'd tackle almost any beauty routine, Doctor, to have a skin like that baby's!" "Regular, gentle cleansings with mild, pure Ivory is the ticket for YOU! It has no coloring, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating. It couldn't be milder or purer. Might make a world of difference to your complexion."

QUICK AS A BUNNY I changed to gentle Ivory care. Boy did it WORK! Not long ago, Kay brought over a couple of Marine Lieutenants. I got the good-looking one—and I *do* mean GOT! He raves about my slick, smoother complexion. Wants to announce our engagement when you get back! Hurry!

99 44/100 % pure . . . It floats

★ ★ ★

Save Soaps! They Use Vital War Materials!

1. DON'T LEAVE SOAP IN THE WATER when you're through lathering yourself. Put the bar in a soap-dish when not in use.

2. BE SURE YOUR SOAP-DISH IS DRY before you put your bar back. Keep a cloth handy to keep your soap-dish dry.

3. USE UP SOAP SCRAPS in wire shaker or tied in cloth.

Look lovelier with Ivory—the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!

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So Easy It's Really Amazing!

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Mr. Dave Minor is the man with the largest music class in t
world . . . the man who guarantees if you can hum, whistle,
sing a tune, and if you are willing to spend a few minutes a d
for three weeks at the piano, he can teach you to play the pia
by ear, entirely without music notes of any kind. It sounds t
good to be true, but it is true. You can prove it for yourself, ju
by mailing the coupon.

Here is an outstanding offer to everyone who would like to play the pia
Mr. Minor has just completed a new "play by ear" piano course that is
easiest and quickest method you ever saw. It's so good and so practical that
in three weeks, you're not actually playing the piano, your money back. N
isn't that fair? So, don't wait. Mail the coupon now and get in on a spe
offer so wonderful it's amazing!

MAIL COUPON . . . *Test at Our Ri*

Even if you never played the piano or don't know one note from another, Dave Minor's new improved "play by ear" piano course must teach you or you are not out a red cent! It contains all the pictures, all the easy-to-follow instructions. It's as simple as ABC. 25 lessons in all, less than 6c a lesson! For over 25 years, Dave Minor has been teaching folks to play the piano. He has thousands of satisfied students, but never before has he been
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chords at once, and soon you'l
playing all kinds of songs f
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friends. Mail the coupon, pay $
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guarantee you may return c
in three weeks, if not satisfied
full refund.

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If you act promptly, now, Dave Minor will give you, absolutely free of extra costs, his big 72-page book of 50 America's favorite songs. There's not one note of music in this book, but it teaches you to play waltzes, ballads, marches, patriotic and popular songs. All you do is follow the first few pages of the Piano Course and you can play any song from this DE LUXE Song Book. You get this Song Book free just by ordering the new and simplified "play by ear" piano course that is guaranteed to teach you to play the piano or money back. Mail coupon today.

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230 East Ohio, Chicago 11, Ill.

Send your brand new complete "Play by Ear" Course of 25 lessons
Free 72-Page Piano Song Book. I'll pay $1.49 plus C.O.D. postag
arrival on your positive guarantee I may return course in 3 weeks fo
refund. (Send $1.49 with order and Dave Minor pays postage.)

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

DAVE MINOR, STUDIO A-114, 230 E. Ohio, Chicago 11, Ill.

TO OUR READERS...

Do you remember the story about the tiny little salt mill that would start grinding out salt on command—and wouldn't stop until you said the magic word? And if you didn't know the word, it was really murder—even if you liked salt! . . . I used to think that story was solid, even though I just take a little salt on my celery. But now I've met Beverly Linet, and I have a real story to tell! . . . Beverly is right out of a fairy tale herself. She has been president of several fan clubs and is utterly, utterly devoted to movies. If anything ever happened to Hollywood, I suspect she would go up in a soundless, invisible spiral of smoke. . . . For, for better than salt, Beverly grinds out information about movies and stars! She is so awfully well informed that I sometimes think it must hurt to be so smart. With a good stiff question, you can start her grinding out wisdom. And I have never yet seen anyone able to stop her! . . . In all fairy tales, the characters always live happily ever afterwards. To ensure Beverly's fate, we have revived our old Information Desk. Send all your questions about the stars and movies to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And don't tell me you don't believe in fairy tales. I didn't either—not until I met Beverly!

Al Delacorte

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

By Ida Zeitlin

Lana Turner

Part 1 of her life story, in which she comes to H'wood in a mud-covered car with its side caved in and not a thought of movie-making in her head!

The pretty little girl engrossed in the paper doll cut-out was Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner. She had just come in from school. Mother was out—working at the beauty parlor. Luncheon dishes were piled on the sink ready to be washed and dried. The dishes were Julia Jean's job. But between dirty dishes and paper dolls—such a choice for a little girl to make.

She thought, bother the dishes. Mother won't be in for a long while yet. Before she knew it, a key was clicking the door. Whew! And the dishes not done! Julia Jean took flight. Paper doll, scissors, guilty conscience and all, she made for the bedroom and dived under the bed.

Mother called. She kept quiet. She could tell by the voice, by the hurrying footsteps, by the way doors were being opened and shut, that Mother was scared. She longed to call out that she was all right but, having started this game of hide-and-seek, she was stuck with it. The outer door opened and closed. Mother'd gone to ask the man in the lobby whether Julia Jean had come home from school. And the man would say yes. Well—it wouldn't be long now—

Back came Mother, headed straight for the bedroom, peered under the bed and yanked her darling out. Having first made sure that she was sound in wind and limb, Mother then proceeded to give her what was coming to her, after which she left the room. She *always* did that—the sudden realization checked Julia Jean's tears—every time she spanked her, she'd go right out of the room. Why? Curiosity got the better of her. She opened the door a crack. There sat mother, head down on her arms, bawling her eyes out. Julia Jean couldn't bear it. Next minute she was down on her knees, burrowing her head in her mother's lap, crying as no spanking had ever made her cry. Mother picked her up, cradled and hushed her like a baby, talked to her softly, kissed the swollen eyes, bathed the tear-stained face with water. Then she turned her round—

(Continued on following page)

Remember this? It's an old favorite of ours, snapped when Lana lived in Wallace, Idaho, 100 mis. from nearest movie!

Made theatrical debut at 3 when she crashed large charity fashion show, in which her mom was a model. Her dad, vaudevillian before turning engineer, taught her dancing, let her join his act.

In 1937, she was a starlet of 16, lived modestly with her mom in tiny apt. Romance rumors sprang up when she and Ronnie Reagan were seen dining steadily in War. Green Room.

Lana Turner continued

"Now, young lady," she said with a catch in her voice, "go wash those dishes."

Her mother was the center of Julia Jean's universe. Mothers generally are, when their children are young. But this was different. Her mother had to be where Julia Jean could look at her. If she left the room, Julia Jean would kick and scream and raise general cain.

It wasn't protection she craved. She was neither a fearful child nor a shy one. She met people with poise and dropped them her little curtsies. But the way she needed Mother was the way she needed light and air.

Before long, she had to adjust herself to the fact that they weren't Siamese twins. But Mother remained the focal point of her being. The bond between them was so warm and strong that, whatever went wrong, Mother's presence could make it come right. For instance, she hated performing at school functions. She felt as if she were drowning—till she found Mother's face in the audience. Their eyes would meet, and Mother would smile, and her smile was like a hand pulling Julia Jean out of the water. After that it was easy. She'd just say her piece or whatever it was straight to Mother. Even when she'd got to be a big girl in her teens.

The worst time of her life was when Mother left her in Stockton and went to work in San Francisco, and they only saw each other week-ends. If anyone had told her a thing like that could happen, she wouldn't have believed it. Or if she had, she'd have wanted to lie down and die.

Before that, everything was lovely. Of course she couldn't remember much about Wallace—the little Idaho mining town where she'd been born. There was the house—she remembered that—gray and two-storied, with steps leading up to the porch. She used to pretend she was a queen, and the top step was her throne and nobody else was allowed to sit there unless she liked them very much, in which case she'd graciously invite them to share the throne.

She remembered the abandoned chocolate pop factory, where she'd learned the meaning of terror. With the door open, it was a friendly place, and she'd loved to climb up and down the spiral staircase because it made her think of enchanted (*Continued on page 34*)

Signed contract with her long-time favorite name, Lana. Immediately branded "sweater girl," she was given several tiny roles, emerged one of most promising actresses of 1937!

Discovered sipping a soda at drugstore counter by a talent scout. Lana was immediately whipping into the movies without ounce of training. First role was with Lina Perry (above) in "They Won't Forget." Modeling experience gave her courage to face cameras.

Between scenes of "Love Finds Andy Hardy," Lana, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney had to go to school on set. Chums called her "Judy," enemies tortured her with "Carrots."

In 1938, she got into hot water with Board of Education because she played too hard, studied too little. Warned her career was at stake, she vowed to settle down to work, lay off nightclubbing.

Lana Turner continued

houses in fairy tales, and she was always hoping a cute little elf in a pointed cap might poke his head round the corner and play with her. But one day the door blew shut, and she couldn't get it open, and she was alone with the dark coming at her from all sides, and her voice was screaming and her fists pounding wildly against wood, but she knew they'd never hear her—never, never, never—and she'd be alone in the dark until she died.

It couldn't have been more than a few minutes before they came—a few minutes of such tearing anguish for the child behind the door that, to this day, she sickens at the smell of chocolate pop.

She remembered, too, the "mystery of the vanishing rings."

Mildred Turner had been little more than a child herself—not quite 17—when the baby was born. She loved dressing her up. It was like dressing a doll, only more fun. Whatever you put on her, she just seemed to look cuter. Such a dainty, fussy little thing, too, as she started growing older. If she dirtied her hand, you couldn't get away with just washing it. She had to have a bath. And fresh clothes from the skin out. "Now Jujean's all clean," she'd crow. Julia Jean Mildred Frances—that's how she was baptized—and they called her Julia Jean. When teachers dropped the Jean, she'd correct them gravely. "My mother doesn't like Julia all by herself."

Late every afternoon Mother'd bathe and dress her and send her to the corner to meet Daddy, due home from his work with a mining company. Once mother fastened a sparkly pin to her dress. "That's an amethyst," she said. "Your birthstone and mine. You can wear it today just to make Daddy laugh."

Amethyst meant nothing to Jujean, but she loved the way it glittered and kept pestering mother to let her wear it again. Nothing doing. So one day she slipped back into the house and tiptoed to the bedroom. The amethyst was gone, but two rings—sparkly and plain—lay on the dresser. Also a curly feather. She stuck the rings on her thumb, the feather in her hair and walked out like a lady to meet her daddy.

You could call it the mystery of the vanishing rings. Jujean returned, complete with Daddy and feather, and mother laughed at the plume cocked rakishly in he hair. "Rings, too," she said, sticking her thumb up. But there were no rings. Daddy ran out and raked the stree from door to corner. The rings had disappeared. An Jujean got spanked.

"She doesn't rate it," said Daddy. "You gave he the pin in the first place."

"She's got to learn not to touch things that don't be

Filled a bathing suit nicely on diet of pies, cake, *everything* she liked! Counteracted with tennis, swimming, riding, hiking.

Between pictures she caught up on her painting, designed many of her own chic togs. Appeared with Va. Grey and Ann Rutherford in "Dramatic School."

In '39 studio announced Lana was new "It" girl, successor to Harlow. Right, with Lew Ayres, Tom Brown, Ann Rutherford in "These Glamour Girls."

long to her. Her hands are always into everything."

After the first shock, Jujean took it philosophically. Mother loved her very much. This was a fact more firmly established than that night follows day. So if Mother spanked her, she must have been very bad—and that was that.

Julia Jean had been six when they left Wallace for San Francisco. "They call it the city of the Golden Gate," Daddy told her. For weeks she dreamed about the Golden Gate—sparkly and beautiful and towering to the sky, with spikes sticking up, and a pearl at the end of each spike, like the pearls in mother's necklace. But when they got there—

"Where's the Golden Gate, Daddy?"

"There it is, honey. They call it that because it's wide and deep and has room for lots of ships to come in."

"But it's only water!" She burst into tears and refused to be comforted. Life had handed Julia Jean her first lemon.

Daddy found work in San Francisco. But the Turners thought it too big and confusing a place for a child used to the freedom of a small town. So Mother and Julia Jean went to Stockton where her godmother lived and, as children will, Julia Jean accepted the new pattern of her days—with

(*Continued on page 37*)

Although her salary was sky-rocketing in '40, she economically washed her stockings, wove them into rag rugs when they wore out. Below, with John Shelton in "We Who Are Young."

Lana, 20, was reportedly engaged to local attorney Greg Bautzer (left) when she suddenly eloped with Artie Shaw, 30, in 1940.

1941. "Ziegfeld Girl" with J. Cooper. Of all fans, oddest was sailor who wrote once a year describing all he'd seen; never requested reply!

Lana Turner continued

She and Artie met on set of "Dancing Co-Ed," married several months later. After four and a half months with temperamental Artie in his Beverly Hills home, Lana sued for divorce.

There followed a roster of suitors. One-time head man was Vic Mature, with whom she did a brother-and-sister act, wearing twin play clothes, swim suits, piling up publicity notices.

Mad for dogs of all shapes and breeds, Lana had a kennel of six purps, ranging from Great Danes to Pekes. Also collected elephants—miniature! In '42, really "arrived" playing opposite Gable in "Somewhere I'll Find You."

In 1941, it looked like the real thing with Tony Martin, and people predicted a merger. But unpredictable Lana changed her mind about him, too!

Daddy coming for week-ends, with Mother at the beauty shop and herself at the convent school.

She hadn't liked the idea of school at all. But by now she'd found out that certain things happened, no matter how much you kicked and screamed, so she'd pretty well given up that routine. And after a while, she decided it wasn't so bad. Mother took her to school in the morning and met her for lunch. And the blue uniforms with their little white collars were so pretty. And she grew to love the nuns. In fact, before she got through, she loved everything about the convent except homework.

They'd been living in Stockton for two years when suddenly all the bad things came at once. Julia Jean caught scarlet fever and had to be taken to the hospital for contagious diseases. She'd never been away from her mother at night. Being away from your mother at night was awful. The hospital was fenced with iron palings. Every day mother'd come out to stand by the fence and wave, and her mouth would shape the words, "I love you." But Julia Jean wanted her close. Every day she'd leave a dish of orange sherbet at the office. (*Continued on page 77*)

At recent Laraine Day shindig, Reagans copped prize for insane pillow dance: giant, inky spider. Invitation warned of snagged nylons, shredded hems. (Spectacled one is Hollywood agent.)

At Eureka, Moon's constant beef was, "I cram my head off for a B. That featherbrained lug (Ronnie) never turns to pg. 2 and gets a C+." Profs would kid, "Why waste our time keeping him here 5 yrs."

"Kid days" to Dutch (Ronnie) Reagan and Moon recall following drawing-room scene: Pop at one end of table hunched over evening paper. Dutch, Moon and Mom at other end with funnies, stifling giggles. On table: Popperful of corn, basket of apples, salted crackers.

n was in studio newsroom when wire ticked out horrors of Pearl
oor. Phoned Ronnie, "Get your gun. We're in!" After 6 years
e Cavalry Reserve, Ronnie entered Army as 2nd lieutenant.

Ronnie says Jane flies thru house like high wind, spit-'n-polishing it. Founded WIVES to help career women during servant shortage. (Jane's next pic, "One More Tomorrow.")

The Reagan Boys

By Kirtley Baskette

Ronnie and Moon swipe each other's suits, steal each other's thunder, go into an Irish tangle at the drop of a word. And yet . . .

Back in the 1930's, Midwest football fans used to tune in on a regular radio puzzler every Saturday afternoon. One second they'd hear a snappy sports announcer sign off the Notre Dame-Minnesota game in South Bend, Indiana—and the next second the same excited voice would crackle: "Now, folks, here we are at Ames, Iowa, for the Iowa State-Nebraska game—and what a battle royal this will be! The Cornhuskers are trotting on the field . . . they're lining up . . . the referee tosses the coin . . . there goes the whistle! . . ."

What stumped the radio fans was how this sports announcer guy, Dutch Reagan, could skip across a couple of states in a couple of seconds!

They didn't know Dutch Reagan had a brother, Moon, who was so close to this bud that he talked exactly like him.

That was back when Dutch and Moon Reagan craved to be a couple of Ted Husings. Since then, Dutch has made his more refined name, Ronald, famous as a movie star, and now as Captain Ronald Reagan of the U. S. Army. And Moon, whose Mom calls him Neil, has done all right, too, as a Hollywood radio executive. But the Reagan brothers, Moon and Dutch, are still as close as two peas in a pod—and at the same time as different as day and night.

Moon still talks exactly like Ronnie, and he has those same laugh-wrinkled Reagan eyes that you can spot a mile off. They wear each other's suits and steal each other's underwear, because they weigh exactly the same and measure alike, even down to shoe sizes. Moon and Dutch live a couple of blocks apart on the same street, roam in and out of each other's houses and raid one another's Victory Gardens. They get together on all holidays and every Saturday night. They huddle with each other on every business move and kibitz on family affairs. But Moon is a *(Continued on page 70)*

Journey for Jean Pierre

One day in a café in Morocco, his friends will wonder why he wastes his short leaves standing alone at a bar instead of dancing.

Every morning during their N. Y. stay, Pierre ordered sumptuous breakfast, awakened Maria with steaming tray. He's heir to fortune of family owning world-wide Grand Maison de Blanc shops.

By Cynthia Miller

It was a crisp September night in New York. A taxi slithered to a halt in front of the Sherry Netherlands hotel, and a tall blond young man got out. He dashed into the hotel and strode toward the elevators.

"Just a minute, Mr. Aumont," said the desk clerk. "There's a letter for you."

"A letter?" Jean Pierre looked puzzled. "You have the night mail deliveries in America then?"

"This didn't come by mail," the clerk explained.

Jean Pierre took it and started again toward the elevator. But as he recognized the handwriting on the envelope, he came to an abrupt halt. That was Maria's writing! He had left his bride alone in their suite two hours before. Something must have happened! An accident—the hospital! Visions of Maria, pale and near death on a hospital bed floated madly through his mind. His heart pounded uncomfortably in his chest. Quickly he tore the letter open. . . .

"Jean Pierre, my darling," it said. "This is the first evening since our marriage that *(Continued on page 93)*

Pierre's sailing was postponed two weeks while he had necessary inoculations. Expected to land in North Africa as liaison officer. Maria begged to be sent there over holidays, so she could see him.

Out of "Cross of Lorraine" uniform into Fighting French gear. Studied English for two years, learned American ditties from buddies in cast.

Dreams of a post-war life together include a co-starring play on the Paris stage. Already Maria's boning up on her French grammar and diction, for a solid hour each night before she turns out her light.

When an astrologer once told Maria her cast name in a certain film was unlucky, she raised heaven and earth to change it! Lonesome, she's burying herself in work on "Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves."

Modern Screen goes

During day between scenes of "A Guy Named Joe," Van plotted evening's program. Was late getting out of work, hustled straight home to start dressing.

Dries off after shower by racing around house half-garbed. Calls all his gals "Stupid," prefers 'em in black, sweaters, with long hairdos. Nixes doodads.

Van often finds himself competing with Hope or Benny for radio-fan Gloria's attention. Goes for her unconscious stock phrase "how perfectly wonderful!"

Always gets jittery dressing for date. Permanently scarred by one never-explained stand-up. Takes full hour, spends long moments in scented bubble bath.

on a date

Along with Van Johnson and Gloria De Haven—from Saturday night primping to their front porch good night!

Dresses in half hour, funnies included. Adores Li'l Abner, can't understand why he scorns Daisy Mae. Reading list also includes best sellers, movie mags.

Collects cashmere sweaters, keeps most of his togs at Keenan Wynn's where he practically lives. At first hole, socks go to charity; he can't mend!

Gloria sets her hair nightly, has weekly shampoo. A one-time nail-biter, she stopped when studio stormed. Now prides herself on manicures, does own pedicuring.

Strictly feminine, she bans flat heels except with slacks, always wears gloves. Saves wolf jacket from Pop for special dates, such as one with Van tonight.

continued on following page

First thing he asked for when he came to after auto smash-up was gum. Pal Evie Wynn smiles new supplies out of drugstore clerks, turns take over to Van!

Inexhaustible on phone, once chatted 1 hr. 20 mins. Mom imposes no blue laws, but daughter wisely stays in while working in "Two Sisters and a Sailor."

Since both are always hungry, first stop was dinner. Conversation centered about work, chops, chicken, steak. Chums claim they once lingered 15 mins. over subject of spaghetti!

Later dropped in on Keenan Wynn's where Van gave baby, Neddy-Poo, a record album. Often sits in on Ned's music hour, warbles along with "Mother Goose" records.

Up from 160 to 200 since accident, Van can't understand why he gains on one meal a day. Overlooks Henry VIII-ish portions, incessant nibbles and Pepsis!

Gloria kept him waiting 15 mins. Hep to women's ways, Van never raised a brow, philosophically hauled out a book. Promises to bring writing kit next time!

Host Keenan was entertaining at Canteen, didn't get home till guests were leaving. Mid-evening, kids sat around fireplace and told ghost stories in dark room. Later Van gave rumba lesson.

Constantly josh each other, have such a picnic they hate to say good-by. Van's specialty: a devastating imitation of Gloria's hip-swaying walk and continual running fingers thru hair!

Jim backed car to Verna's window, chucked things in back seat, carted them to his apt. on eve of marriage. Slept in car. Next A.M. friends found him on porch begging coffee 'n razor.

FERDINAND THE

You know the type—big, shy, quiet. Holds a tennis racket more tenderly than a girl. That's Jim Brown.

Jim Brown is a contradictory guy. He made his first hit as the love-'em-and-leave-'em Tex of "Air Force," and played it as if he'd been playing Tex all his life. The only similarity is coincidental. He *is* from Texas.

Till he met the one he wanted to marry, girls scared him. He was too bashful to kiss them. Every time he found himself dressing for a date, he'd wonder what the heck he'd made it for. He got good and sick of the funny little smile in a girl's eyes as he bade her a kissless goodnight. He got good and sick of being told, "You're the sweetest guy, Lefty."

"And the damnedest fool," he'd mutter, striding off into the night.

What did he want to bother with girls for anyway? More fun taking a show in with a fellow, (*Continued on page 110*)

Beverly Jean, unawed by Dad's 10 tennis titles, gnaws loving cups. Verna still rides Jim on drowsing in car after wedding while she drove home. Next day, went on 3-wk. location trip.

House has more sun and plant life than a tropical greenhouse. Verna likes it that way; also likes whipping up clothes. "Everything but the shoes," says Jim who's at Par. for "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."

By Kaaren Pieck

"WOLF"

By Zachary Gold and Kay Hardy

"The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"

They're knee-deep in dilemmas. And suddenly a miracle whirls Bracken and lovely, crazy Betty up into the clouds.

STORY When the miracle happened over at Morgan's Creek, the editor of the local paper called the Governor while half a thousand people kept shuffling through the dim, quiet street outside his window and more kept pouring in every hour, every half hour, every minute. It was the biggest thing that ever happened in Morgan's Creek.

"Morgan's Creek," the Governor yelled over the phone, "are you sure that's in my state?"

"Of course, it's in your state," the editor said. "I voted for you, didn't I?"

"Let's skip politics," the Governor said. "This is absolutely sensational."

"Colossal," the editor said.

"Terrific!"

"Unparalleled!"

"All right," the Governor said, "give me the whole story now. I want it right from the beginning."

"Well," said the editor, "there's this girl in our town. Trudy Kockenlocker—"

(Continued on page 81)

PRODUCTION One of the few location sites used in these days of gas rationing was "Morgan's Creek," a movie town set up on the Paramount Ranch 35 miles from Hollywood. Director-Writer Preston Sturges went scouting for proper backgrounds before the picture started, discovered a cowboy main street at right angles to a residential section left over from "Tom Sawyer." With a few buildings moved over from another part of the ranch, he had a completely furnished town, and the new materials cost him less than $2,000 for the entire production!

Next problem was transporting all the workers to and from the spot. "Busses" was the only possible answer, so a system was set up. First bus left from Paramount's front door at 6:30 loaded with the technical crew, camera helpers, prop men, painters and carpenters. They were to go first and get the day's set ready for work. At 7:00 every morning, the staff bus pulled away from the studio filled with Mr. Sturges, the head camera man, script

(Continued on page 116)

1. Trudy (Betty Hutton) ditches her patient and dependable suitor, Norval Jones (Eddie Bracken), for servicemen's farewell dance after Pop Kockenlocker (William Demarest) forbids her going to it.

2. Trudy chugs off in Norval's car, promises to meet him later at theater. At dance, slips, falls on head. Dazed, she goes along with mob when one G. I. suggests they all get married. They use aliases.

3. Trudy, foggy about the night before, jounces up to theater lobby at 8 A.M. next morning, finds Norval asleep in corner. Officer Kockenlocker is ready to pound him to pulp when he drives Trudy home.

4. Suddenly things come clear. Trudy wails out she's married. Little later she finds she's mother-to-be. Since it's impossible to find husband, she and Sis (Diana Lynn) plan to get Norval to propose.

5. Norval does propose, but Trudy, touched by the guy's sweetness and his sincerity, moans, between sobs, "I just can't do this to you," —and out comes the story. Pop storms out to see what's wrong.

6. Kockenlocker forces marriage, because of gossip in town. To avoid bigamy, Norval tries ruse, fails. Enraged justice of peace calls out police, F.B.I. Trudy pulls light switch, escapes with Norval.

7. After they're nabbed for speeding, Pop learns truth, claims Norval as his prisoner, plans another escape. Together they lift $900 from bank where Norval worked, stuff $900 in War Bonds in vault.

8. The mounting dilemma is cleared up by near-miracle. As Morgan Creek settles down again to normal humdrum, another miracle is wrought—and Trudy and Norval are caught up in whirl of happiness.

Judy Cried

It was fun and grinding work. It was headaches and thrills and comradeship and laughter and a few tears. It was nerve-racking and heart-lifting. It was the Hollywood Bond Cavalcade, and Judy wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Its meaning was summed up in the words of a soldier. When they played San Francisco, two rows down front were reserved for a group of young servicemen back from North Africa, all decorated for conspicuous bravery in action beyond the line of duty. Jimmy Cagney departed from the regular program to pay them tribute. Each performer saluted them as he came out. After the show, the boys went backstage.

"I'd like to thank you for myself and my buddies," one of them said to Judy. "It's a great job you're doing."

"That's hard to take, coming from someone like you. You've *really* done a job."

"This is just as important, and don't you forget

Even though Judy rode in a jeep in all the 16 cities visited on tour, she never got her fill! Would like nothing better than owning one herself. Above, with Betty Hutton, Greer Garson, Mickey Rooney and Lucille Ball.

Crowds flooded Los Angeles station to see troupe off. By tour's end they had been gaped at by over 7 million-fans—even on extra-curricular sightseeing tours! War Finance Com. head came to say goodby to Judy, Kyser, Ball.

Gang joshed all the way across the country, with Harpo Marx and Mickey Rooney the ring-leaders. One day Harpo surprised Judy and Doris Merrick at their dinner by appearing in waiter's garb, serving ice-cold coffee!

Tour formally opened with broadcast from White House in Wash.,
Admission to rallies was a $25 War Bond, offered buyers elaborate
with 25 headliners, including Fred Astaire, Judy and Paul Hen

Her Heart Out!

By Jeanne Karr

All those wonderful guys with the young, eager faces, bound for heaven knows where—no wonder Garland's songs were tear-splashed!

it. I hope people are buying 'em fast, because brother, how we need that stuff!"

Judy wished the whole country could have heard the simple fervor of those words. BUY BONDS! cry the billboards. BUY BONDS! cry the radio voices. But this was different. He'd been there. He was going back. He knew. Brother, how we need that stuff! It made you feel that buying bonds was like putting more shells in his gun, so he could shoot instead of being shot—like sending an airplane to cover him, so he could come back and live, not stay there and die. It was like an urgent, personal SOS, and you could either answer it or turn your back. Brother, was she glad she'd come on this trip!

The Hollywood Victory Committee had hesitated about including her. She'd returned from a five weeks' camp tour just before the Cavalcade started out. Was she too tired to go along? they asked. To Judy that *(Continued on page 102)*

tour, Van Johnson was rumored to be leading man in her
life as well as her film, "Meet Me in St. Louis." Now her
linked with Fred de Cordova, War. exec., and Vaughn Paul.

During part of tour, Judy was deathly ill, keeled over twice in two weeks but refused to quit. A devoted fan of Greer Garson, she hesitated to ask for her autograph at beginning; was fast friend by end of trek!

By Abigail Putnam

A Guy Named Joe

Joe Cotten's got large and gusty appetites . . . likes people in droves, clothes in stacks, books piled to the ceiling and gags by the carload.

The day Joe turned up at M-G-M for "Gaslight," gateman yelled, "Hey, you can't park here. This lot's for *talent.*" (That's Mrs. Cotten above.)

On the set of "Gaslight" the other day, someone asked Joseph Cotten what he thought about Ingrid Bergman.

"She's a girl who doesn't look or act like anyone else in Hollywood," promptly replied Joe. "And she's not a bit worried about it!"

Joe Cotten might well have been talking about himself. Like Ingrid, he's one of the greatest naturals to hit Hollywood in years.

I doubt if any star in Hollywood is getting as big a bang out of being a movie star as Joseph Cotten. He's busier than a brace of bird dogs, starting one picture before another is finished, running his Sunday radio show, hopping here and there for OWI broadcasts, OPA broadcasts, service benefits, bond rallies and what have you. He just wound up Orson (*Continued on page 88*)

In N. Y. years ago, when Joe was green as spinach, great Belasco signed him for life but died week later. (At Players with Mrs. Jack Lighter.)

Says 1st person to call him movie actor was pal Welles. Joe agreed, but after glimpse of 1st screen test felt "like Sunday morning with a hangover." Like Bergman, he's never been typed. Plays everything from hero to villain.

Donald O'Connor

IT COMES UP LOVE!

It all began when the Ford-Ford got a flat in Chinatown. After that, it was a heady whirl of stuffed pandas, Kwazy Wabbitt and puddle-jumpers for Don and Gwen!

By Nancy Winslow Squire

Any stage on which Donald O'Connor now works is strictly a love set. He doesn't exactly glow, but one gets that general impression. When the luncheon hour approaches, his eyes have a way of measuring—not the fastest distance to the commissary, as used to be the case—but the most likely prospect loitering in the vicinity. The prospect should have an open, honest face and an extra gas coupon.

First, Don locates the director and finds out what his afternoon schedule is. Usually he is booked tighter than a model's bathing suit. Then he approaches the character with the open, honest face and says, "Going into town this afternoon about two-thirty, huh?"

If the prospect says, "Could be," Don counters quickly, "If I gave you a gas ticket, would you mind going down to Los Angeles High School and getting my girl? She's coming out to the set this afternoon . . . if I can arrange transportation."

The deal closed, Don charges toward the commissary looking like the first fruits of the dimout repeal. Gwennie will be there all afternoon, oh happy, happy stuff.

Would you like to know, confidentially, how to fall in love in the O'Connor manner? Well, first of all you should know a good many people, as Mr. O'Connor does. You should have met them in practically every town in the United States. And you should remember them, no matter where nor how you happened to meet them—as Hepcat O'Connor does.

To begin at the beginning: the O'Connor act once worked on the same bill with The Duffins, Matthew and Joyce, dancing (*Continued on page 97*)

When asked how many times he's been in love, Don answers "too many." He and Gwen Carter are Hollywood's youngest engaged couple!

Years' experience with circus made Don a hep singer, dancer, acrobat, trapeze aerialist, comedian, song and skit writer. Favorite stunt's lying down! He's now performing in "This is the Life" with Dick Nichols.

Hedy Lamarr

By Rosemary Layng

Laddie Comes Home

There should be a wonderful, aching happiness in coming home. And yet, how could there be?

Alan Ladd carried in his billfold a photostatic copy of the papers which state that Corporal Alan W. Ladd has been honorably discharged from the Army of the United States. Of all the documents Alan has signed, that is probably the only one to which he was totally, absolutely, heartachingly unwilling to append his signature.

Mustered out at the same time Laddie was, were three buddies from his outfit. One from the Aleutians and two from Guadalcanal. At Alan's invitation the trio went home with the Ladds that first non-Army night the men had known for many, many months. They were rather quiet, after the manner of those who have a great deal on their minds.

After dinner they sat around and had a session . . . just as they had grown accustomed to doing in the Army. The focal point in the Ladd household was the fireplace, whereas it had formerly been the iron bed of some hospitable PFC.

Instead of a crap game in the corner to furnish background barracks music, the radio played softly.

"Tomorrow morning," said one of the men without particular enthusiasm, "I'm going to sleep until noon. No reveille, boy! Isn't that something?" Then he glanced at Sue Ladd. "That is," he added, "if I won't be in your way in the den."

(Because the Ladd house is small and compact, the three guests had been allotted to the three lounges. They tossed coins for location. One drew the lounge before the living room fireplace; one drew the sitting room lounge, and the third won the lounge in the den . . . practically a private palace to the soldier who had spent a year in barracks with numerous and sundry other characters in khaki.)

The second guest spoke up: "When I get into civilian clothes, ya know what I'm going to do? I'm going to look up the biggest, brawniest M.P. I can find, and I'm going to follow him for five city blocks, whistling."

"As for me," said the third guest, "I'm going to buy myself a tweed sport jacket that will make Bing Crosby's wildest wardrobe item look more colorless than rain on a slate roof. Sox—Argyle plaid! Ties—nothing with a design smaller than a G.I. soup kettle!" He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and squinted *(Continued on page 114)*

Laddie's puttin' that pistol down for doctor's role in "And Now Tomorrow." Studio gave him three mos. to recover, but Sue's home cooking is bringing him around quickly.

Betty Grable
Harry James

By Fredda Dudley

GOOD NEWS

Rice and old shoes for Susan Peters and Dick Quine, a blue layette for the Holdens!

As this month's GOOD NEWS goes to press, Hollywood is still talking about the following things:

The marriage of Susan Peters to Richard Quine.

The birth of a son, Peter, to Lt. and Mrs. William Holden (Brenda Marshall).

The return to Hollywood of Captain Clark Gable, and the fact that he has been sending roses to Virginia Bruce, thereby running competition to the Coast Guard in the person of Cesar Romero.

A rumor also gained ground in the land of romance that CUPID IS STUPID, to wit:

Hollywood's Little Poker Face, Deanna Durbin, announced that she and Lt. Vaughn Paul had separated and that she would eventually seek a divorce. When Deanna was planning her wedding, she refused to discuss the details with any but her intimate friends and members of her family, explaining that marriage was a sacred rite and not a topic to be tossed lightly from tongue to tongue. That she views divorce with the same fastidiousness is indicated by her current silence. She has made no public comment aside from her original terse announcement of her intentions.

By the time you read this, it is to be hoped that Robert Walker and Jennifer Jones will have reconciled. After all, they have two adorable small sons, and their careers have developed simultaneously after a good many years of cheerfully shared struggle. As a team they have more common interests than either could ever hope to perfect with a new marital partner. The thing that caused the trouble in the first place was a combination of malicious gossip and a headstrong man's refusal to realize how easily an innocent action could be misunderstood.

Both Bob and Jennifer are currently working in "Since You Went Away," the Claudette Colbert starring picture. Most of their scenes tell the story of ripening love between a boy and a girl. You might keep your fingers crossed in the hope that the cinematic romance rekindles the love between two of the nicest and most talented human beings in Hollywood.

Lieutenant C. J. Holt (formerly known to his friends as "Tim") is again maritally free lance. (*Continued on page 62*)

After being squired to Macambo and other plush spots by Erral several weeks running, studios dangled screen test before Nara Eddington's nose. Errol, whose latest interest is art collecting, is being named in same breath with Daris Duke Cramwell.

Sonja Henie

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

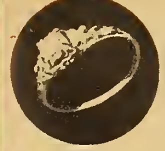
Hilda Holder

Richard D. Davis

She rivets Navy planes at Glenn L. Martin, Baltimore

He is overseas—somewhere in the Pacific

ALL KINDS OF WAR JOBS are waiting to be filled—in transportation, stores, war plants, restaurants. Check Help Wanted ads—then consult your local U. S. Employment Service



HILDA'S RING—
the diamond is set in a hand-wrought design on a slim gold band

SHE'S ENGAGED! SHE'S LOVELY!

ADORABLY PRETTY, Hilda Holder is another charming Pond's engaged girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Holder of one of North Carolina's first families . . .

"Dick enlisted two months before Pearl Harbor—I wanted to be doing something necessary, too," Hilda says, "so I found *my* job helping to build planes.

"I get up at 4:00 A.M., and don't get back home until 4:00 P.M. It seemed outlandish at first, but now I like it. I do have to watch out for my complexion, though.

"I give my face a good Pond's creaming after work every day so I'm certain-sure there's no greasy dirt clogging up my pores. Lots of the girls keep a big jar of Pond's at the plant. I guess they love it the way I do."

Hilda *beauty cleans* her face with Pond's like this: *She smooths* Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat and pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. *She "rinses"* with more Pond's, swirling her white-coated fingers around in little spirals. Tissues off again. Her face feels "perfectly lovely" she says, "so *extra* clean, so nice to touch."

Yes—it's no accident engaged girls like Hilda, exquisite society leaders like Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco, and Britain's Lady Grenfell delight in this soft-smooth cream. Ask for a *big*, luxurious jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Use it every night, every morning—for daytime clean-ups, too!

HILDA'S EXQUISITE COMPLEXION has that appealing baby-clear look every girl wants. "Pond's Cold Cream is the only beauty care I use," she says. "I keep a *big* jar in my locker at the plant—and a big jar at home."

ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR! It's more patriotic to buy large sizes, saves glass and manpower. (You may see different color "war caps" on Pond's jars now—but Pond's Cold Cream is *the same lovely quality!*)

SHE USES POND'S!

TODAY—MANY MORE WOMEN USE POND'S THAN ANY OTHER FACE CREAM AT ANY PRICE

Anne Baxter, just turned 20, had date to meet Richard Derr in Mexico City Xmas Day but denied engagement to him before that and started doing rounds with Bill Eythe, bearded for role in "Eve of St. Mark."

Betty Hutton, last day on Tucson location, lost $1200 diamond in bath. When hotel guest complained of gurgling drain, management found ring, phoned Betty who hadn't missed it. (Here with Arturo de Cordova.)

Alice was as breathless and jittery through Phil Harris's opening at new Slapsy Maxie's as if it were his first try-out. Reviews next A. M. raved. Alice is shopping again in toddlers' depts. Young'un due April.

GOOD NEWS Continued

Some time ago he and Mrs. Holt reconciled, went to Victorville to live (at which point Lt. Holt was stationed), then decided that their second guess was still wrong.

Tim is now stationed at El Centro, California, in the capacity of an instructor of aerial bombardment.

Trip Quips:

Doris Harris, Betty Hutton's pretty hairdresser, was crossing a Paramount street when she was hailed by Bob Hope. "When I was in Sicily," Bob explained, "I was buttonholed by a handsome, red-headed sailor named Freddie. He asked me if I knew you and I said sure. So he told me to tell you hello."

This minor incident, repeated in kind a thousand times out of his seemingly bottomless memory, indicates one excellent reason why Bob Hope—back from his battlefield journey—is probably the most popular man on earth today.

* * *

It happened while Ray Milland was in New York, staying in a Tower apartment of a very famous hotel. One morning he was having late coffee and early conversation with a friend. He was attired solely in the trousers of his pajamas. His hair hadn't been combed, he wasn't shaved, and he was sitting in a relaxed attitude on the final inch of his spine, long legs extended comfortably to rest on the back of a chair.

When someone knocked, he assumed that a member of his family or a friend who had a suite on the same floor was joining him for coffee. "Come in," he called.

In trooped about 15 wide-eyed fans, complete with autograph books and worshipful expressions, only to find the most astounded celebrity ever to blush scarlet and offer an apology. Your reporter would like to tell you how the fans managed to gain entrance to the carefully guarded suite of Mr. Milland, but that would be suicidal. I have to go on living in Hollywood.

* * *

If you saw "Behind the Rising Sun," you became acquainted all over again with Margo, one of the most fabulous and exciting personalities in or out of Hollywood.

Recently she was sent by RKO on a combination personal appearance and bond-selling trip. At one theater she was booked to deliver a stirring bond-rally speech just after the riotous musical act of a South American orchestra. This band was composed of very small men, all about five feet high. They wore enormous, multi-colored hats, gaucho suits with serapes, and they played quaint instruments varying from a knee-high marimba to native stringed instruments. Margo towered above them like a redwood in a mushroom garden.

She watched rehearsal, then said to the manager, "You can't ask me to follow them on the program. After all that color and harmony, I would be a frightful flop."

"You'll have to explain it to the band," the manager said with a shrug. "They speak only Spanish."

Margo is very deft with her *usteds*, so she explained that it was best for her to make a little talk just before the musical act. They wanted to know when they should make their entrance. "When everyone claps"—and she showed them the hand signal for applause—"then you come out and play."

She had forgotten that, during her speech, there were several telling phrases dealing with the war effort and Americanism, which would appeal to her listeners. The first time the audience broke into applause, Margo heard the patter of little feet and the scraping of little instruments.

In horrified Spanish she tried to tell them, "Not yet; not yet." It was no use. When the clapping occurred, they had been told to play. And play they did.

* * *

A tall captain, wearing the insignia of the Adjutant General's Department, rushed out to meet the plane on which the Jack Benny troupe had just arrived in Persia. He was Captain Gordon Jones, a contract player for RKO before he went into the Army.

While he was exchanging rapid-fire conversation with Jack Benny, Captain Jones was handed a letter that had just arrived by air from Hollywood. It had been written by Jerry Asher of Warner Brothers, a close (Continued on page 64)

Serve your Country in the "war job with a future"...

Free Training . . . with pay . . . in the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps

You're a lucky girl if you can qualify; lucky in so many ways . . .

★ There's the chance to make your future happy and secure . . . to receive a free education as a professional nurse.

★ Then there's the money side . . . your tuition and fees all free . . . your room and board paid for . . . *a regular allowance of $15 to at least $30 a month.*

★ And all the time you know you're playing an important part in the war. Even while you're in training, you will be helping to release other nurses for essential service. *65,000 new student nurses are urgently needed this year.*

★ Your uniforms are free, too. Not only your school uniform; but the stunning new uniforms of the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps (for optional outdoor wear).

A WAR JOB WITH A FUTURE . . .

After graduation, you can become an Army or Navy Nurse, a nurse in Public Health or Government service here or abroad. You may specialize in child health or x-ray or in many other fields.

And don't think you're closing the door on romance. There will be time for dates of an evening, and occasional weekends off duty. In many schools, you can marry and continue in training.

CAN YOU QUALIFY? Are you between 17* and 35? Are you a high school graduate or a college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Mail the coupon for copy of U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps booklet . . . and list of almost 1000 accredited schools of nursing from which you may choose your school. **Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.*

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U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, Church St. Annex, New York, N. Y.
Please send free booklet and list of accredited schools.

Age________ High school graduate?________ High school senior?________
Graduation date________ Present occupation, if any________
Name________
Address________
City________ State________

55-A

Richard Quine wangled 5-day leave for honeymoon, then frisked back to San Francisco station. When they applied for license, Dick dug deep in pocket, found one buck, had to borrow other dollar from Susan Peters.

friend of both Captain Jones and Jack Benny. Gordon opened the letter, glanced at it, laughed and handed the letter to Jack.

It said, in part, "There isn't much chance—I don't suppose—of your running into Jack Benny, although I understand that he may entertain in the Middle East. If you should run into him, tell him that I'm writing this letter just before going over to pick up Mary Livingston. We are invited to a party at the Ray Millands tonight."

* * *

In her forthcoming Paramount picture "Lady in The Dark" Ginger Rogers and the entire cast wear blue make-up for one of the dream sequences. Miss Rogers has threatened to don that color and wear it indefinitely on account of her marine, Jack Briggs, has gone overseas.

Notable Quotables:

Someone asked Bob Hope when he was scheduled to start work on his new picture, "The Road to Utopia."

"Not until the 14th," he said.

The rather surprised answer came back, "But I talked to Bing and he said he was starting on the 1st."

Bob nodded sagely. "I always give Bing two weeks' start on the scenes," he explained. "Then I fade him in the stretch."

The Young Idea:

Miss Pia, daughter of Ingrid Bergman, was a set visitor one day when a camera crane shot was being made. She was allowed to ride with the cameraman on the thrilling trip from first floor shot, to second story shot and back again.

After she told her mother that she knew what she wanted for Christmas: a camera crane that she could ride all day. "But darling,"

Suitor Oscar Brooks hot-footed up from Mexico to counter Steve Hannagan's advances, but Ann Sheridon was cool. Annie's gown, covered with 35,000 stones for "Shine on Harvest Moon" cost $3000.

Bob Hope howls loudest at Canteen, spends off moments in own dressing room phoning families of G.I.'s he met overseas. He's aching to head for Pacific camp tour.

laughed her mother, "they cost FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS."

Several days later, Pia's nurse took her downtown to confer with a certain department store Santa Claus. When he asked Pia what she wanted to find beside her Christmas tree, she fixed him with a positive eye. "I want a camera crane," she announced with resolution, "even if it *is* going to cost you five thousand dollars."

* * *

Jim Brown and his wife have, in the past, frequently congratulated themselves upon their great good luck in keeping a nurse for their child. This Olympian being was everything desirable: gentle, soft-voiced, firm when necessary, and devoted. As she was 67, she didn't ask for unexpected days off—she was happy with her Sunday and Thursday. And she seemed so permanent . . . a priceless attribute in these days of wholesale conversion to Lockheed.

The other morning she gave notice. She explained, with pink cheeks, that she was resigning to become a bride.

* * *

The pretty, cultured woman said to the salesgirl in the layette department of a large department store, "Please send *two* of each of the items I have ordered to my home address."

The salesgirl blinked, but wrote up the order. Her customer was Mrs. Will Price, cinematically known as Maureen O'Hara, and she is making plans for a spring addition to the family. Because twins are a regular occurrence in both the Price and O'Hara families, she is shopping on the double.

Man's Castle:

For months, Mr. and Mrs. Sonny Tufts lived in a camp cottage. Finally, however, they found a large and comfortable house in one of the canyons about halfway between the studio and the valley—a defense plant area.

Knowing, at first-hand, of the housing shortage, the Tufts decided to make patriotic use of their two spare bedrooms with connecting bath, by taking two roomers.

There was only one difficulty: One of the paying guests was a supervisor at Lockheed so it was essential for him to have a telephone. Mr. Tufts explained his dilemma: He was working a non-essential industry, so the telephone company couldn't supply him with an Ameche.

The supervisor fixed that, so now Mr. Tufts uses his roomer's telephone when it is imperative for him to get in touch with the studio.

* * *

When Dana Andrews moved out to the valley, he was given a cow, name of Sophie, by the real estate agent who consummated the Andrews deal. Dana was gratified by such kindness, but a little depressed at thought of the work entailed by ownership of the animal. Discreet inquiry around the neighborhood, with a view to sharing or giving away the bovine, informed Mr. Andrews that Sophie had belonged in turn to everyone in the tract. He happened to be the final purchaser of property there, so it looked as if he were stuck. Six o'clock milking night and morning! The groaning arose to high heaven over the trouble caused by milk, cream and eventually butter.

But that was months ago. They do say that a glow of well-being now exudes from the Andrews home, and that envious neighbors keep chiding themselves with the acid fact that they, too, once owned Sophie.

* * *

Jack Carson and Kay St. Germain finally bought and moved into their new home, taking along the furniture from their old house.

Because the new house is much larger than the old, the Carsons began to search for furniture to fill in the lonesome corners—without much luck. Everyone in Los Angeles was furniture-hunting, too.

At one auction, Jack spied a Lazy Susan of obviously good lines, (*Continued on page 108*)

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT! PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM...
PUT FRESH, THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM, UNDER THIS ARM! SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION-PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!

Use FRESH *and stay fresher!*

• See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

By Carol Carter

Cold Weather

Here's what you've been waiting for . . .

Hollywood's pet tricks for winter beauty!

Jinx applies face lotion on cotton pad.

She outlines lips with a brush.

Zing . . . and the New Year came in with a crash! After the celebration, while you're combing the confetti out of your hair, give a thought to this fact: Good grooming rules apply year in, year out, sunshine or snow flakes. Only the attack is a little different with each season. Thing to do is plan your beauty campaign as MacArthur plans his expeditions. Lay down the rules, plot your course and move forward. If chapped skin problems assail you, do a little maneuvering with creams and lotions. If a red nose annoys you, camouflage with wintertime make-up. Don't let enemy bugaboos, "frost and wintry blasts," reduce your personal charm. Follow these blueprints for good grooming that Jinx Falkenburg models so fetchingly.

plan a—The Bath

No need to convince you that a bath a day is a P.G. essential (personal grooming to you). And before you put your liddle toe in, sprinkle some sweet smelling bath salts into the water. Don't forget to bring your scrub brush and favorite toilet soap with you. Lather up some extra special soap fluff and give yourself a workout from tip to toe. When you're clean as clean, step out

◄ Brr! Jinx enjoys a cold water rinse. La Falkenburg's newest is "Nine Girls."

A sponge helps to smooth on make-up.

Jinx adores a silky, soft face powder.

Glamour

and give yourself a brisk drying with the towel . . . invigorating, huh?

Want to smell pretty and sweet? Then toilet water. The aroma will last the clock around, keep you dainty and fresh. Smooth a skin lotion over your freshly bathed self. And for a glamour finish to your bath routine, try a dusting of body powder or talcum.

plan b—Be Fastidious

A word to the wise is sufficient, so haul out your deodorant or anti-perspirant. Use daily, if necessary. There are cream, liquid or powder forms; the choice is up to you. Point is, don't wait to use a deodorant until underarm perspiration spoils your best wool dress. We go along with the ads and assure you that anti-perspirants are also grand insurance against losing your friends and your job.

'Course you'll want your pretty pins to look sleek and neat, so defuzz your legs at least once a week. There are depilatories and handy abrasive gadgets that will do a smooth job for you. Take care, too, that your ten toes are in condition, because open-toed sandals have a way of showing you up. A weekly pedicure should do the trick.

Next, my pretty damsels, give a thought to your dainty paws. See that they're smooth and in condition. Whatever your job, kitchen, factory or office, your hands are bound to take a beating in winter weather. Follow every washing with an application of hand lotion. It's a nifty thought to carry a small bottle of the stuff in your purse. Or keep some in your locker or office drawer for use during the day. Your hands will thank you no end!

plan c—Skin Care

Be on the alert for little gremlins that make a peaches 'n' cream complexion look (*Continued on page 76*)

Dreamflower Beauty in "Natural"

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, young society leader, is a charming subject for this Dreamflower portrait. Hair of pale gold . . . tawny hazel eyes with wide velvet-black pupils. And a delicate blonde complexion soft-misted with Pond's sweet Dreamflower "Natural" powder.

"I have never found a powder shade that made my skin look as smooth and fresh as Dreamflower 'Natural,'" Mrs. Ryan says. "The color is really lovely—fragile shell-pink with an unusually flattering touch of cream. And Pond's new Dreamflower texture is just as soft and smooth as it sounds!"

Pond's "LIPS"

Your Pond's "Lips" stay on longer! In 5 wonderful, wearable shades. *Very* pretty case—49¢, 10¢

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Your Dreamflower complexion awaits you in this beguiling be-flowered powder box—49¢, 25¢, 10¢. Choose from 6 sweet-and-misty Pond's shades

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!

Judy Garlond of "Girl Crazy" rates tops in good looks!

By Carol Carter

HOW'S YOUR BEAUTY RATING?

SPARKLE and glow, my chickadees, if you'd be the belle of 1944. Though your features be plain and your moniker "Jane," you can still dazzle the lads on furlough if you make the most of what you have. That involves a few beauty fixin' tricks that can easily be slipped into your daily itinerary. For, my friends, as you sow, so shall you reap. As you tend to good grooming, so shall charm be your reward. With these words of beauty wisdom, comes a personal grooming questionnaire. We know the answers, but do you? Fill in the missing words and check on your batting average in the glamour field. If you rate 100% (the answers are on page 102), that's a home run, and you're good. If you have 15 runs and 5 errors, you're still pretty good. Any score below that, however, means the "bench" for you, sis. Come on, let's go!

1. Singing in the . . . is allowed in the best society if you do it at least once a day.

2. For that heavenly-all-over feeling, sprinkle your favorite sweet smelling . . . into a tub of warm water and jump in.

3. With a pure, rich . . . work up some de luxe suds. Use a long-handled brush to get at the hard-to-reach places on your pink-and-white self.

4. After drying yourself thoroughly with a large bath towel, douse yourself with . . . or toilet water for an oh-so-elegant effect. You can have an angelic feeling of walking on clouds, by patting yourself generously with bath powder or talcum.

5. Use a cream, liquid or powder . . . daily, if you don't want to be a wallflower. And who does?

6. A smooth, quick way to defuzz your pins is to use one of the handy abrasive gadgets or a . . . .

7. If Jack Frost plays havoc with your skin, making you look like somebody's stepchild, slather on lots of rich, luscious . . . before retiring.

8. A weekly sudsing with your pet . . . lends luster, sheen and sparkle to your topknot.

9. Crosby is to crooning what a daily hundred strokes with a . . . is to your halo.

10. Smooth hands are lovely to hold (an idea, anyway) so haul out your . . . and use after every hand washing.

11. A beauty tip for your fingertips! If your . . . chips, renew it or take it off completely.

12. Blouses and skirts that part at the waist are very . . . fetching.

(*Continued on page* 102)

HOW MANY SHOES MAKE A VICTORY?

HOW far would you expect our soldiers to advance—on the bitter, rocky hills of Italy, for instance—with the soles out of their shoes? How much would you expect from an army in rags?

Forgetting for a moment the tanks, planes, bullets and bayonets we must send to our men, think of just this one item: SHOES. The millions of pairs of shoes our men must have over and over again. In taking Attu we read that jackets, gloves, boots, sleeping bags—"brand new Tuesday, were worn out and discarded by Saturday." That's what war does. Those are just some of the *minor* things that victories cost.

They're fighting now—in winter. If there were something you could do to make sure that that boy you know would get all the shoes, warm coats, the equipment he needs to safeguard his life—wouldn't you do it?

Somehow, because it's not direct, it's hard to realize, perhaps, that buying a War Bond right here in your home town, is going to do so much.

But think of the people in the next block, the next town, the next state—all buying a War Bond, too. Think of the money from those Bonds flowing into the Army, the Navy, the Air Corps, the Marines—of the power that money will give our boys . . . YOUR BOY!

Your bit may seem a little bit. But it's the mighty drop in the bucket that's keeping our armies advancing—well-shod, well-fed, well cared-for. Buy that War Bond now! When victory is ours . . . when you get that letter saying "I'm on my way home!" you'll realize how much that War Bond did.

And—it's your investment in the future—earning interest. For you. And your boy.

FACTS ABOUT WAR BONDS

1. War Bonds cost $18.75 for which you receive $25 in 10 years—or $4 for every $3.
2. War Bonds are the world's safest investment—guaranteed by the United States Government.
3. War Bonds can be made out in 1 name or 2, as co-owners.
4. War Bonds cannot go down in value. If they are lost, the Government will issue new ones.
5. War Bonds can be cashed in, in case of necessity, after 60 days.
6. War Bonds begin to accrue interest after one year.

Keep on Buying War Bonds

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Keep up with the times!

MEDS are safe and comfortable —and only 19¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Enjoy the modern freedom of internal sanitary protection at Meds' thrifty price—a month's supply for only 19¢!

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- Meds satisfy INDIVIDUAL needs.
- Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more,* so much *faster*—up to three times its own weight in moisture—assuring you greater comfort, greater protection.

"Next time," why not try Meds?

THE REAGAN BOYS

(*Continued from page 39*)

Republican and Dutch is a Democrat, and Neil's a Catholic, and Ronnie's a Protestant, and Ronnie is still ambitious and serious minded, while Neil is happy-go-lucky. So they still tangle, as they always have, in some perfectly lovely scraps—over practically anything.

One Christmas in Hollywood a while back before Moon and Dutch's dad, Jack Reagan, died, he resurrected an old toy boat Ronnie had treasured as a kid. He took it over to the studio prop department and had it all fixed up and painted. Christmas Day he handed it to Ronnie. Moon was there, of course, so he strolled with Ronnie out to the swimming pool to sail the boat. Ronnie was thrilled as pie with the toy, so wickedly Moon said,

"You know, Dutch, that boat's really mine. I got it for Christmas when we were kids. Hand it over."

"Why, you—!" sputtered Ronnie. "You know darn well it always was my favorite boat. Beat it!" So Moon grabbed the boat, and they tugged on it like a couple of school kids, scuffling around the pool until finally Ronnie pushed Moon in, clothes and all!

It's been that way with the Reagan boys since they can remember, according to Moon, whom I cornered in Hollywood the other day. Moon Reagan is one of those swell pink-faced Irish guys who loves to tell a funny story, especially if it's on himself. It's a shame he isn't a movie star, because he'd keep you in stitches. Moon said he gained his first respect for his Brother Ronnie when he socked him on the head with a hatchet.

That was back in Tampico, Illinois, where the Reagan boys were born. Moon was about six years old, and Ronnie was three. Moon was chopping some sticks, and he asked Ronnie to hold them. When he didn't hold them like Moon told him to, Moon bopped his baby brother on the bean, parting his hair with the hatchet.

"You know," grinned Moon, "that little monkey never even cried! He just walked in the house leaking blood like an old fountain pen—until Mom saw him!"

"Then what?" I asked.

Moon winced. "I don't like to discuss that," he grinned.

Moon Reagan admits he was a problem child, and it's a wonder that under his influence his brother Dutch ever amounted to anything at all. Moon was three years older than Ronnie, and he felt it his juvenile duty to initiate him into the mischievous mysteries of life. Ronnie, by the way, got his nickname, Dutch, because he was roly-poly from the minute he was born. His Irish dad took one look at him and said, "Gosh—he looks like a Dutchman!" To make Ronnie see red today, Moon has only to roll out his full name in a mocking tone, "Ronald *Wilson* Reagan."

twin terrors . . .

Moon got his monicker a little later on when he fell asleep in the barber chair one day and woke up with his head shaved. It grew out spiky and high and round, and he parted it in the middle, like the comic strip bum, Moon Mullins. So he was "Moon" from then on, and he admits the name has fitted him in more ways than one. Moon has never admired work when stacked up against fun and adventure. He proved that early in life and tried seriously to influence Brother Dutch.

The Reagans lived across a little park from the railroad depot in Tampico. Papa and grocery store down the way. And Mama Nellie Reagan got her early gray hairs trying to fish Moon and Dutch out from playing under the freight cars. Jack Reagan made the mistake once of trying to turn this lure of the rails into a day's work for the kids. He had a shipment of potatoes in, so he entrusted Moon and Dutch, aged eight and five, to crawl inside the car and sort out the bad potatoes from the good ones. Before he knew it, Jack Reagan was fending off angry citizens streaming into his store dripping potato mould. They said his brats were barricaded behind the freight car doors heaving rotten potatoes at all passers-by.

brother rat . . .

Moon and Dutch Reagan were still small moppets when their dad took a job with Montgomery Ward, and they moved to Chicago. The Big City's adventurous temptations got Moon and his baby brother in trouble at once. First thing they did was run away from their South Side home to the nearest train tracks, the New York Central line, down around Blue Island. They hopped a beer truck on the way home, and Moon fell off and tore his leg. After that they were forbidden to leave the house. But one day Mom Reagan had to go somewhere so she locked Moon and Dutch inside.

When Mrs. Reagan came home, the house was surrounded by excited neighbors and a squad of cops. The place was reeking gas and about to explode. They broke the door down, and she rushed in terrified, expecting to find Moon and Baby Dutch stretched out cold by gas fumes. What she saw was a telltale chair and a stack of books by the door and an open transom. The kids had blown out the gas light in the hall to cover their escape and set out to see the city. The cops and neighbors finally located them, blocks away, down around Sixty-third and Cottage Grove. A tipsy gentleman had them in tow, and he was on the point of leading them into a saloon. Mrs. Reagan snatched them up right outside the swinging door—the whipping that followed is another black moment in Moon's memory.

Ronnie Reagan and Moon call Dixon, Illinois, their home town. Their dad had

(*Continued on page 72*)

INFORMATION DESK

Our old Information Desk has been revived and enlarged. We now can answer all your questions about the stars and H'wood. If you simply must know what Jane Wyman christened her dog, or just how many movies Jean Pierre Aumont has been in, drop Beverly Linet a line. She'll be glad to give you all the dope she can on your favorites. Only please don't ask for information already given on our Super Star Information Chart. This 32-page booklet lists the star's studio, birthplace, date, height, weight, color of hair and eyes, what he's nuts about, number of children, wife or current flame, his last four pictures, what he used to be and the most recent big event in his life. All this on 500 stars for only 10c. Better have a look at it, and if you still have any questions, write to MISS BEVERLY LINET, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

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YOU want the loveliness that wins romance! Try the simple beauty care Hollywood stars use. See if it doesn't make *your* skin lovelier!

Clever women everywhere find in Loretta Young's Lux Toilet Soap facials a simple, easy care that really *works*. In recent tests three out of four complexions actually improved! See if this daily complexion care that lovely screen stars recommend doesn't make *your* skin smoother, softer—more adorable!

DON'T WASTE SOAP!

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S... It's hard-milled! *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

give yourself a Glamorous
PERMANENT
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"CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KITS include everything you need for beautiful, long-lasting hair curls and waves. "CHIC" is safe to use for women and children. No experience needed, no machines, no electricity or driers. Just follow simple illustrated directions furnished with every package. "CHIC" Home Kit at 59c also includes "CHIC" finest quality Shampoo and Wave Set.

Get "chic" at all
DRUG, DEPARTMENT,
and VARIETY STORES

(Continued from page 70)

a prosperous store there, and that's where they grew up and went to high school. Everybody in Dixon knew the Reagan brothers. They were the kind of kids who got around. They lived in a big house on a bluff overlooking the North Side High School athletic field, and long before they hit high school themselves, the coach had tagged both Moon and Dutch for the football teams. When they were ready for high, Moon and Dutch split up for the first time in their lives.

Rock River runs through Dixon, dividing the town sharply in two. North of the river was "North Side," the fancy part of town. "South Side" was across the tracks—or across the river. Moon and Dutch lived on the North Side, but Moon's amiable roughneck leanings made him tag North Side H. S. as a sissy school, where the fellows actually wore coats and ties. He wanted no part of such foppy stuff, so he went to South Side, in cords and old leather jackets. There was a wild gang at South Side. The school was deliberately flooded with the fire hose a couple of times, the windows smashed, melted lead poured in keyholes, the teachers chased out of their classes, and the library scattered around almost daily. Finally the school board installed a tough guy wrecker to break up Moon's gang, and he eventually graduated in advance of Dutch, who had picked North Side H. S. because of a girl.

The girl was a certain preacher's daughter, and Ronnie Reagan had a heavy case on her all through high school and even into college. She was brown haired with freckles, a home-type beauty, and she crossed him up in the end and married an Englishman. But it was wonderful while it lasted.

Love trouble didn't keep Dutch Reagan from becoming one of Dixon's athletic heroes though. Both he and Moon burned 'em up at football. Dutch played tackle, and Moon played end. The two high schools, North and South, pooled their football material, and the Reagan brothers made the co-op team easily. Ronnie also starred at track and swimming, while Moon starred at basketball.

in the brig . . .

Ironically enough, although Moon was the town Hell-Raiser and the Bad Influence, it was Dutch who first landed in jail. That was one Fourth-of-July night. Fireworks had been banned by the local gestapo in Dixon, but Ronnie had a bunch, and when Moon egged him on, he walked clear to the edge of town and popped them off a bridge. He thought he was safe that far out, but the Law rolled up, and they hauled him down to the pokey. Paw Reagan refused to pay the fine—$5 and costs—so Dutch had to sleep all night in the cooler.

Slip-ups like that on Ronnie's part, however, were rare. Moon admits Dutch Reagan took himself seriously under the tender influence of a preacher's daughter's love. Ronnie always had been a little on the religious side. Both Moon and Dutch went to Protestant Sunday school as kids. Jack Reagan was a Catholic and Nellie a Protestant. When the boys grew up, they were given their choice and split up religiously. But as kids, Ronnie and Moon both attended the Protestant Sunday school every Sabbath, all slicked out in stovepipe pants and the cutest bangs and Buster Brown collars. Then they'd go on to church.

drum-boogie . . .

There were one or two co-operative activities outside of athletics that Moon and the Dutch Reagan saw eye to eye about in those school days. One was music and the other, pocket money. Both Dutch and Moon belonged to the town band that paraded here and there on gala events. Moon booped out a doubtful bass on a B-flat tuba, and Ronnie got to be a pretty fancy drum major before they turned that activity over to girls with pretty legs.

Dutch was always thrifty, even as a kid, about making a dollar and saving it, Moon remembers. Dutch was a swell swimmer, so summers he always got the lifeguard job at the public swimming pool in Dixon, and he augmented this steady income by buying himself some canoes and renting them for 50c an hour at a resort up Rock River.

One fall, Dutch's rent-out canoes stayed up the river later than usual, and it turned cold suddenly. In fact, it snowed, and Dutch knew unless he got the canoes back down that night, they'd probably freeze in the river, and he'd lose all his capital. So he routed Moon out of bed, and they set out after them. It was a dangerous six-mile downstream paddle in the dark, and Moon capsized with a heavy mackinaw and boots on, and pretty nearly drowned. After that he wondered if Dutch loved him as much as he did his canoes. Of course, he knew better.

hero-stuff . . .

Oddly enough, Dutch got to college before Moon did although Moon was two years ahead of him in high school. Moon laid out a while after he finally was eased out of South Side High (to the great relief of both the school board and his father, who was wearing out the carpet in the principal's office trying to get him back in school). Moon worked in his dad's store and took it easy, playing semi-pro baseball. He's not so sure Dutch would have gone on to college either, except that the preacher (his girl's father) was of the church denomination which ran Eureka College. She went on there, and as love was still in bloom, he did, too.

After the first semester he came back and told Moon he had to come up, too. He said he had "arranged everything" and that Moon was a cinch to make the football team and lead the life of Riley. It didn't turn out as easy as that. Both Moon and Dutch hashed and waited tables at sorority houses and their own fraternit house, Tau Kappa Epsilon, to earn thei keep. And Ronnie doubled up later on a janitor at the gym. But they had plent of time out for fun with the co-ed (Dutch was still true-blue to his true love, but Moon certainly wasn't) and, o course, athletics.

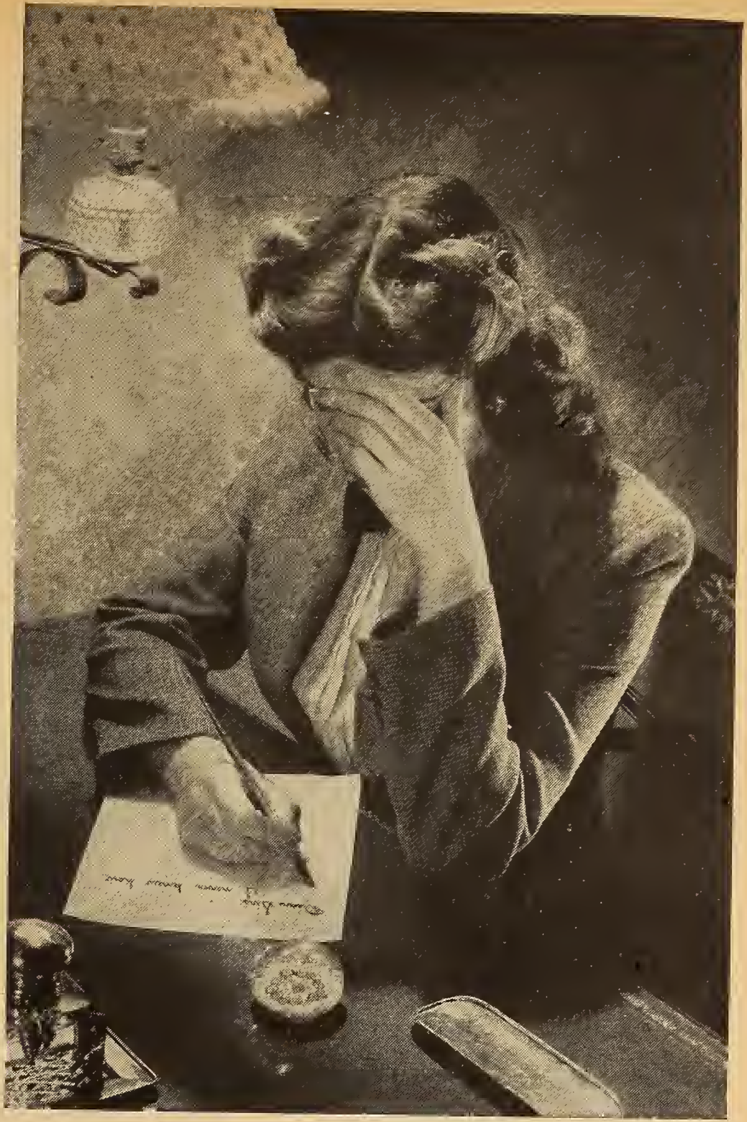
Ronnie already had regular tackle o the Varsity at Eureka all sewed up b the time Moon arrived. Moon played substitute end at first while the coac looked him over. That burnt him up som but Dutch even more. He kept telling th coach what a whiz his brother Moon wa

(Continued on page 74)

You'll never see their Faces —

¶ **But you'll thank these thousands of women for telling you why they switched to Modess.**

¶ **"So soft!" "So comfortable!" "So utterly safe!"** say **8 out of 10 letters!**



You'll never know who they are, or where they live.

Yet 10,086 women—from all across the country—have done you one of the best turns in the world. Here's why . . .

They had the courage to write—frankly and freely—on a most intimate subject, so that other women could benefit by their experience. Simply, and with complete honesty, these women told *why* they're glad they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins.

During the past few months letters have been coming in from women who had been users of practically every other type and kind of pad. An independent, impartial concern read the letters. And here are the returns:

> *8 out of 10 women said they're glad they switched to Modess because of its wonderful softness and comfort—its absolute safety!*

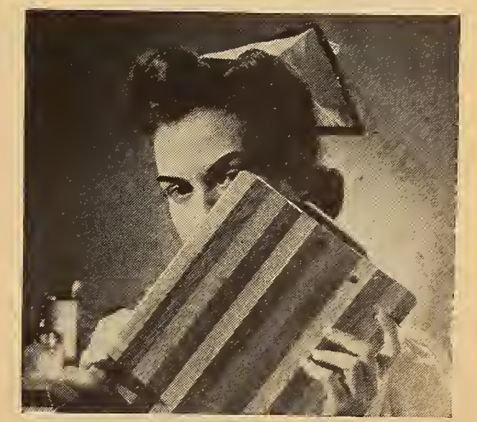
Read what some of these letters said!

"**Modess never chafes.** I feel comfortable after wearing it for hours," writes Miss R. C. Yes! Softer Modess adjusts itself to your *own* body. No hard tab ends. No telltale outlines.

"**Safer than** any other brand for me," Mrs. D. C. praises Modess. The triple, full-length shield at the *back* of every Modess gives *full-way* protection—not just part-way, as some napkins give.

"**It's downy softness** guarantees all-day comfort!" says Miss M. A. Thanks to its softspun filler, Modess is *softer*—so different from layer-type pads. Is it any wonder that thousands *more* women are switching to Modess all the time?

Aren't *you* busier than ever? . . . Wouldn't you welcome *more* softness, *more* protection? If you haven't tried Modess recently, why not switch *now* and see what a tremendous difference a softer, safer napkin can make?



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(Continued from page 72)

One day, when the team went to Carthage College for the Big Game, Ronnie went as usual as regular tackle while Moon warmed the bench practically all of the game. As he recalls it, the bench could stand some warming, too, as it turned bitter cold, and the ground was frozen like cement. Well, the Carthage boys had Eureka on the grease to the tune of 6-0 with only three minutes to play, and the coach began to get desperate. Moon saw him looking up and down the bench, and by that time he didn't care at all about playing football, being almost frozen stiff. But the coach jerked Ronnie and sent in Moon at end, and with about a minute to play, the Eureka quarterback called a dipsy-doo double cross spot pass play. Moon wasn't supposed to get the ball at all, but it bounded out of somebody's frozen fingers, lit in his, and he ran for a touchdown. Then the game ended, 7-6. Even out on the field Moon could hear Dutch yelling, "That's my *brother*. That's my *BROTHER!*" And today when Moon wants to kid Ronnie, he cracks, "That's my *brother!*"

The Reagan boys stayed aces around Eureka College from then on until they graduated. There were a few problems Moon can remember, and most of what Moon remembers about his college days is on the screwball side. For instance, he had a turn of teaching freshman economics and sociology, and even though he was a year behind Dutch, he wound up with Dutch as his pupil in a freshman class! Ronnie had dipped back into a freshman course to pick up some easy credits or something. Anyway, Moon remembers that it was very embarrassing for him, especially since Dutch absolutely refused to open a book all year.

Dutch wasn't much of a student. Moon, although he was on the lookout for mischief, had a deep interest in books and studies which he still has today. Ronnie is more on the extrovert side. But Ronnie's complete obsession with sports of all kinds kept him away from any collegiate vices. He took his track and football training seriously. He was a typical do-or-die college hero, making touchdowns and winning races for his lady fair.

Dutch never took a drink until his last year in college, and he never smoked then either, not counting the kid times back of the shed when Moon would get him sick with some stolen weeds. When Dutch finally took a taste of alcohol for the first time, the results were spectacular.

more than mellow . . .

A couple of fraternity brothers at the TKE house had lugged home a jug of wine right before the Christmas holidays, and one below-zero night they sat it out before the fireplace and started to make merry. Ronnie came in about then and decided, since it was Christmas, he might as well take a taste. But, unwise to the kick in any beverage other than his accustomed milk, he gurgled half the jug right down. In a few minutes his eyes bugged out of his head, he let out a whoop, yanked open the door and tore down the road, without a coat or anything. Being a good 440-man, Dutch Reagan really ambled through the freezing night, with Moon and his terrified fraternity brothers 'way back in the ruck.

They never did catch him. But after he ran a mile and a half at top speed, they found Dutch sitting in a snowbank with a glazed look in his eyes, unable to speak. So they carted him back to the house, slapped him right into bed, and luckily he didn't get pneumonia.

It was also in his last year at Eureka College that Dutch Reagan showed signs of turning into a radio announcer. He'd sit before the radio at the TKE house every spare minute and mock the announcer. For fun, he'd stage fake broadcasts of imaginary events. He sounded pretty good, too. Dutch Reagan was sport happy anyway, and Moon thinks what probably made him so nutty about turning broadcaster was that he could perch free on sidelines of big college games.

Moon thoroughly approved of the idea himself. In those days, despite the fact that Dutch was a year ahead of Moon at college, he was still looking to his older bud for advice. The opposition to Dutch's big idea didn't come from Moon.

It came from home. Jack Reagan, Ronnie's dad, had already landed him a job as manager of the sporting goods department in the local Montgomery-Ward store. It was a nice break for a young kid just out of college, and Dutch's athletic knowledge would fit in handy. But he couldn't see it, not after the exciting visions that whizzed around in his brain about broadcasting big football games. So he hitch-hiked the 120 miles back to Dixon and told his Dad so. Jack Reagan was pretty sore. He said that's what all this silly football business did to kids. They didn't want to work.

So Dutch was pretty low after hitch-hiking back to Eureka. Moon bucked him up. He told Dutch the thing to do was get a job and show his old man. The place for that was Chicago where all the big radio companies had headquarters. "Go on up there," said Moon, "and hit 'em for a job. Tell 'em you're good. Tell 'em," he grinned, "I said so!"

So Ronnie sneaked away from school and made the rounds of the Chicago radio offices hunting an audition. He didn't get one, not a smell of a job, but he heard of a one-time spot, the Iowa-Minnesota game, that was open out of Davenport, Iowa. He travelled on up there, and they tried him out and told him "maybe"—to go home and wait for a call. Ronnie went back to Dixon and sat around while his dad, plenty sore, stewed and called him crazy to turn down a solid store job for a nutty chance at a radio broadcast. But finally the call to come to Davenport arrived—and also a Midwest blizzard. Trains stopped running, and Dutch couldn't get there. He almost went wild. He was in the doghouse all around—with everyone but Brother Moon.

Luckily, the blizzard melted in a couple of days, and Ronnie got his chance at the game, and then an announcer's job on station WOC in Davenport. He made good and stayed on the staff. It was the first time Moon and Dutch Reagan had ever been permanently separated. Moon didn't like that any more than Dutch did, so after he graduated and helped his dad a while in the store, he took a trip up to see Ronnie, who was then in Des Moines. Moon had no idea of turning radio man himself, but the Reagan brothers missed each other more than either let on, and Ronnie had a pretty good job now in Des Moines with a big station. He told Moon an oil company wanted him to broadcast a Saturday night sports review after the football games, but he was so busy he couldn't handle it.

"Why don't you do it, Moon?" Dutch suggested.

"Are you nuts?" chuckled Moon. Dutch said he wasn't. So, completely cold, but with all the Reagan nerve in the world, Moon tried out and got the job. He made $17 a week, not enough even to afford a room, but he moved in with Dutch, and

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Tayton HOLLYWOOD • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

the Reagan boys were back together again. Pretty soon they got to teaming up on football broadcasts and dishing out the thrills so much like one another that listeners couldn't tell the difference.

Dutch and Moon didn't split up again until Hollywood grabbed Ronald. That was when Dutch traveled West to Catalina Island with the Chicago Cubs for spring training. Moon stayed in Iowa, and he'll never forget a letter he got from Dutch telling all the wonders of Southern California, from bathing beauties to glass-bottom boats, orange groves and Spanish castles. Dutch didn't mention Hollywood until 'way down at the bottom. "How would you like a movie star for a brother—hey? I got introduced to a Hollywood big shot the other day, and he says he'll give me a screen test. Want my autograph?"

dutch gable . . .

Moon sent a postcard back. He said, "Keep the autograph, Mister Gable. See you in Iowa."

That's where he did see Dutch again, too. Ronnie came back on the job. He'd made a test at Warner Brothers and met a few big shots around the lot after an actress he'd met at Catalina, Joy Hodges, took him to the studio. But he never took any of it seriously. He was twice as excited about a new sponsored sports broadcast on a national hookup that was due to start that fall.

So when Moon got a telephone call one day from Des Moines and heard Dutch say, "Listen—can you beat this? Guess what happened. I got a movie contract in the mail today!" he almost fell over. Then Moon almost blew up when Dutch went on. "What do you think I ought to do about it—send it back?"

"Hold everything!" yelped Moon. "I'll be right up."

He drove over to Des Moines a mile a minute that morning and laid down the law to Brother Dutch, who wasn't sure he wanted to risk losing the sports program for a wild crack at Hollywood. "You sign that contract," said Moon, "or I'll poke you one. It's the chance of a lifetime. If you don't take it, you're even dumber than I thought you were." It almost ended up in a scrap, but finally Dutch signed and—well—almost everybody knows the rest. He got a lead right off in "Love Is on the Air" and much to his own surprise, Dutch Reagan found himself an actor and pretty soon a star.

But the glamour of Hollywood hasn't made a speck of difference with the Reagan boys. Not from the moment Ronald Reagan began slicking up to right now. Moon stayed in Iowa and spent one vacation in California with Dutch, but he spent all his time on the beach at Santa Monica and never even looked at a studio. Next time he saw Ronnie was in Chicago at a Chicago theater. Ronnie was on a personal appearance tour, and along with him was a cute blond actress from his own studio. Dutch introduced Moon to Jane Wyman. Later, he called Moon into his dressing room.

"We're going to get married," said Dutch. "What do you think about that?"

"And for the first time in my life," Moon laughed, "I never had any advice to offer Dutch." Moon had married a Des Moines girl, and he knew already that marriage is a private affair.

Three years after Dutch Reagan came to Hollywood, his father and mother came out to California to live, and it wasn't long until Moon, too, found a radio connection in the booming broadcasting studios of Hollywood. Now he's program director for the Warner Broadcasting Corporation. A couple of years ago Jack Reagan died, but Mrs. Reagan has a place near her boys, and Moon and Dutch live

GAIL RUSSELL AND JAMES BROWN, STARRING IN THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE, "OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY"

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Gail says any girl can have hands so inviting to love.

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Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

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REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

right on the same street. So the Reagans are together all the time now.

Moon hasn't any kids, but he's the favorite "Uncle Moon" to Ronnie's and Jane's darling, Maureen Elizabeth. He calls her "Whitey" because of her cotton curls, and Jane calls Moon "The Bad Influence" because he spoils Maureen.

fighting irish . . .

When Moon and Dutch aren't changing the political set-up of the world or something at Ronnie's house, they're usually working in each other's yards. A while back Moon and Dutch decided Ronnie's swimming pool needed a beach. So they hewed out a 17 x 18 foot place, a couple of feet deep, and put one in. The excavation pit turned out to be almost solid rock, and the 12 tons of sand got dumped by mistake on the driveway, yards away, so Moon's back was about broke from shovels and wheelbarrows. When he heard Ronnie tell some friends of his that he—Ronnie—had done the job all by himself, Moon felt tempted to bean him again with a hatchet!

But the Reagan boys are saving their Sunday punches these days for a bigger target—the war. Ronald, of course, is already a captain. Ronnie—a swell horseman—had a reserve cavalry commission he earned when back at Des Moines, and joined up right away. Moon went with him to Fort MacArthur and March Field cals, because for a while it looked like the Army wouldn't accept Ronnie. His eyes aren't up to snuff. But he got a limited service job out of it and is now personnel officer of the big training-film center at Roach studios.

Moon was a National Guardsman himself, back in Iowa, and he's been trying to get in a uniform ever since the war began. But a missing ear drum blocks him there. So when he sees Dutch in his Army uniform, he gets a little green with envy.

But Ronnie's success as a Hollywood star hasn't given Moon one pang of jealousy. He plays around in a few pictures himself every now and then, in addition to his radio job. But he wouldn't be a star if you gave him the town and all the gold in it. Moon's ambition is to live on the desert in a cabin and take life easy.

The other night Moon and his wife and Ronnie and Jane went on a rare Saturday night excursion to the bright lights. They arrived at a war crowded restaurant where lines of hungry people waited. A mob of them swamped Ronnie for his autograph, and when the crush was all over the food was gone, and the restaurant folded up.

"That's my *brother*!" Moon cracked. Dutch flared. "Listen, if I wasn't wearing a uniform, I'd sock you one!"

"You and who else?" said Moon. And the girls had to stop it there. The Reagan boys will probably never change—which

COLD WEATHER GLAMOUR

(*Continued from page 67*)

dull and dismal as a rice pudding. These skin saboteurs take the form of chapped skin, parched lips and sometimes a red nose. You can shun their presence by treating your skin to lots of cream.

If you're a normal skinned femme (aren't you the lucky one!), practice the soap and water routine at least once a day. Work up some super duper lather, scrub your face and neck energetically. You should treat your face to some soothing cream. Use firm, upward strokes and remove the cream with cleansing tissues. To tone your skin, saturate a tissue with astringent or tonic and pat on.

If it's dry skin you bemoan, use lots of rich emollient cream. Use a soap made on an extra oily base. The better to soften your skin, my dear. Cream make-up bases are excellent, too.

You oily-skinned femmes should make a New Year's resolution to scrub your face with soapy suds at least twice a day. Get into the habit of dabbing on an astringent. Another way to keep your complexion a-blooming is to carry handy cleansing pads in your knapsack for use during the day. Then take note of the liquid and cake forms of foundation base. Ideal for oily skin!

plan d—Your Coif

Just when you least expect him, your furloughing beau comes into town, and there you are with stringy, bewildered looking hair. If this nightmare hasn't happened to you so far, make sure it never does. Keep your locks spanking clean with frequent shampoos. There's a specially wonderful one with hair-conditioner added that will bring a dash of sparkle and gleam to your old mop. Make with the brush at least one hundred strokes every night. If your halo is in need of one, start the new year with a new permanent. Try one of the home kit permanents that give glossy, bright curls in record time. Two more good reasons? These home permanents are safe and economical.

Tuck bows in your top knot for an added bit of glamour. You can secure 'em with the tiny tuck combs that have split teeth and that come in varied shades.

plan e—Care for Clothes

If a pin is sticking you, serves you right. Clothes should have buttons, not safety pins, to ensure their staying on. If you're guilty, then settle down tonight with a sewing box. While you're about it, take inventory of your drawers. In order? Are your things neatly arranged? A last minute dinner date shouldn't find you exhausted from searching for a clean slip to wear.

Success Plan

"Oh, what a beautiful morning!" hum you as so gaily you step out into the brisk, fresh air. And, of course, the morning's beautiful the same as you are . . . with a good grooming campaign to back you up!

DON'T LET THE
SQUANDER BUG
EAT YOUR MONEY
★ BUY ★
WAR BONDS

LANA TURNER

(*Continued from page 37*)

Julia Jean got to loathe the sight of orange sherbet.

Lying in her bed by the window, she saw two horses grazing in a nearby field—and the plan leaped fullblown to life. All day she lay there, suddenly so serene that the nurses eyed her suspiciously. She smiled back—a cherub. All day she watched the horses and decided she'd take the chestnut, because he was smaller and such a lovely color.

It might have worked, too, if one of the kids hadn't buzzed. She'd waited till she was sure they were all asleep, but this tattletale wasn't. No sooner had she kicked the screen out and jumped to the ground, than the hue and cry started. But before they caught her, she'd given them a run for their money. "I want to go to my mother," she screamed. "I want to get on that little red horse and go to my mother."

black clouds . . .

She was put back to bed, the window locked, and a nurse set to watch her. "Go to sleep," said the nurse. "You'll feel much better in the morning."

Big mournful eyes gazed up at her. "Who told on me?" demanded Julia Jean darkly. "I have to know, because she's my enemy for life."

Came the lovely day when they bathed her in some kind of horrible solution and took her to the office, and she went tearing between tears and laughter into Mother's arms. Mother'd brought her a whole new outfit—white dotted Swiss dress, white shoes, a blue bow for her hair. "But you've got to eat this first." It was orange sherbet!

Later, it seemed as if those three weeks in the hospital had been a kind of preparation for worse to come. One afternoon her godmother called for her at school. "Your Mother had to go up to 'Frisco honey. On—on business. You're coming home with me."

"To *'Frisco*? Without saying good-*by*?"

"She couldn't help it, Julia Jean. There just wasn't time."

Next day godmother said: "We're going to San Francisco."

"But why doesn't Mother come here? Is she sick?"

"No, she's all right. She just wants you up there with her."

A slow suspicion formed in Julia Jean's mind and strengthened to certainty. Mother was going to have a baby, that was it. There was always something mysterious about having a baby, and the mothers always went away first. Her eyes lit up. What *fun* to have a cute little baby to play with! She turned to her godmother. No, better not ask. It was true; she knew it.

There was no sign of a baby at the hotel where they met Mother. Julia Jean swallowed her disappointment. Maybe he wasn't ready yet, maybe he'd come tomorrow. She didn't like to ask Mother who looked kind of white and tired.

"You'll have to tell her," said Mildred Turner abruptly. "I can't"—and left.

Frightened, Julia Jean started after her, but godmother drew her back. "Honey, I've got something hard to tell you. Your daddy's gone."

"Gone?"

"There was an accident, and he was hurt—and died."

Died. There was a girl at school whose father died. She'd always been so sorry for that girl. It seemed such a lonely thing not to have a father. Now she was like that girl. Her daddy was gone. She'd never see him again. It was from shock, from a sense of something stable gone out

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of her life that Julia Jean cried that day.

"I've got to stay here," Mother explained. "Now that Daddy's gone, I've got to make more money for both of us. You can make more money in 'Frisco than in Stockton, but I'll be away all day, and there just wouldn't be anyone to look after you. You'll have to go back with godmother." The thin little arms tightened convulsively, the wet face pressed closer, and how Mildred Turner found the strength to stick to her plan, she still doesn't know. "I'll come down every week-end, I'll bring you up here the first minute I can make you a home—oh, darling, don't cry so."

Two long years. Two pretty bad years but—as generally happens—not so bad in actuality as in prospect. There was the convent, which she still loved. There were the bright week-ends to look forward to. There was her natural buoyancy to help her over the rough spots. And there was the endless hoping and planning.

It came suddenly. In San Francisco Mrs. Turner met Lucile Meadows, who suggested that they open a shop of their own. "What's more, I've got another idea. You've been hankering to bring that youngster of yours up here. Why don't we take a big apartment and share it? Your Julia Jean's what? Eleven? Well, my Hazel's 13, and George is 14, and they'll be pals for each other, and you won't have to worry about leaving the kid alone."

Mrs. Turner stared at her. "You're an answer to prayer," she said.

As for Julia Jean, life began at 11. The Meadows were a gay, warm-hearted family who took her in and made her their own. George and Hazel called her their little sister. Business prospered at the beauty shop, and a little Spanish woman came to do the cooking. The kids helped with the housework, but not enough to hurt. The door was always open to their friends, and their favorite room was the big kitchen—full of laughter and beautiful smells—where they'd stage kitchen parties.

Soon Julia Jean was going to Presentation High, where the kids shortened her name to Judy. "Suits you better. Besides, the other's too long." By any name, you still couldn't get her to do her homework. Yet her grades were good in everything but math. Math threw her.

the devil and the dime store . . .

None of the crowd was allowed to use make-up, so they all did. Saturdays would find them in the Dime Store, squandering their substance—Judy got a dollar a week—on lipstick and horrible shades of powder, on junk jewelry and stockings at 39c. Since they couldn't use the make-up either at home or school, you'd have thought it was hardly worth the effort—if you didn't know kids. Every morning they'd get up 15 minutes early. Waiting for the bus, they'd daub this stuff on their faces. Unloading a block away from the school building—at a spot known as Make-up Corner—they'd haul out mirrors and tissue and vigorously remove every trace of the powder and lipstick they'd been applying with equal vigor ten minutes ago. Silly? Not at all. You just wouldn't feel dressed if you met in the bus without make-up.

Saturday nights they all went to the show. Having spent the afternoon at the Dime Store, Judy was insolvent by night. So George or Hazel supplied the necessary quarter, plus a nickel for a candy bar. Thus armed, ten or a dozen of them would scramble for seats well down front and give themselves up to rapture. Gable was their god. Shearer was their dream of what every girl ought to look like. They tried to copy her hair-dos. When she came out with the slick bob and the whirl over the forehead, Judy cut her own hair to get the desired effect. It wasn't so hot. One look sent Mother into hysterics.

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That was why she finally broke down during the Jean Harlow craze. "I want to be a platinum blonde," yammered Judy. Docile enough for the most part, there were times when a glint appeared in Judy's eye that meant business. Mother recognized that glint now and shuddered from the vision of what a home-made job might do to her child's beautiful mop.

"I don't like it," she said, "and I never will. But if you've made up your mind, come on over to the shop after school."

From Judy's viewpoint, it was a dazzling success. The job was done on a Friday. Friday night was basketball night. The boys called for the girls, they all met at a certain corner and took the street car.

Judy felt a little shy, going to the door when the bell rang.

"Judy in?" asked the boy.

Her eyes widened, and a thrill ran through her. He didn't know her. He'd seen her that afternoon at school, and he didn't *know* her. Goodness, what fun!

"No," she answered demurely, "but she'll be right back. Want to wait?"

He eyed her curiously. "Who're you?"

"I'm her cousin."

"I never saw you before."

"No, I—I just got here. From Idaho."

"Judy," called her mother. "Don't stand there with the door open. Bring your friend in."

"Judy!" His jaw dropped. "Say, what've you *done* to yourself?"

There were boys, of course. Not that she was allowed to go out with them, except when the crowd went together. But to be in the swim, you had to get a crush on someone every so often. Judy's crushes lasted about a week. One lasted a month. He was truly devoted—walked her home from school, carried her books and treated her to holes of the doughnut. You bought the holes instead of the doughnuts because they were only a penny apiece—tiny little balls, fried very crisp and simply delicious—when you were just 14 and munched them on a sunlit street with a laughing boy who carried your books.

Judy also had what she called a "silent love." Silent was right. He was a friend of George's who, when he noticed her at all, referred to her as "the babe in arms." Her admiration grew in proportion to his aloofness. Without losing any sleep, she wove her dreams around him.

"Do you have a boy friend?" asked a newcomer at school.

"Oh *yes!*" breathed Judy. "He's an older man. Eighteen."

"Eighteen? And he goes with *you?*"

Judy didn't care for the skeptical note. "*Goes* with me? Why, he's at my beck and call."

The height of her ambition was to be taken for older than her years. She'd even fib about her age when she thought she could get away with it. But her sins caught up with her. She had to have her appendix out, and at the hospital they put her in the children's ward.

"Don't tell the gang," she begged her mother. "Cross your heart you won't let them know where I am."

They found out though. In they trooped one afternoon, and there lay Judy—looking very sophisticated indeed in the silk nightie Mother had brought to console her, a flower in her hair—sandwiched between a tot of seven and, believe it or not, a *baby* of three months!

Her pals let her have it. "Introduce us to your little friends, precious."

"How old did you say you were? Sixteen? Or six?"

"What are you looking so grim about, honey? Are you teething?"

She never fibbed about her age again—not in so many words—just tried to act

"...I think we women have one big advantage over our sisters abroad. We can work hard and still have the beautifiers to keep *our hands attractive*. I'm going to keep myself nice for you, no matter how hard I'm working. I'll be charming and I'll be pretty, when you come back home again. Dura-Gloss makes my fingers look so gay that *I* feel better myself. It's about the only polish I know that can take the hard knocks and *stay on*, and look bright and shining, like the stars."

10¢ PLUS TAX

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Duro-Coat Polish Remover Cuticle Lotion

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Founded by E. T. Reynolds

older. She had to, on account of the rat-races. That's what they called the school dances, thrown on Friday nights when there wasn't a basketball game. You couldn't go except with a legitimate date and, by Mother's ruling, dates were out. But she could always count on George and Hazel. "Oh, let her come, we'll look after her." George would slip her in, then go back to pick up his real date. She didn't have to worry about partners.

lovely word . . .

Five years of healthy, carefree girlhood —of laughter and comradeship and the thrilling sense of life just ahead which belongs only to youth. Not that Judy gave much thought to the future—the present was too all-absorbing. Of course when the kids got together and talked about what they were going to do, she had ideas, too.

"I'm going to be a biologist."

"Biologist! Judy Turner! Why, you can't even stand the sight of a bug, and a teentsy little moth drives you wild."

"So what? Biology's such a lovely word."

Later, she thought interior decorating would be nice. Or dress designing. School dramatics bored her. But once she got hooked. Or almost. For Joan of Arc yet.

"Hooray! I got out of it," she announced at home that night.

"How?"

"Well, there was just one way—to be bad enough so they'd kick me out."

They moved down to Los Angeles because Mrs. Turner caught one cold too many. She wrote to a friend in Hollywood, who wrote back: "My apartment's big enough for three. You can move right in." Mrs. Meadows bought out her interest in the shop, gave the two her blessing and a farewell blowout.

They drove down with two friends. The weather was drizzly. Just beyond Las Robles, the driver braked abruptly on a newly-paved stretch of road. They skidded, and the car turned over.

The other three managed to scramble out. Judy was dazed and had to be pulled out. Her side hurt, but otherwise she seemed all right. The first shock and anxiety over, they waited for a car to come. Nervously, the older women smoked.

Judy felt her time had come. It was *her* smash-up as much as anyone's. If it was true what they said, that cigarettes soothed you, she needed one—besides, she was 16.

"Mother, may I have a cigarette?"

Mother looked at her—such a look that it was on the tip of her tongue to say, "Never mind"—but something made her bite the words back. Miserably she took the cigarette, watched Mother strike a match, then blow it out.

"If you've got to smoke, go ahead. But I'm not going to light it for you."

Judy felt like a lamb turned out of the fold. She took one puff—a girl could do no less—sputtered and choked and threw the darn thing away.

At the hospital, they taped up her two broken ribs and treated Mrs. Turner for a slight concussion.

And that's how Lana Turner came to Hollywood—in a car with its side caved in. Not an impressive entry. But then Hollywood didn't impress her either.

Where was the shining avenue of dreams, spangled with Gables and Harlows and Shearers? This was nothing but a little old village street, overgrown, noisy, lined with ordinary shops, bustling with ordinary people like herself. She was six again, looking for the Golden Gate.

"Nuts,". said little Judy Turner and dropped her head on Mom's shoulder.

Editor's Note: *Part II of Lana Turner's life story will appear in the March issue of* Modern Screen.

"LOOK, ALICE. MY PEN'S DONE ANOTHER TAILSPIN. AND I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A NOTE TO THE NAVY'S BEST-LOOKING J. G.!"
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THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

"MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK"

(STORY)

(*Continued from page 48*)

"Who?" the Governor yelled.

"Kockenlocker, Kockenlocker. K-O-C-K-E—Kockenlocker—"

"Wait a minute," the Governor said. "I want to get this absolutely straight now. Hold on a minute while I get my secretary to take down every word you say."

Looking through the window, waiting for the Governor, the editor watched the growing mob in the street outside. He couldn't help thinking of Trudy and everything that had happened to her since that first day of the Farewell Dance. Blonde, pretty, lively, beautiful Trudy. . . .

And Norval Jones, second assistant teller at the bank.

The night of the farewell dance she was going to the movies with Norval. Or at least that's what she told her father. Pa wouldn't hear of her going to the dance. He knew soldiers, didn't he? He'd been in the last war. Farewell dance! Sure, it began down in the church basement, and then maybe out to the country club, and then maybe down to a boogie-woogie joint. Keep away from soldiers, Pa always said.

"I'm only going to the movies with Norval," Trudy said.

"Fine," Pa said. "Stick to Norval."

So she started down the street with Norval, and when they got around the corner to the car, she took his arm, and Norval smiled at her and she smiled back at him.

"Gee, Trudy," he said, "I can't think of anything I'd rather do, except maybe be in the Army, than go to a movie with you. Even a triple feature."

"That's awfully sweet of you, Norval," Trudy said.

"It's the truth," Norval said. "The only thing I wish is that I could be in uniform and still take you to the movies. But you know—the spots."

"The spots," Trudy said sadly.

"I'm perfectly fine until I get right up there before the doctor. Then all of a sudden my heart begins to beat fast, and they tell me not to get excited. And I'm not excited. I'm cool as ice. And then the next minute—"

"The spots," Trudy said.

"—and they tell me to go home again and take it easy. I can't think of anything I'd rather do than be in the Army. Unless it's being with you, Trudy . . ."

"It must be hard being in the Army," Trudy said.

"Sure it's hard."

"I don't mean physically. I mean when you have to go away. And there's nobody to say good-by to you."

"Oh, the Sergeant says good-by," Norval said.

"But it should be different," Trudy said. "There should be fun. And dancing. And maybe a girl to wave to—"

"That's why they have the farewell dance," Norval said.

"That's what I mean," Trudy said. "The farewell dance."

"Trudy—" Norval said.

"Norval, you wouldn't want me to let those poor guys go off alone without even saying good-by to them. It could be so easy. Now you go right on to the pictures—"

"Three features," Norval said. "You want me to sit through three features all alone?"

"—and then I could pick you up at the end of the show. And Papa would never know the difference. And I could say good-by to the soldiers. And—"

(*Continued on page 84*)

"These soft white hands keep the home fires burning!

No red, chapped hands for me! I use **HINDS**—that **HONEY** of a lotion—before and after doing grimy, hard work!"

★ To hasten the return of your service man, our plant is making ammunition fuzes. So if your favorite store is temporarily out of Hinds lotion, please be patient. ★

BUY THIS

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BEFORE WORK—both housework and factory work—use Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream. Its skin-softeners help protect your hands against drying effects of soapy-water jobs, chapping weather, ground-in grime. Notice how your hands wash up softer . . . cleaner.

AFTER WORK—and after every wash-up-use Hinds *again*. Red, chapped hands look smoother . . . feel soothed and comfortable. Actually *benefits* skin abused by work or weather. On sale at toilet-goods counters.

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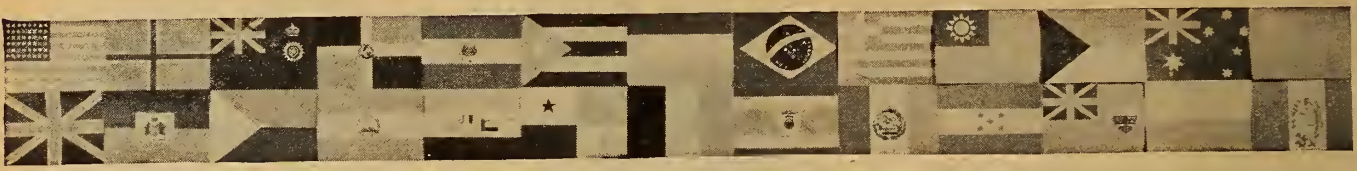
at home and in factory!

HINDS *for* **HANDS**

The ninth in our series on THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES



Norwegian by birth, undisputed Ice Skating Queen by virtue of being three-time winner of Olympic Figure Skating Championship, and many-time winner of European and World Championships!

Star of 20th Century-Fox's musical extravaganza, "Winter Time" and now touring with her "Hollywood Ice Revue," Sonja Henie—when time permits—enjoys making rich Norwegian-style cookies.

NORWAY

"IF THERE IS ANYONE who still wonders why this war is being fought, let him look to Norway. If there is anyone who has any delusions that this war could have been averted, let him look to Norway. And if there is anyone who doubts of the democratic will to win, again I say, let him look to Norway.

"He will find in Norway, at once conquered and unconquerable, the answer to his questioning."

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

Some seven years ago, a blonde and dimpled little Norwegian girl—then totally unknown in America, although already famous on the Continent as an extraordinarily skillful figure skater—arrived over here to glide and spin and smile her way into the hearts of a vast army of movie fans. This was, of course, Sonja Henie. So, for our series on *The Foods of Our Allies*—remembering the country of her origin and her popularity with our readers—we naturally decided to ask Miss Henie to represent her native Norway.

Norway—"Land of the Midnight Sun," of peaceful fjords and mighty glaciers—once described by such lovely words as "serene" and "tranquil." Norway—Land of the Vikings—whose ships and sailors still roam the seven seas! Carrying, now, the tools of war to the battlefields of the world for the benefit of our mutual cause. Waiting for the glorious day when they can return to their home ports laden with the supplies of peace; when, once again, the liberty-loving Norwegians can resume the way of life they loved. It is for this future occasion and in this expectation that the indomitable Norwegians fight on!

In happier times now past, the people of this little kingdom "at the roof of the world" enjoyed, according to Sonja Henie, one of the highest standards of living; which included excellent and abundant food. It was shortly before the holidays when we interviewed Sonja about Norwegian cooking, so she naturally spoke of Christmas celebrations she remembered as a child. Of the festivities that lasted for a full week. Of the corn and the suet that were hung on the fir trees for the birds to eat . . . "a sight so beautiful, so

by Marjorie Deen

peaceful, that it greatly enhanced the Yuletide spirit," is the way Sonja put it.

She also described the many types of rich cookies that were "musts" at that time of the year and were welcome treats at all other seasons, as well. (Of these cookies more, later on.) Miss Henie spoke of Fish Pudding as her favorite Norwegian dish and said that whenever she and her mother were in New York, they would immediately place an order for one of these specialties with Sophie Madsen, who makes and sells them. However, despite her enthusiasm for Norwegian Fish Pudding, Miss Henie was reluctant to give us the recipe. "To make this dish," she explained, "takes so much time that I doubt if Americans would think it worth the effort. Why, in the country districts of Norway," she went on, "they pound the fish for four hours in a wooden bowl! Of course, it is possible to get good results by putting the fish through a food grinder six or seven times—using the finest blade—but even so it is a lot of bother."

So, instead, Miss Henie suggested that we concentrate on other, easier-to-follow recipes. For example:

There's *Benlöse Fugler,* or *Boneless Birds*—a meat dish that "goes easy" on both points and pennies. *Risengrynsgröt*—a nutritious, inexpensive pudding that is especially delectable when accompanied by the *Rod Saus* given below. And, to serve with coffee, there's *Kringle*—one of the rich coffee cakes for which all Scandinavians are famous. And *Fattigmanns Bakkels*—a deep-fat-fried specialty. Also, a rich cookie once known as *Berlinerkranser,* but now called *Oslokranser*—for good and sufficient reasons, as I'm sure you'll agree after a short study of the two names.

ROD SAUS
(Red Sauce for Desserts)

Wash and pick over 2 cups cranberries.* Cook with 1 cup water until all skins pop open. Strain through fine sieve. (In order to have a clear sauce, be sure not to force any of pulp through strainer.) Return juice to saucepan, add ¾ cup sugar combined with 1½ tablespoons cornstarch. Cook and stir until clear and slightly thickened. Remove from heat immediately. If desired, sprinkle with mace. Serve hot or cold.

**In Norway, Rod Saus is made with the juice of any seasonal red (rod) fruits. For this country and season, cranberries are ideal.*

We have had the above mentioned recipes printed up in the form of a little folder which you will certainly want to send for if you're interested in foreign foods, in general, and in the dishes from Norway that Sonja favors, in particular. So just use this coupon or simply drop us a postal.

THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN
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Please send me—absolutely free—recipes for Sonja Henie's Norwegian dishes, in THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES series.

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CRAMPS—Midol contains an *exclusive* ingredient to relax muscles, relieve the typical spasmodic pain.

HEADACHE—A second Midol ingredient gives further comfort, swiftly soothing "menstrual" headache.

"BLUES"—Midol's third ingredient, a mild stimulant, picks you up; helps chase "blues".

Relieves all 3 kinds of functional menstrual suffering

"No," Norval said. "Three features, Trudy. All alone!"

"Norval . . ." Trudy said. "For me?"

"I don't know why I do it," Norval said. "I don't know why I do it. Three features . . . the spots . . . all alone. I don't know why I do it!"

having wonderful time . . .

Trudy had a lovely time. They began in the church basement drinking lemonade without sugar, and she danced with a soldier six feet tall and she danced with one five feet one. There was one with curly black hair. One was bald. Then they all piled into a car, and they drove out to the country club, and it was all glitter and a band playing soft music and someone said: "Champagne for everybody!" So they danced and drank champagne, and a soldier said: "I got an idea. Let's all get married." They laughed, and after a while they weren't at the country club any more. They were in a boogie-woogie joint, and Trudy was beating it out with the big soldier with the broad shoulders and the curly black hair or maybe it was the short, bald one. It was so hard to keep things straight. There was a funny glittering thing on the low ceiling, and the soldier she was dancing with twirled her off to the right and bounced her high, and sure enough she cracked her head on the big glittering thing in the middle of the ceiling and landed all sprawled out on the floor while the whole crowd laughed and she kept saying: "What's the joke, what's the joke?"

headaches and hangovers . . .

It was eight o'clock in the morning before she turned up driving Norval's car erratically down the Main street of Morgan's Creek toward the movie house.

Norval was waiting.

It was eight-fifteen before Norval finally got her home while she kept singing and insisting that she never drank anything stronger than lemonade. At Trudy's house, he picked her up and carried her, staggering a little under the weight, up the front porch steps.

Papa was waiting.

It was eight-seventeen and a half before Norval finally ducked under Papa's outraged left hand jab and made a clean break for his car. It was eight-eighteen and a quarter when Papa reached for singing Trudy, missed his grip and sprawled flat on his back in the living room, while Trudy raced up to her room.

Emmy was waiting.

Emmy was Trudy's kid sister. She wasn't blonde, and she was a little gawky, but she made up for it because her head was stuffed with that good grey stuff sometimes called brains or common sense.

"How could you do it?" Emmy said. "Stay out to eight o'clock in the morning. You knew Pa would be hopping mad."

"Oh, we had a wonderful time—" Trudy said.

"Sure, and you said good-by to the whole U. S. Army. Plus the Navy and the Marine Corps—"

"And we danced. And we had fun. And a fellow kept saying let's all get married. Wasn't that silly? Marry some fellow you never saw before and maybe never see again—"

"Someone certainly had some dopey ideas," Emmy said.

"Sure. You can't get married that way. Just some fellow. Using a curtain ring for a marriage band and—"

"Trudy!" Emmy said.

"What's the matter?" Trudy said.

"Trudy, what's that on your finger?"

They looked down at it. There it was on the fourth finger. A curtain ring, and if you turned it a little, it looked almost exactly like a bona fide marriage band.

"Trudy!" Emmy said. "You didn't! You didn't fall for that guff. You didn't get married!"

And then suddenly, very sharply, Trudy was cold sober.

"Married?" she said. "Emmy, I don't know. Maybe I did. I remember we were all dancing and then . . . and then . . . I can't remember anything more. There was something glittering up on the ceiling, and someone kept saying let's all get married . . . And I don't remember . . ."

"If you did get married," Emmy said, "you'd know the guy's name at least. Who was the guy you were out with?"

"I don't know . . . there were so many. There was a fellow with curly black hair. And another one. There was a fellow whose name had an 'atski' in it. Like Ratziwatski. Or something . . ."

"That's a help," Emmy said, then she snapped her fingers. "We can find out in a minute. If you got married, you'd sign your name. It'll be in the register. We can find out if you got married and whom you got married to."

Emmy started for the door purposefully.

Trudy said: "Wait a minute. I remember something else. I remember someone saying: 'Don't give your right name' . . ."

Emmy almost fainted: "You mean you didn't give your right name. And you don't know the name of the fellow you married—"

"I guess that's how it must have been," Trudy said slowly.

"Trudy!" Emmy wailed. "Trudy!"

As it turned out there was no doubt at all that Trudy had been married.

Because the doctor said she was going to have a baby.

Emmy was tight-lipped when she heard the news. "That does it," she said. "You know you were married. And I know it. But who else is going to believe it? Are you sure you can't remember the name of the soldier?"

"Oh, I don't know," Trudy said. "Ratziwatski. Or something."

"Oh murder!" Emmy said. "You know what they're going to be saying. You know what Papa's going to say. You know what he'll do to Norval—"

"Norval!" Trudy said. "What has Norval got to do with it?"

"Well, he was the guy you were out with until eight o'clock that morning."

"But—"

"But nothing," Emmy said. "Just wait till Papa finds out about this thing."

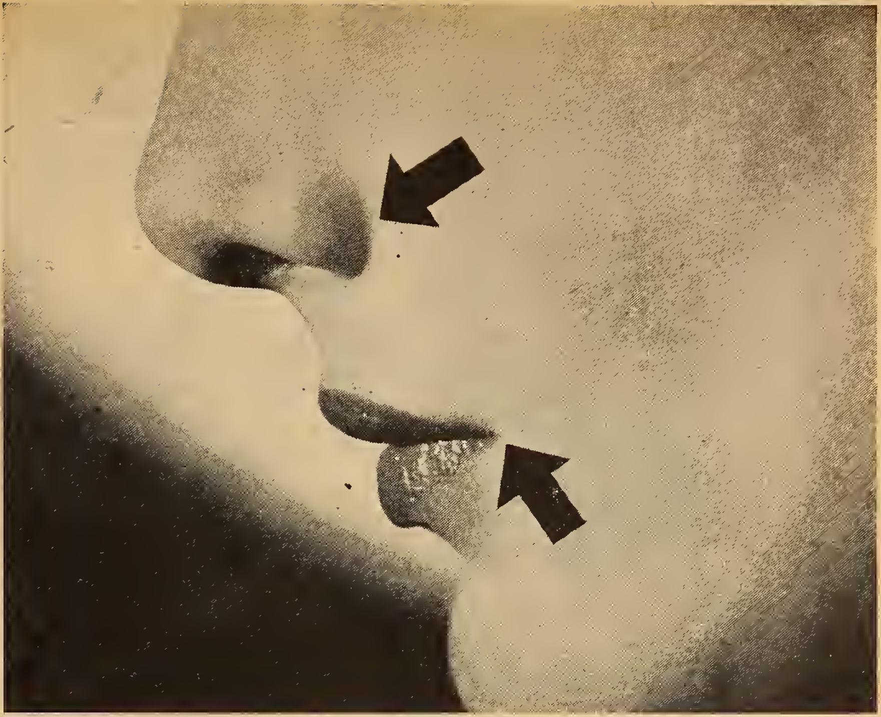
QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(Continued from page 8)

1. Army captain
2. Billy the Kid
3. Home for the war
4. Pal Joey
5. Tough stuff
6. British beauty
7. Brutish-looking
8. Trigger
9. Government girl
10. Casablanca refugee
11. Horsin' with Orson
12. Jon's wife
13. Kid star grown up
14. Murder on Broadway
15. Of Hollywood Four Hundred
16. Chick and Ole
17. Tender toughie
18. Sweet 'n sultry
19. Papa-to-be
20. Vaudeville vet

(Next set of clues on page 105)



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show up quickly in these "Danger Zones" of your skin!

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NO one needs to tell you that there are "danger zones" of the skin. *You know!* For your own mirror has warned you about them, many times.

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In the curve beside your nose, pores often become bigger and bigger — until they look conspicuous and coarse. Around your mouth and chin, dirt and grease tend to accumulate and harden into blackheads.

But *you* can be sure you won't have any of these skin troubles, if you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! For it guards these two danger zones, guards *all* the danger zones of your skin!

Each time you apply Lady Esther Face Cream it does these 4 vital things: **(1)** It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. **(2)** It *softens* your skin, loosens and absorbs the dry, clinging flakes. **(3)** It helps nature refine the pores. **(4)** It leaves a smooth perfect base for powder.

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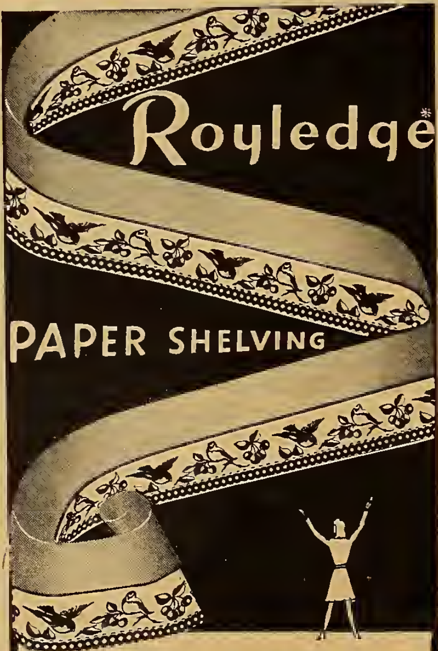

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"We can't let that happen to Norval. Papa'll shoot him."

"Wait a minute," Emmy said. "Norval. There's the answer. Norval. You were out with him that night. He's crazy about you. You've got to have a husband. He's made for it. He's a schnook. And that's what we need now. He's perfect."

poor fish . . .

"Emmy," Trudy said. "You don't know what you're saying."

"Don't I?" Emmy said. "Listen, baby, you're going to marry Norval."

It was easy. It was so easy that it hurt. Norval came over for dinner, and the way he sat at the end of the table always looking at Trudy, you could see it in his eyes and in his face and even in the way he fumbled with his fork. He was so much in love with Trudy, he didn't even know what he was eating.

Papa kept talking about marriage and daughters and what a pain in the neck both of them were. Papa kept saying that the only reason he was a cop was because he could yell at women drivers. Papa kept saying marriage was for dopes and 100 per cent of the human race was dopes.

Out on the porch later, just the two of them, Trudy said: "I hope you don't think Papa was talking too much about marriage tonight."

"I don't mind," Norval said. "I like to hear people talk about marriage. Only it isn't always the right people—"

"Even the . . . right people . . . think about marriage sometimes," Trudy said.

"Do they? They never tell me."

"Maybe it's because you don't ask," Trudy said.

It was dark on the porch, and only the glimmer of light from the moon lit the old, polished planking. There was the smell of Spring in the air, of fresh grass and roses, and there was a soft wind blowing off the face of Morgan's Creek.

"Trudy," Norval said. "What do you mean, they don't ask . . ."

"Well, they don't ask," Trudy said.

"Trudy," Norval said, "do you mean . . . do you mean . . ."

"Don't get excited. Remember your blood pressure."

"Why shouldn't I get excited?" Norval said. "Do you mean, Trudy, do you mean . . ."

"What?" Trudy said. "Say it Norval."

"Would you marry me, Trudy?"

And then suddenly he was on his knees, and he was talking in a flood of words, holding her hand, looking up at her.

"Trudy," he said, "I always thought about it. I dreamt about it. When we were kids in school . . . gee, you were still wearing pigtails . . . I fell in love with you then. And I've never been out of it. In high school. And afterwards. I always hoped. I never thought really that you could love a guy like me. I know I'm not handsome. I'm not even anything. I just know I'm so crazy about you there's nothing in the world I'd want more than marrying you."

"Norval," Trudy said. "I never knew . . ."

"Trudy, would you. You were talking now almost like you were in love with me. . ."

"I can't do it to you," Trudy said. "I can't, I can't. You're so sweet, Norval. You're so good."

"What are you talking about, Trudy?" Norval said. "What can't you do to me? What's it all about, Trudy? The spots . . . what's it all about?"

"Maybe you wouldn't want to marry me," Trudy said.

"What are you talking about, Trudy?" Norval shouted. "Trudy you're crazy."

"No, I'm not," Trudy said.

"You must be crazy thinking I wouldn't want to marry you," Norval said excitedly. "If you're not crazy, what are you?"

"I'm married," Trudy said.

"The spots . . ." Norval yelled, "the spots . . . did you say you were married?"

"Yes. Only I don't know his name. And there isn't any record. So I can't let you marry me. It would be bigamy. Or something."

It was two days before Norval thought of anything. Then that evening, he drove up, and he beckoned mysteriously to Trudy.

norval comes through . . .

"Ratziwatski is going to marry you."

"Did you find him?" Trudy said.

"I didn't find him," Norval said. "I'm Ratziwatski. Look, Trudy, what you need is a certificate, that's all. A marriage certificate that says Trudy Kockenlocker married Ratziwatski. So why can't we go down to a Justice of the Peace, and I'll say I'm Ratziwatski and we'll get the certificate? And that way everything will be fine. It's foolproof. It solves everything. It's almost legal."

"Norval," Trudy said, "I can't let you. Besides Ratziwatski was a soldier, and he had a uniform."

"Of course you can let me," Norval said. "You got to. That's all I want to do. I just want to help you. And I even have the uniform. Now you just leave everything to me."

Maybe the uniform Norval got was a little big. And maybe it was really a uniform from World War I. It didn't look too good, but maybe Norval wouldn't look too good in a uniform anyway. Besides, the Justice of the Peace didn't seem to notice, and he went through the whole ceremony. It was all done, all finished.

The Justice of the Peace said: "Sign here, please."

And Norval took the register and signed in his best Palmer handwriting. He signed: NORVAL JONES.

"Just a minute," the Justice of the Peace said narrowly. "Just a minute, there, big boy. What goes on here?"

He pulled out a huge pistol and brandished it under Norval's nose.

"Norval," Trudy wailed, "Norval—"

"I thought his name was Ignatz Rattywatty. Abducting the girl, eh? Min," he shouted to his wife. "Call up the Sheriff. Get in touch with the Military Police. Ring the F.B.I. We got something here!"

Norval ended up in jail.

Back at the house, Trudy was weeping. "I love him," she said. "He was so good. And now—"

"Love!" Emmy said. "Be practical!"

"I don't care," Trudy said. "I love him. And I married him. It's all in the certificate."

"That's it," Emmy said excitedly. "Sure it's in the certificate. That fixes that, anyway. You got the certificate to prove you're married, at least."

Officer Kockenlocker knocked on the door and then came into the bedroom. He looked at the two girls morosely.

"Daughters," he said bitterly.

"Cut it out," Emmy said. "She feels bad enough anyway."

"*She* feels bad," Officer Kockenlocker said. "How do you think she'd feel married to a guy wanted by every policeman in the country. I took care of that anyway."

"What do you mean you took care of that?" Emmy said.

"Your old man isn't such a dope," Officer Kockenlocker said. "I got the J. P. to tear up the certificate. No one will ever know she married the jerk."

"You what?" Emmy said. "Oh, no, Papa. You couldn't be that dumb."

"Listen, you underdone stringbean—"

"Shall we tell him?" Emmy said.

"I'm married," Trudy said. "I'm going to have a baby."

Officer Kockenlocker swayed. Then he

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Gloria Swanson
one of America's greatest movie stars says:

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roared: "What! A baby."

"A baby," Emmy said. "The patter of little feet."

There was only one thing to do. They had to get Norval out. They went down to the jail late that night, and they found Norval in his cell looking at the bars on the window. He looked sad.

Norval said he couldn't escape. Norval said that would only get Officer Kockenlocker into trouble, and he'd probably lose his job and never get his pension—"

"Norval, you must. For my sake," Trudy said. "I could never rest if I knew you were in jail."

"Sure," Emmy said. "Find that Ratziwatski guy. That would solve everything."

Norval said slowly: "That's true. If I could find him for Trudy, then everybody would know Trudy was really married. Only I'd need money. I'll have to look for him. I have money in the bank. Only it's in bonds—"

"That helps," Officer Kockenlocker said.

"Do you think it would be wrong," Norval said, "if I left the bonds and just took the money? I have a key to the bank, and we could get it now. It would only take a minute."

Officer Kockenlocker groaned: "All right, rob the bank. Go ahead. Only escape, will you? I can't stand my daughter's crying all the time."

"Good-by, Trudy," Norval said. "Don't worry."

"Good-by, Norval," Trudy said. "I love you."

"Isn't it funny," Norval said. "That's the only thing that matters."

"Very funny," Officer Kockenlocker said. "I could die laughing."

So that's how the robbery happened at the Morgan's Creek Bank, and that's how the famous jail-break of Norval Jones occurred. He disappeared. He disappeared in the Spring, and he wasn't seen again until the snow was on the ground and the frost was in the air.

miracle at christmas . . .

It was Christmas.

But there was an evil star that followed Norval, and no sooner was he in town than he was immediately spotted. And no sooner was he spotted, than immediately he was once more jugged.

The news reached the Kockenlockers on a small farm just outside the city limits of Morgan's Creek. They had been living there secretly ever since Officer Kockenlocker was fired after Norval's jail-break.

"He dood it again," Emmy said sadly. "In the can."

"I've got to go into town," Trudy said. "I've got to tell them the whole story. They can't keep Norval in jail."

Officer Kockenlocker said, "We've been trying to keep the secret, and no one knows you're going to have a baby. Go into town now and . . ."

"I've got to," Trudy said.

They reached town just as the conference was taking place at the firehouse. The town elders were discussing the fate of Norval Jones. Officer Kockenlocker wearily climbed the stairs and stood before them.

"My daughter has something she wants to tell you gentlemen," he said heavily.

"Let her come in," said Mr. Tuerck, the town banker.

"I'm afraid you'll have to come down to her. She's—"

Emmy's voice rose piercingly in the air; she came tumbling up the stairs: "Papa! Papa! Trudy—"

"Is there a doctor in the house?" Officer Kockenlocker roared.

And then the miracle happened at Morgan's Creek.

God moves in mysterious ways, and when He takes a hand in human affairs, mountains are moved and the seas divide. And so it came to pass that a miracle happened. And before the shock and the wonder of it had passed, the news raced around the world. The important people in this miracle were Norval Jones and Trudy Kockenlocker. The miracle suited them fine. More or less. It was fine enough so that they found themselves married, and Norval got a Colonel's uniform in the State Guard and the Governor himself congratulated them. There was one other thing. Of course—

They lived happily ever after.

CAST

Norval Jones	*Eddie Bracken*
Trudy Kockenlocker	*Betty Hutton*
Emmy Kockenlocker	*Diana Lynn*
Officer Kockenlocker	*Wm. Demarest*
Governor	*Brian Donlevy*
Boss	*Akim Tamiroff*
Sheriff	*J. Farrell MacDonald*
Raferty	*Julius Tannen*

A GUY NAMED JOE

(*Continued from page 53*)

Welles' Hollywood tent show for soldiers that played seven nights a week for six weeks. He's the most scrambled after leading man in Hollywood with producers practically lining up at David Selznick's chanting, "We want Cotten!"

In spite of all this hullabaloo, Joe Cotten is taking plenty of time out for laughs and living and giving Hollywood hooey the back of his hand. He's staying Joe Cotten all the time—which is to say a gay, straightforward guy with an indestructible sense of humor and the queer, unHollywood knack of squeezing a good time out of every minute.

The other day Joe got a fan letter from a snooty Boston lady. It was on elegant, crested and engraved note paper.

"Dear Mr. Cotten," it read. "Kindly forward an autographed portrait of yourself—for the servants, of course."

Joe roared when he read that one. He thought it was wonderful. He mailed the picture as requested. He also sent along a letter he spent a whole evening composing and a book he spent most of one afternoon digging up in Hollywood. The letter stated in flowery phrases how flattered he was to comply with the lady's request. The enclosed book, he pointed out, was an elementary reader and spelling guide, and he said it was his earnest wish that after diligent study the lady's servants would be able to write and ask for their own photographs!

Following up a funny gag like that gives Joe Cotten a bigger kick than getting a raise in salary. The odd part is, you'd never in a million years suspect he's blessed with an oversized funnybone and as full of beans as a Navy mess kit until you meet him in person. In "Citizen Kane" Joe played his first Hollywood scene as an old man mumbling through his silvery moustache in a wheel chair. And ever since he's been somebody's father or uncle or something equally sedate and mature. You have to know Joe

Cotten to realize what a big kid at heart he really is.

slicing a "tomato" . . .

A few lucky people had that chance not long ago when Joe let loose and clowned through the magic show that he and Orson Welles tossed in a tent for Hollywood service men. Joe had the time of his life riding a stuffed lion, helping saw Hollywood tootsies in half and getting slapstick belly laughs from the crowd.

I'll have to tell a story on Joe Cotten about that show. The afternoon Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth got married, Joe, being Orson's chum, was best man. After the nuptials in Santa Monica, the wedding party came to Joe's house in nearby Pacific Palisades for a spot of refreshments. They had only a couple of hours before the show went on at eight o'clock, and they devoted most of that celebrating with champagne. When they showed up at curtain time everyone, including Joe, was happily confused.

The spot in Orson's magic program arrived where Joe had to fire a pistol into a trunk where a lovely Hollywood star has just been locked, all tied up in a sack. He was supposed to cry, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will shoot this pistol into the trunk!" Instead, Joe's tongue, wobbly from bubble-water, shouted, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now shoot the bag in the trunk!" Then he went ba-loom! And out popped the lovely star—Marlene Dietrich!

"Who called me a bag?" she inquired coolly. Joe and the audience roared.

no chuckle-charley . . .

I don't mean to make Joe out as Joe the Joker. He isn't any gag artist or Chuckle-Charley. But he gets such a kick out of everything, and he's so open and honest about it that everything's a ton of fun for everybody concerned—even when the situation has the makings of being strained. Joe is canny enough about his career, but he's so easy-going and jovial about it that he doesn't make enemies.

For instance, when "This Is the Army" was casting, boss Jack Warner wanted Joe Cotten for the hoofer part that George Murphy later did. Joe knew it wasn't for him from the start, but at Warner's insistence he took a crack at tap dancing—and it didn't work. He had to explain why he thought he shouldn't attempt the part, so he went into Warner's office one day to explain. "I can't do it," said Joe.

"Why?" Warner wanted to know, peeved.

Joe didn't explain. He never said a word. Instead, he broke into his tap dance. He hopped all round the room in his clumsy off-to-Buffalos and jigs. The furniture bounced around, and Joe's off-beat steps almost wrecked the place. He kept it up until Warner wiped his eyes and cried, "Stop it! Okay—you win! You don't get the part."

When you meet Joe Cotten, the first thing you notice are the laugh wrinkles around his eyes and the way every movement he makes is charged with life and bounce and vitality. You'd never in a million years guess he has seen 38 summers. His six-foot-two frame is as trim as a boy's, with no more waistline than a yellowjacket. With the terrific tan he has collected since he came to California, he stacks up like a bronze Greek statue under his mop of yellow clinging curls. You'd expect to find Joe on a college campus booting a football.

Joe and Lenore Kipp, a bright and extremely attractive blonde, have been married 12 years, and the ups and downs of an actor's career have never made a speck of difference in their happiness. For years in New York, while Joe

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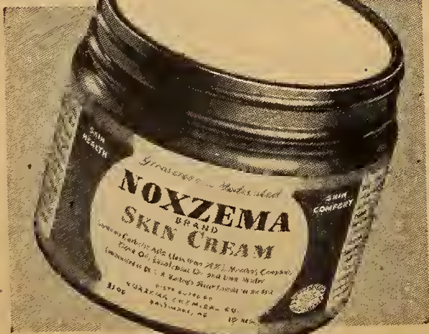
See how quickly Noxzema helps heal ugly externally-caused skin irritations . . . pimples . . . work-roughened hands!

Even at home, war days mean more exposure. Thousands find Noxzema brings grand relief to windburn, chapped lips, rough, red "housework" hands.



These days there's even more work around the house! Use Noxzema for minor burns, to help keep hands soft and smooth.

Noxzema Specially Prepared for Shaving gives a grand, smooth, easy shave—even with cold water. Thousands of servicemen use it regularly, either before lathering or as a brushless shave.

ore, from a socially prominent family and an editor of a big fashion magazine, was the one who rated. Joe was "Lenore Kipp's husband—an actor fellow, y'know." Now in Hollywood Lenore is Joe Cotten's wife—"non-professional." In neither case has either had a tremor of jealousy. In fact, they've become so close that Joe actually has confidence enough to shop for Lenore's clothes—and greater courage hath no man than that.

Joe and Lenore met years ago in Miami, Florida. Joe was peddling newspaper advertising then, among other things, and having a lot of hobby fun promoting and acting in a little theater in Miami of nights. The theater got to be fairly fashionable with the winter colony, and Lenore Kipp, vacationing in Miami, started taking it in. Then, as now, she was a brilliant musician, and one night Joe had to play a piano on the stage, and he couldn't even pound out chopsticks. Someone prevailed on Lenore to rip off the music backstage while Joe faked it before the footlights. They met after the performance, and that started things.

5th cousin to a sea slug . . .

At that point, Lenore Kipp's opinion of actors was that they rated some seven notches below a sea slug in the scale of animal life. But when she met Joe, she discovered actors can be real persons, too—if they happen to be Joe Cotten.

In fact, Lenore tumbled so hard for Joe's charm that she found herself telling him he was too good to fool around in Miami with amateur theatricals, that he ought to tackle Broadway. And Joe fell so hard for pretty Lenore that he listened and hopped a train to New York. They were married about a year later on practically no prospects. For their wedding supper they went to a Chinese chop suey joint! They lived for years in a tiny Greenwich Village apartment.

Home today for the Cottens is a comfortable Monterey type house on an oleander lined lane in Pacific Palisades beachways from Hollywood, overlooking the ocean.

It has a swell tennis court and a tidy swimming pool (both are Joe's very favorite sports). Both the inside and outside of the house show the distinctive imprint of the Cottens, although they've been there less than two years. I've never seen a more comfortably furnished house or one done in better taste. Both Joe and Lenore know nice things when they see them; scattered around are some wonderful old antique pieces Joe has collected in his home state of Virginia, and a few things he has put together himself, including the biggest bookcase you ever saw.

call me joe . . .

Judy's horse, Blackberry (a present from O. Welles), a cat, a canary and an amiable red Irish setter, Jack, fill out the Cotten household. Jack was a gift from Joe's friend, producer Jack Moss, so Joe called him Jack. The funny part is, he won't answer to anything else but "Joe." Joe suspects that Jack trained him that way before handing him over.

Joe Cotten gets a tremendous kick out of his home. Among his pals, he's notorious about it. Recently he went for an evening at a friend's house who lived to heck and gone away. Joe hadn't been there much more than an hour when he suggested brightly, "How about going over to my place for a drink?" The friend blew up. "That" he said, "is a pretty long way to go for a drink. For gosh sakes, Joe, can't you have any fun away from your own house?"

"Well," confessed Joe with a grin,

"frankly, no. I do try, but somehow. . . ."

His idea of a perfect day is to work in the morning, have a hot set of tennis in the afternoon (he's good at it and takes it seriously), then an evening at home with some pals he likes. Joe takes no regimented care at all of his swell build which still looks about like it did when he played pro football as a youth around Washington, D. C. He eats everything he wants with a meat-and-potato appetite which never flags, likes a drink or two before dinner. But he hasn't an inch of fat and never seems to collect the stuff. Of course Joe works plenty of it off these days because he keeps going from early dawn to dusk around the studios most days. Then, too, Joe's a great night owl, burying himself in bed under books—he likes biographies best—until he drops off to sleep. Joe has good solid tastes in all things cultured—music, drama, literature and art.

duke-y dukes . . .

In all his creative comforts, Joe's an epicurean and admits it. He likes good clothes and fine food, drink and tobacco and the comforts of living. Even when his bank account was anemic in early Broadway days he always wore handmade shoes and tailored suits. He's had to cut a lot of that out since the war, of course, but before the Japs got nasty, Joe used to love to get on a train in the best space available and travel in style, keeping the porter hopping. In his early Hollywood days, when he wasn't so busy, he missed New York a lot. So he'd hop on a train and go up to San Francisco and just wander about that cosmopolitan town, staying in the best hotels, taking in all the fancy restaurants, all dressed up to kill, even to yellow chamois gloves!

Even when he's around the house today, Joe is meticulous about his person. He's a water otter, with at least three showers and a couple of shaves a day, whether he's working or lounging. There's nothing sloppy about Joe. He's always changing clothes, and he still has a prewar wardrobe that would knock your eye out. The point is, Joe Cotten believes that life is designed to enjoy.

Joe has never failed to click with the people he works with. He played a couple of years with Katharine Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story," and Katie, notoriously, is brittle-tempered and not exactly the pal type to her colleagues, especially when she's keyed up and on the beam in a part. But Joe is crazy about her and she him still (her picture is in his den), and he thinks the two years he spent with "The Philadelphia Story" and La Hepburn were a couple of the pleasantest in his stage life.

Of all his friends, and by now he knows most of Hollywood, Orson Welles is the closest to Joe Cotten and the guy who vibrates in tune with him more than anyone else. Orson and Joe met in New York some years ago at a radio studio. Joe had finally made a name of sorts for himself on the stage and was picking up additional chips acting on the air. He landed on one with Orson, the boy genius, and on the air another ether ham made a very funny fluff right when the plot was thickening seriously.

Orson exploded with laughter right over the air, and Joe joined in. When the show was over, they were booted together out of the studio and became firm friends!

Most people today don't know that Joe Cotten wrote a lot of the famous Welles Mercury Theater air shows. Not the famous "Men from Mars" one (Joe was out of town then, and it burnt him up to find he'd missed all the fun). For that matter, Joe Cotten authored the script of a movie he made in Hollywood, "Journey into Fear," which was not so hot. "Journey into Fear" made Joe out on the screen as a sort of a jerk. This was later brought to his attention.

"What can you expect?" grinned Joe, "I wrote it." Both Joe and Orson would rather take pokes at themselves for their failures than let anybody else do the poking. Joe loves today to tell about the dozens of Hollywood screen tests he used to take in New York, and how lousy they all were. Once he thought he had made it. He had practically signed on the dotted line with a big studio when suddenly the deal stopped cold, and an ominous silence developed. Joe called up the director. "Yes," the Hollywood guy admitted, "we thought you were okay at first. But that egg-shaped head of yours kills it!"

houdini with a chinese accent . . .

There's nothing Joe Cotten and Orson Welles would rather do than both sprawl their six foot-plus frames out in the easy chairs at Joe's and start cooking up something daring and different. The recent servicemen's magic show is a perfect example. That started months ago when Joe and Orson, over a few snorts, started working out bigger and better magic illusions than the pro magicians could think up. Pretty soon they got all steamed up about turning Thurston and Houdini. So they went up to the California State Fair at Sacramento last year and tried out their acts, dolling themselves up in Mandarin coats and doing all the presto-change with a Chinese accent. The funny part was, they never knew how it worked because they operated in some sort of a stadium, and they were so far away from the audience nobody knew what they were doing! Undaunted, the pair of Merlins

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started all over again in Hollywood, arranged for a tiny showhouse downtown and started rehearsing. They did that for 16 weeks, nights and week-ends, then the theater got sold from underneath them, and the show had to go on in a tent. Then Rita Hayworth's studio boss refused to let her appear after the opening night, and a couple of dozen other things went wrong. But the show went on and was one of the brightest bits of soldier entertainment Hollywood has produced.

Neither considers money important. Joe in fact, is the kind of person who always has a balance of about $1.98 in the bank and doesn't let it worry him. He's making more money than he ever did in his life right now—already he's in the four figure list—but outside of the big chunk he puts in War Bonds every week, he's not getting rich. He's generous to a fault—the kind of person who always manages to grab the check first—and an easy touch for his improvident pals.

When Joe first came to Hollywood, a trainer in a Manhattan badminton club named "Shorty" used to write him. Joe liked Shorty as he likes everybody and he replied. In a postcard he mentioned that he was "having servant trouble."

The next thing Joe knew there was a telegram from Shorty, "Your servant troubles are over," it announced. "Am on my way to California."

shorty takes over . . .

So Joe hired Shorty as his man of all jobs. Shorty took over so completely that he soon threatened to run Joe's home life for him, and finally Lenore rebelled. And now Shorty, his cockiness undiminished, is the major domo, grand vizier and manager of the Welles-Hayworth menage.

Joe Cotten by now knows dramatics backwards and forwards, and his easy going manner is a mask for solid know-how in show business that could make him a writer, director or producer tomorrow—if acting ever bored him. Right now it doesn't—nothing about it. Every part is a picnic. "Acting's a lot easier when you kid around," says Joe. "You start getting too serious and you end up with indigestion!"

Even the bothersome details of being a Hollywood star don't give Joe the yawns. He answers every one of the thousands of letters he receives and gets a kick out of his fan mail. That traces away back years ago when Joe was a poverty ridden actor, playing in a roadshow. One gloomy Sunday he unburdened himself in writing to a Hollywood star. The letter was sincere, and Joe even illustrated it with funny sketches. He thought it deserved an answer. None ever came. That burnt him up, and he resolved then and there he'd never be so rude.

There's one thing that doesn't bother him though it does most stars. Since he has become a screen star, Joe doesn't have to worry that people might think him standoffish. He couldn't be standoffish if he tried! He has a big fire engine bell on his auto, and if he ever makes his dream tour and gets that Hollywood glamour treatment anywhere, why, he'll just clang the bell.

"If that doesn't get me an audience," grins Joe, "nothing will!"

FEBRUARY 11!

Circle it on your calendar. It's the day you'll find the March issue of MODERN SCREEN on your newsstand. Better get your copy the day the magazine is out; otherwise, with paper shortages and such, you may have to do without it entirely.

JOURNEY FOR JEAN PIERRE

(*Continued from page 41*)

we have been separated. I cannot bear it—I must write you this letter to tell you how much I miss you. . . .”

Well, that's the way his wife feels about Jean Pierre Aumont, and when you see him, you understand why. The Hollywoods are full of blond young men with handsome tans and brilliant blue eyes. Some of them can even act. “But nobody,” says Maria fondly, “is like Jean Pierre.”

He and Maria Montez were married in July, and you know how it is with Hollywood marriages. There are so many adjustments to make, each other's career to consider and arguments about this or that. But not with Jean and Maria. They like the same things and the same people, and besides, nobody could start an argument with Jean Pierre. He'd just grin. Jean is French, but his grin is as American as a candy bar. Faced with it, you have to grin, too, and the argument dissolves before it starts.

“Our marriage,” Jean says, “is as perfect as anything *could* be without being dull.” They do disagree on just enough things to keep from being bored. The matter of clothes, for instance. That starts a discussion once in a while.

“I pick out my own clothes,” Maria announced firmly after their marriage.

“Yes, my sweet. But after you pick them, I will be the censor. I will look over the final result, and if it is not *exactly* right, I will say, ‘Take off this’ or ‘Put on that.’ ”

“And I will do it,” Maria promised. She does, too. “He has the very good taste, that one,” she confides to friends.

This system has the additional advantage of working both ways. Maria didn't use to approve of Jean Pierre's ties.

“Oh, darling, your ties they are not right,” she would sigh. So now Jean wears plain unpatterned ties, and Maria nods with complete approval.

rose-colored blinders . . .

Just before they were married, the question of perfume arose in a rather funny way. Jean had a date with Maria. He had already sent her flowers to wear, but on the way to meet her, he thought “She is so lovely—I must bring her a little present so she will kiss me and say, ‘Thank you, darling!’ ” He stopped and bought her an enormous, and very expensive, bottle of cologne. He didn't notice that her eyebrows had gone up to here when she looked at the label on the bottle. Three days after they were married, Maria brought out the bottle and ceremoniously returned it to him, giggling like mad. It was *men's* cologne, especially recommended for after-shaving. Jean Pierre, all done up in a rose-colored cloud, had been too much in love to notice what he was buying.

They disagree wholeheartedly, but good humoredly, about hats, rouge and jewelry.

“I do not like women to wear hats,” Jean declares. “Their hair is so beautiful —why not display it?”

Maria likes to use rouge. Jean Pierre says no. Maria likes the kind of jewelry you can see coming. Jean Pierre's taste runs to smaller pieces of exquisite workmanship. He has designed many of them himself and done a superb job. That emerald and gold cactus pin, for instance —it would make Mr. Tiffany go green with envy. Emerald green.

“You like it?” Jean Pierre inquired

Even in a closed box, baby wouldn't be safe from harmful germs. These germs are everywhere, often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More *antiseptic!* Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, *germs thrive;* but in dark band around *Mennen* powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

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delighted. "It is simple but effective, yes?"

$60,000 glitter . . .

She had a set of matched emeralds which was the pride of her life and which she had bought before she knew Jean. The first time she wore them, he raised a disapproving eyebrow.

"I *like* them!" Maria asserted defiantly.

"Darling, they are too much. They are in bad taste. Especially in war time."

"Nothing," said Maria positively, "which cost sixty-thousand dollars can be in bad taste. But it is true that this is war time. I will put them away."

There is a note of authority in Jean Pierre's voice which convinces people that he knows what he's talking about. It is especially evident in connection with his profession. During his last stay in New York, he was asked to do a play on a radio program. Of course a lengthy discussion followed as to what play he should do.

"It must have the emotion as well as the drama," Jean said decisively. "And it must be something which moves fast. It must go like this—flic, flic, flic!" He illustrated with quick movements of his hands.

They finally settled on "Hold Back the Dawn," with Jean Pierre playing the Charles Boyer part.

Jean had been in New York for a couple of weeks then, with the fans pursuing him in ever-increasing numbers. So a special detail of police was assigned to cover his radio appearance. Jean Pierre and his press representative set out quite casually for the broadcast. They got within a block of the studio, and Jean, peering out of the taxi, said, "There has been an accident, I think. Or a fire."

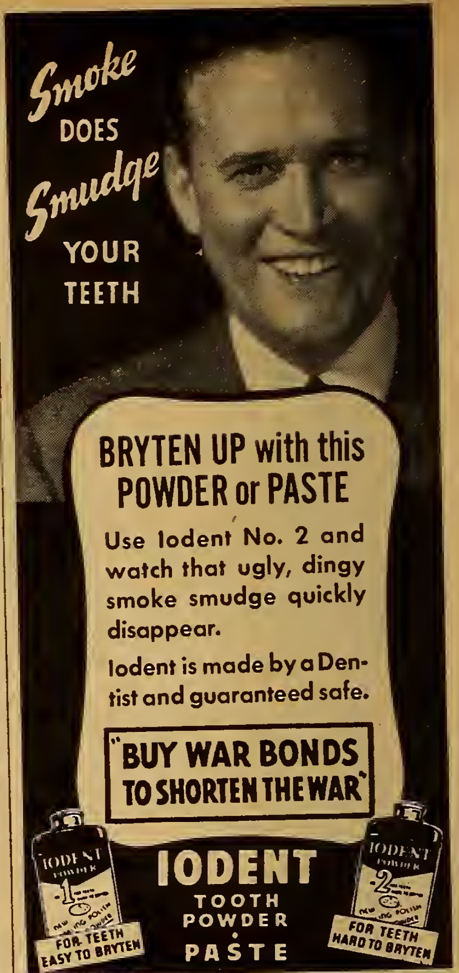
"The accident's gonna be to you, chum, when you step out of this cab," the driver said. "Them are autograph hounds, and when they get through grabbing 'souvenirs', you'll be lucky if you've still got your pants."

Now Jean Pierre is a very un-conceited guy for a movie star, and he didn't believe a word of this. So they drove on through the crowd and pulled up in front of the studio and got out. Did you ever go over Niagara Falls in a barrel? What happened to him next was something like that. Big Irish cops tried to rush Jean through the crowd to the door, but it was like pressing against a rubber wall. It would give a little and then bounce right back. It was pandemonium. When they finally got Aumont into the studio, he was almost in shreds. But all he could say was, "They like me! They really like me!"

Before he and Maria left Hollywood for New York, his friends gave him a terrific farewell party. The guests included all Jean and Maria's close friends—Marlene Dietrich, Jean Gabin, the Charles Boyers, the Gene Kellys, Richard Whorf and many more of Hollywood's most platinum plated stars. To make it gay they all put on vaudeville acts, and some were good and some were bad, but they all were funny. Finally it came Jean Pierre's turn.

"There is one thing I've always wanted to do," he announced solemnly. "That is to sing. But no one would ever let me. Tonight is my farewell party, and I am *going* to sing!" Sing he did, and everyone loved it. Especially Jean Pierre!

The next day he and Maria left for New York. One of the first things they did when they got there was to stage a sentimental reunion at "21"—the scene of their historic meeting where he asked her for a match and their romance began. Gravely they reserved the table Maria had occupied on that occasion. There were flowers, champagne and a general air of honeymoonism. They sat down at the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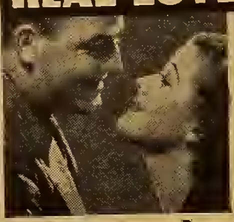

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pagne. They looked at each other like Sinatra fans gazing at The Voice.

"To you, my sweet," Jean Pierre murmured in that voice that catches at your heart. He raised his glass.

"To you, darling," Maria echoed, her eyes shining like dark candles.

no time for love . . .

That was when people started coming up to say hello. Dozens of them. Maybe hundreds. In about two minutes that super-romantic rendezvous changed into something about as private as a War Bond rally. It was fun, but you couldn't call it a tête-à-tête.

Fortunately things like that amuse Jean Pierre. Besides, he wanted to show Maria off. "My friends all approved of her," he said proudly. "It could have been so difficult, that, if they did not. But they think she is wonderful."

Maria's friends think Jean is wonderful, too. Wonderful, but mysterious. Because he isn't a man you get to know quickly. You come in the room and there he is, charming, handsome, with that intense, vibrant aliveness that is like a flame. After you have met him a few times, you are completely devoted to him, and yet you don't really know the man at all. There is a core of strength and reserve back of all the charm, and it is that core which makes him different. It gives him tremendous character, and it explains why, with everything he wants here in America, he has gone off to fight for France.

Someone at a Hollywood party asked him once why he was going. "Now, when you're just married and your career is off to such a flying start."

"I do not talk about it well," Jean said gravely. "I can not even explain. I only know what I have to do."

Yes, he has to do it, because that is the way he is made. There are things in the world that one must fight for. Truth and freedom and one's country. If that country is in the hands of the enemy, it is all the more necessary. So Jean put on the uniform of the Free French. He studied like mad those last weeks and took examinations which qualified him to serve as a lieutenant, instead of the sergeant he had been before the fall of France. He was prouder of that lieutenancy than of any laurels his acting career had ever achieved for him. And off he went to join not a huge brilliantly organized army with all the money and power of the United States behind it, but a tiny dogged band of fighters who represent a France that will never die.

interrupted fairy tale . . .

Did Maria want to let him go? Look, if you were married to Jean Pierre Aumont, you wouldn't want to let him go away from you for three days, let alone three years, or however long it's going to take us to put Germany in her place. Of course Maria didn't want to. But she did it with a smile, as war brides are doing all over the country.

"The uniform is most becoming," she assured him. "If you had designed it yourself, it could not be better. I am very proud of you, my darling."

The imminent parting made those last days very precious. Jean and Maria were together constantly.

"It has been like a fairy tale," Jean Pierre said. "It will be like that again when I come back."

But because the "coming back" was so uncertain and so distant, they talked a lot about the past. They went over every moment, from their first meeting.

"I had a premonition—before I met you," Maria told him, with a far-away look. "The stars declared that my life, my

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emotions, would become involved that night. I thought how could this be? I was going out with an old friend, no one to stir the emotions."

"Then I came along, and you gave the old friend what they call the brush-off," Jean teased her.

"I did not! Never do I give the brush-off to anyone. But I look at you, and I think here he is—the one!"

"You mean you intended marriage, that first time we met?" Jean demanded incredulously.

"Naturally not." Maria was dignified. "I only thought 'I must know this man better.'"

So the next night, when they were to have dinner together, Maria was out to make a really super impression.

"I got out my best jewels, my most dramatic gown. It was gold lamé, and I put on not one stitch under it, so you would notice that my figure was—well, not bad!"

Jean Pierre grinned. "I noticed."

"Ah, Jean, you were so exciting that night! Never in all the world has there been a man as exciting as you were."

"Were!" Jean was indignant. "What is this *were?* I suppose now I am not exciting! Now I am a bore!"

Maria laughed. "You are still so exciting, my darling, that I do not see how I stand it."

It is easy to tell what she means. Jean Pierre looks like the blond young men you used to see driving long, low-slung roadsters to the Yale-Harvard games. But there is more to it than that. There is an air of sureness, of worldliness, back of that youthful appearance, that is—well, perhaps Maria's word "exciting" is best.

Jean is intelligent. He reads a great deal and even writes a little.

"Just character sketches," he explains, "of our friends. I do them for fun only." But they have a curiously vivid quality which captivates everyone who reads them. Perhaps when the war is over and he comes back to America he will write a novel.

"You *must* write," Maria tells him positively. "Any man married to me must be a writer."

She writes, herself. Poetry. In Spanish.

"She gets all fixed up, with the typewriter, looking so legal," Jean says delightedly. "I think she must be writing to her lawyer. I say 'Maria, you write something very important?' And she says 'Poetry'!"

"So then I read it to him." Maria's dark eyes gleamed with laughter. "I say 'Darling, give me your opinion.' But of course I do not really want an opinion at all. I just want to be praised."

"I do praise you, Maria! I only say sometimes to use one word instead of another."

speaking the good american . . .

"He is cute," Maria sighed. "But, would you believe it, he thinks he knows American better than I do. Why, he even corrects my accent!" She sounded pretty indignant over this. Maria's Spanish accent is as sliceable as chocolate cake, but she's convinced she's gotten rid of it entirely.

"Certainly I correct your accent," Jean said virtuously. His is French but equally sliceable. "We must speak the good American."

"Can you beat that!" Maria sat up, and her eyes flashed like a couple of Coast Guard beacons. "I speak better than you, Jean Pierre Aumont!"

Jean grinned. "You look like Kiki when you get angry," he observed.

Kiki is a small, a *very* small kitten. One night Jean was on the way home from a stag dinner tendered him by the

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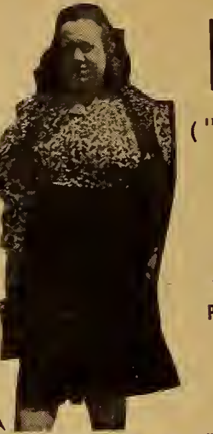

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studio. He stopped on a quiet side street to let a friend out. Suddenly something jumped into the driver's seat beside him. It was a small, furry thing. It was, in fact, Kiki. Jean looked around helplessly. There wasn't a light in any of the houses. Kiki wandered over onto his knees, dug her paws in comfortably and curled up for the night.

"I take you home to Maria," Jean said at last. "Would you like that?"

Kiki purred like mad. Obviously she thought Maria would be so nice to come home to. Maria loved her on sight, and she is still in the house in California. The day Jean and Maria left for New York, the kitten could not be found. They had to leave without finding her, and they were worried. But they had a telegram on the train, from the housekeeper. Kiki had been hiding down cellar.

"She couldn't bear to say good-by to you, Jean Pierre," Maria declared. "I will not be able to bear it, either."

"We will not say good-by," Jean told her gently. "We will say only 'au revoir.'"

So that is what they did. When Maria had to go back to the Coast, Jean Pierre went to Chicago with her, and there they parted. Later he returned to New York and soon set off for "an unknown destination."

What will Maria do while he's gone? Just what you would do if you were married to a soldier. Work very, very hard, write him every day, act as hostess at canteens. But the canteen work in Maria's case isn't going to involve dancing. Because she and Jean Pierre made a solemn pact. Neither of them would dance with anyone else till they meet again. So if a handsome corporal asks Maria to try a rumba with him, and she turns him down, that's the reason. And if in some far off bistro in Algiers or Morocco, Jean Pierre's friends wonder why he wastes his short leave standing alone at the bar instead of dancing, that's the reason. And some day, some time, these two will dance together again.

IT COMES UP LOVE

(*Continued from page 55*)

sophisticates. (Matthew Duffin, incidentally, is currently a lieutenant in the U. S. Army.)

Don and the Duffins used to try out fancy dance steps together; Don thought they were groovy and told them so, a habit that endears him to theatrical people who are accustomed to friendly disparagement from their co-headliners.

When The Blackouts of 1941, '42, '43, '44 (the show will probably go on forever) was first placed in rehearsal in Hollywood, the Duffins were promptly included in the cast. Don went to the El Capitan Theater to watch tryouts, and Joyce Duffin introduced him to a girl who was also trying out.

The girl appeared to have a beauteous chum with large brown eyes and auburn hair. "Who zat?" Mr. O'Connor, whose attention had been magnetized, whispered furiously.

She was the daughter of the orchestra leader, and she smiled at Don—when they were introduced—in a manner that reminded him of stories about spring breaking over the Yukon River. Her name was Gwen Carter, and she was not theatrical, but still a student at L. A. High. She was 17. And just about the time dazzled Donald was getting up enough courage to ask for a date, Gwen and her girl friend left. Left, furthermore, without Don's getting

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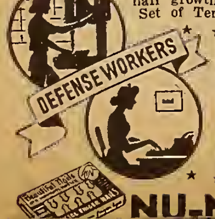

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her telephone number. A crisis, indeed.

He looked through a Los Angeles telephone directory. There were six full columns of Carters. He wondered vaguely how a creature so unique could have so many relatives.

Came now New Year's night, 1943. Attending the same party at which Donald was having his usual wonderful time, was a girl who chanced to mention—in casual conversation—the magical name "Gwen Carter."

"You mean you *know* her?" queried Donald, hearing the angels sing.

"Wanna make something of it?" kidded the girl.

"Say, I'd really like to have her telephone number."

The girl was true to her club, The Amalgamated Order of Womankind. "I'll have to ask Gwen if it's all right with her before I can give you the number," she demurred.

Don hit on an instant solution. "If she doesn't want to give out her telephone number, ask her if she'll telephone me. I want to ask her to have dinner with me some time soon."

Gwen, when confronted by this bit of news, refused to telephone an utter stranger. But she had seen "Mr. Big" and thought it might be nice to know the guy about whom a good many of her friends were raving. She told her girl friend that it would be all right to give Donald the Carter dial combination.

puddle-jumper de luxe . . .

So Don called one evening. He talked casually about his mother, with whom he lives, and about his niece, Patsy. He explained that he had a car, but that it was strictly non-Doheny Drive. It was a couple of '37 Fords, strung together with bailing wire, binding twine and glue. Would she mind riding in the O'Connor coffee grinder out to Casa d'Amour for an Italian dinner?

It sounded super to Gwen.

After dinner they went to Grauman's Chinese to a movie. Nowadays they can't exactly remember what the picture was, but their general impression is that it was a ten-star effort of genius. It was one of the best pictures ever made, they recall opalescently, despite the fact that their attention was directed more frequently to left and right than it was to the screen.

When the picture was over, Don had to rush Gwen home at a rate of speed short of the ULTIMATE wartime limit by only so much as the length of a crocodile's conscience. Gwen's family is very particular about the hours to be kept by a girl still in high school.

"How about tomorrow night? Dinner and maybe a dance or two?" Don suggested as he rushed Gwen to the door.

"Seven o'clock," agreed Gwen.

They went to Chinatown. They parked the O'Connor-Ford Special on North Broadway between a Cadillac and a Lincoln.

Chinatown is fun. The streets are filled with shopping tourists beating their way through the fragrance of a dozen different types of Oriental incense. A Chinese fortune-teller bangs with a muted mallet on a deep-voiced brass gong and calls out fragments of the future. The mechanical melodies of a juke box cry out their rhythm in controversy with half a dozen second-story orchestras.

Gwen and Don ate French fried shrimps, egg foo yung, almond duck, chicken chow mein and fried rice. They wrote, "Having wonderful time, wish you were here," on several of the colored post cards provided by the restaurant and mailed them to certain local acquaintances. In a carnival mood they returned to the car. Abruptly

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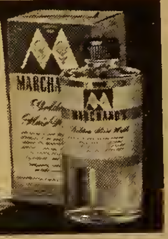

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tire was flatter than an ungummed postage stamp.

help wanted—grasshoppers . . .

Don had no jack. Not the kind for which a holdup gets put behind bars, but the kind with which you hold up cars. He figured. He perspired. Finally the owner of the car parked directly behind Don's equipage reappeared from Chinatown and offered the use of his jack. Unfortunately, Don's car was built too near the pavement for the jack to be effective. Don thanked the Samaritan, who drove away.

Another motorist parked in the space, and he too offered the use of a jack. Again, it couldn't be depressed enough. "What I need," moaned Don, "is a pair of good stout grasshoppers with rugged muscles on their hind legs."

Gwen suggested that they take a streetcar to her house, telephone a towing service and so have the car serviced. Through Don's mind flashed the farewell flutter of large denominationed currency doing Immelman turns over the western horizon. "Well . . . let's wait a minute. Maybe I'll think of something."

Enter: three G. I. joes. "In trouble, bub?" they wanted to know.

Don allowed as how he was.

"Stand back," they said, getting the situation well in hand.

Two of them hoisted the car while one removed the wheel, then replaced the flat with the luckily inflated spare. Don tried to thank them. He tried to pay them. He tried to buy them a soda . . . or something. They said, "Aw, skip it, bub."

However, Don secured their names and addresses. Two of them have been shipped out of the district, but one of the Samaritans is still in Southern California. He has visited Don twice on the set . . . it's the beginning of a permanent friendship. That's the way Don is—do him a good turn, and he's your pal forever.

There's another trait of O'Connor's that his girl friends usually discover very early in their dating days with Don: He has a hideous time trying to get anywhere on time. His degree of lateness runs all the way from five minutes (by a miracle) to an hour.

During the third week of their romance, Don had a dinner date with Gwen. He knew, when he passed a drug store on which the electric clock was still functioning, that he was about 15 minutes late. By rapid calculation and a psychic suspicion of lurking speed cops, he came to the conclusion that he was going to be half an hour late. So he decided to squander another five minutes and try to patch up the 35 minutes by guile. He parked, bought a small stuffed panda and was back in gear in the prescribed five minutes.

The sight of the panda completely robbed Gwen of the rebuke she had been rehearsing. "This time, you're forgiven," she said in a mollified tone.

A week later, that same drugstore clock warned Don that he was going to be 45 minutes late. So he bought a Cwazy Wabbit . . . complete with cotton carrot . . . and attached a card around its neck reading, "Larger animal for a longer wait. Sorry."

Then, one night, he arrived with a panda about three feet high. But perhaps we shouldn't go into that. He hasn't been more than a teeny minute or two late since, because Gwen pointed out that her room would scarcely accommodate another animal and that her patience was considerably crowded, too.

A few days later, after having worked steadily for more months than you could cram into a remake of "Lost Horizon," Don finally had a day off. A beautiful, va-

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was to spend some time in the portrait gallery, talk to his agent, give two interviews and have his car checked from fog light to exhaust.

He hookeyed the works. Yea, he went AWOL. He had been thinking about his free day for a long time, and he had ideas about it. Thoughtfully, he rode to Los Angeles and walked briskly into the establishment of the most famous of West Coast jewelers. "I want to see," he said, swallowing carefully, "an engagement ring."

By no means did he select the first ring he was shown. He looked them over, remembering the shape of Gwen's hands and wondering whether this design would be better . . . or maybe that . . . or the other . . . But, like love, when you see the right one, all doubts vanish. His selection was a fetching number: a large center diamond set in platinum and surrounded by baguette stones.

When he had planned this purchase, Don had always imagined that the actual selection of the ring would represent the big problem. Now, with the square velvet box in his pocket, he realized that the big decision was just coming up over the hill . . . like a truck on the wrong side of the highway when you're driving a pogo stick.

How was he going to present the ring to Gwen? And when? And where?

He wanted it to be something pretty special. A moment to remember forever, although he was too groovy to admit such a sentiment in solid words. He decided to have a coke while thinking it over.

After five cokes he was no nearer a solution so he decided to let the thing work itself out. They were going to the Florentine Gardens that night for dinner and dancing. Somehow, he'd find a way to make the presentation . . . if his excitement didn't catapult him into saying prematurely, "Here, Gwennie, take a gander at the glitter." Oh, fine!

He managed to keep the contents of his pocket a military secret when he called for Gwen—she was looking like a half-pint of heaven—and afterward during the drive to the Florentine. They were shown to their table just a few moments before the lights dimmed down and a spot was turned on the flag. The band went into the opening bars of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Throughout the room, servicemen snapped to rigid attention; somewhere a clear, sweet soprano uttered the pulse-pounding words.

Thinking, "A year from now I'll probably be in the uniform of an aviation cadet," Don reached through the darkness to take Gwen's hand. A small, warm, soft hand that nestled confidently in his own wide paw. Then he had his inspiration. Reaching into his pocket, he extracted the ring and slipped it onto the third finger of Gwen's left hand.

When the lights went on, she glanced inquiringly at Don, then looked down at her hand. "Oh, Don!" she said, lowering her head quickly so that none should see the quick, delighted tears.

blueprint for the future . . .

They left the Florentine rather early that night, drove to Gwen's house and parked in front. They had a lot of talking to do about the future. They couldn't be married, they agreed, for two years. Gwen had to finish high school. Don had to complete his pre-flight studies and get into the Air Corps.

They talked a little bit about the possibility of Gwen having a career. Like most girls, she wouldn't refuse a screen test; neither would she do back flips and forward gainors at the idea of a screen career. As Don put it later to an inquiring friend, "Practically everyone likes the idea of being an actor or an actress, but

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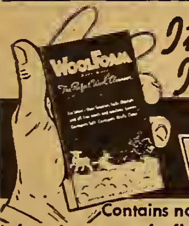

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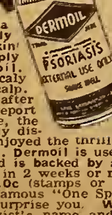

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Gwen thinks that she'd a little rather have a home and children."

They talked about other things, too. A new car, for instance. Don was afraid that his Ford-Ford wasn't quite the buggy in which to take out a girl like Gwen. "You're more the golden coach with six white horses type," he allowed.

"The car doesn't matter—just as long as we're together," she said softly.

dream wagon . . .

It was the right answer, but Don had his own idea. He had seen a super duper, world-beater of an English car in a dealer's window. A Jaguar '38, to be specific. It had a dark blue paint job and scarlet leather pneumatic seats. Right hand drive, squatty fuselage . . . everything.

He had talked about it to his mother so much that she finally said, "Don, you have a birthday next week. Let's buy that whatchamacallit car for you."

His whoop was still dying on the afternoon air when he turned into the dealer's driveway. How much? Satisfactory. Dotted line? Yeah, man. "You may have some trouble getting used to the right hand drive."

"Not me, mister. I've been driving this car in my sleep." And away he went, a bright blue streak with crimson upholstery. He was aimed at the Carter house.

Gwen was awed. She walked around, exclaiming and touching the wealth of chromium with a delicate finger. After a bit she asked tentatively. "What are you going to do with the Ford-Ford? Sell it?"

Don shook his head. "I don't think I'll ever part with it. Sometimes you and I will take a trip in it. Golly, it's too filled with sentiment and memories to sell."

"I'm glad you feel that way about it," Gwen admitted with a happy sigh. "That's what I had hoped you'd say."

Time rolled on. Don finished "Top man," "This Is The Life" and "The Third Glory." Finally, another of those rare free periods catapulted Mr. O'Connor into Maurice's (far-famed custom jeweler) where he had seen a heart-shaped topaz ring.

"For my girl's birthday," he confided.

"Don't you think you should bring the young lady in and let us size the ring?" Maurice suggested.

"Nope. I want to surprise her exactly on her birthday."

Two entire weeks before Gwen's birthday, and he already had possession of her present! It was to smirk!

He stopped at a drive-in, killing time with a turkey sandwich and a malt. She wouldn't be out of school until 2:30, but at 2:10 he was parked outside L. A. High. And he was holding the car door open for her when Gwen descended the stairs. "Hi, beautiful," he said casually.

"What are you grinning about? You're up to something. You can't fool me."

So he *had* a secret. So it was *his* affair. He wasn't going to tell her one single thing until The Day. He wasn't going to give her a hint. Nor ask her how she liked heart-shaped rings. Absolutely not.

He still doesn't know how it happened that he flipped the box into Gwen's outstretched palms after shouting, "Here—catch!" Just one of those flukes.

But a guy can't be expected to keep a secret forever, especially when he's kept it for three full hours.

Gwen did receive one surprise for her birthday, however. Her mother had arranged to have an autographed picture of Don framed for Gwen's room. The inscription, in Don's small, careful script, was a long one having to do with the times they've had together, the laughs, the dances, the snacks at drive-ins, the double dates with Peg Ryan and her fiancé, and ended, "I'll be seeing you on the set."

Definitely a love set.

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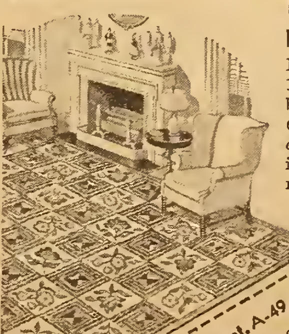

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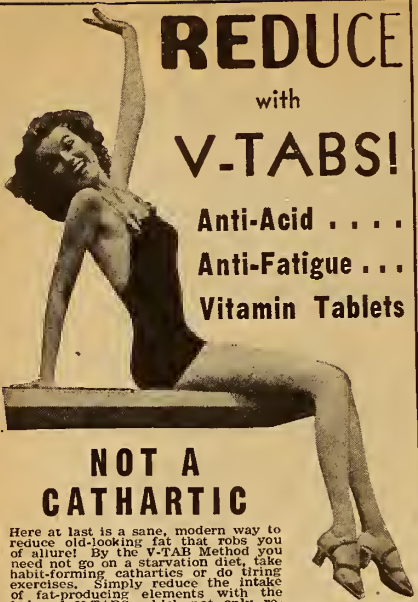

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ARDSLEY STUDIOS 1501 BROADWAY Dept. N-1 New York

HOW'S YOUR BEAUTY RATING?

(Continued from page 68)

13. Rinse your flimsy things in rich . . . , if you'd hit the jackpot on personal daintiness.

14. A clothes brush for your suits, dresses and coats is as important to neatness as Betty Grable is to . . .

15. Wispy, straggly hair ends only distract, they never . . . So gather up stray ends with bobbie pins and tiny tuck combs.

16. You'll spread the old allure if you dab a bit of . . . behind each ear, on your wrists and at your hairline.

17. A . . . for your toes is as necessary as a manicure for your fingertips.

18. Your wintertime make-up, foundation base, lipstick and rouge should . . . as well as the Boswell sisters.

19. . . . is the seven letter word that adds sparkle to your eyes.

20. A pretty smile goes a long way, so . . . your teeth three times a day.

Good gracious, good-grooming is simple! After filling in this quiz, you'll agree that there's no excuse for a sloppy appearance when it's so easy to look attractive and well-put together. Now that you know the answers, let's see that you practice 'em. It isn't always the beautiful gal who walks away with the laurels, but more often "Miss Personality" who has chic and charm, who knows what to do with her potential beauty (who doesn't go to the office with her slip showing!).

One more word . . . we honestly hope each and every one of you score a glamorous 100%!

ANSWERS

1. *Bathtub*
2. *Bath Salts*
3. *Soap*
4. *Cologne*
5. *Deodorant*
6. *Depilatory*
7. *Cream*
8. *Shampoo*
9. *Hair Brush*
10. *Hand Lotion*
11. *Polish*
12. *Un-*
13. *Suds*
14. *Harry James*
15. *Attract*
16. *Perfume*
17. *Pedicure*
18. *Harmonize*
19. *Mascara*
20. *Brush*

JUDY CRIED HER HEART OUT

(Continued from page 51)

wasn't the point. Yes, she was tired, but what of it? Greer Garson and Kathryn Grayson were going—giving up the chance of seeing their husbands, both scheduled for September furloughs. If you wanted to talk about sacrifice, that was a sacrifice. She was only tired.

They were due to leave the following night, so she had to hustle. Clothes. She'd worn out her own on the camp tour, so M-G-M let her have some of the things she'd used in pictures. A white crepe with a blue-and-white checked apron. A black velvet skirt and some sheer blouses to go with it. A couple of formals, just in case. The other girls were taking evening clothes for the stage, but she hated to work in long dresses.

Then to the music department, to pick up some numbers. "Blow, Gabriel, Blow" for an opener. A medley of Gershwin's "Embraceable You" and "The Man I

A Clean Sweep

Vicky Victory
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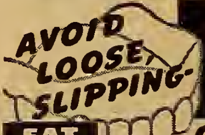

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FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

JANUARY 14-31

Love." Iturbi was going, so she took their popular number from "As Thousands Cheer"—"The Joint is Really Jumpin' down at Carnegie Hall." No time to get arrangements. They'd have to be made on the train.

She packed slacks for the train. And books. You could do a lot of reading in 21 days. And pads and pencils, so she and her sister Jimmy and her friend Betty of the publicity department could play word-games. She never found time to open a book, and after the first two days there were no more word-games.

She took the gargle that's her old standby. Always gets you through a show, if your throat threatens to give out. Pretty soon all the girls were using it. Betty Hutton. Kit Grayson. Lucille Ball. They'd come running with their mouths open just before they went on, and Judy'd pour in a generous slug.

Finally, she took bath salts. They're her weakness. She likes her bath to smell real pretty, says Judy. Only trouble was, you couldn't have a bath till you reached the hotel, and she kept leaving her salts on the train. It got to be a running gag. A wail would go up. "I forgot—"

"My bath salts," Jimmy and Betty would chorus.

She bought bath salts in every town they played and brought back a collection to last her six months.

The train was their home. They slept on it every night but one. Diner and two lounge cars—used as rehearsal rooms—were in the center, sleepers at either end. It was definitely not a luxury train. Soot seeped in over the old-fashioned plush and mahogany. Dick Powell showed them how to protect their clothes by hanging them from the baggage rack, sheets fore and aft. Judy, a bug on cleanliness, kept scrubbing out the bathroom—and fifteen minutes later it was dirty again.

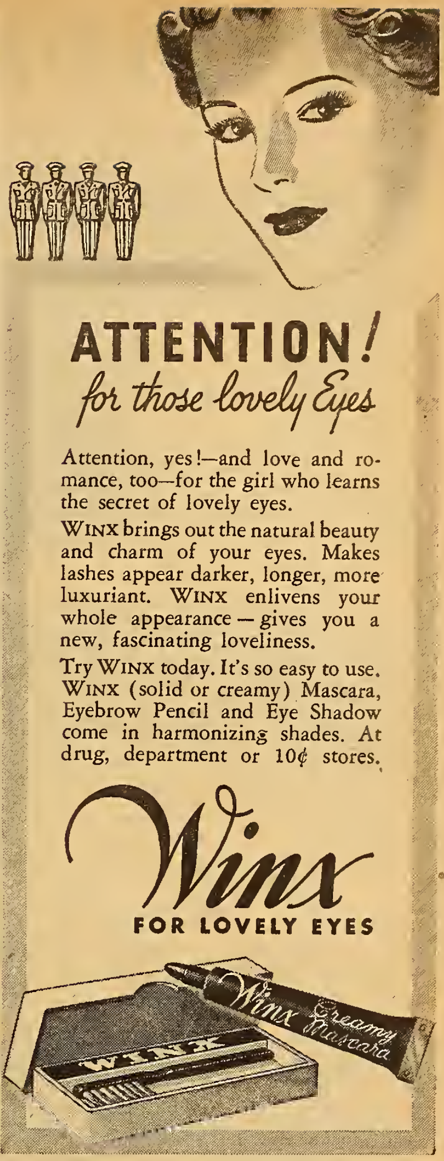
The routine reminded her of one-night stands with her sisters in small-time vaudeville long ago. Except that she didn't play to million-dollar houses then, and what the audiences yelled wasn't always so complimentary.

routine en route . . .

Having gone to bed late, they'd get up around 10:30. Judy breakfasted in her compartment, a half hour's peace before the hurly-burly started. Orange juice, French toast and coffee. And she gained five pounds to add to the five she'd gained on her camp tour. For two years she's been trying in vain to put on weight. Dashing madly round the country for eight weeks, she succeeded. Why, nobody knows. Her own sage conclusion is, "Be patriotic and get fat."

At 11:45 they'd gather in the lounge car. Mickey Rooney'd come through, yelling: "Daily Roomer! Get your daily Roomer here!" and hand out slips with the numbers of hotel rooms. At 12 they'd leave the train. Fifteen minutes for the cameramen, then through the milling crowd to the jeeps outside. Each jeep was driven by a soldier and carried a performer's name. Each performer perched himself on the back of his jeep for the two-hour parade up and down the streets of the town.

It was hot in most places, so Judy wore suntan for stockings, kicked off her shoes and rode barefoot. In Boston the crowd got so enthusiastic that they broke through the ropes and yanked her right off the car, bare feet and all! A soldier hoisted her back. They were parading in Washington the day Italy surrendered. The committee car called the news to the car behind, and each car tossed it to the next, till they were all shouting, "Italy surrenders!" and the people on the sidelines were shouting it joyously back.



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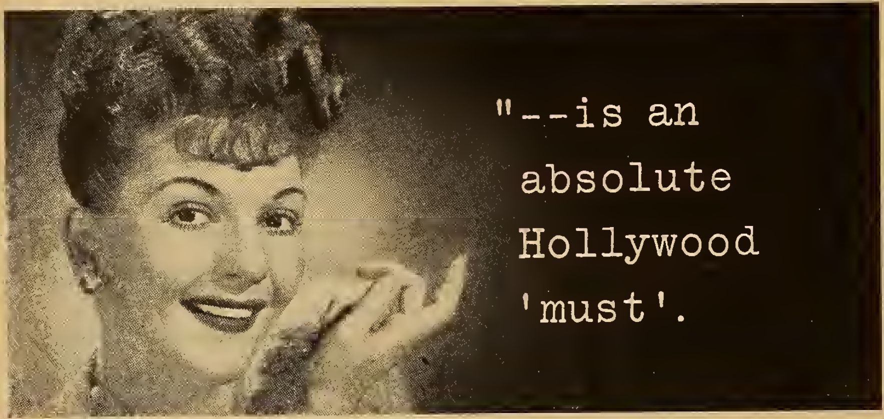
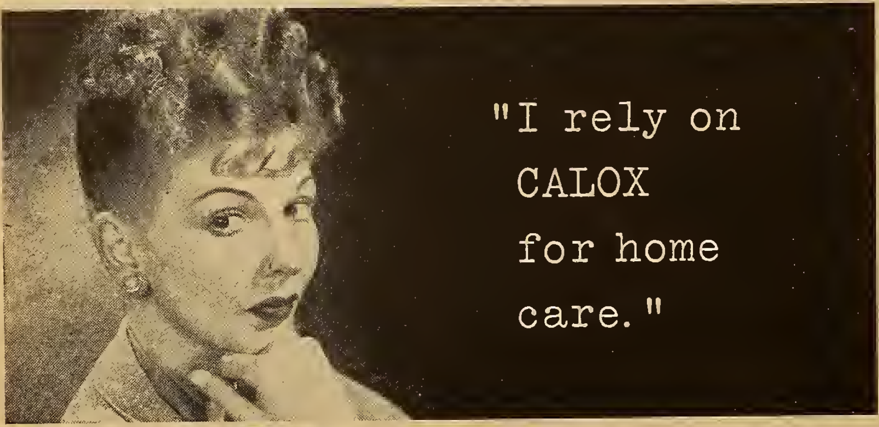


"--is an absolute Hollywood 'must'.



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tough stuff . . .

The only tough part of the parade was smiling. You *had* to smile. If you stopped, the kids would yell, "Come on, smile for us, Judy." When you smile for two hours, your face starts to hurt. The minute they were alone, they'd all start massaging the ache out of their cheeks.

Around three they were dropped at the hotel. Then, a 45-minute session with the press. Then to their rooms and the highlight of the day—a bath. MPs were stationed outside the rooms to ward off the curious, but telephones remained unguarded. Judy's rang one day as she was running her bath. Up spoke a young voice. "There's a bunch of us down in the lobby from the junior high school. We'd like your autograph."

"I'm afraid I can't manage it right now."

"Oh, Miss Garland, didn't you see 'The Youngest Profession'?—Well, then, you ought to understand."

"I do understand, honey," sighed Judy. "But if I don't take a bath, I'll lose more fans than I'll win."

For some reason, Cagney and Astaire always got the best suite. The girls had it figured out. "These hotel people believe everything they hear about movie actresses. They think we'd start clawing if one of us got a better room than another. So they stick us all into these linen closets, and you boys get the gravy." To even things up, they'd gather in the Cagney-Astaire suite for sandwiches, while Two-Beer Iturbi—as they called him lovingly—played dinner music. Then it was time to pack bags, pile into busses and head for the auditorium.

The show had been put together by Eddie Buzzell. Kay Kyser opened it with a medley of service songs and acted as emcee throughout. Cagney sang and danced and recited a poem about bonds. Dick Powell sang. Harpo Marx donned his red wig—nobody ever recognized him without it—and put on one of his loony chases, with Lucille Ball as victim. Then Lucille sang, Astaire danced and Kathryn Grayson sang. Then Greer Garson made a little speech, topping it with an announcement of the evening's figure and the total bond sale to date.

This came as no surprise to the troupe. The minute they got in, they'd start clamoring, "What's the figure tonight?" If it was only $14,000,000, they'd grumble, "Bad house." Actually, there were no bad houses—only smaller or larger houses. Their quota had been set at half a billion. They more than tripled it. By the time they got home, they'd rolled up a grand total of $1,800,000,000 in bonds.

Garson was followed by Iturbi, who was followed by Henreid. For Henreid, Kay had a special routine. All along the parade line, when the girls caught sight of Warners' romantic threat, the reaction was the same. Out shot their arms and Ooooooo! they'd shriek. Then, "Light a cigarette for me, Paul."

So Kay would say, "Now for the ladies we have—," the band would break into "As Time Goes By" and out would come Paul. Kay lighted two cigarettes and handed him one, and the audience swooned or roared, depending on gender. When the foolery was over, Paul read them a moving letter from a Free French soldier.

Then came Betty Hutton, who knocked herself out so that for ten minutes after every performance she'd sit limp and gasping in the wings while they brought her to with cold-water applications. Judy followed Hutton and, after her encore with Iturbi, introduced Mickey who did his imitations. But people wanted them together. "Where's Judy?" they'd yell to Mickey at the parades. "Where's Mickey?"

they'd yell to Judy. The first audience yelled for "Me and My Gal." Mickey didn't know it, so Judy tried to cue him, taking one line and feeding him the next. It was good for a laugh that night, but hardly what you'd call a professional performance. So in an empty dining room next day they dreamed up a dance to the tune of "How About You?" and the boys faked the music. It was promptly incorporated into the show, for there wasn't an audience that didn't insist on a joint number from the two.

Then the whole company lined up on the stage, and the house lights went on. You'd know there were lots of people out there but, with the spotlight in your face, you couldn't see them. Now suddenly you did—row on row, stretching back and back, farther than your eyes could reach—your fellow-Americans, all there because they believed in what you believed in, all there in a common cause. They rose quietly as the bugles blew, and three service men carried the colors down the aisle. And then, as you all sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" together, came that surge of love and pride in your country, warming your heart, swelling your throat. It was like a bond forged, like a wordless pledge exchanged, welding many into one—it was the evening's high moment, and Judy always felt a pang of regret when it ended, a wish that they could all hang on forever to the feeling it gave them.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(*Continued from page 85*)

1. Cinema corporal
2. Johnny Eager
3. In Southern saga
4. Educated feet
5. Art-y
6. Oscar-copper
7. Paramount's Rommel
8. Cowboy crooner
9. Born in Tokyo
10. Boston engineer
11. Mercury Theater player
12. Sings for her supper
13. Freckle-faced redhead
14. Frankenstein
15. Long and lean
16. Sons of fun
17. Honorable discharge
18. M-G-M's thrush
19. Torrid
20. "Hotcha"

(*Answers on page 112*)

no rain checks . . .

In New Orleans they had to forego that triumphant finale. New Orleans was two feet under water, and the rain still coming down strong. They played in raincoats in the open Sugar Bowl, but for safety's sake, the Bowl had to be emptied as quickly as possible. So while Judy and Mickey and Kay did the final number, the others were sneaked into the bus. "We can't do this to them," Betty Hutton wailed. "It's like leaving your best friends on Corregidor."

Back on the train, their midnight dinner would be followed by a social interlude in the lounge. Astaire and Kay Kyser played gin rummy clear across the continent. Over the roar of the wheels, Kathryn Grayson and Judy and Dick Powell sang "Rigoletto," and couldn't talk at all the following morning. Betty Hutton enlarged Kathryn's repertoire by teaching her "Murder! He says." She took pride in her pupil's aptness. "Be sure you tell Louis B. Mayer you know a nice new song."

Once a week they'd hit a town where the girls could have their blouses laundered. Every night they did their own stockings and lingerie, and every night the doctors would go through, calling: "Sleeping pills? Anyone want sleeping pills?" At best, it was hard to sleep on the train and, at worst, impossible. Judy became convinced that the engineer deliberately waited till the middle of the night to do his fanciest jarring. There's one night her pals won't let her forget.

Jolted and banged and tossed like a cockleshell at sea, she finally got mad and stormed out in search of the porter. "What does this train think it's *doing* anyway? And whatever it's doing, tell it to stop."

From behind Mickey's curtains came a sardonic haha! "You tell it, Garland. Or sing it a lullaby. The porter's got nothing to do with how the train runs."

Poor Judy apologized profusely next morning, and the porter consoled her. "Don't you mind, Miss Garland. In your place, I'd've acted likewise."

cheers for the mick . . .

But there were pleasanter memories: The surprise for Mickey's birthday, when they all filed into the diner and deposited on his table beautifully wrapped gifts from the Five-and-Dime—then sang "Happy Birthday" as the waiter appeared with a big candle-lit cake. Judy vows she's never seen the Mick so close to tears. They lived to regret at least one of their gifts, however. Mickey drove them insane, dropping his fake spider down under their noses.

There was also Harpo and his honking horn. He took particular delight in sneaking up on Greer Garson with it. But in

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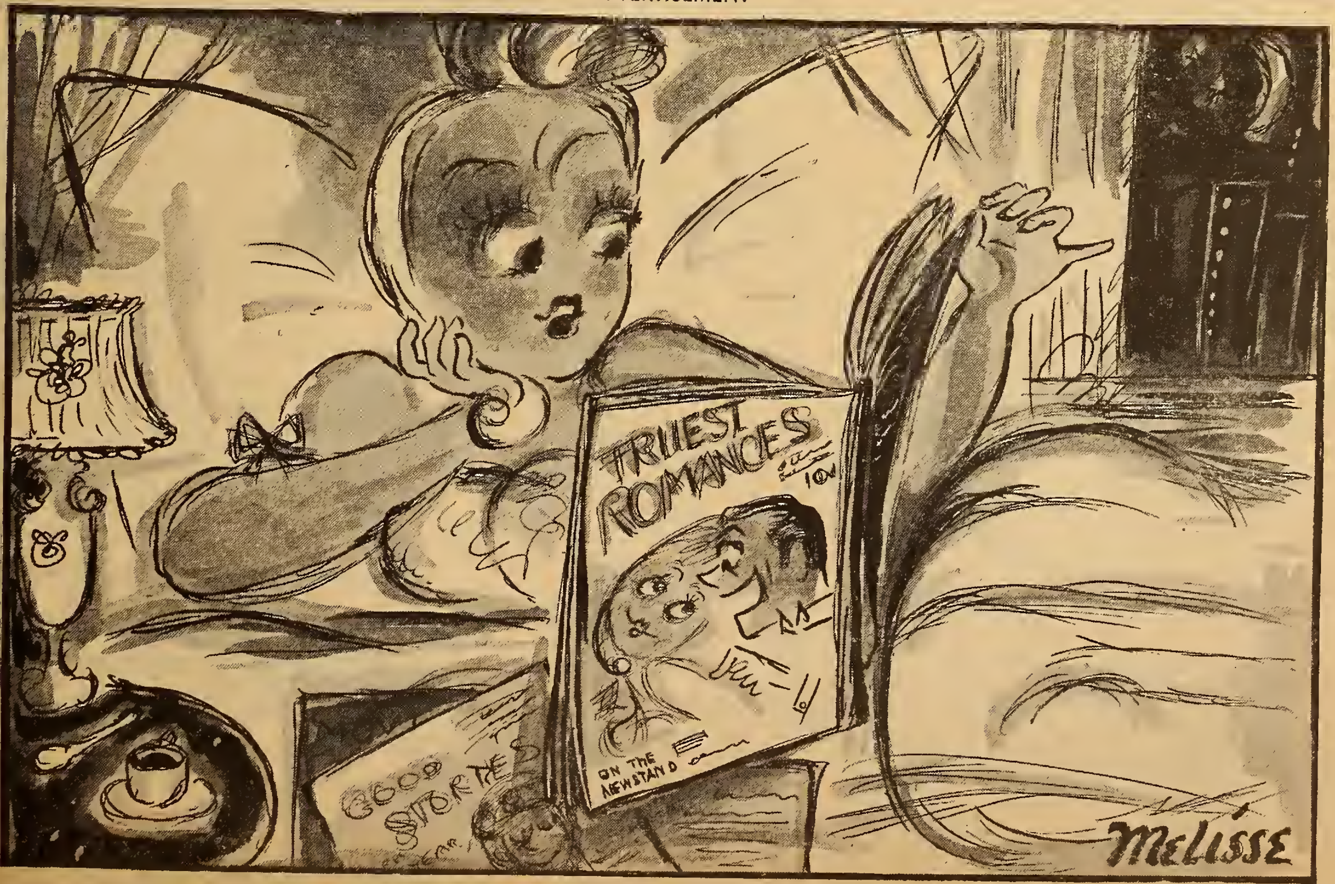

. . . *it was one of those triangle affairs, so the hero shot the villain, and said "Just make it Pepsi-Cola for two."*

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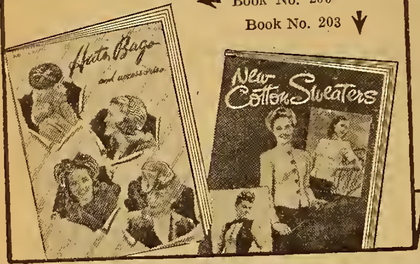

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that lady he met his match. She grabbed it one day and batted him over the head with a mighty honk! "That'll teach you that I can play slapstick, too. Or did you think, like so many, that I'm a walking cathedral?"

The boys at Randolph Field didn't think so. Every Wednesday Kay Kyser had to do his regular broadcast, so the Cavalcade show was put on from 7 to 9. On that particular Wednesday Kay was airing his show for the 5000 cadets at the field, and the others went along as his guests. It was very hot, and they were very tired. "No entertaining, remember," the committee had said. "Just tell them hello." But when the boys yelled for Astaire to dance, of course he danced. And when they yelled for Greer to say something, she stood up beside Kay and said:

"Well, boys, you've caught me with my skirts down. I can't sing or dance for you but—you keep 'em flying and we'll keep 'em buying." With which she gave Kay a big kiss, and the boys went wild.

Nor would you have recognized Mrs. Miniver in the Garson who sang a blues trio with Judy and Lucille on the train one night. It was called the Rooney-Pidgeon-Skelton blues, and the girls had whipped it up themselves in a couple of hours, from an idea of Judy's. Gravely they faced their audience, and here's what came out:

All: We're three little maids from Hollywood,
We want to do things we never should.
They never let us have our fling.
We always do the same old thing.
Judy: I'm Mickey Rooney's girl friend.
Greer: I'm Walter Pidgeon's wife.
Lucille: I'm Red Skelton's sidekick.
All: And we're stuck with them for life.
Judy: I sing to Mr. Gable, but he's never really there.
I'm longing to enchant him with sophisticated flair,
But every time I turn around—Andy Hardy's in my hair!
All: There's no escape—you're stuck with that for life.
Greer: I'd love to go cavorting with some charming Mr. Deeds,
And slink around in modern gowns with several well-placed beads.
But all I get is bustles—flannel nighties—widows' weeds!
All: There's no escape—you're stuck with that for life.
Lucille: I'd love to play dramatic roles with diction terse and clipped,
To chew the scenery into shreds with stark and somber script,
But I'm always with Red Skelton, being flipped and tripped and stripped!
All: There's no escape—you're stuck with that for life.
All: What good is versatility,
When we can't show our ability
To do the sort of thing we would enjoy.
Greer: I'm stuck with domesticity
Lucille: And I with burlesquicity
Judy: And I'm so goshdarned busy being coy.
Greer: I'm Garson!
Judy: I'm Garland!
Lucille: I'm Ball!
All: Three girls who are tired of it all.
We can't get away from those three leading men,
We finish up a picture, then we're with them again.
Greer: In aprons!
Lucille: In spangles!
Judy: In socks!
All: Three leopards who can't change their

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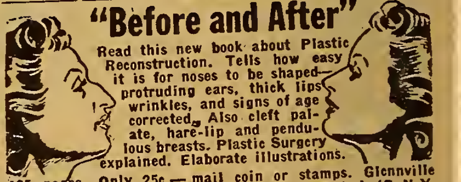

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Judy: At least we're eatin'—
Those Rooney-Pidgeon-Skelton blues.
Lucille: Is that so bad?
Those Rooney-Pidgeon-Skelton blues.
Greer: Maybe we're lucky?
Those Rooney-Pidgeon-Skelton blues.

"Spocks" had been "spots" originally. "But it doesn't rhyme," Judy protested.

"Make it spocks," advised Greer, "and call it poetic license."

With appropriate gestures it brought the house down, and the committee was all for sticking it into the show. Couldn't be done, though. No time to arrange music. They're talking now of building an M-G-M revue around it.

Henreid came in for a lot of kidding. Judy, Jimmy and Betty constituted themselves his razzers-in-chief, called him Paul Henatra, ran up in a body, shooting their arms out and going, "Oooooh!" Gave him whole packs of cigarettes to light at a time. He retaliated by addressing them as the Andrew Sisters and dosing their colds. One or the other was always down with a cold. It wasn't enough for Paul to provide the medicine. He had to stand by till they took it. And if there's anything more unglamorous than a girl in the act of applying a nose spray, these three didn't know what it was.

"You're just trying to get back at us."

"I just don't want you to be sick. Now blow."

Judy did have one glamorous evening, though, in Chicago. It was the one time she wore a formal—because they were playing to 135,000 people at Soldiers Field.

HOW'S YOUR CONSCIENCE?

Does a persistent little voice keep butting into things that are none of its business . . . setting you straight a hundred times a day? Does it keep nudging you to phone your local Red Cross chapter and make a date to give your blood? Bet you slap your conscience right back in place with, "Sure, some day!" Well, that some day's now, right this minute. A guy you know, a beau or maybe a brother, may be praying for that blood—may need it to stay alive. Gonna keep him waiting?

Finding that the train wouldn't pull out till 1, they all went to the Blackstone together for dinner. The orchestra played what is probably Judy's favorite song in the world—"Vienna, City of My Dreams." She started humming it.

"How do you know that song?" asked Paul.

"I have the Tauber record. I always keep sticking my ear down, trying to catch the German words."

So he taught them to her. By that time the orchestra had swung into a medley of Viennese waltzes. "Now that you can sing a Viennese song, maybe you'd like to dance a Viennese dance—"

"I don't know how."

"Just hang on."

star-spangled night . . .

She decided it was more fun than straight dancing—the lovely lilt of the melody, the unexpected turns and reverses, the floaty feeling. They must have been good, too. Everyone cleared the floor to watch and applaud, and in her bouffant silver-blue lace, Judy felt oh! so old-world and continental.

But it was from unromantic Pittsburgh that she brought back the memory which will live with her longest. They'd just sat down to dinner on the train after the show, when Mickey appeared, his face grave and a little strained.

"Look, folks," he said. "I know you're tired and I know your food'll get cold, but there's a trainload of sailors leaving for an embarkation point, and they'd love to see you guys. Would you come?"

The windows of the other train were choked with young faces. As the members of the troupe stepped down, Mickey introduced them. "Here's Kathryn Grayson—here's Jimmy Cagney—" Each time, a welcoming shout went up. Harpo came out last. He'd stopped for his wig—

They walked alongside the cars, talking, shaking hands, signing caps. Astaire did some of his classiest stepping, and Betty Hutton sang "Murder!" with no accompaniment but the chortles of her audience. In the midst of all this, the troop train gave a sudden jerk. It was leaving—

The group on the platform fell silent. Into the hush Dick Powell's tenor broke; "Anchors aweigh, aweigh—" As by one impulse, the others linked arms and joined him, and the gobs picked it up. For a moment they faced each other—home front and fighting front, singing together—then the train pulled out. White caps waved good-by. Over the racket of wheels and engine the old Navy song floated back—fainter and fainter and died away.

For once the diner was quiet that night. No singing, no jokes. For once they broke up right after the meal. What the others did, Judy doesn't know. For herself, she climbed into bed, burrowed her nose in the pillow and cried her heart out.

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★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 65)

so bid on it. He thought from the instant accompaniment that his cause was lost. Not to be put off by competition, Mister Carson went into the bidding with teeth, tongue and tenacity. Each time he thought he had triumphed, a small voice from the extreme opposite side of the room overbid him. It was enough to cost a man his last penny. Jack gave up and glowered in the general direction of his apparently millionaire competitor.

The lovely lady who tripped up to the auction block to claim her prize was Mrs. Jack Carson.

Chiller-Diller:

He had been with the Navy during the Guadalcanal landings; his boat, considerably smaller than a cruiser, had been named—because of her trim lines and beautiful performance—"Paulette." So, when Seaman O'Brien appeared at Paramount and asked to meet Miss Goddard, everyone thought it was a great idea.

He spent some time on the set where Paulette was working in a picture ironically titled "I Love a Soldier." As the sailor was leaving, he presented Miss Goddard with a silver ring set with turquoise stones.

"I love Indian jewelry," she enthused. "This is simply lovely. I'll wear it constantly and that's a promise. Did you happen to get it at the Indian House in Albuquerque?"

The sailor pursed his lips. "Well, not exactly. I took it off the finger of a Japanese pilot whom we shot down over Guad. The pilot, by the way, was a girl."

Paulette stared at the ring. "But how on earth did she ever get hold of an obviously American Indian ring?" she wanted to know.

The seaman shrugged. "We saw plenty of mysterious things out there," was the only comment he had to offer.

Mush Brush:

So you think you have troubles! Yet it's safe to wager that you've never gone to the door one evening, dressed in your chiffon formal, with ten yards of frou-frou in your hair, only to be faced by an escort wearing, among other things, a five o'clock shadow thicker than the Australian bush.

It happened to Anne Baxter, and the fur-bearing boy friend was Bill Eythe, camouflaged for his role in "The Eve of St. Mark." Anne said severely, "If you think we're going out to dinner with you looking like a junior G. B. Shaw, you're mistaken. Sit down."

Taking scissors in hand, Anne whipped out a nice Van Dyke for Mr. Eythe. We refrain from telling you what the 20th Century make-up department said the next morning when it had to piece in Bill's beard so that he would match the previous day's shooting.

Foiled:

Very soon now the name William Eythe is going to be a household word in the United States. He would also like to have it written on a hotel register in Mexico City. The fulfillment of this ambition is fraught with pitfalls having to do with our first statement about the chap whose name—for your information—rhymes with *blithe*.

The moment he finished his work in "Song of Bernadette," he bought an airline ticket to Mexico City, packed his bags and innocently answered the telephone while the taxi was waiting to take him to the airport. An error.

The studio was calling: He mustn't leave town as he had been cast in and must start immediate work on "The Eve of St. Mark."

He finished "Eve" (our apologies to Adam), bought another Good Neighbor ticket and had one foot on the transport steps when he was again summoned to the telephone. To

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in SECONDS with VACUTEX BLACKHEAD EXTRACTOR $1.00

Blackheads are ugly, offensive, embarrassing. They clog pores, mar your appearance, invite criticism. Now your blackheads can be removed in seconds, scientifically, and easily, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around the blackhead, cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden hands never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over your blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out. Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection, order today!

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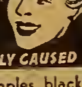

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Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS OINTMENT

wit: He mustn't leave town because he had just been cast and must instantly go to work in "Woodrow Wilson."

We'll keep you posted when he finishes this picture. Seems the script department has another goodie lined up, whereas Mr. Eythe is seeking to buy an efficient brand of disappearing powder.

Reverential:

This is a simple story about one of the ways in which motion pictures are made. It is about a walled garden in which carefully tended flowers grow in great mounds of color, a garden to which swallows return each spring. It is a story about a gentle, kindly priest who is nearly 73 years old.

The second company, or location group, which is making "Tomorrow's Harvest" for Paramount, had arranged to film a series of scenes in the lovely gardens of Mission San Juan Capistrano. For several years the priests who live at the mission had felt the need for a new chapel. By renting their garden to the studio for a given number of days, they found that they were going to be financially able to build the long-prayed-for chapel.

The picture company arrived one morning, complete with cameras, lights, dollies, microphones and the rest of the diverse paraphernalia of picture making. Having set up, preparatory to shooting, they were unable to unreel even so much as a foot of film because of the heavy overcast. The workmen simply sat in the shelter of the mission arches and waited.

In the afternoon, the priest—puzzled—approached Frank Borzage, the director, and asked why no use was being made of this obviously expensive preparation. When he was told that no footage could be shot until the sun came out, he shook his head. "I didn't understand," he said in a rich, time-steeped voice. "I shall go have a talk with my boss."

The next morning the sun came out, radiant and clear. The work went forward rapidly.

When the priest emerged late in the afternoon, Director Borzage asked reverently, "Do you mind telling me, Father, what you said to the Boss?"

"Not in the least," beamed the priest. "I explained that you were providing our new chapel so you must be fine people. And I asked Him kindly to speed your work as He had so speedily answered our prayers for the chapel."

Quickies:

Did you know that Frank Sinatra is having his teeth prettied? It will cost the studio several thousand dollars, but they feel it will be well worth it. This news should encourage the many high school actors and actresses who write to Hollywood authorities, asking what can be done to gain a dazzling star-trade-mark smile. Answer: See your dentist.

* * *

Although Betty Hutton, while on camp tour in Tucson, received three dozen gorgeous red roses from Charles Martin, she insists that she is entirely *dis*engaged.

* * *

Dinah Shore, now Mrs. George Montgomery, carries a small hairbrush in her bag, in place of the usual comb, and repairs any damage to her coiffure by a bit of brisk brushing.

* * *

When shooting was finished on "Two Sisters & a Sailor" at Metro, Jimmy Durante gave the entire cast and crew a party at Earl Carroll's. Just Jimmy's way of saying that he had enjoyed working with the gang and that he hoped he'd be back soon. And the gang responded by presenting Jimmy with a handsome wristwatch. Previous Durante day-makers have all been Ingersoll turnips.

* * *

Rita Hayworth, despite the ban on social telegrams, received the following wire from Orson Welles to inform her that he had arrived in New York, but missed her: "Shipment arrived on time but woefully incomplete."

Taps:

On that particular November afternoon Lou Costello was jubilant. The day before he had visited at Universal Studios to institute plans for his next picture with Bud Abbott. Now he was going to his first broadcast since his recovery from rheumatic fever.

He romped with Lou, Jr.—to be a year old in three days. He told Mrs. Costello, "Just for the fun of it, will you keep Butch up tonight until the broadcast is over? Watch him to see if he recognizes my voice, will you?"

The word came in, frantically, at the broadcasting station. Lou, Jr., had somehow escaped from his playpen and toddled to the swimming pool where he was found by his anguished mother. Physicians spent more than an hour in a vain attempt to save him.

Two hours later Lou went back to the radio station, against his doctor's advice. He would still broadcast into the mysterious sound bands, and perhaps somewhere, a small newcomer to a strange land would be reassured by his father's voice.

NEW *United-Love-and-Friendship*

Clasped Hands

RING

Here is something new, different and altogether charming in a ring that in a few short months has become the rage from Broadway to Hollywood. *A beautiful ring to wear on all occasions* that is also a true emblem of love, friendship and good luck wishes. The perfect gift for those at home or in service. When the ring is worn it shows the two hands clasped in love and friendship, exquisitely wrought from *solid Sterling Silver* and beautifully embossed. This Clasped Hands design Ring becomes more attractive as it is worn. Hands actually clasp and unclasp as illustrated. The newest and most distinctive ring design—be the first to wear one in your community.

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New

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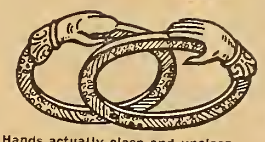

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use this handy ring measure. Tie string around finger, cut and mark off size on scale at left.

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FERDINAND THE "WOLF"

(Continued from page 47)

you could always talk tennis over a malted afterward.

With Verna, Jim whirled into reverse. Proposed the day they met. Married her three and a half weeks later—

He saw her before he met her. Working in "Forest Rangers" at Paramount, where he'd just signed a contract, he spied a girl in the commissary one day and lost his appetite.

He was lunching with Eddie Bracken. "Don't look now, Eddie—but that girl in the white turban two tables away—know who she is?"

Eddie squinted. "Never saw her before."

Jim kept gazing, so bedazzled that when she looked up and caught him, he just gazed some more. She smiled—a puzzled, tentative little smile—then turned away, leaving him and his mawkish grin hung in mid-air.

cooked goose . . .

Abandoning food and Eddie, he took up his stand at the cashier's desk. She'd have to pass right by him. She *did* pass right by him, practically tripped on his foot. His mouth opened, and his vocal cords froze. You couldn't talk to a vision—not to this lovely, cool vision who certainly knew he wasn't standing there for his health, and who sailed straight past him—straight out of his life.

"Speak to her?" asked Eddie.

"No, I'm too sweet a guy."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Lord knows," snapped Jim.

A week later he went to dinner with Cereatha and Jack Beutel. They were moving the following day, and he'd offered to help.

"Verna's coming, too," Cereatha said.

"Who's Verna?"

"Verna Knopf. Friend of mine. She's a model. Likes to wear turbans. Had a white one on in the Paramount commissary last week—" She eyed Jim sweetly while he choked on his soup. "She'd love to meet you, Jim—"

"Sez *you!*"

"Sez *she.*"

The minute Verna walked in next day, he knew he was sunk. Tactful Cereatha sent them to straighten out the kitchen. Working with the speed of panic, lest she get away from him again, Jim kicked his inhibitions in the teeth, and before they left the kitchen, he'd wound up a breakneck courtship with the suggestion, "Why don't we get married, huh?" Verna laughed.

But within a month they'd acted on the suggestion. It was to have been a secret till "Forest Rangers" came out, only Jim couldn't hold it. One night they went to a party at John Payne's beach house. After Jim had confided the secret to half a dozen ears, he decided this was silly, planted himself on the hearth rug and announced, "Flash! Beautiful model marries tennis punk at Las Vegas tomorrow. Those who wish to kiss the groom, form line to the right."

He's unique in that he came to Hollywood with no thought of the movies. He was Lefty Brown, whose southpaw wielding of a tennis racket had earned him his nickname, various championships and the right to represent his alma mater in the Pacific Southwest Tournament. Tennis was his life—tennis and a few people—Mom and his sister Ruth and his brother Bill and Jodie Adams, his sidekick—

Down in Waco, Mom and the kids were

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TWO DROPS

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Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.

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MENDING TAPE

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parents were divorced, and Mom kept them together on the 12 bucks a week she earned in a beauty shop, coming home at night to do the cooking and housework. Ruth was old enough to help, and did. Jim wanted to, but the flesh was weak. He sold "Libertys" till he showed a 15¢ profit—ten for a cowboy movie, five for the latest issue of "G-8 and his Battle Aces."

At 14 he discovered tennis and worked out a club membership by chopping down weeds and stringing rackets. He also discovered Jodie Adams and the uses of bribery. "I'll buy you a sandwich and coke if you'll play with me—" They were allowed to use the courts when it rained. Soon they were hitch-hiking to tournaments, with Mom digging into her meager funds for chow-dough.

School didn't mean a thing. Summers were dedicated to tennis, winters to hookey. Till one day Jim woke up to find all his pals graduated and himself sitting like a six-foot ox among calves. By now he'd won the Texas high school doubles and the State Municipal men's singles. So he wrote to a military school in a nearby town. Boiled down, his letter said, "How's about an exchange? You give me a scholarship, and I'll play tennis for you." They said okay.

While there, he undertook an experiment with his brains. Not the first year. Too busy fooling around the first year. Passed by the skin of his teeth and got really scared. Didn't mind poor grades so much, who cared about grades? But suppose he was dumb or something! Better find out. Buckling down, Mr. Brown missed the honor roll by one lousy point. That was all he wanted to know. Back went the books into mothballs. Out came the rackets and the big bass horn. He played and sang with the school band, and his baritone seemed to please the gals. "Why don't you act the way you sing, honey? *You* know. Mastuhful."

From Schreiner he moved to Baylor University on another scholarship. Which—after a year of the so-called scholastic life—took him to the summer of 1940 and the tournament in Los Angeles. He'd never thought much about what he was going to be—salesman, maybe, for some sporting goods house, touring the country on an expense account. When his picture was taken with a bunch of movie celebrities and plastered over the front page of a local sheet, he thought it was funny. When a guy came up and said, "Are you interested in pictures?" he said, "Sure, got a pin-up of Grable's legs?"

The guy handed him a card. Henry Willson. Zeppo Marx Agency. "The question still goes," Henry Willson said pleasantly. "Are you interested in pictures?"

"I don't know—I suppose so—" He took refuge in indignation. "Say, who isn't?"

Willson took him over to see Zeppo Marx—to let Zeppo see him, rather. Zeppo thought he'd do. Jim got all excited over seeing a Marx brother, but decided he'd better go back to school. They were counting on him to play in the Southwest Conference, and he couldn't let dear old Baylor down. Thanks just the same, he'd mull things over. Come back next year maybe.

If he hadn't needed an operation, he might have won the singles in the Southwest Conference. If he'd won the singles, he might have stuck to school and tennis. The doctors told him not to play. He played anyway, won the doubles, lost the singles and says his physical condition had nothing to do with it—he just didn't play right. Whatever the reason, he quit, had his operation, got a job in a planing mill, saved enough for train fare and a little over, collected Jodie Adams who wanted to work in an airplane plant and kissed his folks good-by.

Henry Willson's phone rang. "Remember me? Jim Brown. I'm back."

slim pickings . . .

Jim was Henry's baby, and Henry was stuck with him. Nobody else cared—least of all, casting directors. They looked, and the way they didn't leap was unanimous. Jodie had no job either, this being pre-Pearl Harbor. They lived in an attic, against whose beams Jim cracked his head

Like mother - Like daughter

both say

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Yes! You say "Goodbye Dandruff" the very first time you use Fitch Shampoo, for Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application. It's the ONLY shampoo whose guarantee bears the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms. And when you use Fitch's, you say "Hello" to radiant, sparkling hair because Fitch Shampoo brings out all the natural highlights, makes the hair antiseptically clean. Good for all colors and textures of hair . . . requires no after-rinse . . . economical. Try Fitch Shampoo TODAY. Sold at all drug counters

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The Truth about Soap Shampoos

SOAP SHAMPOO

This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

FITCH SHAMPOO

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USE ON ARMS AND LEGS, TOO

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I will pay postman $1 for each Compact, plus few cents postage. (Shipped *postpaid* if cash is enclosed.)
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For enclosed 10c please send me a sample each of Resinol Soap and Ointment, also one of those handy little Hollywood Stop-Run Menders.

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RESINOL
OINTMENT AND SOAP

every time he stood up. They ate crackers and peanut butter three times a day. Their downhill living standard was marked by three mileposts: when Jim hocked his other suit—sold his two spare tires—wired Mom collect for ten bucks to buy more crackers and peanut butter.

Keeping his ear to the ground, he snagged a rumor that Garwood Van needed a singer. Jim presented himself, crossed his fingers, called up the memory of "*You*-know-mastuhful," and sang.

The bandleader was cautious. "I've already got a girl. I couldn't afford to give you much—"

"I'm not used to living on much."

He was signed at 25 per. They were to leave on a tour the following Wednesday. Henry called up. "How do you look in a uniform?"

"Like a guy in a uniform."

"Paramount's casting for 'Forest Rangers.' Might as well go over."

At Paramount, for the first time, a casting director eyed Jim as if he were something the cat hadn't dragged in, gave him a script, said they'd test him Monday. Saturday Henry coached him. Sunday he chewed nails. Monday they tested him. Tuesday Henry phoned.

"Hi, Jim, hahya doin?—Packed yet?—Well, listen, be sure you come back when that band circus gets through with you. Paramount? Haven't heard a thing—"

Every half hour Henry called. Every time the phone rang, Jim's heart did calisthenics. When it rang again at noon, he got there first. "Hahya, Hank? I'm fine. I'm packed. I'm clearin' out of here, now, so I don't have to listen—"

"Okay. Be sure you come back, though. Oh. By the way. You're a movie actor."

"Look, brother, you can kick a gag around just so long—".

"Gag, my foot! Meet me at Paramount at four. We're signing the contracts."

staked to steaks . . .

At five Jim and Jodie were dumping cracker-and-peanut-butter remnants into a garbage can. At five they were cooking steak, frying potatoes, opening cans of pork and beans. At seven thirty, when night rates went into effect, Jim was calling Waco—

"Just signed with Paramount, Mom. Talk as long as you like. This one's on me."

She couldn't talk much, she was too busy crying.

After "Forest Rangers," Jim was scheduled for "Wake Island" but, for reasons unknown, got no further than his G.I. haircut. The haircut was all he needed.

QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Continued from page 105*)

1. Ronald Reagan
2. Robert Taylor
3. Vivian Leigh
4. Gene Kelly
5. Edward G. Robinson
6. Greer Garson
7. Erich von Stroheim
8. Roy Rogers
9. Olivia de Havilland
10. Paul Henreid
11. Joseph Cotten
12. Frances Langford
13. Judy Garland
14. Boris Karloff
15. Basil Rathbone
16. Olsen and Johnson
17. Alan Ladd
18. Lena Horne
19. Charles Boyer
20. Jimmy Durante

Letter to a P.O.W.

WILL YOU WRITE a letter to a Prisoner of War . . . tonight?

Perhaps he was left behind when Bataan fell. Perhaps he had to bail out over Germany. Anyway, he's an American, and he hasn't had a letter in a long, long time.

And when you sit down to write, tell *him* why you didn't buy your share of War Bonds last pay day—if you didn't.

"Dear Joe," you might say, "the old topcoat was getting kind of threadbare, so I . . ."

No, cross it out. Joe might not understand about the topcoat, especially if he's shivering in a damp Japanese cell.

Let's try again. "Dear Joe, I've been working pretty hard and haven't had a vacation in over a year, so . . ."

Better cross that out, too. They don't ever get vacations where Joe's staying.

Well, what are you waiting for? Go ahead, write the letter to Joe. Try to write it, anyhow.

But mister, or madam, or miss, if somehow you find you can't finish that letter, will you, at least, do this for Joe? Will you up the amount of money you're putting into your Payroll Savings Plan—so that you'll be buying your share of War Bonds from here on in? And will you—for Joe's sake—start doing it right away?

DON'T LET DOWN NOW—

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

"Tex," snapped Henry. "Air Force"! and dragged Jim over to Warners', where 50 guys were being tested for the part. Jim tested, too, then lit out for Chicago, where Verna was visiting her folks. From Chicago they traipsed down to Waco to visit his. Henry nailed him at Waco.

"It's in the bag. Moreover, you're hot stuff. Warners' want to buy you. Paramount won't sell you. Come on home."

"Corvettes" cured him of going to previews. It's not the preview he minds, it's autographs. At "Corvettes" the kids penned him in, and he signed, sweating. Till he caught sight of Howard Hawks. His admirers never knew what happened. One minute he was there, next minute he wasn't!

Home for the time being is a furnished house in the valley, enlivened by Beverly Jean—one in December—and Murgie the sheep dog, short for Murgatroyd. Murgie was Verna's baby for so long that he didn't take kindly at first to Beverly. Now he lets her ride him. As a horse, she prefers her father. She can't get as good a grip on his hair, but he's steadier.

She reminds Jim of his brother Donnie—not through physical resemblance but because he feels for her the same kind of tenderness. Donnie was seven and could scale fences Jim balked at. One night he sat in Mom's lap while she read him the funnies. "When I grow up," promised Donnie, "I'll read you the funnies. And I'll make a million dollars and you can have it all." They were his last words before he died. Because they lost Donnie, he loves his own baby more.

And because he wishes he'd helped Mom more round the house, he now helps Verna. Gets up with the baby at seven when he's not working, so Verna can sleep. Beverly likes to be dressed, standing up. "It can't be done," Jim tells her. "Not with diapers." She snuggles into his neck and ogles him. So he diapers her standing up. Does the marketing, too. Knows his ration points by heart.

Hates night clubs and dancing. His idea of a good evening starts with Swiss steak and string beans and the radio tuned in to Crosby or Hope. Later they'll sit by the fireplace, reading or listening to records. Friends drop in—non-professional mostly except for Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens. Jim's talk is punctuated by, "When Jodie gets back—" Jodie's in North Africa for Lockheed.

bi-annual binge . . .

They're saving War Bonds for the future of the world and the Browns. Handy with the needle, Verna makes all the baby's clothes and some of her own. When they step out, it's for spaghetti and meatballs at the Derby. Their principal splurge is on birthday gifts for each other. Even then, it's a modest splurge. Verna bought Jim a sports shirt which he said looked more expensive than any sports shirt had a right to be. He bought her a bottle of "Danger." Went around sniffing till he sniffed a smell that made him feel romantic.

They're saving to buy their own home after the war. Jim wants a tennis court. And he wants to make things easier for Mom. Mom thinks she's sitting pretty, with a beauty shop of her own and business doubling every time Jim's name hits the paper. (A perforated eardrum kept him out of the service.)

Despite his healthy spot on the road to stardom, he remains slightly dazed by the turn of events. Verna caught him the other day in a fit of abstraction—

"What's wrong, honey?"

He came to with a start. "Seems I'm a movie actor."

"It's an idea some people have."

"Yeah—. Oh well, let's not be narrow about it. I get some funny ideas myself—."

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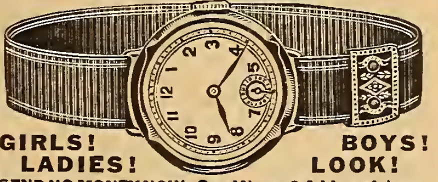

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

LADDIE COMES HOME

(Continued from page 57)

at Alan. "Why don't you shed those khakis?" he demanded.

Instead of speaking the words as a question, however, he used an intonation that told clearly how well he understood the reason Laddie hadn't changed his clothes.

Alan glanced down at the G. I.'s and grinned wryly. "I used to think that the day I put on civvies again would be the happiest day of my life," he admitted. "It just shows how wrong a guy can be. I'm downright crazy about these khakis."

The first guest said suddenly, "Actually, I never did mind reveille very much. It made me feel good to get up in the morning. The air was so crisp."

"To be honest," the second guest admitted slowly, "I had a friend who was an M. P. Swell fellow. Guess I'll miss him."

And the third guest re-crossed his legs, lit a fresh cigarette and confided, "I'm going to get my old job back in an aircraft plant so I won't really be getting any fancy togs. I'll be living in coveralls, which aren't so far from Army fatigue clothes."

The quartet smoked in nostalgic silence for several moments. Sue said, "What you're trying to say, the four of you, is that you hate the idea of being out of the Army."

They exchanged sheepish glances. "When you're *in* the Army," one of them confessed, "all you talk about is the time when you'll be *out*."

sad ladd . . .

Alan clarified the idea. "But when you talk about being *out*, you always take it for granted that the war will be over when you're honorably discharged. A guy never imagines he'll be out while other fellows are still serving."

One of the dischargees shook his head. "In this man's Army, he doesn't get asked about his attitude toward his own ailments. Gosh, if I had known I was going to be let out I would have raised heck—not that it would have done any good."

It wouldn't have done any good, as everyone knows. The Army acts in wonderful and mysterious ways as any K. P. will gladly tell you. What it can use to prosecute the war effort, it takes; what it feels will be of more constructive use in civilian life, it returns to mufti, often to the intense annoyance of the man involved. It is that way with Alan Ladd. It never occurred to him that he would be out of the Army until the unconditional surrender of the Axis was announced. But he has a tricky stomach, the result of living—during those hard early years—on hope and candy bars, day-old doughnuts and coffee, and it violently resented C rations and other G. I. special menus.

Alan's let-down feeling that first night at home was the forerunner of several million similar sensations to be spread over this entire country as rapidly as men are mustered out of uniform.

"I'm going to miss the bull sessions with the guys every night," Alan went on. "I'm going to miss the friendship, the discipline, the team feeling of accomplishing something big and important. And what in the world will ever compare to the thrill of getting a three day pass . . . or answering mail call . . . or getting your first stripe . . ." He glanced around the room, meeting Sue's eyes.

That surge of gladness that belongs to homecoming suddenly answered his question, as it will answer the same question for millions of other men. He was once again in his own house, within sight and sound of those he loved.

The nurse came to the head of the stairway at that moment to call softly, "Alana's awake, Mr. Ladd."

Ascending the stairs two at a time, he arrived breathlessly in the nursery, bounded over and picked up the pink young lady cooing over the prospect of her evening bottle. He cuddled the warm bundle and kissed her cheek.

Ordinarily such attention would be welcomed by almost any babe in the world—age not being a consideration—but Miss Ladd was startled. Moreover she had become accustomed to the treble tones of womankind, and this deep baritone creature was decidedly strange. She let out a whoop that brought the Bill Bendix family, who live across the street, to their upstairs windows with apprehensive questions about how far Alana had fallen.

Combining great haste with great care, Alan returned his daughter to her trundle bed. "I didn't hurt her," he told the nurse defensively.

"Naturally you didn't," the nurse said by way of comfort. "It's just that she's a little temperamental and hungry tonight. Give the young lady a little time, sir."

Alan stuck around during Alana's feeding. When the bottle was empty, he leaned over to see whether he had become a family member in good standing. Miss Ladd puckered her face in excellent imitation of a green persimmon-eater, so her pa exited downstage right, exceedingly nonplused.

"You'll see—she'll get used to you shortly," the nurse called consolingly.

The next morning, after the Ladds had driven their overnight guests to the station, Sue surprised Alan emerging from the nursery on tiptoe. She raised her eyebrows inquiringly.

"She didn't cry," Alan announced in victor's tones. "Of course I didn't try t pick her up. I just stood and looked a her." He added, in the interest of star truth, "She was still asleep."

The situation worried the returned soldier considerably; his general attitud was that Alana was clearly guilty o sabotage against civilian morale. Ten o 12 times each day he slipped into he room to see how she regarded him. Us-

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ually her large eyes studied him with neither encouragement nor malice. Once she made a few interesting remarks in a language beyond Alan's ken. As long as he kept his distance, the little lady was polite; the instant he tried to pick her up, she issued an ultimatum in a ringing soprano and a gush of tears.

Knowing the weakness of womankind, Alan went shopping. He searched high and low for a stroller—one that a junior citizen can propel by kicking, or that a patient relative can trundle at the end of a long handle. He finally found a victory model with wooden wheels.

One sunny morning Laddie had the nurse place Miss Ladd in the stroller, then he took her for a ride. Sue watched the performance from an upstairs window. First Alana waved good-by to the nurse; then, espying her mother, she waved a prolonged good-by toward the roof. Then she turned around and stared squarely into the nervous eyes of the gentleman who was pushing her stroller down the street.

glad ladd . . .

"Here we go again," Alan said under his breath.

She tipped her head to one side and allowed her lips to part in a flirtatious grin. She played patacake to indicate a high degree of good nature and a general approval of the morning. Obviously her state of health was excellent, and she was pleased by her companion and the trip they were taking.

When somewhat later they returned to the house, she let Alan lift her out of the stroller and carry her upstairs. "Do you remember how to give kisses?" he asked, testing his luck to the last.

Alana giggled and leaned forward to lick his cheek, puppy dog fashion, an antic which is her highest form of praise.

Laddie left the young lady in care of her nurse and went in search of Sue. Beaming, he said, "Our daughter has just announced officially that I'm once more a member of the family. Guess I can stick around now."

Sue said fine, that it was about time, and that, incidentally, if he would look on the bed he would find a welcome-home gift from Alana's mother.

It was a gift with a history. For Christmas, 1942, Sue had given Laddie (among other things) a beautiful shooting jacket of burgundy suede and vicuña, which is a South American import and the finest of all woolens. His first reaction had been intense pleasure; his second had been dismay as he realized Sue did not yet know of his acceptance by the Army.

"Since I'm going into the Army in a few weeks, it would be silly for me to keep this," he had pointed out. "A beautiful garment like this should belong to somebody who can enjoy it. What good would it ever do me? It would just hang in the closet for two or three years and probably furnish Sunday dinners for the more enterprising moths. Thanks a million, Susie, but you'd better return it."

So she did, with more regret than you could find in a dipper of tears.

woes, en route . . .

And, the instant she knew Alan was being honorably discharged from the Army, she hurried down to the shop from which the jacket was originally purchased and asked an important question. Yes, the jacket was still there.

Alan had given away a good many items of his civilian clothing, but those that he had kept had to be altered because of the weight he lost during his stay in an Army hospital. Incidentally, he needs to

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before he starts work at Paramount as the young doctor in Rachel Field's great story, "And Now Tomorrow."

There were times during Alan's Army career, of course, when his slenderness was a great boon. Take, for instance, the circumstances surrounding his fall furlough.

He had been stationed at Walla Walla, Washington. Sue had tearfully left Alana in Hollywood with the nurse who had cared for her since birth, and had taken a small apartment in Walla Walla so that she could see Laddie whenever he could get a week-end pass.

When his 14-day furlough was granted, he and Sue decided instantly to return to Hollywood. They rushed to the station, only to find that ONE upper berth was the only accommodation available for days. They took it. As a gag they flipped a coin to see which one would occupy the little hammock and which would get the berth.

The next morning they viewed Portland, Oregon, through eyes glassy for lack of proper rest. "We'll go to a hotel, get cleaned up, catch 40 winks, then have breakfast and see about getting reservations out of here tonight," Alan suggested.

A sterling idea. The only trouble being that, as numerous haughty hotel clerks explained it, "there is a war going on." The hotels were filled to the rafters with traveling servicemen, government employees of one sort or another, defense workers, defense contractors, etc. etc. etc.

Just as Sue was ready to sleep on the nearest lobby lounge, an apologetic manager hastened up to assure the Ladds that he had a room for them. He was sorry to have kept them waiting, and he hoped they would be comfortable for a few hours, at least. It seems that an alert bell captain had spotted the dejected Ladds, recognized them and had notified the manager. He, in turn, loaned them a room that had been reserved by a foresighted traveler who wasn't due until late afternoon.

lather lassies . . .

He proceeded to the barber shop, which happened to be staffed with lather lassies instead of the usual male quartet. Being broadminded about such things, Alan settled himself in the chair and ordered the classic once-over lightly. The suds were applied with a gentle feminine touch, and Laddie was relaxing nicely when he caught sight of the straight-edge razor. It was quivering. It was vibrating. It was shuddering. It was cutting tiny sawteeth in the air.

close shave . . .

"Look . . . er . . . I'm not the first guy you've ever shaved, am I?" queried the gentleman from Hollywood.

The lady barber shook her head. "B-b-b-but you're the f-f-first actor I've ever shaved," she said.

"We're made out of that same old human stuff," Laddie said reassuringly. "When cut, we bleed."

"Oh, I w-w-won't cut you," she promised.

And she kept her word. The razor, held aloft, was about as steady as a hat in a hurricane, but once the blade descended to an apprehensive face, it glided along without wobble, scrape or scratch.

When Alan rejoined Sue in the room he said fervently, "I'm certainly glad that girl wasn't a critic at heart. I was in no position to escape a cutting remark."

That night the Ladds took another upper berth from Portland to Los Angeles (two nights). They spent a hurried eight days at home.

On his return from furlough the Army ordered Alan into the hospital, from where he was honorably discharged.

There's not much satisfaction for Alan, but Sue's brown eyes are dark with happiness at being able to have him home for awhile.

And Miss Alana, now that she has grown accustomed to that newcomer with the blond hair, the green eyes, the deep voice and the affectionate manner, has generously decided to accept his attentions with a gurgle and to kiss him good night every night.

Laddie's home.

THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK

PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page 48*)

girl, wardrobe girl, sound men, film editor and art director. The actors got a break. They didn't have to leave until 7:30. But only because that extra half-hour was necessary to get into make-up and costumes. They had to grope their way to the studio through the half-light of dawn just as early as anyone else.

At the location spot, folks froze and sweltered by turns. When they arrived in the morning, frost was settled on everything. Actors, technicians huddled around salamanders filled with hot coals. Eddie Bracken rushed up to one shivering group and announced, "Know those hens back there in a crate for atmosphere? One of them just laid a frozen egg!" And so did the gag, cause they all felt like icicles.

By noon, the sun was knocking itself out, beaming down, changing the type of discomfort from chattering teeth to overheated foreheads. Betty Hutton kept close to the iced drinking water. Sturges, ever serene, took no notice of the temperature switches. He was too engrossed with such problems as how to keep the acorns from surrounding oak trees from beating a tattoo on the sound track during scenes with dialogue. The final solution for that covering the roof. And just to prove Hollywood's reputation for ingenuity, as soon as the noise-deadening blankets had caught up a generous supply of oak tree fruit, it was converted via grinding into a substitute for coffee.

Brian Donlevy and Akim Tamiroff made only short appearances in the film—sort of a guest shot as a favor to Sturges who gave them such good roles in "The Great McGinty." Neither Brian nor Akim wanted credit, because their roles are so small, but Sturges added a tiny card to the picture's billing reading: "McGinty and the Boss."

The "miracle" of the picture was withheld from everyone in the film until it came time to shoot the actual scene. Folks used to sidle up to the script department and in a hoarse whisper inquire if Sequence L was ready yet. The situation got to be pretty tense. Everyone knew the picture ended happily, but scene 16, the "miracle" scene, remained a mystery until the very last afternoon of shooting!

This debuts Betty Hutton as a dramatic actress, and the studio is anxiously awaiting the fans' reaction. If they like her serious emoting, her future Paramount

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Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

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EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

So for more alluring hair, insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

And remember . . . Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

LOOK DEVASTATING those precious hours you spend with "him." You will, even in the simplest dress, if you do right by your hair! Here's a glamorous new hair-do he'll adore . . . if your hair itself has the shining smoothness only Drene with Hair Conditioner can give.

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That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

After Hours—

win romance with a bright, sparkling smile!

Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

THERE'S a victory to win—and you're working hard! But after hours, you're *you*—with your girl's heart and time for romance. So wear your feminine frills and furbelows. Yes, and call on the most fetching charm of all—a radiant smile!

Remember you don't need beauty to win happiness and romance. Charm counts as much as beauty. And even the plainest girl—with a sparkling, attractive smile—can turn heads and win hearts!

So make your smile gay and radiant—a smile that is the real YOU. And remember, healthy gums are important if you want to have a bright, sparkling smile.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by our soft foods. Like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a lovelier smile!

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

3,000,000 women are needed to serve on the home front—to release more men for wartime duties.

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What can *you* do? *More than you think!*

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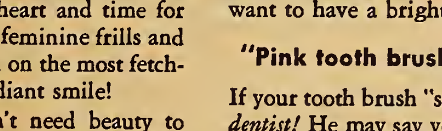

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"When I'm at the stick I'm just a guy named Joe."

M-G-M presents Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne in Victor Fleming's production of "A Guy Named Joe".

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With Van Johnson, Ward Bond, James Gleason, Lionel Barrymore, Barry Nelson, Esther Williams.

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Screen play by Dalton Trumbo, adaptation by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, directed by Victor Fleming and produced by Everett Riskin.

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That's the entire billing and it's an honor to be on it. "A Guy Named Joe" is a great memorable picture.

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Spencer Tracy gives the outstanding performance of his career. It is way ahead of his shadow life as an aviator in "Test Pilot".

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Irene Dunne surpasses her best work, not excluding "The Awful Truth".

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Victor Fleming's direction makes you remember that he also directed "Gone With The Wind".

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Two lovers with stars in their eyes and their eyes in the stars are Spencer and Irene. She too, you see, is a pilot.

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A story of recklessness in the face of the sheerest danger and of love itself which is the enemy of fear.

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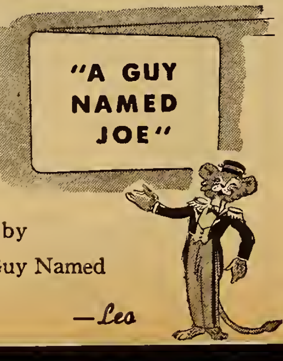

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A Guy Named

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MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

SWOON BOY
Sinatra's funny that way. Gals dripping orchids and mink cry for him, but he'll take spaghetti in the kitchen—with Nancy and the baby! 22

LOVABLE LUG
His family tree is snooty Mayflower stuff, but Sonny Tufts just naturally takes to doormen, bartenders and garagemen! 26

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We shook him and his Great Dane out of bed at 9 in the morning and trailed him like a Winchell till he flopped back in at midnight 28

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To us, she's an actress . . . a farmer . . . a canny art collector. But to the guys in Frisco's military hospital, Paulette's some dish! 44

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COVER: Rita Hayworth in Col.'s "Cover Girl." Kodachrome by Coburn.

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a guy named **LEO PRESENTS**

a guy named **SPENCER TRACY**

a gal named **IRENE DUNNE**

in VICTOR FLEMING's Production
of the M-G-Marvelous Romance
The grandest love story since "Test Pilot"

"A Guy Named Joe"

with VAN JOHNSON · WARD BOND · JAMES GLEASON · LIONEL BARRYMORE
BARRY NELSON · ESTHER WILLIAMS · Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo · Adaptation by
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan · Directed by VICTOR FLEMING · Produced by EVERETT RISKIN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW

In the "morgue" of a metropolitan newspaper of the 1890's, an old man and a young one are having an argument. "Time is an illusion," old Pop Benson declares. Pop has been in charge of the "morgue" of the "Evening News" for many years, and he's seen a lot of todays turn into yesterdays. "What difference does it make whether a thing happened last year or will happen tomorrow?" he asks young Larry Stevens (Dick Powell).

Larry thinks it makes a lot of difference. "If I knew something that was going to happen tomorrow, I could write a story on it and make old man Gordon give me a raise." But of course, no one knows what is going to happen tomorrow, so Larry says good night and leaves for an evening out on the town. He ends up in a night spot where a clairvoyant act is in progress. Professor Cigolini (Jack Oakie) has an extremely pretty assistant, Sylvia (Linda Darnell). She is supposedly in a trance, but Larry catches her glancing his way, and he waits for her after the show. He and Sylvia escape the eagle eye of the professor, who is her uncle, and Larry takes her home in a hansom cab. After some Victorian coyness, she even agrees to have lunch with him the next day, and he starts home through the foggy night, up to his ears in dreams.

On the way he meets Pop Benson, curiously wraith-like in the fog. (*Continued on page 10*)

When newsman Larry Stevens (Dick Powell) goes to see clairvoyant Professor Cigolini (J. Oakie), he falls in love with his assistant Sylvia (Linda Darnell).

That night a wraith-like figure hands him a newspaper with "tomorrow's headlines." Story of opera house hold-up comes true when he takes Sylvia to opera next afternoon!

When he inserts already-written story in paper, police accuse him of being an accomplice. A second phantom news story saves his hide by disclosing robber's roost! A third headline forecasts his death.

"I'm sure most people would have thought him an ugly man...but when his lips caressed my hair...his fingers touched my throat... I knew he was the most thrilling man a woman ever loved!"

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to tell you about a film that is happy and gay and filled with romance and action. You'll lose your cares when you go to see this rhumba-on-the-range fiesta

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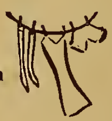
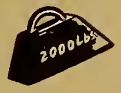
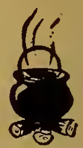
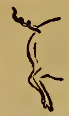
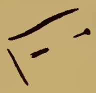
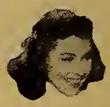
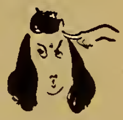
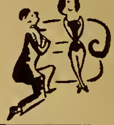
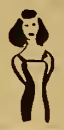
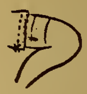
See page 73 for contest details

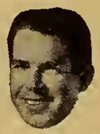
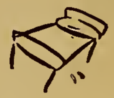
In  **ing**  **trouble was** 

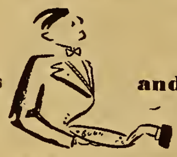
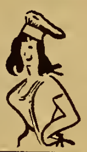
For Fred and   **er** 

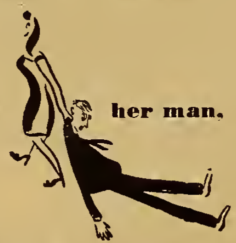
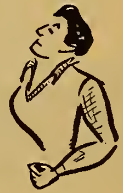
Too busy to  **about** 

They started by getting all wet!

That bright  **Miss Goddard was brai** 

She managed to find  **a** 

As  **and**  **they were zany,**

But Paulette  **her man,**  **Fred!**

Modern Screen's Contest Series—No. 13, "Standing Room Only"

In __________ **ing** ______________ **trouble was** ____________________

For Fred and ______________________ **er** ____________________

Too busy to ______________________ **about** ____________________

They started by getting all wet!

That bright ______________ **Miss Goddard was brai** ____________

She managed to find ______________________ **a** ______________

As __________ **and** __________ **they were zany,**

But Paulette __________ **her man,** ______________________ **Fred!**

Full name.. Coat size.........

Street............................ City..................... State........

Mail to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

"But it would be more fun to see 'The Miracle of Morgan's Creek'"

drop everything to see it!

Paramount's

"THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK"

(There's no Morgan in it—
There's no Creek in it—
But there is a Miracle—
And what a Miracle!*)

starring **Eddie Bracken**
Alias Ignatz Ratzkywatzky, the 6F Miracle Man!

and **Betty Hutton**
As Trudy Kockenlocker who kissed the boys good-bye, regiment by regiment!

With DIANA LYNN • WILLIAM DEMAREST • PORTER HALL and 'McGINTY' and 'THE BOSS' • Written and Directed by PRESTON STURGES

"When funnier pictures are made, you'll simply collapse!"

*"Promise me you won't tell a soul what the hilarious MIRACLE is. They wouldn't believe you anyway!"

Melisse

Copyright by Paramount Pictures, Inc., 1944

Scenes from the forthcoming musical sensation of 1944

Rita Hayworth
Gene Kelly
in
COVER GIRL
in Technicolor

Music by JEROME KERN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN
with
LEE BOWMAN · PHIL SILVERS · JINX FALKENBURG
and
THE COVER GIRLS
15 OF AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

Pop silently hands him a folded newspaper. Larry sticks it in his pocket and forgets it till the next morning. Then he discovers it is the "Evening News" dated that day. Obviously something is wrong. The "News" doesn't come out till afternoon. Larry scans it perplexedly and reads the story of a holdup at the Opera House that afternoon at two o'clock. To his incredulous amazement, the story has his own by-line. He still can't understand it, but when he gets to the office, he surreptitiously copies the story and sticks it in a drawer of his desk. Just in case. . . .

He takes Sylvia to lunch and afterward to the Opera House to hear Melba sing. But the performance is stopped by a holdup. It has really happened. Larry dashes back to the office and hands in the already written story. As a result, he is promptly arrested. The police figure that if he knew about the robbery ahead of time he must have been in on it. Sylvia tries to rescue him by saying that she is really clairvoyant and saw what was going to happen and told Larry.

Cops are a skeptical bunch. "Okay, sister, let's see you do it again," is their proposition. Sylvia figures out an angle to take care of that, but it involves jumping off a bridge into the river, which is taking care of it the hard way. Meanwhile, Pop Benson comes to the jail and hands Larry another "tomorrow's paper." Larry sees with pleasure that the bandits are captured the next morning, and he takes the police to the right place at the right time. Result: The bandits are captured, and Larry is released and given a raise. He and Sylvia drift around in a rose-colored cloud.

But Professor Cigolini suspects that Larry's intentions are not honorable. He demands that he marry Sylvia at once or never see her again. That's fine with Larry, he was just getting around to proposing anyway. At least it's fine until Pop Benson shows up with another paper that says, "Larry Stevens, reporter, killed in St. George hotel robbery." When Larry reads that he rushes off to a hospital and refuses to leave for any purpose whatever, even to marry the luscious Sylvia. He's going to stay right there in a nice safe bed and let someone else get shot in the hotel St. George.

He can't escape fate, even by taking to bed and letting someone else get shot in the St. George at the appointed hour, in spite of all his struggles. The outcome and the explanation are completely unexpected.

Hollywood seems to be going in for fantasy these days. This particular dish of it is handled lightly and is still boy-meets-girl, even if it's hopped up with what-happens-tomorrow. You'll find it bright entertainment with Jack Oakie contributing the comedy high spots.—*U. A.*

P. S.

Linda Darnell, Dick Powell, Jack Oakie, Rene Clair and the casting director all celebrated birthdays while this was in production. . . . Biggest party was given for Linda. Publicity department called Hollywood U.S.O. and asked for servicemen who were celebrating birthdays to be sent over to join the fun. First to arrive was Private George Bruce of Cincinnati who had just turned 20. Linda shared her gifts and half her cake with the private. Altogether 18 soldiers, sailors and Marines showed up to join the fun. . . . Linda ages from 18 to 80 in this picture. During the last 20 years make-up men had to apply a rubber clay to her face to form wrinkles and extra chins. Stuff usually works perfectly, but Linda's skin was so firm and fine-pored, they had to work with her for 52 hours (at different sittings) to find a strong enough solution to use on her face. . . . Took make-up department two hours to fix her face every morning. On day of her big scene as Dick's wife on their Golden Wedding Anniversary, she tripped at the top of the staircase as they were descending. Dick caught her in time to avoid a serious accident, but when she was back on her feet, both chins were dangling from her right ear, and the cast had to wait another two hours while she was redone. . . . Powell, who has been fighting for years to get away from musicals, can't stop singing between takes. Answered requests from the cast and crew every morning while waiting for day's shooting to get under way. . . . Only song he does in this is one done in a bar in a tipsy condition. Script called for him to sing off key, but he found it impossible so technicians dubbed in a voice for Powell's. . . . Wedlock and Snyder, who wrote the script, have written radio script for both Oakie and Dick in the past.

UP IN ARMS

There isn't anyone like Danny Kaye. For years Hollywood has gotten along with ersatz products, but now here is the real Danny. He's wacky, he's hilarious, he's wonderful! Playing opposite him is lovely Dinah Shore. Constance Dowling and Dana Andrews make up the rest of a fast foursome.

Danny plays a lad named Danny, which simplifies everything. He's an elevator operator by profession and a hypochondriac by avocation. He spends half his time taking vari-colored pills and his temperature, and the other half mooning at a beautiful nurse named Mary (Constance Dowling). Danny has a pal, Joe (Dana Andrews), and he's very happy that Joe and Mary get on so well together. It never occurs to him that it might come up love.

One day Danny gets a letter which begins, "Greetings from the President." Danny is incredulous. They can't draft him! Why, he's half dead now from a dozen different ailments. But "sound as a nut," says the Army doctor, coining a phrase, and Danny's in! So is Joe, who hates to leave Mary as much as Danny does. More. Danny's too busy worrying about his health. He predicts gloomily that six weeks in the Army will finish him off.

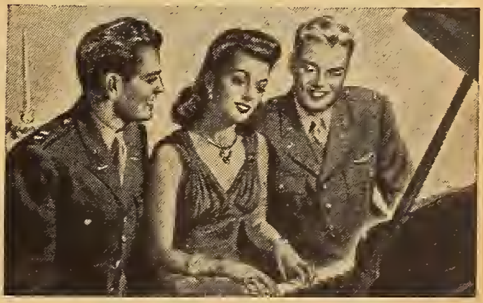
Somehow it doesn't. He's known to his barrack mates as "the guy with the pills" and "the noivous joik," but he survives. Mary joins the Army as a nurse and introduces Danny to another nurse, Virginia (Dinah Shore). She hopes he'll fall for Virginia, so that Joe won't be so reluctant to pay *her* some attention. Joe doesn't want to take Danny's girl. But Danny stays stubbornly in love with Mary. He talks her into coming down to see him off when they start overseas, and with his customary talent for doing the wrong thing, gets her on board the boat by mistake, and she's carried off when they sail. Virginia is on board, too, with a couple of hundred other nurses, and Danny shoves Mary in with them and hopes for the best. The best doesn't materialize, and by the time they get to their destination, Danny is assigned to the guardhouse. Of course, by the end of the picture, he's a hero. But hero or not, he's wacky, he's hilarious, he's

(Continued on page 13)

Busier hands can still be picture-pretty!

You're working hard on the home front. But it's easy to guard your lovely, busy hands the *beforehand* way—with Toushay! Smooth it on *before* all your daily soap-and-water tasks. It helps *prevent* dryness and roughness—helps keep hands beautiful while they work!

Housework's just one of your wartime jobs. Recreation centers, businesses, hospitals need you—and you're helping out. But never neglect your hands! Just smooth on Toushay *before* you put your hands into hot, soapy water. Always take this precaution *beforehand,* instead of waiting till damage is done!



And for a quick change-over to glamour, Toushay's a magic help! Besides guarding the loveliness of your hands, this rich "beforehand" lotion's grand for rough elbows and knees—for all-over body rubs—or as a clinging, fragrant powder base. Inexpensive, because a few creamy drops go a long way. Ask your druggist for Toushay!

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THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water

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(Mork 1st and 2nd choice of color combinations)
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Size: 32 34 36 38 (Circle size)
(Please print name, etc. plainly.)
NAME__________
STREET__________
CITY__________STATE__________

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

116 pictures rated this month

We're listing just the very topnotch films that we think ought to be on your "must" list. Ratings are gleaned from our critic and newspaper critics the country over. 4★ means unsurpassed excellence, 3½★, very good, and 3★, good. C denotes that the picture's recommended for children.

Movie	Rating
A Guy Named Joe (M-G-M)	3½★
Action in the North Atlantic (Warners)	3½★
Aerial Gunner (Paramount)	3★
Air Force (Warners)	4★
Around the World (RKO)	3★
Assignment in Brittany (M-G-M)	3★
Background to Danger (Warners)	3★
Bataan (M-G-M)	3½★
Battle of Russia (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Behind the Rising Sun (RKO)	3★
Best Foot Forward (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Bombardier (RKO)	3★
Bombers' Moon (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Cabin in the Sky (M-G-M)	3½★
China (Paramount)	3★
Claudia (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Coney Island (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Constant Nymph, The (Warners)	4★
Corvette K-225 (Universal)	4★
Crash Dive (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Crazy House (Universal)	C 3★
Cross of Lorraine, The (M-G-M)	3★
Cry Havoc (M-G-M)	3★
Dancing Masters, The (20th Century-Fox	3★
Desert Song, The (RKO)	C 3★
Desert Victory (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Desperadoes, The (Columbia)	3★
Diary of a Nazi (Artinko Pictures)	3★
Dixie (Paramount)	C 3★
Edge of Darkness (Warners)	3½★
Falcon in Danger (RKO)	3★
Fire in the Straw (Benoit-Levy Production)	3½★
Fired Wife (Universal)	3★
Flesh and Fantasy (Universal)	3½★
For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount)	4★
Gangway for Tomorrow (RKO)	3★
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Ghost Ship, The (RKO)	3★
Girl Crazy (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Guadalcanal Diary (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Gyandev of India (Prabhat Studios)	3★
Hangmen Also Die (United Artists)	3★
Happy Land (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Heart of a Nation, The (Paul Graetz Production)	3★
Hello, Frisco, Hello (20th Century-Fox	3★
Hers to Hold (Universal)	3½★
Hi Diddle Diddle (United Artists)	3★
Hitler's Children (RKO)	3★
Hostages (Paramount)	3★
Human Comedy, The (M-G-M)	C 4★
I Dood It (Paramount)	C 3★
Idaho (Republic)	3★
In Old Oklahoma (Republic)	3★
It Ain't Hay (Universal)	3★
Johnny Come Lately (United Artists)	3★
[illegible] The (United Artists)	3★

Movie	Rating
Lady of Burlesque (United Artists)	3★
Lassie Comes Home (M-G-M)	C 4★
Last Will of Dr. Mabuse, The (Nero Films)	3★
Leopard Man (RKO)	3★
Let's Face It (Paramount)	C 3½★
Madame Curie (M-G-M)	4★
Man From Down Under, The (M-G-M)	3★
Man From Music Mountain, The (Republic)	3★
Margin for Error (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Meanest Man in the World, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Mission to Moscow (Warners)	3½★
Mister Big (Universal)	C 3★
Mr. Lucky (RKO)	3½★
Moon is Down, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
My Friend Flicka (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
More the Merrier, The (Columbia)	4★
My Kingdom for a Cook (Columbia)	C 3★
Next of Kin (Universal)	4★
No Time For Love (Paramount)	3½★
North Star, The (RKO)	4★
Northern Pursuit (Warners)	3★
Old Acquaintance (Warners)	3★
Ox-Bow Incident, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Paris After Dark (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Phantom of the Opera, The (Universal)	3½★
Prelude to War (War Dept.)	4★
Presenting Lily Mars (M-G-M)	C 3★
Pride of the Yankees (RKO)	C 4★
Princess O'Rourke (Warners)	3½★
Random Harvest (M-G-M)	4★
Riding High (Paramount)	3★
Russian Story, The (Artinko Pictures)	3★
Russians at War (Artinko Pictures)	3★
Sahara (Warners)	4★
Saludos Amigos (RKO)	C 4★
Siege of Leningrad (Lenfilm)	4★
Silk, Blood and Sun (Maya Films)	3★
Silver Spurs (Republic)	C 3★
Someone to Remember (Republic)	3★
Something to Shout About (Columbia)	3★
Somewhere in France (United Artists)	3½★
Song of Texas (Republic)	C 3★
Spitfire (RKO)	3½★
Stage Door Canteen (United Artists)	C 4★
Stormy Weather (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Sweet Rosie O'Grady (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Thank Your Lucky Stars (Warners)	3★
They Came to Blow Up America (20th Century-Fox)	3★
This Is the Army (Warners)	C 4★
This Land Is Mine (RKO)	3½★
Tonight We Raid Calais (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Top Man (Universal)	C 3★
Two Tickets to London (Universal)	3★
True to Life (Paramount)	3½★
What a Woman (Columbia)	3★
Whispering Footsteps (Republic)	3★
What's Buzzin, Cousin (Columbia)	C 3★
Wintertime (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Youngest Profession, The (M-G-M)	C 3★

(*Continued from page 10*)

wonderful! Yeah, I know, this is where you came in!—*RKO.*

P. S.

For Danny Kaye's debut in motion pictures, boss Sam Goldwyn unsnapped the rubber band around the company's bankroll, gave the picture top rank production values. . . . The three Kaye specialties featured in the film are the work of his wife, Sylvia Fine and Max Liebman. Kaye's favorite is "Melody in 4F." . . . Dinah Shore gets two new numbers to sing, "Now I Know" and "Tess' Torch Song" by Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler. . . . For weeks before production, studio casting director Bob McIntyre and his associates did nothing but look at beautiful girls, trying to decide which 34 would look best to the Technicolor cameras. Mr. Goldwyn himself made the final selection. . . . Biggest sets were constructed for the dream sequences. Kaye dreams he's in a drugstore about the size of the Pasadena Rose Bowl, which turns into a fog-filled jungle with the Goldwyn Girls perched in the tree branches (nice dreaming!) . . . Each one of the trees, incidentally, was air-conditioned and steam-heated at the same time. . . . The steam threw a pretty plume above each girl's head; the air blast kept her cool. 5000 feet of tubing beneath the floor of the sound stage was necessary to accomplish the unusual feat. . . . No harsh, clashing colors in this film. The designers blended colors and made pastels dominate. The tints are correlated in costumes, sets, furniture, drapes, hardware and even the hair of the actors. . . . Made it possible for the picture to move from a beige waiting room to an entirely different color set-up without ruining the audience's color sensitivity. . . . Most unusual expert hired for the picture was Dr. Jacobus Vander Ploeg. He was to see that everything in the mythical jungle sequences was done wrong instead of right. The script writers didn't want folks writing in, saying this and that was wrong. Everything will be wrong, so the boys can answer, "We knew it all the time."

THE UNINVITED

Do you believe in ghosts? No, of course not. But after you've seen "The Uninvited," you'll always wonder a little. It's a beautiful picture, set in a quaint old English village on the Dover cliffs. Its love story is played against an eerie background of the supernatural, deftly and artistically handled. When you see it, you'll discover a brand new star. Her name is Gail Russell, and she's not only something to look at, but she's a finished little actress. Her portrayal of the spirit-haunted young Stella Meredith will fascinate you.

The story opens with the purchase of an old house called Wynwood, on a cliff overlooking the sea. Buyers: Rick Fitzgerald, a young London composer (Ray Milland), and his sister, Pam (Ruth Hussey). Sellers: Commander Beech (Donald Crisp) and his granddaughter, Stella, who was born in the house. It's a beautiful old place, but Rick and Pam soon discover it has definite drawbacks. The sound of a woman's heartbroken crying in the night. A cold white fog that appears and disappears on the spiral staircase. And, finally, the ghostly materialization of a dead woman.

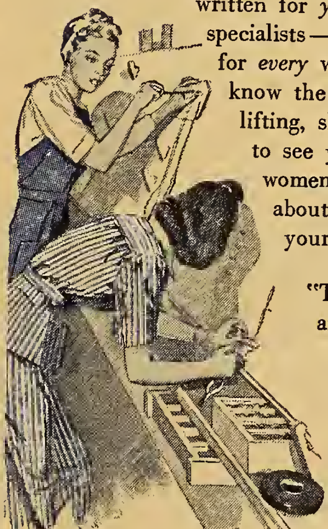
The woman is Mary Meredith, who lived with her artist husband in the house until Stella was three years old. Then came her tragic death, caused, people said, by Carmel, her husband's gypsy model. Now Mary's spirit is back and another spirit, too. But Rick and Pam don't discover the identity of that other until it's almost too

"I don't want to be an Absentee —but what's a girl to do?"

I know how important it is to stay on the job. So do plenty other women who miss work on "trying days". We *know* how much our plant—our country—depends on us, when every minute counts! But how *can* we keep going, at times when we feel like this?

Here's the Answer!

You'll learn how to feel better, when you learn the simple do's and don'ts you'll find in the booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"! It's a brand new booklet written for *you* by "problem day" specialists—the Kotex people. Written for *every* woman worker—who needs to know the facts about sleeping, diet, exercise, drinking, lifting, showers. It tells how to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Gives advice for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Tells about tampons. And how to get more comfort from your sanitary napkins.



"That Day Is Here Again" is the answer to an S. O. S. from a war plant nurse. She reports that their *greatest* number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days every month, frequently on "trying days". To aid these workers, and the war effort, Kotex offers this helpful handbook free of charge to *all* women!

Don't Lose Another Minute!

Send today for *your* free copy of the 24-page booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"! Remember, each time you stay at home—you slow up production—keep our boys *away* from home, longer! We take pride that we are able to give you this authentic information. Just as we take pride in the fact that more women use Kotex* sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!

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That day is here again

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To War Plant Nurses and Personnel Managers. We'll gladly send you (without charge) a new instruction manual "Every Minute Counts". It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes on menstrual hygiene. Specify whether you also want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to: Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.

late. They know only that a malevolent atmosphere broods over Wynwood, and that Commander Beech has forbidden Stella to enter the house. When she defies him and comes there, the result is incredibly sinister. Rick has fallen in love with Stella, and he is determined to exorcise the evil influence that hangs over her. But ghosts are difficult to dislodge, and it isn't until the very end that he finds there is one weapon always effective against them.

It takes a cast of more than ordinary ability to manage a story of the supernatural convincingly. Fortunately, it is present in "The Uninvited." Ray Milland is effective as the composer, and Ruth Hussey, Donald Crisp and Cornelia Otis Skinner are of considerable help. But Gail Russell's fresh, vibrant "Stella" runs away with the picture.—*Par.*

P. S.

Camera crews ran into their most serious case of temperment filming this one—the calm Pacific kept them waiting a week before it was angry enough to portray the wild, stormy English coast. . . . Research department looked for weeks before finding a sinister looking cliff with a single tree, described in Miss Macardle's book as the spot where Gail's film mother was killed. . . . Finally found an awe-inspiring sea cliff near Fort Ross, above San Francisco. . . . The Winward house set, with its circular stairway and small dayroom where the unhappy ghosts cried and moaned, was so realistic the cast and crew were always complaining of the cold though the set was as carefully air-conditioned as any other on the lot. . . . Ray Milland climbed the 35 steps of the stairway 500 times (by actual count) in two days' shooting. Five of these trips were made with Miss Russell in his arms. After the fifth trip Mr. Milland announced he'd never be able to make it again. Fortunately the last shooting was a good one, and it wasn't necessary for him to carry the 111 pounds of Miss Russell up the stairs again. . . . Exterior of the house was erected on the back lot, faithfully copied in every detail, even to the broken peak of the cornice over the entrance, from a photograph of an English house considered a classic specimen of the period. Sloping lawns in front of it were made of a curved wooded framework, 100 by 110 feet which was covered to a depth of two inches with dirt and 7500 square feet of real sod. . . . Special effects department had the troublesome job of creating and controlling a crawling gray mist that would slowly rise to the height and vague outline of a tall woman (supernaturally speaking). They finally perfected this mist, and now we hear it will be cut out for English showings as British censorship does not permit the showing of even a ghost of a spirit.

LIFEBOAT

You've waited a long time to see Tallulah Bankhead on the screen, but she's worth waiting for. Especially in a part like the one she has in this new Hitchcock picture. Alfred Hitchcock has been known as the "master of mysteries" for so long that everyone wondered a little when he started work on a straight war picture. But "Lifeboat" is typically Hitchcock and typically perfect. You wouldn't change a scene in it. And the cast is superlative.

The picture opens with a lifeboat drifting aimlessly on an empty sea. It looks lonely and helpless and at the mercy of the elements. You would expect anyone in it to be desperate with fear. But as it comes closer, you see a woman sitting in it, and she doesn't look frightened at all. She looks as if she had just left her Park Avenue apartment for a week-end in the country. Mink coat, jewel case, hair and make-up in perfect order. She is contemplating with a mild frown the only flaw in her ensemble—a run in her stocking!

It is at that moment that she discovers she is not, as she at first thought, the only survivor of the merchant ship which the Germans have just sent to the bottom. A husky seaman, covered with oil, swims up to the boat and clambers on board. He tells her his name is Kovak (John Hodiak), and he recognizes her as Mrs. Connie Potter (Tallulah Bankhead), a famous photographer whom he has seen on board ship.

Soon they pick up other survivors—a radio man, an American business man named Rittenhouse (Henry Hull), a crew member called Gus (William Bendix), a nurse (Mary Anderson) and several others. The boat is almost full now, but someone spots another man swimming desperately toward them. They haul him aboard, but Kovak takes one look and says angrily, "Throw him back! That's the captain of the U-boat that torpedoed us. We sunk them, too, and now let's get rid of this swine!"

Well—they don't throw him back. They let him stay, and that decision has strange consequences. As the days go by, the situation gets more and more tense. People's characters change oddly under circumstances like these, and the developments that follow have a somber fascination, all in the famous Hitchcock manner. —*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Idea for the picture was Alfred Hitchcock's. Reading the accounts of survivors of ship sinkings who had lived for days and nights in lifeboats, he asked him-

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We dedicate to the

ARMY NURSE CORPS

IRRESISTIBLE *Yankee Red* LIPSTICK

A brave, bright red as spirited as its name. Wear it like a badge of cheer as a "pick-up" for service shades or any costume color! Easy to apply, non-drying... Irresistible Lipsticks are WHIP-TEXT through a secret process to stay on longer... smoother. Brilliant time-saving aid to the clear shining beauty of today's American woman. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching rouge and face powder.

10c AT ALL 10c STORES

Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

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self, "What assortment of human beings might logically be found in any one lifeboat? What do they do while awaiting rescue? What happens? What could happen?" . . . Producer Kenneth Macgowan agreed that Hitchcock had the premise for a great motion picture, and together they approached John Steinbeck with a proposal to write an original script. . . . Steinbeck accepted the challenge, went to New York, studied lifeboats, talked to actual survivors, then outlined a story. . . . Using the outline, top scenarist Jo Swerling wrote the actual screen play. . . . The Navy permitted a carefully investigated camera crew to film certain ocean backgrounds. The Merchant Marine briefly loaned the studio two modern 26-foot steel lifeboats. . . . Although only one boat appears in the final footage, five lifeboats were necessary to film the story: two authentic Welin boats, two replicas made in removable sections for close-ups and a rough wooden "rehearsal boat" in which Hitchcock perfected his cast in every detail of a scene before filming it. . . . Prior to "Lifeboat" discussions, Hitchcock and leading woman Tallulah Bankhead had met only once, and that was casually in a New York restaurant. Tallu was up at 6:30 every morning she worked, stayed until 7 or 7:30 in the evening, tottered home for dinner and was in bed by 9:00. She worked all day, six days a week until the production was finished, and was away only during the few days she had bronchitis. . . . New discovery John Hodiak shares an under-water kiss with Tallulah during the hurricane scene. According to the script girl's stop watch, they were buried under two successive waves for a total elapsed time of 37 seconds. . . . Their make-up when they first climbed out of the oily water into the boat was plain crank-case oil.

A GUY NAMED JOE

You'll want to see Van Johnson in this—he's the sensation of the year. He has Spencer Tracy to back him up, and that's nice backing! Spencer has a way of making any character he plays go straight to your heart. The guy he's portraying may be a show-off, a crazy, thoughtless fool, but you'll love him. You'll love Pete Sandidge in "A Guy Named Joe." Pete is, in some obscure way, you and me and every one of us. He makes mistakes, as we do, and he learns the hard way. But he learns. This picture is built around a fantastic but absorbing idea—that fliers who are killed don't really die. They stick around to help out some other pilot who needs them. Let's see how it works. . . .

Major Pete Sandidge (Spencer Tracy), stationed at an American air base in England, is a "hot" pilot. That means he can make his plane do any kind of trick in the air, but it also means he takes incredible and perhaps unnecessary risks. At least his superior officer, "Nails" Kilpatrick (James Gleason), thinks they're unnecessary. When Pete pays no attention to repeated warnings, "Nails" transfers him to reconnaissance duty in Scotland. Pete fumes and rages. "It's just like being retired!" he says furiously. But it doesn't work out quite that way. On the very night that Pete's sweetheart, Dorinda (Irene Dunne), flies in from England to see him, Pete goes out on scouting duty. He ends by sinking a German carrier he discovers, but his plane cracks up in the process. Pete is killed.

But Pete doesn't feel dead at all. He is welcomed by a flier he used to know and taken before the General (Lionel Barrymore), who doesn't seem dead either, in spite of the fact that he was killed in World War I. He explains to Pete that his job from now on is to be guardian

TAKING THEIR LOVE WHERE THEY FIND IT... MAKING IT WHAT THEY MUST...
Ida Lupino ☆ Paul Henreid
"IN OUR TIME"
OF ALL THE GREAT STORIES PRODUCED BY WARNER BROS. THERE HAS BEEN NONE GREATER THAN THIS!
WITH NANCY COLEMAN · MARY BOLAND · VICTOR FRANCEN · NAZIMOVA
Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN • Produced by JERRY WALD
Original Screen Play by Ellis St. Joseph and Howard Koch • Music by Franz Waxman

angel to some living pilot who needs his help. The whole idea leaves Pete cold. Especially when he meets his particular charge—a shy, retiring air cadet named Ted Randall (Van Johnson). "I'll make him into the best flier that ever took off," Pete says, "but you can't make me *like* the guy!"

He likes him even less when Ted, now a crack pilot and far from shy, due to Pete's influence, goes to Australia and meets Dorinda. She's flying for the Ferry Command, and to Pete's utter disgust and astonishment, she falls for Ted. But Pete, dead or alive, won't let another guy have his girl! Or will he? Better go and see. It's a great picture.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Title for this one was suggested when General Clair Chennault, talking to his famous "Flying Tigers," said, "Boys, when I climb in that cockpit, I'm just another guy named Joe." . . . Three location trips took the company to South Carolina, Florida and Arizona. . . . In production ten months. Held up several weeks when Van Johnson went to hospital with a cracked head, the result of an automobile accident. Irene Dunne and Spencer Tracy refused to go on with the picture without him. . . . First picture Irene and Spencer have done together although they've both been at Metro for several years. . . . Irene Dunne and Victor Fleming were both given parties on the set. Irene celebrated her 15th wedding anniversary, and Victor had a birthday. . . . Tracy and Fleming have worked together on four previous pictures—two of them Academy Award epics. This was the fifth birthday party Spence has given for his friend. Their pictures are always in production at that time of year, and Spence always misses out. . . . Miss Dunne, recognized as one of the best dressed women in the country, wears only one gown in this picture. It's a fussy, ruffled white chiffon number which was selected by Tracy, Fleming and Ward Bond as the kind of dress a man admires. . . . This is Bond's first sympathetic role, and his work in it earned him a brand-new seven-year contract. . . . Barry Nelson plays an Army pilot in this picture. Soon's they finished shooting sequences, Barry went into the real air forces and is now in New York with the Air Corps show. . . . Jimmy Gleason and his stand-in, Joe Hinds, have been together for 18 years. . . . Three things Spencer hates most to do are dance, sing and play torrid love scenes. Does all three in "A Guy Named Joe."

THE LODGER

Even the most conservative feminine stars are showing their legs these days. Spurred on by Greer Garson's display of handsome gams in "Random Harvest," Merle Oberon now exhibits a slim and lovely pair in "The Lodger." And the fact that she's Lady Korda in private life doesn't prevent her from performing an elegant cancan.

But that is far from being the only attraction of the picture. It's a fictionized account of the career of Jack the Ripper, and it will probably scare you half out of your wits, while fascinating you completely. Back in the last century, London was terrorized by a series of apparently aimless killings. All the victims were women, and they were killed in so brutal a manner that the unknown murderer became known as Jack the Ripper.

As our picture opens, a new victim has just been discovered, lifeless in an alley, with the blood dripping slow and scarlet from the gash in her throat. We see a man come stealthily away from the vicinity of the crime. He is a big man (Laird Cregar) with dark, unblinking eyes and a curious hesitant way of speaking. We follow him as he engages a room in the home of the middle-class Burton family. The Burtons have never let rooms before, but as Mrs. Burton (Sarah Allgood) says, this Mr. Slade seems like a nice, quiet sort who won't give them any trouble.

The Burton's daughter, Kitty (Merle Oberon), a young music hall actress, has been away on tour. But she returns now for her London premiere, and Mr. Slade is immediately and obviously fascinated by her beauty. Kitty feels sorry for the lodger and scoffs at her mother, who is beginning to entertain some very sinister suspicions of Mr. Slade.

The next murder strikes closer. It is a woman Kitty knew, and John Warwick (George Sanders) comes from Scotland Yard to ask Kitty some questions. After one look at her, the only question he can think of to ask is if she'll have tea with him—Kitty has that effect on people. Meanwhile the crazed mind of the murderer is hungrily, madly plotting again. The next victim must be young and very beautiful—someone perhaps, like Kitty Burton. . . .

"The Lodger" is a brooding study of murder, artistically perfect and played by Laird Cregar with an almost terrifying depth of perception. You'll want to see it.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Scripter Barre Lyndon (author of "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse") has long wanted to do the story of Jack the Ripper for the screen. He spent weeks doing research at Pasadena's famous Huntington Library and perusing all available material from Scotland Yard. . . . Merle

"GOODBYE DANDRUFF"

YOU'LL WHISTLE too when you see how quickly the rich, abundant Fitch lather carries off the dandruff, dust and dirt. You'll be amazed at the way Fitch Shampoo brings out the sparkle and luster of immaculately clean hair. Remember—Fitch Shampoo is the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the *first application* bears the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms. Use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week for lovelier hair. . . . *Available in 10c, 25c and 59c sizes.*

After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day.

FITCH'S FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Everyone in the family should have a regular weekly Fitch Shampoo—yes, everyone from tiny baby up. Gentle, economical Fitch Shampoo gives hair that well-groomed look . . . makes the dullest, drabbest hair sparkle. Ask for Fitch Shampoo, the largest selling shampoo in the United States and Canada!

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. Soap Shampoo—Bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

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REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Fitch's Dandruff Remover SHAMPOO

REMOVES DANDRUFF WITH FIRST APPLICATION
GOOD FOR BLONDES, RED HEADS AND BRUNETTES
EFFECTIVE IN THE HARDEST WATER
NEEDS NO SPECIAL AFTER RINSE
RECONDITIONS HAIR AND SCALP
FITCH IS ANTISEPTIC

The F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines 6, Iowa · Bayonne, N. J. · Los Angeles 21, Calif. · Toronto 2, Canada

Oberon gets a chance to sing and dance on the screen for the first time in her career. Does "The Parisian Trot"—a modernized version of the cancan, and a second number named "Tink a Tin." . . . "Lodger" Laird Cregar reduced from 300 pounds to 250 for his role, studied his part from such experts as Pierson, who devoted a long chapter to the Ripper in his book, "Further Studies in Murder." . . . Cregar had wide scope for his characterization, since Jack was never captured, nor did anyone ever get close enough to him to describe him accurately. . . . The maid, Daisy, is played by Queenie Leonard, former star of London's Cochrane and Charlot Revues. . . . One of the Ripper's drunken victims is given a tight portrayal (no pun intended) by Helena Pickard, who in private life is Lady Hardwicke. . . . Director John Brahm comes originally from Vienna's Burg Theater. Specializes in pictures that demand blood-curdling atmosphere. . . . Altogether there are three murders in the picture, but the violence is never obvious—just suggested by forms fleeing desperately but vainly, swirls of fog, a cape-coat blowing in the wind. . . . Faithfully reproduced in every detail is the Black Museum of Scotland Yard, with its wax portrait gallery of famous criminals of Queen Victoria's day. Whitechapel, London, has been blasted off the map by the Luftwaffe, but is perfectly reconstructed in the picture, complete with the costers and their street songs.

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE

You probably read the book and loved it. You'll love the picture, too. There is nothing funnier—or more pathetic—than a rookie during his first few weeks in the Army. Particularly a rookie like Marion Hargrove (Robert Walker). Hargrove was a writer before he went in the Army, and he just doesn't seem to be the soldier type. He even salutes wrong. He does it like a Prussian officer in the movies—clicking his heels and bowing slightly from the waist. He even gets the sergeant doing it that way eventually, to the captain's utter disgust. But as Hargrove points out, "My coordination has never been very good. Mother says I didn't learn to wave by-by till I was sixteen." Sergeant Cramp (Chill Wills) isn't at all sure he's kidding!

Hargrove has a couple of buddies, Esty (George Offerman, Jr.) and Mulvehill (Keenan Wynn). Buddies up to a point, but that doesn't include either girls or money. In those departments it's every guy for himself. One night Mulvehill and Esty are talking to a girl who was hostess at the Canteen. Her name is Carol (Donna Reed), and she's quite a pin-up girl. Hargrove gets a glimpse of her and clamors for an introduction. Mulvehill tells him that for the trifling sum of five bucks (payable next payday) he will arrange not only an introduction but a date for Saturday night. After all these weeks in the Army, Hargrove is still naïve. He hands over the five, and it isn't until he arrives at Carol's house, laden with candy and flowers, that he discovers she doesn't even know Mulvehill and Esty by name. The joke boomerangs, though, because Carol and Hargrove decide it's Destiny. Destiny is *one* name Mulvehill has never been called before!

Unfortunately Carol has to go back to her home in New York. The next few weeks Hargrove turns into a model soldier. (He wants a furlough!) His officers get together and try to figure out whether he's sick or they're crazy. Finally they even make him a corporal in charge of a group on maneuvers. But due to a little mis-

(*Continued on page 64*)

Which of these 6 Skin Troubles is Yours?

OILY SKIN?
"FLAKY" SKIN?
TINY LINES?
BIG PORES?
BLACKHEADS?
DRY SKIN?

Read How My New 4-Purpose Face Cream Helps Bring Back Your Smooth "Baby Skin!"

BY Lady Esther

What is the first thing people see when they look at you—look closely at you? *Your skin!*

Are you proud of it—or a little ashamed of it? Is it a soft, fresh, young-looking skin? Or is it dry and coarse? Is it blemished and *uninviting?*

You can't expect to have a lovely skin by covering up the blemishes. You *must remove the cause.* And the cause of many skin troubles is an accumulation of dirt, stale make-up, dead skin cells . . . lodged firmly in the mouths of the pores.

Four aids to beauty in a single jar of Cream!

My 4-Purpose Face Cream is scientifically designed to bring your skin four important aids to beauty—all in a single jar of cream! It cleans out the mouths of the pores, removes the rancid accumulations, eases away the dry, dead skin-flakes. Try it—and see what a thrilling difference it makes in the appearance of your skin!

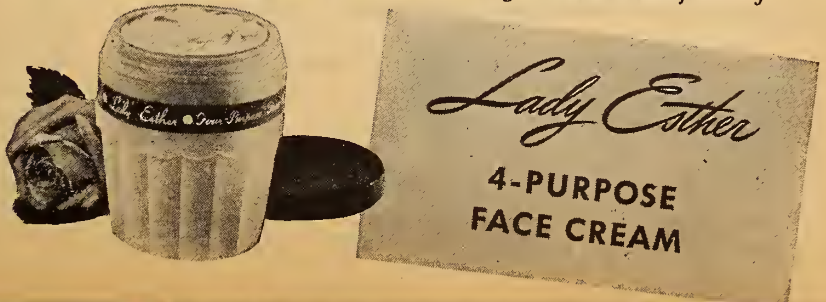
You see, under the surface layer of your skin, a new and fresher layer is constantly forming. This is your new-born skin, your "baby skin." My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently but thoroughly removes every last bit of clogging tissue . . . and gives your "baby skin" a chance to show itself.

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does all these four vital things for the beauty of your skin—every time you apply it: (1) It thoroughly, but gently, *cleans* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin, relieves flaky dryness. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder.

Living Proof—in Your Mirror!

Why choose a face cream because it's expensive, or because of a clever package? Judge it only by what it does for your skin!

Try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! Get the smallest size jar if you like—but *try it!* When you see how radiantly clean and fresh your skin looks—how much smoother and more youthful—it's time enough to get the largest, *most economical* size. But for living proof this is the most *beautifying* cream you have ever used, get the small-size jar *today!*



Co-ed

By Jean Kinkead

How're those New Year's resolutions standing up? Remember, you're positively honor-bound to keep the one about writing V-mail to a lonely Joe!

Along about now, you should have made and broken quite a few New Year's resolutions. Some of 'em, it seems, are just made to be broken, like the one that says, "I'll manicure my nails faithfully every week," and that other perennial—"I'll never lose my temper again." Well, here we come with some more, but ours are made to be kept. Can't promise any tangible prize if you do, but there's definitely an intangible one. Call it a sense of maturity. Call it the satisfaction of knowing that you're making yourself quite a nice gal.

Our first four resolutions are for all you wives and fiancées and practically-fiancées of servicemen. The last three are for everyone. So make 'em, now, and don't break 'em!

NO MORE MAIL CALL BLUES: He's gone, and there are no more ashes on the rug or big feet dangling off the end of the sofa or newspapers flung into corners or anything at all. So you're writing. You're putting all of you in letters, or almost all of you. You're being bright and fun and stalwart as a paratrooper. You're being your Saturday-night-best, and you're hiding like mad the sad, glum, letdown side of you. What you're going to do though, from now on, is get yourself a stack of V-mail (some post offices are giving it away free) and never use anything else for your overseas letters. That's strictly a resolution because hours . . . minutes even . . . count when you're way out there somewhere, telling time by the seconds you've got (*Continued on page 94*)

Hollyhocks bedspreads with matching draperies inspired by colonial Williamsburg. Also available with rose, green and wine backgrounds.

Jane Wyman Plans for Tomorrow's Home

Here's a tip from **JANE WYMAN**, in Warner Bros., **"ONE MORE TOMORROW"**: "Have the home you've longed for ... buy War Bonds now! Tomorrow's homes are destined to be full of wonders ... more for your money than you ever dreamed possible" • Those who want a touch of tomorrow in their homes today, are selecting Bates spreads designed for warmth and beauty ... they see in Bates spreads with matching draperies tomorrow's answer to decoration.

Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

How to Write a Short Story:

1. Take a girl with a problem (beauty)

. . . Jane's at an officers' dance—and something's wrong! The music's grand—but she isn't dancing. It's a dinger of a night for a twosome—but she's a lonesome. If only . . .

2. Add a handsome Marine . . . (her rival's). He says, "Hello!"—and his smile lifts her heart. But it falls with a thud—when he passes her by to dance with somebody else. Somebody with a complexion as smooth and radiant as—say! . . .

3. Bring in a beautiful baby (her sister's). Maybe *that* is the answer—she's always bathed with gentle Ivory Soap. Doctor's orders. No soap is purer than mild Ivory—it contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating. Better change to regular, gentle cleansings with Ivory—Jane!

4. YOU write the happy ending! Does Jane meet the handsome Marine again? Does he fall like a ton of bricks? Does she marry him? Could be. It's easy for a gal with a baby-radiant skin! Better start using gentle Ivory for *your* skin—tonight! 99 44/100 % pure . . . It floats.

Look lovelier with IVORY—
the soap more doctors
advise than all other brands together!

★ ★ ★

Save Soaps! They Use Vital War Materials!

1. DON'T LEAVE SOAP IN THE WATER when you're through lathering yourself.

2. BE SURE SOAP-DISH IS DRY before you put your bar back.

3. USE UP SOAP SCRAPS in wire shaker or tied in cloth.

TO OUR READERS...

"Co-ed," up in the front of MODERN SCREEN (page 18), is Jean Kinkead's baby, and she loves it. "So will you," she told us this month. "Don't you see, the old column's too big for its britches. We've got to start a new 'Co-Ed'—broader in scope, better rounded. It's got to talk to service wives and overworked mothers and kids with their first real job. It's got to take people's problems and unknot them. Sure our space is limited, but gee, think what a job we can do by correspondence!" . . . "The other day," said Jean, "a cute little thingumabob told me, 'This is the second year my Valentine's been addressed to a P.O. number. Big, cushy hearts—via V-mail. Yeah, and another aching Valentine's day. I've got a problem, I have.' . . . Or there's the private's bride running up curtains for a furnished room. Tussling with a new job, a new town, new people. Or the great-hearted gal who wrestles with a riveting machine while her moppet's at school. With a house to think of—and Red Cross work—and canning to do—and no time—no time—no time." . . . Jean was in earnest. She looks cute when she's being earnest. We sat thinking how like these women she was herself. A war wife with a job. A jive hound who'd Lindy half the night if there weren't a baby to see to at 6 . . . That new "Co-ed" of hers is like a bright light suddenly flicking on. And the way she answers your letters—but, heck, just write her and see. Address your envelope: Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York. Jean's crazier about letters than a pack of overseas G.I.'s at mail call. And don't worry—if you want things kept confidential, just tell Jean so. She won't even repeat it to her husband!

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

At first it was just a few moonstruck kids at the Rustic Cabin, coming night after night to listen. And now . . .

Swoon Boy

Director of "Higher and Higher" nixed coaching, said, "Sinatra does O.K. just being himself; let him stay that way." (With cinema wife, Barbara Hale.)

Back from Coast with Pidgeon, Sinatra found wife and young'un waiting, also mob wearing "Welcome Home, Frank Sinatra" pins.

At draft board, before he was 4-F'ed, Frank told press he hoped he'd be allowed to hang around for glimpse of new baby, thought he'd make good soldier, wanted whack at OCS.

By Jean Kinkead

● The doorbell rang around ten o'clock Saturday, and Nancy knew who it would be even before it had stopped ringing. The kids, of course. Frankie's beloved kids. Maybe there'd be three of them. Maybe 100. You never knew. She opened the door, and there they were; millions of them, all looking alike in their reversibles, bandannas and moccasins. "Hi. Nancy."

"Hi."

"Is he up yet?"

"Having his breakfast." She knew what the next question would be, so she beat them to it. "Orange juice, scrambled eggs, toast and coffee."

The group smiled benignly. "Gosh," they breathed. Having gotten the daily bulletin, they were ready to go. "Need anything downtown, Nancy?"

"Oh, yes! Cigarettes for (*Continued on following page*)

Swoon Boy

CONTINUED

H'wood memories: Short-waving with Ed Gardner, Faye. Canteening with James, jostled an G.I.s' shoulders.

Hard-bitten electricians, grips at RKO started Sinatra club, got him to sing at "Little Biltmore," back lot stand.

At Troc, M. Raye table-hopped over to congratulate Sinatra on H'wood Bowl concert with Philharmonic.

High school year books bear new motto, "Semper Sinatra." In Boston, piled up some $60,000 in week.

his nibs." No need to ask what brand. They knew what he smoked just as well as they knew the earth was round or that he ate spaghetti once a day or that most of his ties were maroon. Blissfully, they set off on their sacred mission.

Nancy closed the door and went into the breakfast room. Frankie had his head in the morning paper, but he withdrew it when he heard her come in, and his face got that look it always gets when she's around.

"Morning, Mom. Sit down and help me eat some of this."

She took a piece of toast. "Guess who was at the door."

"The kids?" You'd think he'd be good and blasé about it by now, but he isn't. Nancy nodded and then grinned because he looked so surprised and pleased. "Gee whiz," he said.

Strictly unorthodox, the whole picture. Fans ringing a big star's doorbell and calling his wife "Nancy." It couldn't happen to Nelson Eddy. But the Sinatras are screwy that way. They don't seem to mind. They'd no more think of hiring a maid to brush off the swooners than they would of posting "No Trespassing" signs around their house. "Gosh, Mom, some of them come awfully far. Be nice to them." That's Frankie. "Nice" is putting it mildly. She invites them in to play with Nancy Sandra, she feeds them Pepsis, she (*Continued on page 83*)

Buddies-in-jive half kiddingly buttonhole the Voice now and then during broadcast, ask for autograph on their scores.

Supposed feud with Crosby brings chortles. "There's only one Crosby," says Frank, here in Wedgewood Room. But he shoved the "Master" into 2nd place on popularity poll after 8 years.

Sonny shrugs off $1000 wk. salary, huge roles. Says, "After tackling Albie Booth once, I feel I can tackle anything." Especially chums who use statues in house as hatracks.

After holding out for months, Sonny reluctantly moth-balled stuffy blue serge suits, allowed pals to ease him into California-styled tweeds 'n' sports stuff. (Right, with Ameche.)

By Kirtley Baskette

LOVABLE LUG

Sonny Tufts used to gag up a love scene like Durante.

Yet there was something about this big, smiling guy . . .

It was 8 A.M. one recent morning, away out in Bel-Air. Sonny Tufts was due on the set in Hollywood in a half-hour. And there was that tire—flat as a pancake!

He called a taxi. "Maybe in a couple hours, Mac," said a bored voice. "Yeah *everybody's* got to get to work, Mac. This is war, Mac. Sorry Mac."

But Sonny Tufts did have to get to work—clear in at Paramount, or hold up a lot of people and get himself in a jam. The minutes were ticking away. He was in a tight spot. He dialed another number.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Tufts," said a voice. "What? Sure—I'll send one right out. Don't mention it. Son—er—Mr. Tufts. Anything for a pal."

So Sonny Tufts got to work on time and the guy he had to thank was a very good friend of his—the doorman at a Beverly Hills hotel, where he'd stayed once.

Mr. Bowen Charleston Tufts, III, has been making all kinds of friends and influencing all kinds of people ever since he came to Hollywood a few months ago. It's not on purpose, but just because Sunny Sonny is the friendliest, most charming and disarming big hunk of natural man to hit town in years. It's absolutely no accident that the out-country cash customers, too, took one look at "Kansas" in "So Proudly We Hail" and said "Hello, Pal!" to make this big, easy going, grinning blond giant the screen sensation of a nation in one easy-to-take lesson.

Sonny Tufts just naturally likes everybody and everybody likes him. For instance, when he and his wife, Barbara, were house hunting a few weeks ago, they called to see a place late one afternoon where the tenants were still roosting. Now, anybody hates to have house hunters prowl around where they're still living, especially right before dinner. There's always a bed that's not made or something cooking on the stove. Sonny would never barge in on anybody like that in normal times, but around Hollywood these days you grab a house if you can, and any way you can and—the Tufts had been living in auto camps too long.

Well, the stand-offish atmosphere lasted about two seconds flat. Then the tenants were telling Sonny and Barbara the hidden secrets of their lives and confiding just what you had to watch out for in this particular shack, and then the man said, "How about a drink?" and the maid came in and announced dinner. "Why don't you (*Continued on page 87*)

Sonny, who'd eaten in restaurants too long to like it, laid law down to Barbara when they were married. Brags now that she could teach Oscar of the Waldorf!

Barbara infects Sonny with panic at every personal appearance; won't walk on stage till he's pushed. Here with Marie MacDonald on set of "I Love a Soldier."

MODERN SCREEN SPENDS A DAY WITH

9 A. M. on day off from "Home in Indiana." Great Dane Mac's encouraged to sleep on bed to keep Lon warm! Purp weighs 153, 15 more than master. Before moving to beach L. wore shorts, now bundles up in woolly pyjas.

Shaves daily when working; usually skips it holidays. Isn't picayune about soap, uses any brand his mom buys. Chief luxury's loafing under long, hot showers.

10:30. Works on ship model while waiting for crony Ray Sperry to drop in. Both are bats about boats, spend long hours poring over maps, taking make-believe voyages, planning after-the-war cruise on ship "Seadrift."

Lon McAllister

Steals pre-breakfast look at his beloved Conrad book. Collects author's autographs only when they'll sign their own books. Got James Hilton's when writer invited him to tea after seeing "Stage Door Canteen."

ecided trip wouldn't be complete without usic, so bought guitar. Has free lessons oming if he could remember music shop!

Minute Ray arrives, they huddle over latest "Yachting" mag. In 8 years boys have pal-ed, Lon's never had a serious love. Brings gals gum, omits posies, candy!

Guys wheedle homemade cake, nutbread, Pepsis from soft-hearted grandma. Home loving Lon buys lamps and dishes for house!

Continued on following page

Lon McAllister

Continued.

Bones up on nautical ropes for future voyage. Already wears St. Christopher medal for days when he'll start traveling. Keeps 2 trophies, for most popular boy and valedictorian of class!

1-4 P.M. Beach. Both always date same gal same night, prefer 'em in sweater 'n' skirt, loathe slacks. Current favorites: Nancy Walker, Marj Riordan. Later in afternoon, Bill Eythe joined them.

Turns in at 4 P.M. Like his idol, Van Johnson, he chews all the gum he can find. Gave his mom a locket for her birthday, panicked her by requesting she put his pic in it when he went to war!

Nov. 11 moved into new house, Reniram's Reef. Likes people to ask what it means so he can explain "Mariner spelled backward." Decorated furniture with bamboo to give it a touch of Bali!

9 P.M. Usually winds up with solitary stroll along beach, thinking about life, unless there's a party going on. Kids sit around talking about their future between now and end of war. Mom imposes 10:30 curfew work nights, 1 A.M. weekends.

After dinner, writes to Katie Cornell, whose letter to him he keeps intact in tissue paper! Dictated, then typed by a steno, it has handwritten note ending. "Good night, Romeo—Juliet."

Heads for kitchen for mid-evening lunch. Never wears hat, has bummed around in some doeskin trousers for 5 years, still fit 'im. Only extravagances are ties, woolen sports socks!

Hep Kitten

The chassis isn't Petty, or the profile swoony, but Peggy Ryan knows the shortest distance to the heart of a sturdy Marine!

Almost two decades ago, The Ryans, a vaudeville team extraordinaire, were booked into the Palace Theater in Oklahoma City. Beyond that fact stretched a vista of other Palace Theaters situated in bigger and better towns until at last that heaven where all good troupers go, the Palace in New York City, loomed as part of a roseate future.

The Ryans had one small son who became an occasional extemporaneous character in the act, and the Ryans had talked desultorily about having another youngster. They had put off the event because of their roving life. Now they knew that they had to make a decision. They must decide on a permanent career or upon a family. Headline spots at the various Palaces or a brief notice under the heading, Vital Statistics.

They decided to have another child, and that's why, in 1944, in a picture titled "Chip Off The Old Block," a 19-year-old dynamo (*Continued on page 112*)

When Peggy came to Univ. to make her first picture in 1936, she chummed with Deanna Durbin. After two years on stage, she returned to pics with ambition to be topnotch dancing comedienne.

Friends pile her hope chest high every Christmas and birthday, August 28th, with lingerie and linens. She'll be 20 this year, vows she won't wed fiancé Ray Hirsch until war's over.

By Marcia Daughtrey

Between scenes of current film with Donald O'Connor, "Chip Off the Old Block," they listen to boogie on the record-player; evenings scoot home and round up music-minded cronies for jam sessions.

Balances hot fudge sundaes with bowling, riding and roller skating to keep her 5' 3½" figure down to 105 lbs. Mom almost matches her!

Since engagement, Peggy won't date anyone but Sgt. Roy Hirsch, keeps herself busy working. Between pics, relieves manpower shortage clerking in her grandpa's grocery store. Religiously writes 3 times a week to Roy.

1. When assembly line worker Jean Rogers (Paulette Goddard) puts ears where the tail ought to go on Todd's Special Dopey Donkeys, she's sent to general manager, Lee Stevens (Fred MacMurray). She's delighted because he's a *dish* she's been trying to get a nibble at for months!

2. Trouble is he's engaged to Pres. Todd's (Edw. Arnold) daughter Alice (Hilary Brooke), who nixes trip with "sexretary."

4. At hotel, Lee is livid to find reservations cancelled. Jean explains she did it because rooms were too tiny; promises to fix it up.

5. Result: Rainy night on lee side of statue in park. In A.M. Lee can't speak aloud, fails to sell contract to Ritchie (C. Kolb).

6. Next day Jean finds shelter in lush mansion. Catch: They're to be butler and cook to owners (Roland Young, Ann Revere)!

8. Jean's turkey fizzles at dinner. Lee resorts to his specialty, pancakes. Impressed, guest Ritchie asks them to work for *him*.

9. When Todds find them, jealous Alice breaks engagement. Todd happily predicts Ritchie will *have* to listen to his butler!

10. Dressed as footman, Todd spills soup on Ritchie during meal with Farenhall. Lee hides trousers till he'll listen to salestalk!

By Zachary Gold

"Standing Room Only"

When Paulette gets a glimmer of MacMurray, she won't let anything stand in her way— not even Washington priorities or a fiancée!

3. Offended sec. leaves in huff, and Jean slips into her chair. Lee thinks she's new sec., tells her to be on 6:40 Wash. train.

7. When Jean admits she's no sec., Lee forgivingly kisses her. He learns that arch-competitor Farenhall's in town to sell Ritchie!

11. Ritchie has no alternative. Lee gets
ontract, makes love to Jean. Todd bun-
ies again—Baked Alaska over Farenhall!

STORY—The foreman of Todd's Toys—Tantalizing Trinkets For Titillating Tots—gaped at production line four. Production line four was Todd's special Dopey Donkeys. The foreman prided himself on a knowledge of a donkey's anatomy; nowhere, not even on a Dopey Donkey, should a tail be found where the ears should be and the ears, vice versa, where a tail should be. Yet with every inexorable crank of the production gear the donkeys were marching off, listening, as it were, to what went on behind.

"Miss Rogers!" the foreman shouted.

"Yes, sir," the pretty girl said.

"Miss Rogers," the foreman said sweetly, "where the devil do you keep your brains?"

"Right between my ears," Miss Rogers said.

"I could answer that," said the foreman. "I have the perfect answer. But I won't. Do you realize that this is the third time you've messed up a batch of Dopey Donkeys?"

"Is it?" said Miss Rogers blankly. *(Continued on page 106)*

PRODUCTION—What went on between shots of "Standing Room Only" was almost as screwy as the picture itself. Fred and Paulette turned into a two-man quiz program, kept up a continuous flow of questions and answers and succeeded in driving the whole outfit nutty. It was all about farming. Now that Paulette is running Burgess Meredith's farm in Suffern County, N. Y., the chickens and alfalfa crop are almost as important as learning her lines. Fred is conducting a series of agricultural experiments at home which, if they work out, will be used on his two country farms. The test farm is turning him into a minor league Burbank. The pair sounded more like farmer Jones and the dairy maid at a county fair than the top box office numbers they are. . . . Between long distance calls to the farm, Paulette found time to work out a new hair-do with her friend and hairdresser, Hedwig Moorud. You'll see her wearing her new puff-behind-the-ear affair in the picture. It's sure to start a new fad. . . . For the first time in her career, Paulette appeared on set minus stockings. She wore leg make-up throughout *(Continued on page 112)*

By Ida Zeitlin

Lana band toured, selling kisses for $50,000, laughingly smacked 2 nice old ladies, 80-yr.-old gent and 2 younger joes.

Linda Darnell skipped off to Las Vegas with Lana and Steve Crane for wedding. Few months later he was hospitalized, Lana collapsed at bedside.

Buddy Rich, drummer, Adrian Samish, adv. exec., Howard Hughes trailed Lana, but it looked as though she and Artie Shaw would do a retake.

1941. "Honky Tonk" with Clark Gable put Lana in big league. Divorce from Artie Shaw set her free for whirl with Tony Martin, Tommy Dorsey!

"I'm really walking on mink!" Lana laughed. But it couldn't possibly go on forever . . . (Life story, Part II)

Lana Turner

Tucked into bed that night with her two cracked ribs, Judy broke into sudden giggles.

"What's funny?" Mother felt her forehead. "Could be all the excitement's gone to your head."

"No, it's just that Hollywood's so different from what I expected."

"You thought movie stars'd come shooting from all corners." That was mother's friend, whose apartment they were going to share. Let's call her Edith.

Judy nodded vigorously. "And it's only a town with a main street and little houses climbing up the hills—"

"That's all it is, honey. Anyway, from the outside looking in."

That's all it would ever be to her then, Judy thought, drowsing off to sleep. Far as Hollywood went, she'd always be on the outside looking in.

Not that it bothered her. Like any kid, she loved going to movies, but she'd never been one of the gaping mob, and living in Hollywood made no difference. She didn't strain against the ropes at previews, she didn't hang around restaurants with an autograph book, she never said, "If only I could get into pictures—" Except that it was cleaner and she missed her friends, Hollywood was just an extension of life (*Continued on page 38*)

Fall, 1942. Work on "Slightly Dangerous" with Robert Young interrupted by stretch of anemia that sent her to hospital. Marriage annulled. Baby on way. Lana clammed up, would say nothing about remarrying Steve

First hint of remarriage came on Valentine's Day when Lana, out of sick bed, sat quietly at Mocambo with Steve planning for baby.

Untroubled by whispers buzzing round their heads, newlyweds had knockout time at Abbott and Costello's Rallerbowl party. Ignored rumar that Steve, 4-F, had splurged last $10,000 tearing dawn gates to H'wood, then nixed 2 studio offers.

Jet-haired, blue-eyed Cheryl Christina came before Daddy was discharged from Army. When Mom and baby were well enough, Steve and Lana ditched everything, came to New York on spree.

Mlles. Turner, Dietrich and Durbin were on hand to clock in millionth service man at Hollywood Canteen. All Crawfordsville, Ind., was on hand short while later when Steve brought Lana home for visit.

Lana Turner continued

in San Francisco. She enrolled at Hollywood High School, Mother got a job in a beauty shop, and they settled down to their familiar routine.

The routine lasted just three months. If Judy'd been crazy about typing, it might have lasted indefinitely. But typing was a pain any day of the week, and one day the sunlight was more than she could resist. So she cut class and strolled over to the drugstore for a coke.

Fate had sent Billy Wilkerson, editor of the "Hollywood Reporter," into the same drugstore at the same time. Looking up from his own coke, he saw a small figure seated opposite at the circular counter. Chestnut hair, wide-set eyes, peachbloom skin above the white blouse and red vestee sweater. Pretty girls were a dime a dozen hereabouts, but there was something about this one that breathed the very spirit of lovely, budding youth—

"Who's that kid?" he asked the manager when she'd gone.

"One of the high school crowd. The others call her Judy."

"I'd like to meet her."

"Well, come in around three, and I'll introduce you. They all gang up here for (*Continued on page* 77)

At Lux Radio Theater, Lana bumped into one-time flame Victor Mature, good-naturedly took jibes about "longest page boy extant," was wished stacks of luck on new pic, "Marriage Is a Private Affair."

Laraine Day

Ray Milland

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

tall, dark and rugged

This fella Craig's got his own design for living . . . and what if it does include a barnyard for cackling chickens and a tyke who always talks back!

Morning after Craig's house burned to ashes, Jim strode into studio in bedroom slippers, Paisley dressing gown, needed only turban to look like visiting maharajah or something out of his current "Kismet."

The day James Craig's contract started at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, more than a year ago, he showed up on the set bright and early and ready to work as usual.

He looked fresh as a daisy, and not a soul at M-G-M suspected—and they won't until they read this—that Jimmy hadn't had a wink of sleep for two nights. That instead, he'd traveled 1200 miles on a motorcycle and shagged his big frame up and down Sierra mountain peaks between that Monday morning and the Saturday before.

Jimmy Craig did that because he wanted some venison on his ranch-house table, and the deer season opened that week-end. His hunting pals had a trip organized, but Jimmy had to make pictures. By Saturday, when he knocked off acting, they were clear up in Beaver, Utah, some 600 miles from Hollywood. Jimmy had to be on the set first thing Monday, under a new contract. But *(Continued on page 99)*

Jim's wild plaid jackets cause only fireworks in Craig household. Mary can't stand 'em. Also resents Jim's Sunday spaghetti, rife with garlic. J.'s worked for du Pont as carpenter's helper, timekeeper, radio star.

Jim can quote Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth on into the night, but won't. Can't sing a note, but does. Was once told, "Your voice is pitched too high, your neck's too thick, you carry yourself like a prizefighter, and you can't act." Craig's terse reply, "Nuts!"

Jim, ordinarily mild, used to gnash teeth when aunts called him "Sunny Jim." Took "Craig" from old flic, "Craig's Wife." High point of career: day he sold 10 doz. of his eggs on set.

When "the Bub" hit two, pop started reading him Texas' tallest tales about "Big Foot Wallace" and other two-gunners, "so he'd never grow up to be a gosh-darn panty-waist."

Paulette's been selling property right and left lately. Asked why, she shrewdly replied, "For profit. I can't resist 40 percent over what I paid."

By Kaaren Pieck

The boys call her "Polly"

How are you going to figure this Goddard, hobnobbing with artists 'n' farmers, buddies with every darn guy in Frisco's military hospital?

Paulette read the script of "So Proudly We Hail," and said no thanks.

"Why not?" asked Mark Sandrich, producer and director.

"Because I couldn't play that girl the way she's written."

"Why not?" asked Allan Scott, writer.

"Because I don't believe in her. Okay, she's flip and flirtatious. She's out to meet the boys. She trails across Bataan, dropping black nightgowns as she goes. But no girl could see what she saw, live through what she did, and not grow up. No girl that's human—"

"I think she's got something there," said Scott.

She wrote the new scene herself—the scene where she faints and refuses to quit work—and they put it in just as she wrote it.

The picture marked a turning-point for Paulette. In a star-studded cast, she stood out for her crisp humor and her telling way with a line. Audiences ate her up. Mark Sandrich said to Allan Scott, "For my next picture, I want you to write a story round Paulette." Scott wrote "I Love a Soldier." *I* is Paulette, girl welder. The soldier's Sonny Tufts. Wait till you see them together again.

If "So Proudly" gave her a new importance in pictures, she says she has Sandrich to thank. He put her completely at ease for the first time. For the first time, she didn't have to press or project. It's a glorious feeling, and once you get it, you don't lose it. So she's forever in Mark Sandrich's debt.

Because the screen is her first love. Take everything else away, she could still go on. Take her work away, and everything else would go flat. When she was under contract to Chaplin and Selznick, being paid a good part of the time for twirling her thumbs, she used to cry—literally cry—to be put to work. If she has a decision to make—whether it affects the routine of her day or the course of (*Continued on page 66*)

fety Council requested she wear cover-alls in "I Love a Soldier" e of welder, as example to women war workers. Studio acquiesced, 'll prove safe clothing needn't detract from feminine charm."

On leave from U.S. 8th Air Force, a Flying Fortress tail gunner and his pup were guests of Paulette on Par. set of "Standing Room Only." Dog wore his own gas mask on their 10 raids over Europe!

Ginny Simms

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"Road to Utopia" will leave Bob with 2 mementos: Jim Brady jacket and a will he cautiously made after week's rehearsal with bear. Women's Press Club voted him actor with whom they'd prefer to be stranded on an interview. (With Ann Sheridan.)

Lake awarded divorce: Gets custody of child 9 mos. of year . . . H'wood Women's Press Club awards golden apple for cooperation to Hope, Sheridan!

By Fredda Dudley

The Golden Apple:

Each year the Hollywood Women's Press Club awards a golden apple lapel pin to the most cooperative actress, and a script holder decorated with a golden apple to the most cooperative actor. In 1941, Bob Hope won the award, and this feat he duplicated in 1943. Since he already owned a script holder, he was awarded a golden St. Christopher medal to protect him during the extensive tours he will undoubtedly make in 1944. Bob appeared at the luncheon always given to honor the winners, wearing a well-tailored checkerboard and a straw skimmer, his costume for "The Road to Utopia."

"This is to keep Crosby from getting homesick for a horse blanket," he explained. He also clarified his attitude about being cooperative; he admitted with the celebrated Hope leer that he had seldom met a lady with whom he would not like to cooperate.

Trying to nose Señor Hope (an impossible attempt, he said, considering his ski slide) out of first place this year were Humphrey Bogart, who came in a strong second, and George Murphy, who came in third.

Cary Grant, who won last year and thereupon became the only male member of the feminine press club, was invited to be present and wound up reading the inscription engraved on the back of Bob's award. He kidded Bob by stuttering, stammering, and placing great emphasis upon the flattering script of the words etched in gold until Bob finally arose to protest. "You," he said, rolling his eyes, "are making a jerk of me. After this I'll read my own compliments."

On the distaff side of the (*Continued on page 54*)

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By Cynthia Miller

Is there anyone finer?

Ask Corp. George Montgomery about this walking juke box with the honey voice. Or ask a million cheering guys in khaki!

One November night in 1942, strapping George Montgomery Letz was bussing dishes around the Hollywood Canteen. He was carrying a super-loaded tray when Dinah Shore appeared on the platform to sing. He didn't drop the tray, which proves with finality how great is his self-control.

George had never met Dinah, but he had heard her sing over the radio so often that he had ceased to refer to the instrument as a GE or a Zenith or a Sparton, but simply called all wave lengths, long or short, Shore.

George tried to work his way through the darkened canteen in an attempt to carry on his duties. George, accompanied by a load of used plates and cups, had been heading for the front door.

He unloaded his tray with the greatest speed ever attained locally without breakage and scorched back to hear Dinah's tenth, fifteenth and fortieth encore. When the enthusiastic G I.s finally allowed another performer to take over the mike, George found himself—by one of those incredible coincidences which have to be planned thirty minutes in advance—at the foot of the stage steps.

And from that night on they went steady, as Dinah says.

Three or four nights later (*Continued on page 69*)

Moment after the "I do's," Dinah was introducing George, via long distance, to his new father-in-law in Nashville. One week later, groom was yanked away by Army.

Harry James describes new nursery in painful details to anybody who'll listen. Approved when Lamour said she'd shelve career in second to follow husband. Fanny Rose Letz (D. Shore) scooted back to work right after wedding.

Dinah, who's in "Thank Your Lucky Stars," must keep 300 songs on tap to fill varied requests of Army and Navy joes. Before marriage, shared crackerbox apt. with 3 chums, later took slightly larger house with them.

Dinah did final rehearsal for 1st broadcast in slacks, found she'd forgotten to bring skirt. By time show went on air, she'd wheedled one from girl in audience.

On Command Performance together, Bing Crosby grinningly bowed and scraped before La Shore after she'd shortwaved program for British Army at request of King and Queen who listened from Buckingham Palace.

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GOOD NEWS

Continued from page 50

cooperative spirit, we writers found Annie Sheridan to have been a doll in 1943. One vote behind her in the final tally was Lucille Ball, and one vote behind Lucille was Carole Landis. When the margin is as small as this, the girls may be justified in thinking that all three were entitled to high praise. Both Lucille and Carole were invited to attend the party. Lucille was able to accept and was presented with an armload of roses, but Carole was in New York.

Awarded a sneer for playing hard to get were Errol Flynn, Charles Boyer and Bing Crosby in the male department, and Joan Fontaine, Ginger Rogers, and Greer Garson among the ladies. Joan has been ill a good deal of the time recently, but this writer, for one, has always found her to be sweet, intelligent and more than willing to assist a scribe.

Kiddie Kapers:

If you can't endure the Kindergarten Kreeps, just skip this. But if you dote on diminutive doings, here's a report on one of the heartbreakers of 1960, Miss Alice Faye Harris by name, now aged 22 months. Everyone in Hollywood who has been a guest in the Harris home goes into ecstasies over Alice, Jr.

She has a sunny head covered with curly hair and such eyelashes as have not been seen since Garbo fluttered an elegant orb.

When guests arrive, Miss Alice gravely shakes hands with everyone. Then she toddles to her nursery, gets her small chair, brings it back to the living room and places it in some strategic position. With head tipped earnestly on one side, she looks steadfastly at the person who is talking and nearly breaks up the speaker by her very seriousness.

Afterward she spends hours doing the things the guests did: She searches through an imaginary purse for a lipstick or straightens a make-believe hat or imitates a voice.

When Phil broadcasts, his enthusiastic daughter brings her chair to a spot about a foot in front of the radio and there listens raptly. She sings with the orchestra, keeping time by tapping one little foot or softly clapping her chubby hands. And she laughs like mad at everything Phil says.

No wonder Alice, Senior, is so delighted with the thought of the new baby due in the spring. With two such honeys, the Harris household will be filled with happiness kids.

* * *

John Payne slips in and out of town with no one but his most intimate friends being the wiser. While here, he spends his entire time with his daughter, lovely 3-year-old Julie. On a recent trip (made by air on the authority of a 3-day pass) he took Julie as his lady love to a dinner party. When they made ready to leave, John decided that it was too cold for Julie's light coat, so added his own G.I. windbreaker as a blanket around her small figure.

Sleepily she cocked her head on one side and smiled at him. "My head," she confided, "is cold, too. Don't you think I should wear your pretty hat with the shiny stuff on it?"

So small Julie, muffled in her daddy's jacket and rendered invisible under her daddy's Army cap, curled upon the seat of John's car and went to sleep on the way home.

* * *

They were having trouble with Margaret

Judy's pet story, lately, has been about Laddie's shopping sortie before Xmas. Mobbed in dept. store, he dashed out, hailed first car, begged ride around corner.

O'Brien on the set of "Meet Me in St. Louis." Ordinarily she is a quick study and a perfect deliverer of lines, but something was obviously wrong on this particular morning. The luncheon scene being shot required one of the adult members of the cast to say something about the catsup being too spicy. And a second adult was to add to the criticism by saying the catsup was too sour.

Whereupon Margaret was to pipe up with another criticism of the catsup: "And the color is funny, too."

Each time the dialogue swung around to Margaret, she mumbled an unintelligible phrase while hanging her head in obvious distaste. Finally Director Minelli took Margaret aside. "You aren't doing it right," he explained gently. "I've told you four times that you mustn't duck your head and jumble your words together under your breath. Tell me, honey, what's the trouble?"

"I don't like the dialogue," said the pint-sized prima donna. "It reminds me of the three bears. I sound like the baby bear, 'Somebody has been eating my soup and eaten it all up.' I don't want to sound like any old baby bear."

The dialogue was changed. Made somewhat more mature.

* * *

Just before Christmas Bing Crosby brought his squad of four sons over to Paramount to have a group picture made. Because of the affinity of the junior male for dust, dirt, mud and other forms of untidiness, Bing also brought along four suits of clothes and four shirts so that a costume change could be made at the last minute, so giving the camera an immaculate view of the Crosby quartet.

First he took them to the barber, who turned out four neat haircuts. Then he took them over to the set, upon request, to meet Betty Hutton who was working in "The Incendiary Blonde." Betty, as incendiary as her picture, approached Bing with a Comanche yell and planted a juicy kiss on his forehead.

Dennis took exception to this demonstration of comradeliness. "You'll have to cut that out," he warned her gravely. "My dad's taken the pedge." (*Continued on following page*)

Betty, knitting small items on set as husband worked, posed with Harry between takes for cartoonist Xavier Cugat. Says she doesn't care whether baby's boy or girl, but "it better have its father's disposition."

n Lake-Detlie divorce was custody of Elaine, 2. Veronica
anted care of tot 9 months of year, father the other 3.
at Mocambo, with George Billingsly, its manager.

From the Hutton set, Bing took his offsprings to the stage on which "Road to Utopia" was being filmed. While he did a scene—which he thought might be interesting to the boys—the boys voiced an artistic criticism by sneaking away. On one of the studio streets they met Mr. Y. Frank Freeman, head of the studio and a man who knows how beats the heart of a boy. He took them over to introduce them to his prize boxer pups.

When Bing arrived breathless somewhat later, chaos was thick in the air. The pups, having wallowed lavishly in puddles created by a recent California downpour, had been held by the boys and had pawed them thoroughly. Two of the boys had gotten into a fight about one of the pups and had engaged in brotherly combat to the extent of one torn shirt and one claret nose.

The photographic sitting had to be postponed.

Wail Mail:

Editor, Modern Screen:

In an article in your November issue appears a story "Moonlight Sinatra" by Jeanne Karr. The writer describes a much beribboned Marine who happened to be in the crowd at one of the stops made by Sinatra. In explaining his decorations to a couple of gaga young things, he was supposed to have said—in an offhand way as Marines are always supposed to speak when questioned about their brave exploits—that one of the ribbons, with star, represented Attu. This Marine seems to have gone to a lot of trouble to glorify himself. There was to my knowledge only one Marine on Attu, and in addition to that fact is another: The Government has not even author-

Greer Garson raced to Atlantic coast port to surprise Ney, turned his brief leave into glorious binge. O.W.I. likes her pamphlet, "We're All Neighbors," enough to print it in eight languages.

Cheryl Crane, who coos when you call her "Cherry," has stocks cherry-embroidered dresses carted back from N.Y. by Daddy. La back to work after many months, spends days off fussing over b ized the wearing of that particular star and ribbon as yet. If such a ribbon and star is authorized we'd sure like to know which dime store has them in stock as we feel, in an offhand modest way of course, entitled to wear it, having had a few bad moments on Attu ourselves.

We are not resentful in any case, but we do get a bit fed up when the Fighting Marines get credit for a job we did by our lonesome. They get plenty of build-up without stealing our thunder.

Sincerely,
The Boys of Co. D—17th Infantry.

Ans. from Jeanne Karr: In an offhand, modest way—as all Marines are supposed to talk—this Marine was undoubtedly pulling somebody's offhand, modest leg. Not only did he say he had seen action on Attu, he said he had been wounded there. A Jap was supposed to have thrust four inches of bayonet into his stomach. Perhaps his entire story should have been doubted when he admitted that he had never heard of Frankie. Those, sir, are fighting words, Marine or not.

Miles of File:

You remember Joan Carroll, the enchanting young thing who bowled them over in "Panama Hattie" when Ethel Merman was Hattie on Broadway. Joan, now 11, is working at Metro in "Meet Me in St. Louis." Between shots she keeps busy, working with her filing system which is an outcropping of her patriotic spirit.

It seems that since Joan has been in Hollywood, she has been the constant recipient of much of John Carroll's fan mail. Lt. John Carroll is now serving overseas, but his fan mail continues to be voluminous, and it continues to find its way through rain and sleet and snow and dark of night to Joanie, who is not related to him in any way.

In the old days, Joan simply forwarded the mail in cardboard boxes. Nowadays she conscientiously opens and reads every letter. Then she relegates it to a pigeon-hole for the attention of her lieutenant when he returns to Hollywood. The labels under which she files the letters are devised and printed by Miss Carroll, and they tell a graphic story, to wit: "Mash Notes," "Proposals of Marriage," "Just Fan," "Begging," "From Service Men" and lastly, "Silly Stuff."

Sorry Glory:

Undoubtedly, while you were doing your Christmas shopping, you stood in an exhausted line, wishing to goodness that you were so famous that you could march grandly into a shop, order everything in sight with a queenly wave of the hand and retire to ribbons, wrappings and a royal enjoyment of Christmas.

Fame, in a pack-jammed shop, actually amounts to nothing, so be comforted. During Christmas week, Lana Turner entered one of Beverly Hills' swankiest establishments and approached the purse and handbag section. She made one selection—a rare red Moroccan leather bag—and set it aside. Then she turned to examine a brown alligator purse.

Meanwhile, one of those amphibious feminine landing boats hove up to the counter, panting with haste, and began to paw through the merchandise. She spied the red bag in front of Lana, snatched it, jerked open the zipper, examined the fittings, then began to shout for the salesgirl. "Please wrap this as a gift and charge it to my account," she bellowed.

Lana, in her soft voice, tried to protest. "I had selected that bag," she explained gently. "If you will remember, you actually removed it from beneath my own purse."

"That's too bad," sniffed the woman. "I have the purse now." (Continued on page 117)

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT! PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM...
PUT FRESH, THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM, UNDER THIS ARM! SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION-PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!
USO

Use FRESH and stay fresher!

• See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

Beauty at Your Fingertips

Tips on good grooming for your ten pretty and busy fingers.

Learn the rules, then treat your digits to a manicure!

Your hands are showing, you know . . . whoops now, it's quite all right if they're in condition and lovely to hold. But woe is you if they're worn, rough looking, and the nails chipped or broken. Therein lies many a sad tale—a broken romance, an embarrassing situation, a drawback to your job. 'Tis true your favorite male admires your working on the assembly line but he doesn't admire grubby, drab-looking hands.

But let's not be pessimistic, children, let's look on the bright side. A pair of rightly tended, dainty paws can be one of a femme's most attractive features. A bit of care is all they ask for. These being the days when time is of the essence, how's about a quick, easy recipe for a manicure. The ingredients: ten fingernails, your manicure set and a gay shade of nail enamel. The results: ten gleaming, shining fingertips.

TECHNIQUE, YOU SAY? Begin your digit work by arranging all the items needed for your manicure on a convenient, near-by table. Then set to according to this Hollywood formula which we have gleaned for you.

1. Remove old polish with a cleansing tissue saturated with oily polish remover. Be sure every trace of the old color is completely gone.

2. File and shape nails with an emery board. Be careful

Pretty hands has Barbara Hale of RKO.

Barbara likes a pure soap for her hands.

Here she neatly applies a bright polish.

A special cream helps keep hands smooth.

by Carol Carter

not to file too deeply into the corners. The side of the nail tip should be a rounded curve . . . the tips, graceful ovals. Claw-like nails are definitely dated. Then too, medium length fingertips are less likely to bend or break.

3. Next, dip your ten fingers into a bowl of warm, soapy water. If you have time, soak them for a few minutes. With your brush, scrub each finger separately. Be sure to dry them thoroughly. If your nails are particularly brittle and dry, a warm oil soaking will put them in the pink.

4. With a cotton-tipped orangewood stick dipped in cuticle remover, gently but firmly push back the cuticle. This helps to remove dead skin around the base of the nail, keeps them trim and smooth looking. Cut the cuticle only if you want to encourage infection.

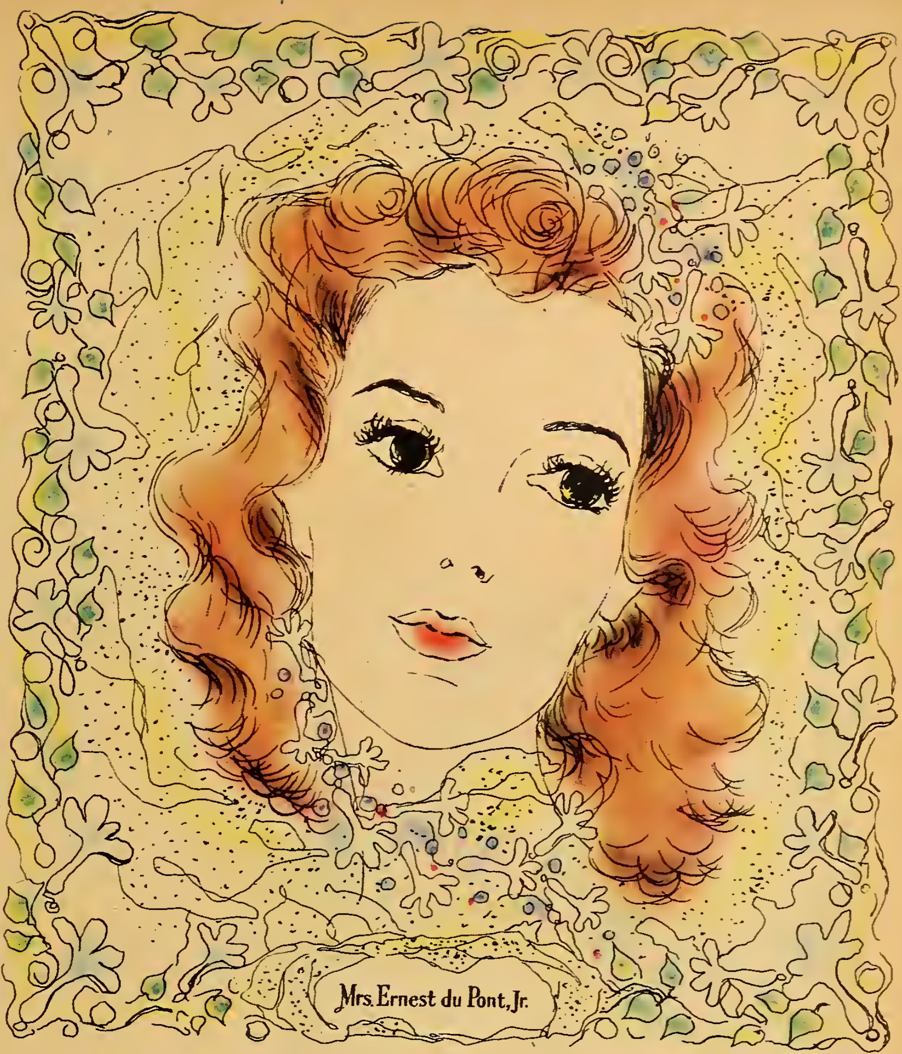
5. Apply nail white under the free edges of the nail. Either the paste or stick form may be used. Next, scrub your fingers a second time and wipe them dry. As you do this, you'll be removing the last shreds of cuticle loosened by the cuticle remover.

6. Now gently buff your nails in one direction. This makes for stronger, healthier nails, besides helping to pep up the circulation.

7. Colorless, liquid polish for a base makes a smooth foundation for enamel. Apply two coats for longer lasting wear.

8. A gay, exciting shade of nail enamel goes on over the colorless coating. Quick, downward strokes of the brush are easier to apply. When the first application dries, follow up with a second coating. And presto! How shiny and bright are your ten pretty fingertips.

When your nail glamour is completely dry, slather a creamy lotion or hand cream over your paws. Massage the skin well as you apply. All this, in the interest of smoothness. (*Continued on page 93*)


Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr.

Titian Beauty

in Dreamflower "Rose Cream"

Portrait of a lovely lady—Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., charming member of Wilmington's leading family. Her chestnut hair shines with golden lights. Her eyes are warm and sparkling. And her Dreamflower "Rose Cream" complexion—sweet, peach-toned—picks up the gold in her hair and eyes. "I've never found a powder shade that did as much for my skin as Pond's Dreamflower 'Rose Cream,'" says Mrs. du Pont. "It's such a lovely, delicate peach tone, and the Dreamflower texture is *so* clinging and smooth!"

Light up the hidden gold in *your* hair and eyes. Bring out the soft warmth of *your* complexion with Pond's delightful "Rose Cream" Dreamflower powder.

Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer!

Dainty Dreamflower cases demurely hiding 5 pert, flirtatious "Lips" shades. Two sizes—49¢, 10¢.

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

ROSE CREAM—delicate peach
NATURAL—soft shell-pink
BRUNETTE—rosy beige
RACHEL—creamy ivory
DUSK ROSE—warm, glowing
DARK RACHEL—rich, golden

49¢, 25¢, 10¢.

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN

By Carol Carter

the Color Picture

Color, color . . . what's your hue? Is it yellow,

red or blue? Take your pick, shade's no matter!

Yours to choose what's sure to flatter.

Warner Brothers' Joan Winfield applies nail polish with four neat brush strokes. She chooses a lacquer to harmonize with rouge and lipstick, and one that provides contrast to her clothes.

A careful brush outline is filled in with lipstick. Joan totes a small wad of tissues in her handbag to insure a fresh start for each application of lipstick and to remove neatly smeared color.

Supposing we offered you a screen color test? How would you rate? Would you compare colorfully to Betty Grable or Lucille Ball of the Technicolor screen? Or would that be you . . . that girl wearing cerise polish on her fingertips, rust on her lips and red, red rose for cheek color, all added to a burgundy dress and pink harlequin goggle frames? That mass of clash all blurred around the edges, would that be you?

SHADES OF VERMILION. You can say that again! It should be common knowledge that lipstick, rouge and nail polish must harmonize. The lips and nails can naturally stand a heavier shading than the cheek. Ofttimes the blended threesome is offered by one company. Or the items can be matched by eye from your favorite brands on the beauty counters. And the least color conscious lass can see the smartness of matching accessories such as a hat, a scarf, some buttons or earrings to the red of her glamour aids.

MATCH 'EM, DON'T MIX 'EM. Blue, red and yellow are the primary colors. If you watched an artist mix his paints, you would see the entire range of reds on his palette is made up of either different quantities of red mixed with blue, or red mixed with yellow. Thus your nail polishes, lipsticks and rouges are either true un-mixed reds, yellow-reds or blue-reds. The pitfall to avoid is mixing these three types of color. It is a clashful catastrophe to apply blue-red for nail lacquer, a blatant clear red for cheek color and a garish orange for lip shading. Smart girls get a set of matching nail polish, rouge and lipstick in each category. No matter the occasion or the costume, they are all set with cosmetic accessories that fit.

THE COLOR WHEEL. Round and round it goes, where it stops nobody knows. Is that the way you choose your cosmetic accessory colors? If you're at a loss for the proper lacquer and paint to wear with your particular wardrobe . . . read on:

(Continued on page 75)

Stop Worrying

ABOUT VITAMINS AND MINERALS

STOP WORRYING ABOUT *Vitamin A!* Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds. The Ovaltine way you get *all* the extra Vitamin "A" experts say you need.

STOP WORRYING ABOUT *Iron!* Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the only way you can fully use it!

STOP WORRYING ABOUT *Vitamin B_1!* You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B_1. The Ovaltine way, you get plenty!

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give a Normal Person All the *Extra* Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use

Millions of people know how important it is to take *extra* vitamins and minerals. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the *richest food sources* of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat 3 average-good meals including citrus fruit or tomatoes—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. All you can profitably use according to experts, unless you're sick and should be under a doctor's care.

And equally important, Ovaltine also supplies the *basic food substances* absolutely necessary for good health. Complete protein, to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells. High-energy foods, for vitality and endurance.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you not only all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need, but also all the extra *basic* food substances you must have for good health. Just follow the Ovaltine way.

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE
NIGHT AND MORNING

STOP WORRYING ABOUT *Vitamin G & Niacin!* You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them. You get them—and *the entire* Vitamin B complex family in Ovaltine!

STOP WORRYING ABOUT *Protein & Energy-Food!* Ovaltine also supplies the *basic* food elements for good health. Proteins—to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells. High-energy foods—for vitality and endurance. Doctors recommend Ovaltine not only to maintain vigorous health but also for those who are thin, nervous or under par.

STOP WORRYING ABOUT *Vitamin D!* You get D from sunshine—but most of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine you're safe with Ovaltine!

STOP WORRYING ABOUT *Calcium & Phosphorus!* They're vital to sound bones and nerves—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.

Loretta Young SOON TO BE SEEN IN PARAMOUNT'S "AND NOW TOMORROW"

Max Factor ✶ Hollywood Face Powder!

1..it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2..it creates a satin-smooth make-up
3..it clings perfectly...really stays on

Blonde! brunette! brownette! redhead! accent the natural beauty of your type with your color harmony shade of Face Powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood*. You'll love the look of youthful beauty it imparts...the satin-smooth make-up it creates...the way it stays on and looks lovely for extra hours. Try *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder today...One dollar.

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

FREE CHARTS · SUPER COUPON

Check the boxes opposite any of the charts you'd like. New charts and services are starred below.

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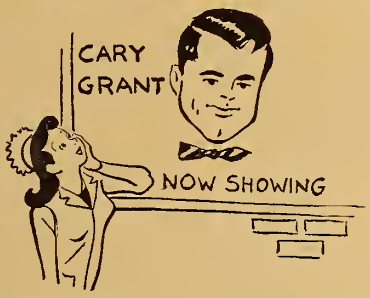

Super Star Information Chart (10c) .... ☐
32 pages on stars. Last pics, marriages, real names, reams of other data. Send 10c for this chart as well as self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Join or Start a Fan Club .... ☐
Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk
Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See page 107 for details.

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c) .... ☐
Fill in your birthdate: Year......month......date......time......
Name.......... Street............. City............ State...
Send 10c. No self-addressed envelope required.

Handwriting Analysis (10c) .... ☐
Send a sample of your handwriting or your beau's written in ink (about 25 words). Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis.

FOR HOMEMAKERS

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The ABC's of mama-hood. Authoritative information on what babies from 1 to 12 months require in the way of food, sleep, how fast to expect development. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Knit .... ☐
Illustrated, easy-to-follow instructions on how to knit, purl, increase, cast off. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Throw a Party .... ☐
How to make a splash, dinners, teas, showers, entertaining year 'round. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Things You Should Know About Cooking .... ☐
A primer for kitchen-shy brides. How to buy, budget, serve lush meals. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Don't Throw It Away .... ☐
How to save and salvage clothes, shoes, furniture and assorted treasures. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Modern Hostess
Will answer all your questions about cooking and how to cope with rationing. Free recipes, too. See page 97 for details.

FOR ROMANCE

How to Write a Love Letter .... ☐
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win! Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Whom Should I Marry? .... ☐
Tests that analyze you and your guy—what sort of twosome you'll be. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Tell if You're in Love (5c) .... ☐
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. Send 5c for this chart as well as self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

*** Co-ed Personal Advice**
All your very own problems answered personally by our expert Jean Kinkead. How to make that PFC ask for a second date or when to let Jr. don long trousers. Every letter answered personally. See page 21 for details.

FOR GLAMOUR

Winter Fashions .... ☐
Ideas on what to wear for your social whirl, weddings, class, canteen, office. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Glamour for the Teens .... ☐
This is 'specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-dos for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

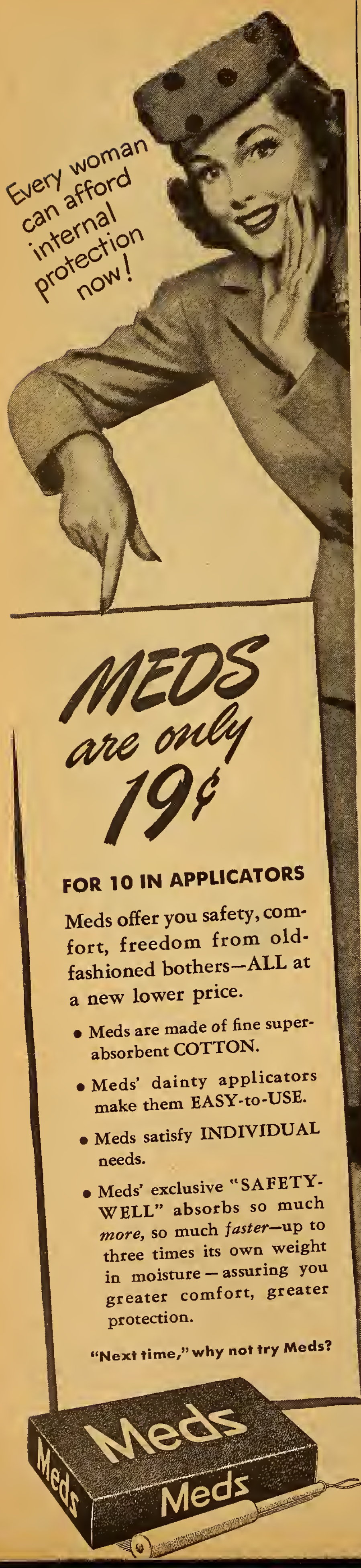
How to Be Beautiful .... ☐
If you are over 18, this is your ticket. A split-second beauty routine for every kind of skin, make-up styled to your needs. Nail care, too! Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Have Lovely Hair .... ☐
We think enough of your curls to get up this encyclopedia on hair care. How to make locks gleam. Hair-dos for *you*, with setting instructions. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Lose or Gain Weight .... ☐
Exercises and diets for whittling or building weight. Food for beauty! Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Mind Your Manners .... ☐
Charm, poise, etiquette from canteen meeting to wedding on leave. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN,


Every woman can afford internal protection now!
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FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Meds offer you safety, comfort, freedom from old-fashioned bothers—ALL at a new lower price.

- Meds are made of fine super-absorbent COTTON.
- Meds' dainty applicators make them EASY-to-USE.
- Meds satisfy INDIVIDUAL needs.
- Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more*, so much *faster*—up to three times its own weight in moisture—assuring you greater comfort, greater protection.

"Next time," why not try Meds?

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 17*)

conception on his part about the Red and Blue armies, when maneuvers are over, he's *Private* Hargrove again.

There's lots more, including Hargrove's trip to New York, but it's more fun to see it for yourself. When you come out, you're going to be awfully proud of our "rookies." And you'll go for young Robert Walker as Private Hargrove.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Marion Hargrove, a private when he wrote "See Here, Pvt. Hargrove," is now a Sgt. stationed somewhere in China with "Yank" magazine. . . . Harry Kurnitz, Metro staff writer, had to write a plot around Sgt. Hargrove's book which would include most of the humorous incidents in the book and provide a running theme and plot which the story originally didn't have. . . . Kurnitz also wrote in a sweetheart, played by Donna Reed, and the sweetheart's father, Robert Benchley. . . . Cast and crew made two location trips—one to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and another to Camp Roberts, California. . . . Besides Private Hargrove, the only other real-life character in the picture is Private Mulvehill, played by Keenan Wynn. . . . Mr. Wynn is third generation Wynn to come to Metro. His grandfather was Frank Keenan, silent player, and his father is Ed Wynn. . . . Army sent Captain Edward J. Flynn to Hollywood to act as technical advisor for the film. Captain Flynn was public relations officer at Fort Bragg and was able to give writers and directors valuable information about Pvt. Hargrove that wasn't included in his book. . . . The captain admitted having trouble with the extras in the picture. It was his job to train them to march, salute, make beds and do dishes Army style so soldier audiences could find no flaw. This was a difficult task but he finally accomplished it to his satisfaction. Hardest part was teaching them to salute with same smartness as Johnny Doughboy. . . . Only song in "Private Hargrove" is juke box favorite, "In My Arms," sung by Bob Crosby. Incidentally, this is Bob's first picture without his band. . . . Crosby did K.P. through most of the picture. Spent more time cleaning, washing, sweeping and mopping than the average buck private does in his entire Army career.

IN OUR TIME

Paul Henreid is not only a super-attractive male, but a great actor. He proved it in "Casablanca," and he adds emphasis to the proof in this new picture. Ida Lupino, who plays opposite him, knows all the answers in the acting line, too, and the result is a pleasure to watch.

"In Our Time" is the story of a country betrayed. Betrayed not once but many times, not by one man but by a whole class. The country is Poland, and her betrayers are the ruling class which exploited the peasants for hundred of years and finally left them to the merciless onslaught of the Germans. But particularly this picture is the story of an English girl who falls in love with a handsome Polish aristocrat. And of her struggle to save him from his family's decadent influence.

The girl is Jennifer Whittridge (Ida Lupino), secretary to a London antique dealer. The dealer, Mrs. Bromley (Mary Boland), goes to Warsaw on business and takes her secretary with her. There Jennifer meets Count Stephan Orvid (Paul

her whole life. Stephen represents the best and the worst of the old Polish world. He is charming, gracious—and almost entirely useless. He belongs to what is called in New York, Café Society. But when he meets Jennifer, he falls passionately in love with her. He even defies his powerful Uncle Pavel (Victor Francen) to marry her.

Stephen's family resents Jennifer. His sister, Janine (Nancy Coleman), is jealous of her. His mother (Nazimova) is upset by the changes Jennifer brings to their life. For Jennifer persuades Stephen to manage the estate himself, to work the farm, to buy tractors and even to give the peasants a share in the harvest. "Revolutionary!" cries Janine. "Yes," says Jennifer quietly, "but practical."

Meanwhile the shadow of war creeps closer. Suddenly it is there—Poland has been invaded! Stephen joins his cavalry regiment and leaves Jennifer to run the estate. Gradually it becomes clear that she, an English girl, represents the true spirit of Poland. A country betrayed but never beaten!—*War.*

P. S.

Title comes from the late Neville Chamberlain's statement on his return from Munich—"I bring you peace in our time." . . . Two famous Russians in the cast are Alla Nazimova and Michael Chekhov, nephew of writer Anton Chekhov. . . . Director Vincent Sherman once worked as an actor in a minor role in one of Nazimova's stage plays, "Ghosts." . . . Technical director was Dr. Stephen Barash, Polish attorney. Captured by the Nazis after the siege of Warsaw, he made his way to this country via the Baltic states, the Soviet Union and China. . . . Interested bit player was Lucilia von Boden, Los Angeles music teacher, who said she had been a childhood sweetheart of Herman Goering. . . . Ida Lupino conquered a great dislike for horses and learned to ride for the film. Also added cow-milking to her list of accomplishments. Mood of the set could be felt the minute a visitor stepped through the heavy sound stage doors. Blackest days were when Ida hadn't heard from husband Capt. Louis Hayward for a long time. . . . Paul Henreid suffered from a throat ailment but took a treatment with sulfanilamide and was able to go back to work the next day. . . . Greatest problem of authenticity was accents. Henreid's is Austrian, Ida's is English, Miss Nazimova's is Russian. All had to be converted to Polish. Language expert Dr. Daniel Van Dragen of U.C.L.A. successfully switched them. . . Film Cutter Rudi Fehr used to work in Berlin in the same capacity by day, but worked with the underground by night. Once hid Director Curtiss Bernhardt (now also at Warner Bros.) in a succession of hotels after Bernhardt had escaped from two Gestapo agents. . . . Also in the cast is former Czarist officer Ivan Lebedeff. . . . 524 persons were employed in the scorched earth sequence, filmed at nearby Chatsworth ranch.

THE FIGHTING SEABEES

You know what the Seabees are—the construction battalions that go in and build airports, roads and beachhead installations for the troops to use later. They're trained fighters as well as construction workers. This picture tells us how it came about.

(Continued on page 66)

"Want to be a girl with Date Appeal?"

"This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier"
LUX TOILET SOAP
RITA HAYWORTH
Star of Columbia Pictures' "COVER GIRL"
HERE'S MY LUX SOAP FACIAL! COVER YOUR FACE GENEROUSLY WITH THE RICH LATHER, WORK IT IN THOROUGHLY. RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN COLD. PAT TO DRY. MAKES SKIN SMOOTHER!

You want the loveliness that wins Romance. Screen stars know men always respond to the charm of skin that's smooth, adorable. Give *your* precious skin gentle Lux Toilet Soap care! You'll find it pays!

Rita Hayworth gives you a tip you'll want to follow. In a recent test of this beauty care screen stars recommend, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time. Active-Lather Facials are quick and easy—and they really *work!* See if Lux Toilet Soap doesn't make *your* skin smoother, softer—more adorable!

DON'T WASTE SOAP!

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S It's hard-milled! *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

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HALO GLORIFIES IT!

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water . . . leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

(Continued from page 64)

Republic has put its superman of the moment, John Wayne, in the lead, and what a lead it is! Wedge Donovan is a wonderful character, a hot-headed, quick-fisted Irishman who's the best construction boss in the business. Every man who works for him would also die for him. The war is in its first year, and a group of Wedge's workers have just returned from a job in the Pacific. But not all of them came back. In those days the workers were unarmed, and when the Japs attacked, the Navy, by international law, couldn't give them guns because they were civilians. Wedge flies into a rage and blames Lt. Commander Yarnall (Dennis O'Keefe), the officer in charge.

Yarnall takes Wedge to Washington with him to persuade the Navy to form combined construction and combat units. But red tape and naval protocol send Wedge into a fury again—he can't see waiting months for his men to be trained. But after he has taken a new group on a job and seen his men slaughtered by the Japs, he changes his mind. He is the first man to enlist in the newly-formed Seabees.

Meantime, Yarnall's girl, Connie (Susan Hayward) has met Wedge. At first she calls him a "stubborn impossible ape," but the next thing she knows she's in love with him. Not that she admits it, even to herself, but Wedge knows it and so does Yarnall. Just as they know that Wedge

Eventually they all find themselves on a tiny, vitally important island in the South Pacific, and here the fighting Seabees really go into action. They're a tough gang and proud of it. They should be. They put up a magnificent fight and when the battle is over, the love affair is settled, too.

This is a stirring picture, with a cast that includes William Frawley, J. M. Kerrigan and Grant Withers.—*Rep.*

P. S.

This is the biggest epic to emerge from the Republic lot since the studio began producing pictures. . . . Camera crews toured the West Coast camps and photographed the Seabees in most every phase of their training. . . . The Navy offered complete cooperation unless shooting interfered with strict training program. Example of such interference came at Camp Pendleton when a company of marching Seabees broke for lunch at noon, and the director asked if it would be possible to have the boys do more drilling in the afternoon. The officer said it would be impossible—"this battalion is leaving this afternoon for overseas duty. You'll have to use another group." . . . Most of the cast and crew were quartered in with the men at the camp, living in strict Navy style: saluting, eating at mess and ten o'clock "lights out." . . . One consolation was the meals—complete with steaks, but-

THE BOYS CALL HER "POLLY"

(Continued from page 45)

her future—she takes the way that will be best for her work. Ordinarily her dressing room door stands open. Gay, vivid, challenging, she's a natural hub around which people gather, and she likes having them around. Except when she's given new lines to learn. Then the door is shut. If you spoke to her then, she wouldn't hear you. Outside her script, the world ceases to exist.

During pictures she goes into training like an athlete. Up at six. At the studio by seven. Home 12 hours later. In bed by nine. Which leaves two evening hours for her personal life. By the time she gets her make-up off and has dinner, most of that's gone. When possible, she squeezes a walk in. Pretty tame substitute for the golf and tennis she loves, but better than nothing. Being outdoors is what she misses most. Sometimes she'll spend Sunday at her mother's beach house, and swim. The minute she finishes a picture, she's off somewhere. Generally, not taking time to remove her make-up. One-thing-at-a-time gal, that's Paulette.

Her last trip was to Mexico. As guests of the Mexican government, she and Jinx Falkenberg made personal appearances. Flying, they had to travel light—a suitcase and overnight bag apiece. All they could take were bathing suits, shorts, three changes including one extra-special dress and accessories to make the three dresses look like six.

Jinx speaks Spanish like a native. Paulette gets by, but yearns to be able to sling it like Jinx. When she gets five minutes, she plans to take lessons from her secretary, who used to teach Spanish. Fluent or not, as a good-will ambassador she rates high. In appreciation, the government gave her a house at Acapulco. It's going to be her vacation house. California's her home.

It wasn't till a year and a half ago that she bought a place of her own in Beverly. Her mother had been buying houses as a business venture and fixing them up on a budget plan for rental. Paulette's is a budget house. She saw it and made one of her snap decisions. "I'll live in this one myself and call it home."

What she fell in love with were the 20-year-old oak trees and the acre of garden. "I can practically live outdoors." Then the house itself—five rooms, and easy to take care of. She could have all her things around her—the beautiful things she'd brought back from China and Singapore. And her books—

book nook . . .

She started collecting books at the age of six, with the "Wizard of Oz." She and her mother traveled a lot. She never attended the same school for more than six months, but wherever she went, the books went with her. They were the one treasure she refused to be parted from. It's a passion that's grown with the years. She reads omnivorously and has kept every book that ever meant anything to her. Two hundred are personally inscribed. When it comes to writers, she's an autograph hound—

"I've got loads of books," she told the decorator, and wondered at the funny look that crossed his face.

Later, he explained. "That's what they all say. But you're the first one that's had 'em. What I mean, loads." He scratched his head reflectively. "Want 'em all?"

"Every last one."

"You'll have to have shelves in all the rooms."

"What's wrong with that?"

So every room, including the dining room, is lined with bookshelves.

Some inspired columnist dreamed up the fiction that Paulette has a mirror set in the head of her bed. "So I can primp, sleeping, I suppose," she comments. Her mirror's in the dressing table like anyone else's, and she does less primping at home than the average woman, because she gets so much of it at the studio that it's a relief not to bother. She showers, gives her hair a stiff brushing, applies lipstick, slips into shirts and shorts or a Mexican dress, and she's set. Hates gadgets round a bedroom. Hers is done simply and restfully in gray and white gingham. Flowers from her garden are the only color accents—and on the wall, a Renoir head.

Since she was little, she's loved pictures. Since she was grown, she's wanted them. But you can't put pictures in a trunk. Her interest in them was quickened by her friendship with Diego Rivera and his wife, Frieda. Frieda's an artist, too, and Paulette owns originals by both of them. She's sat for Rivera for her portrait and posed for his murals. If you ever get to the San Francisco Municipal Center, you'll recognize her in one of the murals as the gamin and as the girl in shorts, planting a tree for the future. The man who's planting the tree with her is Rivera.

WATCH FOR M.S.'s APRIL ISSUE

To assure yourself of a copy, ask your dealer for your April MODERN SCREEN on March 14th. Newsstands have been selling out so quickly, a few days delay might mean your having to miss an issue.

The minute she got a place of her own and freedom to do just as she wanted with it, she began collecting. And collected in her own way. No running to experts. No asking this one and the other what he thought. Paulette's an individualist of the first water. They'd be her pictures, they'd hang on her walls, she'd have to look at them. Pictures, she maintains, should be as personal as your wardrobe. They could be touted to the skies as the best examples of an artist's blue, yellow or cerise period. She wouldn't buy 'em unless she loved 'em.

art for lark's sake . . .

She spent hours in museums, learning the moderns by heart. Then she poked around galleries till she found what she wanted. There was one sure sign by which she could always tell. and it wasn't the price or the artist's name, but something that happened inside. If her heart lifted when she looked at a picture, she generally bought it. Besides the Renoir, she has Braque, Utrillo, Chagal, Dufy. Of course she couldn't always buy what she wanted. There's a Monet she'd give her eyeteeth for, but it's in a museum.

Nor did she set out with the idea of vivid colors. It just turns out that all her pictures are gay. Which is no accident, but an expression of her personality. There are times when Paulette *doesn't* wear red or yellow—in her accessories at least—but not more often than she can help. Just to prove she can be inconsistent, she's got one John Carroll in lovely grays. And keeps a bowl of red roses sitting under it.

She's her own meal-planner. Likes food too well to relegate that job to the housekeeper. "I could eat all day long," says she

SUSANNA FOSTER, CO-STARRING IN THE UNIVERSAL PICTURE, "THIS IS THE LIFE"

The "Heart Appeal" of Susanna Foster's Hands

A man feels the attraction of a girl's soft hands.

"My own soft-hand care is very nice and easy", says Susanna Foster, "but it certainly helps keep my hands from getting coarse and rough."

Susanna uses Jergens Lotion.

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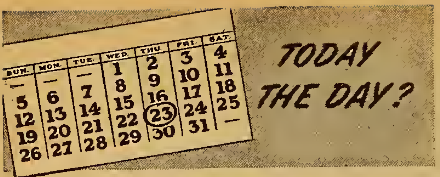
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Try Countess Lydia Grey—the facial tissue with the "doeskin" finish! Real luxury—yet costs less than other brands!

and proves it. French toast, bacon and eggs for breakfast. Roast beef at noon when the studio has it, and she takes two helpings the first time it goes by. Lobster with mustard sauce at night, and a cheese soufflé and salad and coffee. But those are only the main events. Like a kid, she's forever munching on the set. Fruit, candy bars, sandwiches—anything that comes her way. Baloney's her favorite sandwich-filling. A prop man appeared at her dressing room door one day, looking so forlorn that her heart sank—

"What's wrong?" she breathed fearfully.

"No baloney. Rationing." She didn't get it at first, then her laughter rang to the other end of the set. The prop man never lived it down. He now goes by the name of No-Baloney.

danger, woman at work . . .

Her interest in food at the moment is more than personal. As one of her contributions to the war effort, she's reclaiming a farm that in 30 years hasn't done a thing for its country.

The place is in Spring Valley, New York. Once it was headquarters for Mad Anthony Wayne. More recently Burgess Meredith owned it.

"Look," he told Paulette, "I'm going into the service. Either I'll just have to drop it or give it away. It's nothing but a country estate, and on what the Army pays, I can't afford it. Do you think you could do something with it?"

"Why not?" said Paulette, the indomitable. "If the Russians could do it with 50 billion acres, I ought to be able to do it with 70."

She took the train East, got a load of the place, then called on the head of the Farm Bureau for that region. Before leaving his office, she had her own five-year plan.

Put in a thousand chickens. Farm ten acres this year, five to feed the chickens. Next year, 15 more acres and another thousand chickens. Find a farmer to take over and someone to live in the house. Find a market for the produce.

She found the farmer first. He'd worked there long ago and given it up in disgust. The way he looked when she unfolded her plan, you'd have thought she was handing him a fistful of diamonds. He all but wept. "I remember when the corn was six feet high here—over your head, Miss Goddard."

She got in touch with her friend, Constance Collier. Constance had always wanted to live in the country. Would she come out and make this place her home? "Will a fish swim? I'm as good as packed now," caroled Constance.

She drove into town and made arrangements with the local merchants to take her eggs in exchange for food, gas and miscellaneous supplies. She went to New York and saw the manager of 21, who fell on her neck.

"We'll take anything you can grow and pay you spot cash."

"I'd rather have credit. You can dine me, wine me and provide me with theater tickets."

She called the head of a chain restaurant. "I'm putting in a crop of potatoes, but they won't be first rate this year. The soil's been neglected too long. It needs refeeding. Next year they'll be better, but can you do anything with these?"

"Send 'em along. We can dump them into the stew."

Her one regret was that she couldn't stay to watch her plans bear fruit. She had to get back to work.

"Never mind," said Constance, "I'll keep you in touch."

She was as good as her word. Hot telegrams sailed back and forth.

"Chickens arrived and their house not anywhere near finished. What shall I do?"

"Put them in guest house. I'll work it out when I finish this scene."

"Don't bother. Furniture out of guest house. Chickens in. Too cozy for words."

A week later: "Guest house cleaned. Chickens in own home. Laying like mad."

"*My* chickens," bragged Paulette.

Then there was a time when Constance went to New York for a couple of days, and the cook phoned to say that a man was painting the house. The house had just been painted to the tune of 450 bucks.

"Darling," wired Constance, "they're painting the house again. What shall I do?"

"Tell them to go away. But quick."

Constance's directions to the cook were even more succinct. "Throw the man off."

A few days later Paulette received a plaintive note from Waldo Pierce, the artist, who's one of her neighbors. "A friend of yours had what seemed a nice idea at the time. Wanted to surprise you with a picture of your house for Christmas. Commissioned me to paint it. Your cook had other ideas. Threw me off the grounds. Without so much as a hot cup of coffee—"

Cook sent him a peace offering of tomato jam—the kind 21 gets. The farmer has a helper now. In winter they cut down timber, which pays taxes. "Next year," says Paulette happily, "I'll have to have a poultry man." She's going back when she's through with "I Love a Soldier."

It's her own zest that makes things exciting for her—things other people would find dull. Welding, for instance. She went up to San Francisco ahead of the company—for a big bond rally at Oakland and to learn how to handle welding tools in the Kaiser shipyards. Most girls would have learned what they had to learn for the picture and let it go at that. She got all het up over it, bent bug-eyed over every process, fascinated by the precision and delicacy of the work. "*I* could do that. I'd *love* to do it. It's like knitting and needlepoint. I thought welders were strong-arm girls. They're just the opposite. What they do is sew the ship up."

belly grinder . . .

She presents an impersonal, practical side to the world and keeps the rest for herself. You don't catch Paulette talking about her emotions. (About the Chaplin kids, for instance, who come to the studio to see her. She had dinner with Charlie, Junior, the night before he left for camp.) But sometimes you hear a story that brings a swift revealing glimpse of the other side.

In San Francisco she went as often as possible to the hospital where our wounded men are being nursed back to health. They liked seeing people, and she was moved by the fact that they felt they knew her. "Polly" they called her.

That was on her first trip. "What can I bring you, boys," she asked, "when I come back?"

It seems they wanted a belly-grinder, which was a new one on Polly. A belly-grinder, they explained, was a concertina.

Try getting a concertina today—yeah, try. You'd give up. Me, too. Not Paulette. Paulette would be you-know-what if she'd go back without it. She turned the town upside down and bore back in triumph not a mere belly-grinder, but a big piano accordion like Phil Baker's.

In San Francisco she had to go right to work. "Will you see that this gets to the boys?" she asked a friend.

"Sure, but don't you want the fun of giving it to them yourself?"

"It's for their fun, not mine. What's the sense of keeping them waiting, so I can take bows?"

She's like the girl she played in "So Proudly," who whispered to Joan, "Don't tell Kansas I fainted."

Don't tell anyone about what goes on inside. Her heart belongs to Paulette.

IS THERE ANYONE FINER?

(Continued from page 52)

Dinah had to attend a broadcast rehearsal, so George—who had not yet been inducted into the Army—drove her down to the station and swelled the ranks of directors, sponsors and fellow artists making up the audience. Dinah was scheduled to sing "I Said No."

The next evening George attended the regular broadcast and listened attentively. He thought Dinah sang "I Said No" better than it had ever been sung.

A week later, Dinah was scheduled to sing at an Army camp, so George went along. After her regular numbers, Dinah was heckled by the roaring khakis until she agreed to sing an encore: "I Said No." He said "No." . . .

Two weeks later, Dinah was to appear on "Command Performance" to sing . . . you guessed it. So that night, when a group of friends dropped in and begged Dinah to sing something, George arose to the occasion to announce, "There is just one request that I must make. Please, PLEASE don't sing 'I Said No.' I can't take it . . . not even ONCE more."

However, they did have fun together. Anyone could see that. On Sunday mornings, Dinah and her three apartment-mates invited George and three other men over for breakfast. Dinah baked southern biscuits while one of the other girls scrambled eggs and a third fried bacon (if they had the points). George, who prides himself on having a chef's thumb, would prowl into the kitchen and allow himself to be put to work.

In the afternoon, George and Dinah would drive George's father and mother down to the movies. Then they would proceed to the riding stables from which the studio used to rent the horse George rode in Westerns.

Dinah practically grew up in a saddle—cavalry style. Then, when she was at the boarding school stage, she was sent to a fashionable school in New England where she was taught to ride a English saddle. She didn't like it. She suffered from a constant premonition that horse, saddle and topsoil were in a conspiracy to rob her of dignity and several square yards of important skin.

"You should ride Western saddle," George said with authority. "You'd feel perfectly secure."

She did. Thereafter she could scarcely wait from Sunday to Sunday for those long, brisk, sunny rides.

Sometimes, instead of going riding, they played tennis—a game at which George is disgustingly good. Week after week he would beat her in straight love sets, but one afternoon he seemed to be completely off his game. The tally began to read 6—4, 7—5. George rallied.

Afterward he said, "I very nearly let you lick me."

"Oh sure," observed Dinah in jeering tones. "Just you fence with me, and we'll see who gets outpointed. And if *my* better nature rears its ugly head, suggesting that I let you defeat me, I'll cut it off. I'm going to beat you at *something!*"

"My reach is longer than yours," George proclaimed defensively. "I could give you a shingle haircut."

"Try. Try."

"We-ell. Some day." But he always managed to have some other activity planned when Dinah suggested fencing.

Dinah also decided that it would be easy to show her superiority in the swimming department, but she couldn't find a pool

Does daylight add years to *your* age?

To discover the secret of looking younger in *all* kinds of light, try one of the six new Color-True shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder!

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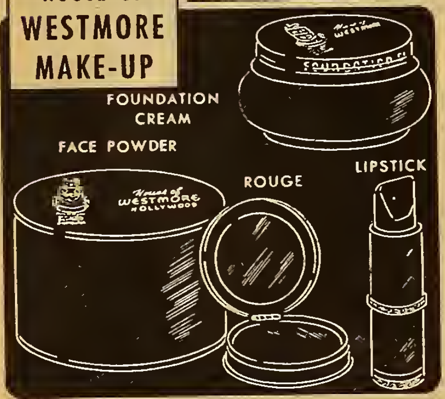

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long enough to get her masterful Australian crawl functioning at full speed. Most of the local pools are too small for racing, so their aquatic competition usually ended in a first class water fight with George having the advantage because he could catch Dinah by her shock of long auburn hair, and she was very much at his mercy. "The first thing I'm going to buy when the war is over," she would shout, trying to get away from this reverse Samson and Delilah act, "is a bathing cap."

"Lotta good that will do," spluttered George. "I'll just remove it."

One Sunday they shared a narrow escape, and George learned something about the true sportsmanship of girls from Nashville. They were driving out to the ranch of a friend, over a road that had sprung off the main highway without taking any macadam civilization with it. In some spots it seemed to be little more than a double footpath clinging to the support of the cliff with the determination of an impoverished relative. George wasn't driving fast, but some of the grades were such that it was hard to negotiate them.

As he swung around a particularly precipitous curve, the right front tire blew out. It is a lucky thing George has the muscle of a General Sherman tank because his Cadillac is heavy and it seemed to have B-17 ambitions over the canyon.

Once they had stopped, George got out. He extracted the jack from the turtleback and went to work. There is a law that no jack ever fits the car in which it is found. Especially since the tire shortage.

"I'll walk back to that little town and find a mechanic," volunteered Dinah. George was so engrossed in trying to get the whatsis released from the thingabob that he may not have heard her leave. At any rate, Dinah trudged the several long blocks back to the village and checked three filling stations without success. She was finally directed to a small garage. From there she went to the mechanic's home and interrupted a fine fricasseed chicken dinner. But she brought help to the mountainside.

When they were under way again, George glanced over at her and grinned. His shirt was a mosaic of grease and roadside dust nicely lubricated by perspiration; his face was shining, his hair fell forward over his forehead and his general aspect was extremely rugged.

But his mood was blissful. "For such a little tyke, you're very helpful," he said. "Thanks."

When, toward the end of the A-card period, the Cadillac was short of gasoline, George and Dinah usually spent an intellectual evening at home. They dote on "Ask Me Another" games, at which George is spectacularly good. He can rattle off the capital of each state in the Union; he can tell you where each major dam in America is located, what it cost to build, how long it was under construction and how much power is generated by its leashed waters.

He knows the principal crops of every state, and the agricultural problems peculiar to certain localities. A good deal of the time these mental gymnastics were just a preliminary to George's main conversational bout: a prolonged description of his ranch in Montana.

heaven, montana . . .

As far as George is concerned, the address of Heaven is Montana. It is the prettiest state, the most fertile state, the most dramatic state . . . you may add glowing adjectives indefinitely and finish them with the word, Montana.

From Alaska he recently wrote to Dinah, "The mountains in this part of the world are glorious. Almost as pretty as our Montana mountains."

In another letter he wrote, "The crops almost as fertile as Montana."

When Dinah once asked him, "Hey, what does Montana have that Tennessee doesn't?" he considered the subject gravely.

"Tell you what, honey," he came back, deadpan, "since you think so highly of Tennessee, I guess Montana can give the state a break. If your boys do a good job of fighting, why I guess Montana will take you into the Union a little later on."

One evening they were on the way to the home of a friend when some slight disagreement arose. Anyone who has ever been in love knows how those things happen; one or the other makes some trifling remark that strikes a sour note. The party of the second part comes back with a shillalah, and the battle is on.

In the midst of hostilities, they arrived at their destination. George parked, switched off the ignition and turned to Dinah in time to hear her summary, "I meet forty thousand soldiers a year. Most of them are very, very nice. I certainly don't have to put up with any nonsense from you."

George whistled. "Forty thousand!" he said in the tone of a man who has just been told that the straw hat in the window is priced at 80 dollars.

Suddenly both of them laughed. They howled. After this joyous interim, George asked tentatively, "Are we all made up?" Dinah said they were. Thereupon, they established a rule: They would never leave the car at any time, nor join a group, until all differences between them had been patched up.

About this time everyone in Hollywood began to ask George and Dinah how soon

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

It's awfully easy and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. But do keep score accurately if you want an idea of your Star Intelligence Quotient. The quiz offers three sets of clues, the first on this page, the second on page 80 and the third on page 91. If you can guess, on the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you get it on the second clue, give yourself 4. And if you must turn to the third clue before guessing the name, score yourself 3. For your total score add up all 20 individual scores. 60 is average this month. For the answers, turn to page 101, but don't look before you're finished. Peeking spoils the fun.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Jimmy Come Lately
2. Brooklyn beauty
3. Gunner with glammer
4. Is there anyone finah?
5. Monkeys are the Cwaziest People
6. Heady over Hannagan
7. Goggle-eyes
8. Writer-editor-critic-actor
9. Success at 8
10. Shed forelock
11. Little guy, big voice
12. Joe Yule, Jr.
13. MacMurray's screen mate
14. Roanoke Romeo
15. 1943 Ford
16. Mrs. Smith
17. A smile is his umbrella
18. Cried in "Camille"
19. No droop in a drape
20. Dr. Gillespie

(*Next set of clues on page 80*)

"Ah-h—*just ze kiss of ze hops*"

Rare delicacy of flavor *without sacrifice of true beer quality* has made Schlitz a universal favorite with connoisseurs of fine beer. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, Schlitz captures all of the delightful hop piquance with none of the bitterness.

Schlitz
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

AS IF YOU WERE BATHED IN FLOWERS

Your personality teases and thrills . . . when you're sweet all over with a fragrant veil of this enchanting talc. Lander's — the talc that feels so cool and creamy-soft on your skin! Lander's — the talc that's famous for its flower fragrance blends! There's Lilac and Roses . . . like a haunting breath of romance from an old-fashioned garden. Or try Gardenia and Sweet Pea . . . a bit naughty but oh! so nice — for it's a fragrance that's both voluptuous and refined. And for you who want the tender lure and glamour of Spring itself, there's exquisite Sweet Pea to cast an innocently *wicked* spell!

These precious Talcs are scarce! If you can't find your favorite fragrance . . . remember — *any* Lander Talc you *can* buy is an enchanting luxury and a 4 *star value.*

★ ★ ★ ★

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Modern Screen's Contest Series No. 13—"Standing Room Only"

WIN A FUR COAT!

First Prize—a silky mink-dyed muskrat coat with rolled collar, turn-back cuffs.

1ST PRIZE................I. J. FOX FUR COAT

2ND PRIZE.............$200 IN WAR BONDS*

Try and try again prizes**

3rd—1,352nd PRIZE....................$1.00 each in War Stamps

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by Paramount Pictures.

** If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

HERE'S HOW: The picture puzzle this month is based on Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray's hilarious new comedy, "Standing Room Only". To work the puzzle, be sure to read the story of the movie on page 34 or you'll find yourself in a jam. Each picture in the puzzle represents a word or part of a word. Fill the words in on your coupon. The whole stanza fits the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." When you've filled in every word on your coupon, try singing it over to this tune. If it fits—maybe you'll be a winner!

RULES

1. Solve the picture puzzle on page 8.
2. Fill in your FULL name on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs., give your own first name, not your husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families.
5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than April 10, 1944.
6. Neatness will count, but do *not* send in elaborate entries. They will receive no preference.
7. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one *big* prize in the entire 1944 series. Those who have won prizes in our 1943 series are eligible to enter this series. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

TURN TO PAGE 8 FOR THE "STANDING ROOM ONLY" PICTURE PUZZLE

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

When a woman puts on slacks to do her work she discovers more and more reasons for using Tampax as her monthly sanitary protection. This doctor-invented product is worn *internally;* so there *cannot be* any of the bulging or bulking which is so annoying... Thousands of other women-at-work, from taxi drivers to bank tellers, find Tampax helps them to keep active. It is quick to change, convenient to dispose of—and there is *no odor.*

You will find Tampax superior in many ways. Made of pure absorbent cotton compressed into throw-away applicators, Tampax is easy to insert and cannot be felt when in place. It requires no harness of pins, belts or external pads. It can be worn in tub or shower. No sanitary deodorant is needed, and an average month's supply will fit in your purse.

Ask for Tampax at drug stores or notion counters. *Three absorbency sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Buy a supply today! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
If defective or not as advertised therein

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

(*Continued from page 70*)

they were going to fly to Las Vegas or Yuma. That pair were very glib in answering. They said they had no intention of marrying until the war was over. George might be sent overseas; he didn't think it fair to marry a girl, then leave her.

Dinah's reason for a non-marriage romance for the duration was nostalgic. When she should become engaged, she wanted her father to announce the fact in the Nashville papers. Then she wanted all the usual betrothal merriment: the linen showers, the lingerie showers, the luncheon for the bridesmaids, the trousseau tea, the wedding rehearsal, the white satin dress and the gracious, leisurely honeymoon. "That's for me," sighed Dinah.

For months, George had been stationed at a camp not far from Los Angeles; he was able to spend frequent week-ends in town. Then, in the fine Army fashion, he was sent, one morning, to Texas. He wrote to Dinah when he had time—which wasn't often—and he telephoned her whenever the lines were free.

It's all very well to be nonchalant about love and marriage when two persons can see each other almost every week-end, catch up on all the current gossip, have a lot of fun and return to duty refreshed and filled with memories. But when two weeks, three weeks, a month, two months roll by, friendship and comradeliness simply aren't enough. A closer, warmer tie is essential.

When George was given his 14-day furlough, he descended on Los Angeles with the speed of a P-38 heading back to base. He dropped his bags at his sister's apartment and went in search of Dinah.

Those 14 days were sheer bliss . . . plus a smattering of K.P. duty. Each evening George and Dinah cooked dinner at Dinah's apartment. Sometimes a roommate or two joined the fun, but much of the time the girls would be out on dates, so George and Dinah would be alone. One evening she was late in returning from a broadcast, so George had prepared the dinner without any assistance from the feminine touch. He had carved the roast (Dinah had saved points for weeks so as to be able to feed the man from Montana), he had made salad, he had washed the celery and prepared dessert.

"I can also sew," boasted George when Dinah exclaimed over his triumph. "They teach a guy in the Army."

After these dinners, it was understood that George would wash the dishes because Dinah had usually just had a manicure or was babying one that had to last until Thursday. She wielded the tea towel.

One night they had a discussion about the heavy gold signet ring that Dinah had given George for his birthday. Looking over some snapshots she had taken of him, she said, "You've got to stop wearing that ring. It pulls your arm down so much that, when you stand at attention, your left shoulder is two inches higher than your right. Besides, you might catch it on something and wreck your finger."

"Maybe a smaller ring would be a good idea. A double ring ceremony band."

high and dry . . .

Before a girl could ask, "Is that a proposal?" Corporal Montgomery was gone again—this time to Alaska. Days went by without a letter from George, without a call, without any word. One of the well-known contradictions of life began to bother Dinah: When a husband is away, he is still a husband. One doesn't fume over little things. One knows he will write when he can. One can plan for his return.

But when a boy friend is away, and a silence descends, a girl has plenty of time to wonder about a lot of things. *Has he met someone else?* Not in Alaska, surely! Since he doesn't write, *perhaps he doesn't like me as well as I thought he did.*

Dinah forgot about her no-marriage declarations; she forgot about having her engagement announced in the Nashville papers; she forgot about the showers, the parties, the satin preparations. So, one November morning, she and George slipped away to Las Vegas and were married in a double ring ceremony that supplied George with a simple platinum band with which to supplant the signet ring, and which supplied Dinah with a matching circlet. Several weeks earlier George had ordered Dinah's engagement, a confection of gold and rubies, not yet finished.

"When I get my engagement ring," Dinah asked wistfully, "do you think it would be O.K. for Dad to announce our engagement—in the Nashville papers?"

"As soon as Tennessee is admitted to the Union," said George.

Less than a week after his marriage, George was again dispatched on a mission. Before he left, he bought two small Christmas trees, set one on each side of the fireplace and trimmed them. It was a surprise for Dinah.

Dinah's surprise for George's first married Christmas consisted of two bathrobes, one rigidly functional for use in camp and one fawncy one for use on furlough. Also a set of pastels with which George will produce some charming landscape drawings. Also a key with a locket top in which is a tiny picture of Mrs. Montgomery. Also a wood carving set. Looks like George's artistic temperament is going to have ample opportunity to express itself when the war is over.

As everyone knows, George owns a ranch in his beloved state of Montana. The ranch is something he has fought for, dreamed of and held up to himself as the goal of his life. Repeatedly he has said that his idea of the perfect life is making two pictures a year in Hollywood and spending the rest of his time in Montana. Running cattle, raising wheat, participating in co-operatives and being able to talk things over and make plans for the future with a wife who could work with him, understanding and sympathizing with his aims.

When a friend of Dinah's asked, come Victory, what would she and George do, she said without hesitation, "We'll live on the ranch most of the time."

So it looks like real happiness ahead for Dinah and George Montgomery Letz.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Al Jolson toured the pup-tent and palm-tree circuit here in Africa, he did a show for our outfit. After it was over, he was kept busy autographing everything from official passes and copies of "Stars and Stripes" to letters from home. A great many of the G. I.'s held out wrinkled 5-franc notes for Al to sign. Not having any French money on me, I handed him an American $10 bill.

Al crinkled the ten-spot a moment and hesitated. He handed it back to me unsigned. "Son," he said, "my autograph isn't worth tying up this much dough. Invest it in War Bonds!" Then the Mammy singer reached into his own pocket, pulled out a crisp new five-franc bill and autographed it. He thrust it into my hands and grinned, "Here, sergeant, this is on the house!"

Tech. Sgt. Buell R. Snyder

THE COLOR PICTURE

(Continued from page 60)

GREEN. With dark green wear the true reds or the reds with a blue undertone. For olive and chartreuse, choose from the yellow-red group.

PURPLE. For your purple and wine shades choose a harmonious purple-toned lipstick, rouge and polish.

BLUE. Give bright blue, French blue and medium blue extra emphasis with a blue-red lipstick. With navy the principal is one of contrast rather than harmony so wear your most flattering flaming red.

BROWN. All shades of brown take copper red, bronze and brown-y shades of nail, cheek and lip color. These browns are all in the deep yellow family.

BLACK. Again contrast is the keynote with black. Wear that bright, true red.

BEIGE. Brighten your beige costume with clear red or a tawny tangerine lacquer.

GREY. Show off grey with a flaming garnet or a bright blue-red color.

For after-dark glamour deeper blue-red and clear reds are the most vital colors. Artificial lights fade orange tones.

"MY LOVE IS LIKE a red, red rose." But to us it sounds like so much poetic license. Rouge shades that bedeck m'lady should be quite a bit paler than this florid, floral color. Some stars obtain a really natural looking flush with the help of both cream and dry rouge. The cream rouge is used after foundation is applied to create contour and illusion. Next comes a thorough powdering job. The dry rouge is then applied, after which another layer of powder is whisked over the face.

SUBTLE SUBTERFUGE. Lipstick color can be wonderous camouflage. Some actresses dote on two lipsticks in the same shade but of different intensities. The darker one is used to shadow and so decrease the apparent size of too-full lips. The lighter shade reflects the light and fills in where nature has not been generous.

The lipstick brush has become a practically indispensable tool for making the lip outline. Fill in the outline with a lipstick and carry the color well within the lips. You don't want a gorgeous smile ruined by lipstick "separatitis!"

IN THE RED. About one night a week will be devoted to putting that same red on your fingertips. These manicuring rituals are brief, but effective. Try a colorless aftercoat with your nail enamel, because it prevents chipping and injury. Keep that line-up of nail lacquer bottles in the best possible shape by adding a bit of nail polish thinner to each bottle. This will keep the polish from thickening, help to retain the original color and surprisingly enough will add a high sheen.

HUE HARMONY. Some psychologists insist that color has a lot to do with the way you feel. Yellow may make you feel right and chipper, red—gay, and blue—old. But if blue make you look like a ombination of the best qualities of Hedy amarr and Lana Turner, why we'd inist you wear it in the middle of Decemer, in May, in short—all the time! Make ome color your own. Have it tagged as etty's blue or green or purple. Choose he color and shade that does the very ost for you. Get an ensemble of makep and matched accessories to go with it.

See *Anne Baxter* in "THE EVE OF ST. MARK"
a 20th Century-Fox Picture.

"Royal Crown Cola
Sure tastes best,
I prefer it
To the rest!"

says

ANNE

BAXTER

Royal Crown Cola means just one thing to lovely Anne—best taste! "I found that out in the famous cola taste-test," she says, "when I sampled leading colas in paper cups. Royal Crown Cola rated best with me!"

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CHOICE: of popular solid colors, rich tweed blends, 18th Century floral and leaf designs, Early American, Oriental patterns, ovals.

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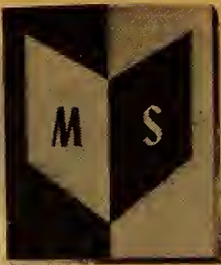

Modern Screen Pins a Badge on You

One day long before Connie Wienk, our art editor, left for the Army, he came clumping into the office with his big feet and put something down on Henry Malmgreen's desk. He didn't say anything—just smoked his cigarette too fast.

What it was, you see illustrated above. A simple, chaste symbol of MODERN SCREEN. Connie's own way of saying "Good-by. Think of me sometimes." Connie's overseas now. And his little design has become sort of a pledge between him and you and us. We promptly reproduced it on all our stationery. But we want to do more. We want to bring Connie's design actually to life in a fine piece of costume jewelry . . . either a really heart-stopping pin or, if you prefer, a charm to dangle swankily from a bracelet.

Swanky—and sweet, too. A sweet reminder of the good times we've all had together putting out MODERN SCREEN, reading it, writing each other letters.

But here's the catch. Unless we can order thousands of these pins at one time, the cost will be prohibitive, and we'll have to scrap the whole beautiful idea. We need your help. Won't you read the coupon below carefully, then fill out just ONE part of it and mail it in? If enough of these forms are filled out soon enough, we shall be able to have our MODERN SCREEN pin—our pledge to each other and to the swell kid who's overseas!

After writing in your name and address, see how many of your friends' names and addresses you can get. Heck, there's no Ltd. after our name. Why shouldn't they be part of our gang, too!

Al Delacorte

NOTE CAREFULLY! This coupon does NOT give you the MODERN SCREEN pin. It only tells us you'd like to have one. Please do not send any money. And remember—this doesn't obligate you in any way. Since we couldn't provide space here for the slews of friends who'll probably be interested, please jot their names and addresses down on a separate sheet of paper and mail them with the coupon.

I would like the MODERN SCREEN pin absolutely free with a year's subscription ($1.50 for 12 issues) to MODERN SCREEN.

My name ______________________ **Address** ______________________

My friends ______________________ **Address** ______________________

I would rather pay a small amount to cover clerical and mailing costs for the MODERN SCREEN pin without a subscription.

My name ______________________ **Address** ______________________

My friends ______________________ **Address** ______________________

ADDRESS: MODERN SCREEN, Service Dept., 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

LANA TURNER

(*Continued from page 39*)

sodas the minute that school's out."

Judy didn't quite know what to make of it when the manager brought Mr. Wilkerson over that afternoon and introduced him as boss of the "Hollywood Reporter." What was the "Hollywood Reporter" anyway?

"I'd like to speak to you a minute." Obediently she slid off the stool and walked to the cigar counter with him.

"How would you like to be in pictures?"

She stared. Was he kidding? He didn't seem to be kidding. He looked like a perfectly serious man. But such things didn't happen. In fan mags they happened, never in real life, never *ever* to Judy Turner. How would you like to be in pictures? What could you say? Not yes—it would sound too silly. "I—I don't know," she stammered.

"Here's my card. Will you come to my office after school tomorrow? Around four?" Then he was gone. Most of the kids were busy with their own chatter, but one or two had turned to look curiously at the man who was talking to Judy.

"What did he want?"

She shrugged. "Thought I was somebody else." They were Hollywood-wise, they'd lived here all their lives. If it sounded screwy to her, how would they take it? Laugh in her face, and she wouldn't blame them.

Mother thought it was crazy, too. It took Edith to throw the whole thing into some kind of balance. She'd met Billy Wilkerson at a big party—just long enough to say how-d'you-do—but she knew about his standing in movie circles, and that he didn't ask kids if they'd like to be in pictures just to hear himself talk. "If Wilkerson thinks there's a chance," Edith said, "she'd better take it."

"But she can't go alone, and I've got to work."

"Then I'll go with her."

Judy decided she'd better look grown up. Her Oxford gray suit was the most grown-up thing she owned, but her hats all looked kiddish. So she borrowed one from Edith—an off-the-face number with just a tiny brim. And spent half an hour getting the spitcurl on her forehead just right.

In Mr. Wilkerson's office she was glad to let Edith do the talking, while she sat goggle-eyed. As a matter of fact, there wasn't much talk on either side. Mr. Wilkerson was very businesslike.

"I think she has possibilities. I'm giving her a note to Zeppo Marx, the agent. You can go up there now if you like. Let's hear how you make out. Good luck."

* * *

"How old are you?" Zeppo asked.

Judy gulped. "Eighteen."

Zeppo grinned. "Not with that spitcurl, you're not. Come on, let's have it. Sixteen? Fifteen?"

"Well—*practically* sixteen—"

Zeppo didn't go into dithers over Wilkinson's find. Maybe, maybe not. Certainly she didn't hit him between the eyes. ("I ought to have my head examined," he moans nowadays.) Eventually he did sign her to a contract—what could he lose?—and sent Henry Willson, one of his young men, to make the studio rounds with her. Nothing happened. Secretly convinced that her movie career was destined to be nipped in the bud, Judy continued at school and kept her mouth shut.

Till the day Solly Biano, another of Zeppo's young men, eyed her reflectively as she sat in the office, waiting for someone to take her somewhere. Suddenly he

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A Portrait by Maria de Kammerer

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Be Alert...and Alluring!

By CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

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Here, at last, is a lipstick that combines rich, natural coloring with a softness and smoothness of texture never before achieved. Whether you choose Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural . . . you can trust it to keep that satin-y sheen despite hours on duty in all kinds of weather!

And whether you're "on the alert" ...or frankly alluring...don't forget to match your complexion with your own right shade of the new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder and the companion rouge to your Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipstick!

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with the new Satin-Finish

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Nestle HAIRLAC

jumped up. "I've got a hunch. There's a part in Mervyn LeRoy's new picture. Come on, let's go out there."

He didn't even phone. Hustled his client into a car, drove her to Warners', steered her toward LeRoy's office.

Mr. LeRoy was busy, the secretary didn't think they could see him. At which psychological moment, out popped LeRoy, cigar in mouth.

"Can I see you?" Solly started.

"I haven't much time—"

"It'll only take a minute—"

"Well, okay, just a minute then—"

He led the way inside. Solly said, "I think this girl has possibilities for Mary in 'They Won't Forget'."

This girl, Judy thought. That's me. It sounds awful. It sounds like this necktie or this dishpan or this monkey-on-a-stick—

Mr. LeRoy was looking her up and down and around. "Well—I don't know—we could make a test, I suppose. What did you say your name was?"

"Judy Turner."

"Hm—not very good."

"My real name's Juliajean—"

"Still worse. But never mind about that. Tell you what. I'll call you, Solly."

She knew what that meant. She'd been hearing it often enough lately. Only for a minute there he *did* seem to be interested.

"Do *you* think he'll call?" she asked Solly on the way home.

"Hard to say. We'll keep after him."

They didn't have to. Things moved at a snappy clip after that, and Judy went through them in a daze. Solly calling. "Mr. LeRoy wants you to make a photographic test."

Mother saying, "Don't let it throw you, baby. Probably doesn't mean a thing."

Making the test and seeing it, thinking it was ghastly—

Mr. LeRoy saying, "I still haven't heard you read lines—"

Rehearsing a scene and shooting it—

Solly calling again: "You're in, kid. We're signing the contracts tomorrow."

Mother'd just come home from work. Moving carefully, afraid she might break, Judy held out her arm. "Pinch me, Mother—"

Mother hugged her instead, and Judy clung like a baby. "Don't let me go haywire. I'm so thrilled I can't stand it, but don't let me go haywire, Mother."

* * *

At the studio next day, they returned to the subject of the name. "I don't think Judy's right for you. Too chorine-ish," said Mr. LeRoy. "Turner's okay. A good American name. Easy to say—"

"Then shouldn't we have something very different for the first name?"

Starting with A, they went straight through the alphabet—even split names in half and hooked different halves together. Nothing worked. Finally—she'll never know where it popped from—but something popped.

"What about Lana?" asked Judy.

"Lana? How would you spell it?" She spelled it. "Lana. Lana Turner. I think that's it—"

(Months after being dubbed the sweater girl, she discovered that Lana was the

FREE OFFER!

'Tisn't every day that we give another mag a plug like this—but honestly, SCREEN ROMANCES is worth every bit of our lavish propaganda. We think it's so terrific that we want you to have a copy absolutely free. All you have to do to get it is fill in the following coupon and whip it off to us. If yours is among the first 500 to reach our desk, your FREE SCREEN ROMANCES will be in the mail in no time at all—and you'll love it. It's chuck full of stories of the latest movies. Be sure to send in your coupon by the 20th of February.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our March issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Swoon Boy (Frank Sinatra) ...... ☐
Lana Turner Life Story, Part II ... ☐
Tall, Dark and Rugged (James Craig) .... ☐
Hep Kitten (Peggy Ryan) .... ☐
MODERN SCREEN Spends a Day with Lon McCallister .... ☐
Lovable Lug (Sonny Tufts) ...... ☐
"Standing Room Only" .... ☐
Is There Anyone Finer? (Montgomery-Shore) .... ☐
The Boys Call Her "Polly" (Paulette Goddard) .... ☐
Good News .... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? ....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in the order of preference ....

....

....

My name is ....

My address is ....

I am .... years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN,
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Spanish word for wool and decided that the hand of coincidence works in funny ways.)

Mother had a hard time getting used to the name. She'd go round the house, muttering, "Lana, eat your spinach." "Are you warm enough, Lana?" She'd introduce her to imaginary people. "Meet my daughter Lana." "*Lah*-na!" she'd call. "La-*nah!*" At last she got it. Now it startles her to hear old friends address Lana as Judy.

So the fan mags were right. Things like that *did* happen. Hollywood wasn't just a town with a main street. The magic door had opened for the little girl from San Francisco. She was on the inside, looking out.

What delighted her most at the studio were Miss Horn and her dressing room. Miss Horn was such fun that for once school was almost a pleasure. And the dressing room was sort of a daring little cottage with a gay windowbox and a little porch you stepped up on and a little canopy over it, and every time you went in the little door, it was like playing house.

As for the picture, she took her cue from Mr. LeRoy. He didn't seem to be worried, so she didn't worry. He was kindness itself, never barked when she got things wrong. "Take it easy," he'd say. So his calmness flowed into her.

* * *

Starry-eyed and decked out in a brand new beige outfit, she went to the preview with Henry Willson. Grandfather, who'd come to stay with them, was ill, so Mother couldn't go. This was to be Lana's first grown-up date. Henry was taking her out after the show.

Mother gave her an extra smack for good luck. "Phone me the minute the picture's over."

Talk to nine out of ten picture people, and they'll tell you they hated the first sight of themselves on the screen. That's how it was with Lana—only raised to the nth degree. As the film unrolled, she scooched lower and lower in her seat. All she could think was, "How'm I going to get out without anyone seeing me?"

"I don't feel well," she whispered to Henry just before the end. "D'you mind if we leave now?"

Outside, she couldn't talk. If she talked, she'd bawl. "I've got to phone Mother." In the phone booth she *did* bawl. "I was awful, simply awful. I'm coming right home." Henry couldn't dissuade her. By now she was beyond hiding her tears. "I just want to go home," she wailed.

So home she went to sob in her mother's arms.

"Oh, come on, honey, it couldn't have been that bad."

Which only started another freshet. She spent the night turning her soaked pillow and blowing her nose.

In the morning Mervyn called her. She didn't want to go to the phone, but Mother made her. "Whatever it is, sooner or later you'll have to face it."

"Seen the papers?" asked Mervyn. "Got a swelled head?"

"Yes, but not what you think. You mean the papers are good?"

"Sensational. Five years from now you'll be the biggest star in town."

For a minute, her aching forehead dropped into her palm. Then she looked up at mother. "This is the craziest business," said Lana and thought she'd made an original discovery.

* * *

Starting at a gallop, the career slowed down to a jog. Lana didn't fret. She was under personal contract to Mervyn, and Mervyn believed in making haste slowly. There were a couple of bits at Warners'.

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Campana Balm comes in the green and white carton. Campana Cream Balm, the new lotion with Lanolin, comes in the bright yellow and white carton. Both are beauty creations of the famous Campana Laboratories.

QUIZ CLUES

(*Continued from page 70*)

Set 2

1. Fit Cohan's shoe
2. If you knew Susie . . .
3. Back from Britain
4. The corporal takes a wife
5. Newsettes
6. Burnt by Brent
7. "Ida, sweet as apple cider"
8. Bewildered Babbitt
9. Slipping at 13
10. Shed husband
11. Buckle down, Winsocki
12. Blond and brash
13. Brisson's wife
14. Anne Shirley's ex
15. Feet first
16. Husky-voiced
17. Fathers Donnie, Ronnie, Tommy, Lonny
18. Laughed in "Ninotchka"
19. Juvenile jivester
20. John's brother

(*Next set of clues on page 91*)

Step by step she climbed the M-G-M mountain, on whose peaks sat enthroned such dazzlers as Gable and Loy, Tracy and Shearer. Sometimes her eyes would widen in wonder. "Not long ago I thought I was lucky to be able to see them at a Friday night show. Now I'm playing on the same *lot* with them."

Step by step she climbed—from the adolescence of "Andy Hardy" through "Dr. Kildare" to the dawn of glamour in "Dancing Co-Ed." Nobody said very much, but she knew she was climbing. She'd been graduated from the back fitting-room to the middle. Then—"Mother, I'm *in*. They fitted me in the very front room today."

Then her new contract—the wonderful day that brought her heart's desire—the day she flew home and grabbed her mother's hands and laid a kiss in each palm and cried exultantly: "That's all, darling. They've done their last permanent. Never, never again."

"Two Girls on Broadway" marked the end of a chapter and the turning of a page. Impulsively she married Artie Shaw, whose fascination might have addled an older head. Almost as swiftly, she discovered her mistake and brought their short-lived marriage to a close.

The new page was called "Ziegfeld Girl." They gave Lana the script four months ahead of time. "We're thinking of you for the part of Sheila."

She loved it from the first, though the part was small to begin with. "But I don't care, Mother. It'll be my first big production picture. Look at the people in it—Judy Garland, Jimmy Stewart, Hedy Lamarr—. And Mrs. Turner's little girl gets to play opposite Stewart."

Every day there was something to report. "The sets are so beautiful. Even the shanty bar's got class."

"They gave me a lot of new dialogue today."

"Pop Leonard's no director, he's a wizard. He gets things out of me I never knew were there."

"The part's getting bigger and bigger. Oh Mother, I'm *really* walking on mink."

It came out later that the front office hadn't been sure she could do the tragic Sheila, so they started it small. She had Pop Leonard to thank for the rest. He kept feeding her more, watching to see if she could take it, teaching, encouraging, giving her faith in herself because *he* had it.

Then he went to the front office and said, "Let me shoot the works on that kid, and you'll have a top star when the picture's done."

They said, "Go ahead."

You'd have thought Lana'd lost her best friend the day it finished. "I'll never love a picture so much. Oh Pop, can't we shoot it all over again?"

"Hold your hat, honey," said Pop. "The fun's just beginning—"

It *was* fun, at that. Applause at the preview. People stopping her on the lot to shake hands. Fan mail pouring in. Her name just below Spencer Tracy's on the roster of M-G-M stars—

"Only a dope would pretend it's not exciting. But I've found out one thing. You don't make yourself a star. It's all the other people—your director and hairdresser and wardrobe woman—and the grips and the cameramen. It's all the people who pat you on the back when you're nothing, and say, 'Keep the old chin up, kid. Your time'll come!' Don't let me forget that, Mother—"

Mother smiled. "You're saying what you said when you got your first contract. 'Don't let me go haywire, Mother—' "

Lana thought the experience of "Ziegfield Girl" couldn't be topped. In a way,

it over every year. But when they told her she was going to be paired in "Honky Tonk" with Gable, her knees gave way. "Don't mind me," she murmured. "It's —just—all this and Gable, too." And don't think she was kidding. How could you help being nervous, playing with The King?—the guy you'd swooned over in your flapper days which, after all, hadn't been so long ago.

It was Clark himself who snapped her out of it. You couldn't go on being awed by someone who stood in so little awe of himself. "Relax, youngster," he'd grin. Or squeeze her in the ribs and say, "You feel better now?"

After one tough scene he gave her an approving wink. "You're doing it, kid." That sent her home in a glow.

"I guess it's all right," she sighed. "I guess I can be in the same room with him now without falling down—"

* * *

While she was making "Johnny Eager," she met tall, dark and handsome Stephen Crane. They were married a year later.

At the beginning, Stephen was just another boy. They knew the same people. She'd see him around at parties. Little by little it began to be more than that, till the time came when they knew they were for each other.

They were determined to keep their love for themselves. It belonged to two people—Lana and Stephen—not to the newspapers, not to the world. Nobody ever saw them together in public places. If they did go out, it would be far away from the usual Hollywood haunts. They'd take long drives—this was before gas rationing—with Lana in a dark wig, a scarf round her head. Or Steve would come to her house—the lovely white house she'd just bought for Mother and herself, high on a hill, with a white picket fence around it. And they'd sit before the fire and listen to records and plan.

Because they kept their counsel so well, the papers called it a spur-of-the-moment marriage. It was, on the contrary, carefully planned—their apartment picked out, their rings bought and inscribed. But they were bent on not letting Hollywood make a three-ring circus of it. Apart from Mother, only two close-mouthed friends at the studio were in the secret. Not till the night before they flew to Las Vegas did Lana ask Linda Darnell to be her bridesmaid—

But on Friday morning the news leaked out. Hawkeyes saw Lana and Steve board they returned was mobbed, and there was nothing to do but push their way to the car Mother had waiting and drive home with her.

"They're planning a party at the Mocambo tonight," Mother said dryly. "With the bride on the cake done up in a sweater or something equally corny."

Lana looked at Steve, and Steve looked at Lana. Mother looked at them both. "That's what I thought," she said.

So Lana packed some clothes and off they went to their apartment, where Steve's clothes had been parked for a couple of weeks. While the Mocambo quivered with expectancy that evening, wedding cake on the table and "Lohengrin" in the air, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Crane sat cosily in their car, dining at a drive-in on Wilshire.

They were crazy in love. Their happiness was shadowed only by the universal shadow of war. After a month they did the sensible thing—moved back to the house. Mother didn't urge it, but they knew she hated rattling around up there all by herself. Besides, Steve would be called any minute now. Besides, Lana couldn't cook.

One October day she sat in a doctor's office, hands clenched to control their shaking. Like a metronome ticking in a storm, words beat against her whirling brain. "It can't be true, it can't be true, it can't be true—" She made herself say them, made herself try to believe them. "Don't let me hope," she prayed. "Don't let me hope and then be disappointed. I couldn't bear it—"

The doctor—a woman—returned from the laboratory, smiling. "It's—not true," quivered Lana. "I'm—not going to have a baby—?"

"It *is* true. You *are* going to have a baby."

Down went the shining head on the round young arms. "I can't help it," she blubbered. "It's what I've wanted all my life, and I just never thought I'd be that lucky."

She raced home to tell Steve. His mother happened to be in town on a visit. They agreed to break it to the prospective grannies together. But could Lana hold it? Don't be silly. The minute she saw Mother, out burst the news in all its glory. They told Mrs. Crane that night. The household went delirious in a quiet way.

"It's the top of everything," Lana cried. "I want to shout it to the world."

"Just whisper it," mother advised, "and the world will know."

* * *

Three months later you'd hardly have recognized the radiant girl of that evening in the white-faced figure on the hospital bed. In a more superstitious age, people would have said the gods were jealous of a joy too great. Being modern and civilized, we know the gods had nothing to do with it.

In all good faith Stephen had married, believing his divorce had gone through. The revelation that it hadn't, hit him harder, if possible, even than it hit Lana. He could stand his own pain better than he could hers.

Came the forced annulment. In January, Lana was taken to the hospital, desperately ill. Through all the anguish, she'd been sustained by one thought. There was still the baby.

Now the doctor had just left. As gently as possible she'd said, "Lana, I'm afraid we can't save the baby."

Inside Lana's head, everything crashed. Through the blackness, terrors criss-crossed like lightning flashes. Mother had all but died when *she* was born. Grandmother *had* died. With a violence almost

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physical, she pushed the terrors away. If she lost her baby, it would be like taking the heart right out of her, and the body couldn't live without a heart—

"Let's wait," she whispered. But there was no response in the doctor's face. The doctor didn't want to wait. That was when Lana's spirit tightened to resolve, reached for and found a strength beyond her own, a strength like rock. The words came slowly, but each was clear as a bell. "I'm going—to have this baby—if it kills me."

Through her own courage and the doctor's care, that crisis was weathered. On March 14th she and Stephen were remarried in Mexico. On the 15th he entered the service of Uncle Sam. On July 25th Cheryl Christina was born.

Still a little dopey, Lana felt the doctor's hand on her shoulder and something urgent in its touch jerked her fully awake. "The baby—!"

"She's all right—"

"Are you sure?"

"It's just that we've found her blood count's low, and we need your okay for a transfusion. Take it easy, child. There's nothing to worry about. Just a *little* transfusion. Just to pick her up—"

Not till the worst was over did Lana know how the doctor had sat up night after night, intent on the baby's breathing, uncertain which breath might be her last.

But why dwell on that now? At four months, Miss Crane weighed a husky 16 pounds and presented her worshipping parents with her first tooth.

* * *

Lana'd wanted a girl from the start, but didn't press the point because Steve wouldn't hear of anything but a boy—Stephen Crane IV. If it had to be a girl, they'd call her Stephanie. That was settled. Then Joan Bennett named her new baby Stephanie. Not wanting to repeat, they swept that out of the way.

"How about Cheryl? Cheryl Crane—Oh, I know, Steve— One of my middle names is Christina. Cheryl Christina Crane. I love the three Cs—"

It was Cheryl Christina Crane. Cherry for short. Right now they call her Mouse-face, Stinkypuss or whatever else seems to fit the occasion.

"The awfu' names they have for you, my poor little gairr-lie," mourns Cheryl's Scotch nurse.

These mornings Lana's out of bed, teeth brushed and face washed in nothing flat, and boom! in the nursery. If she has to go out, she goes while the baby's asleep—hates to miss any part of the daily routine, which she'll have to give up soon enough because "Marriage Is a Private Affair" starts any minute now.

Nana's day off is Lana's red-letter day. She can have the baby all to herself—to feed and bathe, to cackle over and adore. Sometimes, bending over the crib, she still can't believe it. Sometimes the baby's eyes take on a faraway look—so wise, so grave, as if she'd lived for countless ages, as if she knew things her mother would never know. Lana's heart turns over, she has to shake the mist from her head, lift the little fist to her lips, reassure herself passionately—"She's *my baby*—"

Steve's at home again with a medical discharge. Remind him now that he once wanted a son, and he'll tell you you're crazy. As for Mother, she's Lana and Steve rolled into one—asks nothing better than a lifetime job as slave to Cheryl Christina.

* * *

Steve and Lana have both changed. They used to like night clubs. No more.

turbed. With Cheryl at its hub, life has grown sweeter, quieter, more intimate.

Breakfast and lunch are informal meals served on trays, eaten wherever you happen to plop down. "Crane," observes his wife, "eats like a horse. So does his daughter."

Before his daughter's supper, Steve takes her dancing. It's a scene Lana loves to watch—tall man and tiny baby, one small arm curled round his neck, the other hand lost in his big paw, Cheryl gurgling to the sound of the music as Steve waltzes her ceremoniously round the room. Watching, Lana's breath catches, and she wonders if anyone's happier.

After their dinner they play gin rummy. When Steve loses—rarely—he screams like a panther—doesn't mind losing to anyone but Lana. When she loses—almost always—"Put it on the cuff," she pleads.

"Pay up, Bub," and he won't stir till she does. She's forked over a fortune in pennies.

Sometimes they go to the movies and stop in at Schwab's on the way home for a dish of vanilla ice cream—with chocolate sauce and nuts if they feel like splurging. Then they pick up the papers and new magazines and go home.

Every month they buy a War Bond for the baby. That's hers, in her own name, with her own little bank book marked Cheryl Christina Crane. No matter how flat they were, they'd never touch it. It's security for them as well as for her. It means they don't have to worry about her future. Suppose something happened to them. They couldn't bear the thought of her being lost in the world, with nothing to turn to. Or suppose she wanted to study something, and they couldn't afford it at the time. It's not Lana's ambition to stay in the movies indefinitely, even if she could. They've got to be sure that if Cheryl decides she'd like to be a doctor, she can *be* a doctor.

Having a baby makes all the difference. Before, 18 years just meant you'd be 18 years older. "Now," says Lana, her face lighted by some magic from within, "it means my daughter will be a young lady."

Her daughter's mother has a lovely new seriousness and poise. She and Steve have come through heartbreak into the sunlight. They don't regret the past, because they've learned from the past what nothing but their own experience could teach them—patience, forbearance and a more mature love. If there's any adjusting to be done, they meet halfway. They both hate emotional scenes. "Look, I was wrong. I'm sorry, baby—" A peck on the cheek, and they run along about their business. There's one phrase that covers the need to express deep feeling. Steve's hands go to Lana's shoulders. "I think I'll keep you for a while," he says, and their eyes say the rest.

LeRoy was right—and Wilkerson and Solly Biano. She's reached the crest. Hollywood opened its gates and its treasure to her. But gold is where you find it. Finding her dearest treasure outside the gates, our golden girl grew up.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While visiting my aunt in Westport, my cousin, who is a policeman, walked in with a handsome young couple. "Mom," he said, "I brought home some guests who are dying for a dish of your special spaghetti." The guests, whom my cousin was to escort during their stay, were Annabella and Tyrone Power.

Anne Restaino,
New York, N. Y.

SWOON BOY

(Continued from page 25)

lets them walk to the store with her and help decide what he'll have for dinner. She's swell to them, and they'd die for her. "No other gal in the world would be good enough for Frankie," is the consensus, and to show their devotion they've organized over 100 Nancy Sinatra fan clubs, more than most bona fide stars ever achieve.

You'd think they'd get in her hair once in a while, like if she were tired or busy or something, but they apparently don't. Nancy tries to explain it to people. "All I have to say is, 'Gosh kids, Frank got in awful late last night. He's trying to get some sleep, so would you mind whipping?' or 'I'd appreciate it if you'd come back another day when I'm less frazzled.' And they vanish. That's the truth. No sulking or pleading. They simply disappear."

stardust . . .

It's amazing. The whole phenomena of Frankie Sinatra is amazing, and no one is more awed than he. Everytime he reads the raves in the press, he thinks, "Who, me?" For months after the kids took up squealing at his singing, he'd keep looking around for the other guy. "Jeeps," he'd think, "it can't be Sinatra." It's not that he underestimates himself. It's just that after five years of singing the same old way, it's kind of startling to have people stand up and cheer or fall down and swoon.

Five years is sort of a stretch to be singing at nobody in particular. You all know the story. How he started with Major Bowes. Then toured for a while and later got a job at the Rustic Cabin singing from seven to two nightly for $25 a week. Then came Harry James and Tommy Dorsey and the Paramount. It sounds swell when you say it fast, but it wasn't all laughs. They knew what it meant to be hungry, Frank and Nancy. Not just sort of, but really and truly. Every once in a while, Frank would be on the road with a show, and it would suddenly fold, paying off not one dime. Nancy would be sitting home waiting for the check and keeping alive on a can of beans. No check Monday. No check Tuesday. Finally, Wednesday—air-mail special—a fin and a scrawl from Frank: "Got this washing dishes, honey. Wonder when the voice pays off."

More times than he can count he was tempted to skip the whole racket and go back to watching football games for the "Jersey Observer," but Nancy would have none of it. And in his heart of hearts neither would he. Little things kept him going. A couple of kids at the Rustic Cabin coming back night after night just to listen to him. A guy by the name of Hank Sanicola (now his personal manager) who played hot piano and thought Frank had something good. The look on the face of Harry James the first time he heard him sing.

Now, with the world on a string, he's sort of glad he stuck with it. The voice is paying off with interest. And what, one wonders, does he do with all the chips? Confidentially, he blows it in on women. Pandas as big as a house and bracelets and indigestible candy for the little one. For the mama Nancy, so many fur coats she occasionally thinks she's I. J. Fox. Jewelry. Pocketbooks. Stuff. Last time she looked, she had a platina coat, a mink, a beaver, a lynx jacket, dozens of knockout rings and bracelets, a pocket book for every hour of every day. Everytime she opens the door, it's Frank with a package in his hands.

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"*Not* another pocketbook, sweetheart—"

Contritely, "Well, yeah, Mom. But open it. This one's different."

"Frankie, I love it. It's beautiful. You're an angel."

"I'll take it back if you don't like it."

"I'm crazy for it, darling."

"I'm crazy for you." Now there's a dame who has everything.

The gift-buying trick of Frank's is nothing that's popped up since he hit the dough. Nancy can't remember a night since they've been married that he hasn't come in with something, no matter how tiny. A red comb from the five and dime or a couple of hair-ribbons. "Giving presents sends me," he used to tell her. "With some guys it's marijuana; with me, it's Woolworth's. I can't help myself."

Things to give Frankie continually stymie her. What would *you* give a gent with a closetful of clothes, a snaky Fleetwood body Cadillac, a beautiful watch, a million books— "You think of something, George," she heckles George Evans, who's one of his best friends as well as his press agent. George can always think of something. "How about a gold pencil. That guy never has a pencil." Or "Give him a decent cigarette case so's he's not always pushing that moth-eaten job in my face." She's given him a pen and pencil, a gold cigarette case, a gold belt buckle, cufflinks, an Atlas, and now she's worrying over his next birthday. Already she's after George. Everytime she sees him she whispers, "Have you thought of anything?"

Obviously they're sentimental as a pair of hearts on an old oak tree. They celebrate all sorts of secret anniversaries, but the best celebrations are the ones for nothing special. He'll come home some night and say, "Let's dance all over New York tonight on account of I love you," and by gad they will. Uptown, downtown, midtown. Winding up at six A.M. with breakfast at the Stork Club or at Toots Shor's on 52nd Street. They're crazy about Shor's, in spite of the invariable greeting from Toots—"Hey, slug, you gotta sing if you want to hang around my joint." That being the prelude to much hand-shaking and scrambled eggs on the house. He takes plenty kidding, The Voice does, and we do mean takes it. Grinning.

Out in Hollywood the crew at RKO had almost visible chips on their shoulders when he first appeared for work on "Higher and Higher." Their gals all had crushes on Frank, and personally they couldn't see him. His first day on the set they were distinctly cool. Just like they thought, he was only a little squirt. Nothing elaborate. "That's Sinatra," they'd mutter among themselves. "He sings." And then he did sing, and they thought, "Well gosh, he's good!" And later in the day they began talking to him and discovered he was a nice guy. By the time the picture was finished, they were calling him "jerk" and "joe" just like he was one of them, and darned if they hadn't started a new fan club.

blues at the waldorf . . .

It went like that all over Hollywood. The people who'd planned to resent him like mad fell like two-ton bombs. There were the usual press and studio parties for him, but people who didn't have to give them at all did just because they liked him. And each night he'd phone Nancy to tell her about it. "I met Mickey Rooney last night, Mom. He's a swell egg, just like you'd think he'd be . . . Hey, know something? I miss you, Butch." Or, "There was a party at the Ronnie Reagans today, honey. They have a cute little kid. Made me lonesome as hell for the baby." (Nancy Sandra is nearly four, but they can't stop calling her the baby.) "How's she doing?" She'd better be fine or her pop isn't good for a thing. If she has a cold, he's sick. His voice is lousy. She had chickenpox while he was singing at the Waldorf, and for a couple of nights he wasn't the old swoon kid at all. He was just another guy grinding out his work so he could tear home and see if his baby's temperature had gone down. When she had her tonsils out a little while ago, Nancy didn't tell him till it was all over. White-faced he heard the news—"Why didn't you tell me, Mom?" he said hoarsely, like she'd just emerged from the valley of death. "And have you murdering 'Embraceable You' all over the Wedgwood Room? That crazy I haven't gone—"

He couldn't get home from Hollywood fast enough, swell as it all was from the mob scene at the Los Angeles station to the ovation by the servicemen at the Hollywood Canteen. Incredibly—and almost uniquely, in the entertainment field—he's a home boy. He couldn't wait to put his arms around Mom again and squeeze the breath out of his black-eyed daughter. All the way out to Hasbrouck Heights he shelled them with questions. "How's Hank?" "How's Tony?" "Folks okay?" "Gee, are they enlarging the A and P again?"

"Listen, quiz kid," Nancy got in finally. "We want to hear about you. Did you see Gary Cooper?"

"Yeah, what's it to you? Oh boy, the house looks good. What's that beautiful smell?"

sunday, monday and always . . .

"Spaghetti, naturally."

He moved his pet chair back to where it used to be and flopped in it with Nancy Sandra perched on his shoulders, there to remain till somebody forcibly removed her. The effect is very much the way George Evans describes it, "Only you know it couldn't happen, you'd think that kid was part of his back."

In due time the gang began pouring in to welcome him, and by supper time everything was pretty much back to normal with the seven cronies fighting like cats and dogs over which town in Italy the Fifth Army was in that day. The seven include Frankie, of course, Axel Stordahl, who's his music arranger; Mannie Sachs, recording chief for Columbia Records; Milton Axst, a Philadelphia manufacturer; George Evans; Hank Sanicola; and his cousin, also called Frank Sinatra, who's the jack-of-all trades of the set-up, a combination chauffeur, handyman and doer of odd jobs. He gets spells of feeling very unworthy of his name. "Look, cuz," he keeps saying. "I'd be glad to change it. I'm only a mug and—" Frankie shuts him up right there.

"We're a couple of mugs, so what?" So nothing, till the next time. The gang calls him Junior or Ruggles, and he's a vital member of the clique. Junior's a fast man with a joke. Hank is the serious one. Frankie's the current events expert. He knows what cooks in the Senate every hour of the day. Keeps enormous maps in his den with the progress of American troops marked on them with pins.

That night, like almost every night, they sat up till all hours, talking, laughing their heads off, arguing. Was James better than Goodman? Would Louis still be tops after the war? Would Germany be defeated this spring? Like almost every night, they lost their tempers, especially Junior. Senior doesn't lose his so much any more. Not with his friends at least. This past year he's lost it publicly just twice, but a lot of people won't forget what he's like when he's mad.

One of the times he was driving through Central Park with George en route to singing at the Flag Day celebration. Some kids saw him, and pretty soon dozens of them were swarming over the running board and sticking their heads in the window. "Hi, Frankie—"

"Hi, kids. Better watch it, you might get hurt." Before they could disband, the cab driver grabbed one of them and smacked him. Frank got out of the car, those wild eyes of his blazing. "Look, Mac," he told him, "that kid didn't do anything." The driver gave the kid another good hefty shove, whereupon Frank hauled off and socked him. Sure it was a crazy thing to do—they can jug you for less—but none of the other joes standing around lifted a finger, and the kids just screamed their thanks.

"I'd skip that kind of stuff if I were you," George said quietly, after they'd started off again.

"Yeah? Well I wouldn't. They can't push those kids around." Since then, they haven't.

he's funny that way . . .

The second time he got mad, it was a beautiful thing to see. It happened at the Waldorf's Wedgewood Room toward the end of his show one night. He was singing "She's Funny that Way," and the lights were low, and everyone was quiet—except this one ringside table. There was much chuckling and chatter, and finally one of the men said quite audibly, "You stink."

Frank asked for some lights, and he walked across the floor to the table. His gang sitting on the other side of the room looked at each other and were scared of what was coming. "This'll look good in the tabloids," Ruggles whispered to Hank.

"I'm a Hoboken boy myself," Frankie told the table of white ties and decolleté gowns, "and in Hoboken we have a name for guys who take shots in the dark. Here at the Waldorf, I guess they'd call them cowards. Where I come from we call them yellow-bellies. Now that we've got some lights on, I wonder if you'd say that again." The men at the table were looking at their plates, and no one said a word. Frankie just stood there, a slim boy with a damp lock of hair over his forehead, and gave them time to think. "Look, gentlemen," he went on quietly, "you don't like Sinatra. Okay, plenty of people don't. They go hear Dwight Fiske or Benny Goodman or someone they like. They're not stupid enough to come in here and pay their good money to be bored. But most of these folks came in here tonight to be entertained, and I'm doing my job as well as I can. They pay me a lot of money for singing here, enough so that I could buy and sell this whole table, but not enough to make me take cracks from hecklers." He was a little bit out of breath, and there was a thin white line around his mouth as he finished. Nobody at that table had anything to say, but hell broke loose in the rest of the room. It was Armistice Day and New Year's Eve and the home team making a touchdown with seconds to go all rolled into one. For ten good minutes they cheered, and the gang at the table across the room breathed again. The crowd

I SAW IT HAPPEN

At the opening of a Hollywood Cavalcade show in Pittsburgh, Paul Henreid graciously thanked everyone for the reception accorded him, and then, much to his horror and ours, he said, "Yes, Philadelphia is a wonderful city!"

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needn't have taken it that way. They might have booed him off the floor. "That darned kid," said George proudly.

Normally, he's a sweet, good-natured kid, eternally patient with the autograph-demanding fans, even with ones who pull his handkerchiefs out of his pocket or yank buttons off his clothes. "You can buy new clothes," he says, "but you can't buy that." "That" being the kids' devotion.

Which brings us back to the kids again. After all, it's their fabulous attendance at his shows that'll gross him a million bucks in 1944.

Here are the facts. There are over 1,000 fan clubs in his honor and he receives 3,000 fan letters each week. Everywhere he goes, Boston, Pittsburgh, New York, he's mobbed. Take Boston. When Frank landed at the Back Bay Station at 5:45, December first, the kids almost tore the place down. They blew their all on cab-fare trailing him to the Copley-Plaza. They waited patiently till he got through a press conference. Every morning for a week they began lining up at 6 A.M. outside the theater where he sang. Popular? He's the biggest thing since Mickey Mouse.

that's him . . .

How come? Well, you have to actually see and hear him to get it. You miss a lot on the radio and on records, but in the flesh it mows you down. Part of it is the "bend" in his voice, like when he makes about three syllables out of the "you" in "Embraceable You." The rest of it is the glint in his eyes, the shy delivery—oh heck, you can't describe it. There's no name for it, because it's never happened before.

The most unsurprised person about it all is wife Nancy. She knew it would happen. Just didn't know when. So proud of him she can't see, she covers it up by joshingly calling him "you big celebrity" intermittently with "swoon boy." Neither of them have taken it big. Their house isn't even slightly plush. Interviewers are always asking what period it's done in, and Frankie just gapes at them. "Gosh, it's just a house," he says. "Brick and field-stone. And inside, it's —well, chintz and stuff." After they've gone he mutters, "Period, hell." That stuff bores him stiff.

Frankie and Nancy continue to live like an average middle class couple. The things that mean happiness to both of them would still be around if he were making 50 bucks a week. The house, the kid, his gun collection, their famous spaghetti parties, the plans for the new baby. (Still unborn as we go to press, but definitely a boy according to Frankie. His wife cautiously calls it "It," but Pop calls it either "Francis Sinatra, Jr." or "My Son.")

There's just one thorn in the whole swell set-up, and that's his draft classification. It's not that he's not glad that he'll be home with his family. He can't even kid about that, it's so wonderful. It's just that sometimes he feels so damn futile in his tweed jacket and bow tie, when there's a lot of spare khaki around. It's just that sometimes he'll see a sailor with a string of campaign ribbons but minus an arm, and he won't want to look him in the eye.

The gang ribbed him about it at first. "Punctured ear drum, eh, Bud? Too much Sinatra, that's what." For once, no comeback. Just, 'Aw shut up will you?" That wasn't like Frankie. The kid was low.

He may be 4-F in the Army, but he's still 1-A in the gals' hearts. By actual count, one out of every third female is a fan. You only hear about the spectacular ones, but there are thousands more blushing unseen. Like the little WAVE at Hunter, where he sang not long ago. After he'd finished, she turned woozily to her chum and said, "I'm not the swoony type, but if I were, boy, would I!"

Boy, us too.

LOVABLE LUG

(*Continued from page 27*)

stay and have dinner with us?" invited the lady of the house, warmly, and Sonny grinned, "Sure!"

By the time they left late that night, the total and slightly hostile strangers were bosom pals and calling each other by their first names!

The funny part is—Sonny Tufts, by all rights, should and could be as snooty as Mrs. Astor, because he's from one of those fresh-off-the-Mayflower Boston families who can talk to the Cabots and Lodges and God, too, any day around his home diggin's. His Boston Brahmin ancestors landed in 1638 and founded Tufts College, and there's been a male Tufts in Harvard almost every generation since old John H. founded the joint. But Bowen Charleston, III, is a blue-blooded rebel—a friendly, democratic guy who gave Back Bay the back of his hand, socially speaking, years ago and will still have no truck with the social zoot-snoot, in any shape or form. In fact, he adores to boob it.

palatial motel . . .

Like the time a few weeks ago when he and Barbara were camping in a motel down Malibu way, and Sonny took his nightly stroll up the Coast highway to a roadhouse to swill a friendly beer with his pal the barkeeper. At the bar, he ran into a group of visiting Easterners who recognized him at once and cornered him with a barrage of broad A's and veddy, veddy high-toned talk until the atmosphere became very enervating.

They played "Do You Know" all around the bluebook names of Boston and finally asked Sonny where in the world he was staying in this—er—outlandish—er—queer—er—frightful place, Hollywood.

"Oh, right down the road," said Sonny, "at the estate of a rich friend of mine."

The eyebrows went up as he described it. "Magnificent place . . . acres and acres of ground—dozens of rooms, scads of servants . . . vast swimming pool. We occupy the West wing, off the North gate . . . Place is always chock-full of guests . . . really top-hole, old top."

At that, the socially impressed Bostonians' eyes popped, and Sonny could tell they were simply dripping to get a gander at this princely estate where he lolled in luxury. He resolved that they should. So when they offered to give him a lift home, he accepted warmly, and when they pulled up beside a glaring neon sign that shouted "Malibu Motel," he hopped out nimbly. "This is it!" he said. "Wonderful place, isn't it? Look at that pool." He pointed to the Pacific Ocean. "All those rooms. (The cabins). Well, I'm off to the West Wing. Always full of guests. Always full. Ho-ho. Well, good night, good night."

He didn't look back, but Sonny thinks they finally got the car into gear and the heck out of there. They didn't say much of anything, though.

Sonny's such a big, good-natured kid himself that he can't imagine anyone getting mad at a prank like that. He's taken an awful beating himself, by the way, since he came to Hollywood, chiefly because no one can get his goat, and as a result he has expanded his friends in every direction.

Sonny has never made any bones about the fact that he's green as grass in movie savvy, and he pestered Paulette Goddard so much on the "I Love a Soldier" set about how to do this and that, that Paulette finally hung up a sign on her dressing room, "Information Bureau for Sonny

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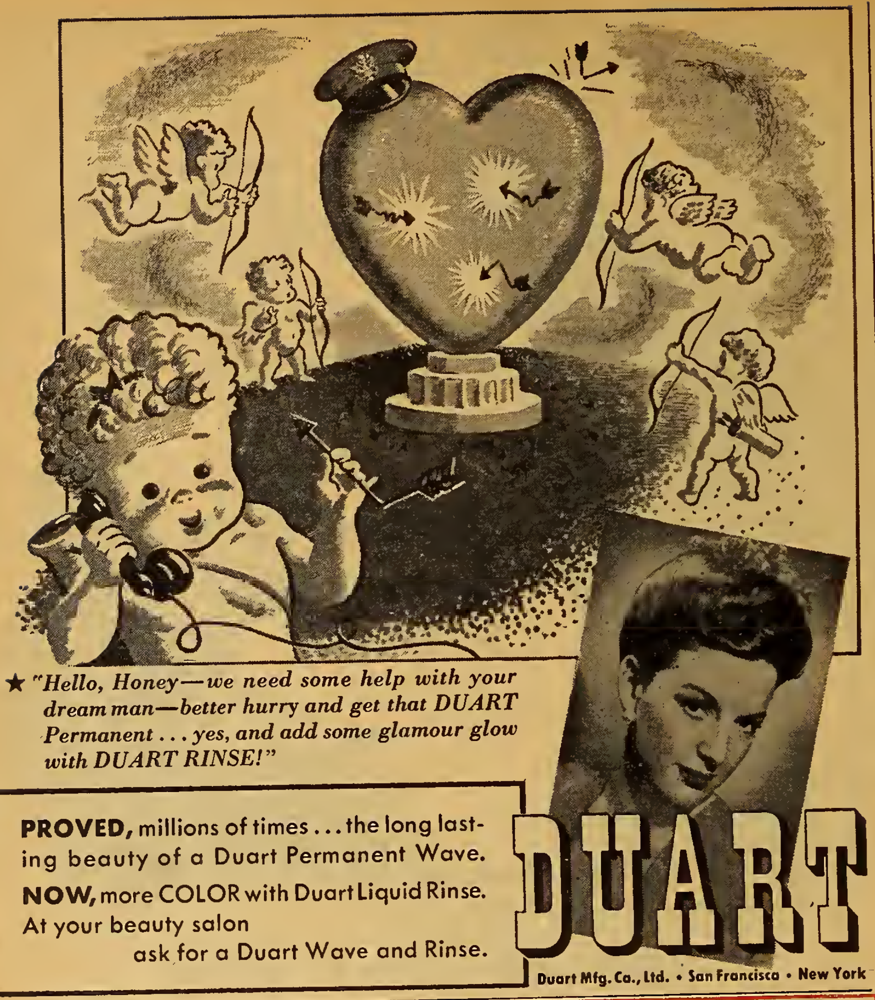

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Tufts." When he was making "Government Girl" at RKO with Olivia de Havilland, Sonny was slumped in a chair on the set one day reading a Hollywood newspaper column. Suddenly he whistled.

"It says here," read Sonny, "that Alan Ladd gets 7000 fan letters a week! Don't you think," he asked guilelessly, "that's a little exaggerated?"

Olivia picked it right up. "Now don't you get worried, Sonny," she soothed, in a motherly tone, made for small boys. "One of these days, you'll get 7000 fan letters a week, too!"

"Aw, now," Sonny grinned, but Olivia kept on kidding the gag along. And that afternoon in popped a Western Union messenger boy yelling for Mister Sonny Tufts. Sonny had forgotten all about the morning kidding.

"I got some mail for you!" said the messenger boy.

"Okay," smiled Sonny, "just bring it in here."

"You mean—" cried the boy, "the *whole* truck load?"

"Truck load," gasped Sonny. Then he caught on when the cast all laughed. But he didn't even blush or stammer. He just joined right in with loud, typically Tufts "Ho-ho-ho's."

laughing boy . . .

A big six foot four, 200-pounder could get mighty mad and rough up the place very often if he had a touchy temper around Hollywood. But Sonny has that easy-going, unruffled disposition that's made in Heaven and tailored to be a laugh target. When he was living in the Malibu auto court, the studio called him one day, and the confused court manager said, "No, Miss Tufts isn't here—she's just left." They ragged him about that "she" stuff for days, but Sonny didn't even get halfway het up about it.

One of the funniest tales they tell on Tufts, for my money, though, was his first screen test at Paramount, the one that landed him his break in "So Proudly We Hail." Remember, nobody in Hollywood knew Sonny Tufts from Adam when he came out. He was looking for Hollywood fame, but Hollywood definitely wasn't looking back. A rich Eastern friend staked him to expenses, and another pal said he'd introduce him to the studios. How Sonny ever got any attention at all is a small miracle because this last pal simply shoved him into the office of the Paramount casting director and said "He wants to be in the movies"—like that. Ordinarily, they'd have called the studio cops, but Joe Egli refrained because something made him look twice at Sonny—and he's right glad something did. Yes, indeed.

Anyway, even if he looked good, they just couldn't hand a raw beginner a big league part in a big league picture without taking a few feet of test film. So Mark Sandrich, the director, led Sonny on to the test stage and indicated a stack of standard test scripts.

"You know what you can do best, Tufts," he said, "Pick something out, and we'll do it." Sonny riffled through the scripts. He wanted something funny because he figured comedy was his strong point. He saw one he thought ought to be just about right. It sounded funny enough to him. He thought it sounded a little familiar, too. But he said, "I'll do this one."

Well, they made the test, and everybody on the set, except Sonny, looked a little baffled. But he was clowning through it and having the time of his life. The next day Mark Sandrich ran off the result. When it was over, Sandrich took a deep breath. "Well," he exploded, "If this guy is serious, he's the greatest ham ever born. But if he's not—he's a really marvelous

Only after Sonny was all signed up, did they tell him that the "comedy" part he'd picked for his test was just the tenderest, most touching love scene that Charles Boyer had made with Irene Dunne in "Love Affair!"

Pointing that out to a real ham would be like waving red flannels at a Spanish bull. But to Sonny it's funny. Even funnier than usual—because the joke's on him.

Maybe because Sonny Tufts doesn't take himself too, too seriously is the reason he has such a golden disposition and such a swell time out of life. Ever since he came to Hollywood, a lot of things that would completely throw the average pouty Hollywood star hasn't bothered him one bit—for instance, the housing situation. Sonny arrived just when spare living quarters vanished; that's why he bunked around in auto courts. He did try this swanky Beverly Hills hotel for a while, but it made him uncomfortable, especially since then he wasn't earning any sugar. But when he said he had a marvelous place to live at Malibu, he wasn't altogether kidding the Eastern swells. He really enjoyed it, because a guy like Sonny can enjoy almost anything.

mistaken identity . . .

For one thing, he goggle-fished and swam in the Pacific every day, hiked in the Malibu Hills and rigged up his old racing bike, so it would make 40 miles per hour and pumped it back and forth from Hollywood—a 30-mile round trip. That, by the way, was while he was making "So Proudly We Hail," and of course for the Bataan scenes he had to let his hair grow and sprout a beard. Wheeling back and forth in the sun, stripped down to shorts, he got tanned as a football, and once a lady tourist stopped him on Sunset Boulevard and inquired, "Mister—are you this Peter the Hermit I've read about?"

The Tufts live now in a small 2-bedroom house in Bel-Air, but they still haven't a telephone. The house they finally found is one of those decorator's gems, owned by an arty gentleman who went in for classic decorations. At first Barbara, Sonny's wife, balked when she saw all the marble busts and statues parked around. "Oh no," she protested. "Sonny couldn't live here. Why he's always knocking things over. He'll ruin the place." They finally agreed to store most of the objects of art away. Now only two busts are around, and Sonny hasn't busted either one—yet—although he grabbed one the other night just as it was tottering.

Barbara looks after the care and feeding of Sonny, and she's another authority that Sonny has the world's best disposition. Hers is pretty good itself. She was well along in an interpretative dancing career when she became Mrs. Tufts. From that minute, though, she decided Sonny was going to be the only career person in the Tufts family. Now Barbara doesn't do anything except keep house and be Mrs. Tufts, which is a job she says she likes a lot.

Barbara, tall, dark and Spanish looking, is a Fresno, California girl (Barbara Dare), who met Sonny in a New York show. Her best friend introduced her to Sonny, and her best friend was Sonny's best girl. So they got engaged right away. And typically, both she and Sonny are still good friends of the girl who lost out!

There aren't any children in the Tufts household, but there's a macaw named "Waca" who's just about as much trouble. Barbara found "Waca" down in Mexico on a trip before she met Sonny. He's a beauty and is supposed to live to be a hundred years, and be worth $150, although Barbara got him for $5.

You might possibly be getting the idea, along about now, that Sonny Tufts is an

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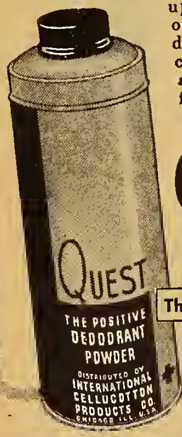

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amiable young gentleman to whom almost anything can happen, and often does. If so, you've caught him right on the button. Nobody in Hollywood can be as relaxed about himself, complexless and as frank about his foibles and failings, either. If he weren't so darned honest, one of those movie superman legends could be rolling right along by now. But Sonny happily squashes everything an ardent press agent dreams up about him.

bench-ridden tackle . . .

For instance, somebody tagged him an "All-American at Yale." "Ho-ho" laughed Tufts when he heard that. The truth was, he allows, that his coach, Adam Smith, once called him "the best waiting tackle in college football"—because he was always waiting around on the bench to get in the game. Fact is, Sonny was just fair—oh well—really not very good at football. Somebody else once tagged Sonny as a "college rowing champ." Well, he did row—shell and single sculls—and wear a crew haircut, too, but his outfit was the third team—not the 'Varsity—he'll point out to you, if you give him half a chance. Sonny Tufts was a persistent, if not brilliant athlete all through Phillips-Exeter Academy and Yale. (He crossed up the family by picking Yale instead of Harvard, just to be different—and it so surprised the dean at Yale that he cried, "What are *you* doing here?" when he saw a Tufts on his roster.) In fact, Sonny Tufts got so fed up with organized sports that the only things he's not allergic to today are swimming, skiing, biking and such unorthodox events. But Sonny was never a whiz—and when he *volunteers* that information, you want to hand the guy a Carnegie medal or something!

Another thing he'll break down at the drop of a hat is the idea that he is a Horatio Alger go-getter, who has been rowing his own canoe since he was in knee pants. "Gosh," says Sonny, "if my Dad hadn't been a wealthy banker, I guess I'd still be in Europe!" It's true he used to wander all over in the summer time aboard cruise steamers with college bands he'd organized. But there was usually a time when Papa had to heed a quick cable and come through with some cash. Only once did the cable rescue treatment fail. That was when Sonny missed his boat in Naples, missed it again in Cannes, again at Barcelona and finally at Lisbon. He didn't want his family to know he was that dumb. Also the time he dropped 80 hard earned smacks at Monte Carlo and was ashamed to hit the family for what was obviously a chump trick. Both those times he came back to Boston as a "workaway" which is just one step above a stowaway, the difference being they pay you a cent a month and don't toss you in the clink when you dock.

To this day, Sonny cheerfully admits he doesn't yet know the value of money and is inclined to spend it as fast as he makes it. But he's also quick to point out this isn't his family's fault. Although wealthy, Tufts, Senior, did the best he could to make Sonny learn the value of a dollar. For instance, when Sonny decided to be an opera singer and study in Paris, his Dad came through with all expenses—except one item. He insisted that Sonny had to do something to help himself, so he decided he'd have to work his way abroad and Sonny obliged. Even as a kid, while he had plenty of squander money in his trousers, Sonny always had to pick dandelions, mow the lawn or go through the motions of earning a little. Once, after he'd grown up, too, and was in college, his Pop tried to teach him a business lesson.

That was when Sonny booked one of his dance bands into a big hotel, then merrily forgot all about following up on the deal. When he finally called around, he found some other smart operator had walked right in and got the job. "Let this be a lesson to you" said his Dad. "You can't get anywhere unless you attend to business."

"I can get another hotel easy," boasted Sonny.

"Yep," said his Dad, "no doubt. But you aren't. You're going to spend the summer selling ice boxes. I've already got you the job. Maybe a real job will teach you something about what it means to earn a dollar."

de-icer . . .

Well, believe it or not, Sonny actually got himself into a go-getter salesman Sam mood. He took on a lean district in the refrigerator sales set-up. He had no car. He canvassed house-to-house. It was in the depth of the Big Depression. And he sold more darned ice boxes than the other 100 salesmen the company had and won a prize! He's still got the loving cup to prove it. Only when he regards it now, he winces slightly. He came through—but he didn't really learn the lesson his father wanted him to. Selling wasn't tough for Sonny; with his personality, it was fun. He still doesn't know what it is to earn a tough dollar—and he admits charmingly he doesn't want to find out!

Today Sonny is still such a terrible businessman that Barbara handles all the money affairs. She has to watch Sonny on various items because he still can't quite figure out what he needs and what he doesn't, and what money has to do with it. Right before he came out to crash Hollywood (and he did!), Sonny went in hock for a slew of Benham tailored suits that set him back—well, never mind, plenty. There were eight of them, to be exact, and so far he's worn a couple of them about twice. They never had a thing to do with crashing Hollywood, by the way.

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This month's prize-winning letter:

I used to wonder how a $150 secretary who lived alone and sent money home could boost herself into the 10% bracket? I was already giving $7.50 per month vacation money. But one day a brain wave struck. What about my monthly rent? Why not slice that? Finding a suitable room convenient to my office required patience, but finally I succeeded. "You're happy now," a voice seemed to say, "but wait! You're going to miss all the nice things you're used to." But that voice was weak. I hardly heard it at all because I was thinking of how much those brave soldiers, sailors and Marines were giving up . . . and how good it would be to have them home again.

Elizabeth Forbes,
Chicago, Ill.

Then when he went back to New York to appear with "So Proudly We Hail," he figured that success ought to let him splurge a little. So he took a dozen silk pajamas at Sulka's, and what that bit him for was scandalous. So far, he hasn't had a pair on, either—sleeps, as usual, in an old T-shirt—and no bottoms.

The truth is, that all Sonny really cares about—or has for more years than he realizes, is entertaining people. At Exeter and Yale he took all sorts of weighty subjects—majored in anthropology and Greek. But the Sonny Tufts legend that still lingers around New Haven has little to do with scholastic honors. They remember Sonny, I suspect, mainly for his funny business on the comic magazine, the Record, his four or five dance bands, the glee club—and the crew and football and athletic stuff—all of which college profs are wont to call "extra-curricular activities."

It really started long before that, Sonny suspects. Because he can remember being taken as a mere brat to a matinee in Boston by his dad. When they walked out, Sonny blinked into the sunlight and spoke up.

"Would you mind if I did that when I grow up for a living?"

"Do what?"

"Act on the stage—entertain people."

He remembers his father's face when he considered it gravely. Everybody knew he wanted Sonny to follow him in the investment business.

"N-no," he finally said. "Not if you were good."

Sonny never forgot that, and there was a time when he took it so seriously as to train for an operatic career. That was after he met Tito Schipa on one of his twenty-odd Atlantic crossings. That was also the famous time when he checked his drums at Grand Central Station before he hopped a train to Boston and tore up the claim check, just so he wouldn't fall back into what was easy. Fortunately Sonny realized his operatic limitations early, and today mostly what he retains of the operatic studies in Paris are his love for French customs and cooking (he's a real gourmet in the food department and a connoisseur of wines, and if he could afford it, all he'd drink would be champagne). He can still rattle off opera tunes, though, and when any music critic sounds him out, as a San Francisco newspaper interviewer did when he was making "I Love a Soldier" there on location, Sonny can toss big music and opera stars and arias back and forth with the greatest of ease.

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 80)

Set 3

1. Adopted daddy
2. Hot-headed redhead
3. All ears
4. Swing sister
5. Movietone madness
6. Dilly from Dallas
7. Girls! Girls! Girls!
8. Initials: R. B.
9. Comeback at 15
10. Mite-sized siren
11. Put his best foot forward
12. Wolf cub
13. Lance's mom
14. Julie Anne's sugar-daddy
15. Marine wife
16. Pandemonium in Washington
17. Happy lander
18. Loved in "Queen Christina"
19. Paired with Peggy
20. Diana's uncle

(Answers on page 101)

But the lighter forms of music and entertainment are his meat, as he realized quite a while ago. And he doesn't look on these as hard work. In fact, whether he's before a camera or not, Sonny is usually giving out some of his famous impersonations (a pip is his idea of the difference between a Yale, a Princeton and a Harvard man) or doodling on some musical instrument that's handy. He can play them all, trumpet, trombone, sax, drums, piano. When he and Barbara lived on 52nd Street in his New York night club days, Sonny just couldn't make it to bed before four or five A.M. There were so many jam and jive joints handy. He'd barge in the Famous Door or the Onyx, Jimmy Ryan's or some place, and whatever hot leader was there, Stuff Smith or Count Basie or somebody would yell, "Hello, theah, Sonny Boy—come sit in!" So Sonny would sing and play all for free until they swept him out. He just likes to work, when the work is entertainment.

Hollywood doesn't afford such temples of tempo, which is a good reason why Sonny and Barbara haven't paid much mind to Hollywood night life. Another good reason why is that Sonny is busier than a tailgate trombonist in a circus parade since he clicked so terrifically. But when they have an evening with friends, nobody sits around playing cards or parlor games. Somebody is always singing, telling jokes, playing or acting up. And pretty often that somebody is Sonny. Of course he sings in the shower.

This Christmas, too, he up and bought himself a present—a set of drums. It was Sonny's idea; but Barbara heartily approved. Sonny was taking out his natural rhythm on the chairs and tables, rapping

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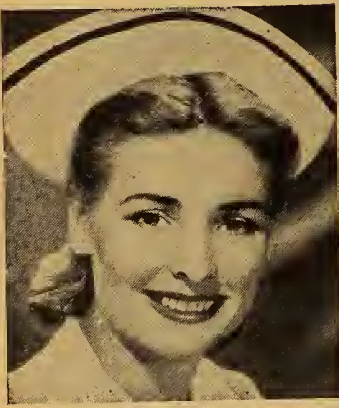

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NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM

expensive crystal with spoons and such. She thought a set of drums would be safer.

Barbara calls Sonny "Bambi," because once in his night club days he had a comic Bambi number. What Sonny would do without calm and capable Barbara, Heaven only knows. Besides managing his business affairs, she coaches him on all lines and rehearses with him at home. She wakes him up in the morning and gets him off. Once lately when Barbara was sick with a cold he snored till almost noon when he was supposed to be at work. They presented him with a mammoth Big Ben alarm clock on the set next day and they weren't kidding.

Usually an icy shower—the only kind he ever takes—snaps Sonny wide awake and up and at 'em. The busy program Paramount has cooked up for him is enough, Sonny thinks, to keep him from getting fat, even if he is hovering around the thirty-year mark, when athletes tend to take it on. He likes to exercise when they give him a day off, but when he does, it seems he manages to get banged up.

The other day he had a brief vacation, and he took his bike out on the highway and started racing automobiles. It was easy, because he can tear around at 40-miles per hour on it, and cars are supposed to keep down around 35 these war days. But he got hold of a scoff-law speeder who hopped it right up to 50, and trying to handle him shot Sonny off into the dirt in a header. He arrived bandaged up like a walking first aid lesson at Paramount.

In fact, it's his talent for almost getting himself killed that keeps Sonny Tufts in Hollywood today. He's out of all possible Army service along with the rest of the 4-F Charlies—the big bruiser—all because he sailed off a high cliff back East on some slippery skis one winter and wrapped himself around the business end of a pine tree. That cracked his pelvis—and what with all the other sprung joints, cock-eyed bones and spavined vertebrae Sonny has hanging around from a life-time of such didos, the Army doctors inferred he'd be good for glue—but that's about all.

His younger brother, David, is taking care of the Tuft scrapping in this war as a naval lieutenant aboard a destroyer escort, and Sonny is pretty proud of the "kid"—who is all of three years younger. He thinks, in fact, his bud has done very well, considering that he's a Harvard man.

This doesn't exactly mean though that Bowen Charleston Tufts, III, is strictly safe from harm for the duration. Since he became a Hollywood star, Sonny figures his insurance policy may have to be re-written. Not in all his escapes and escapades did he run across like what he ran across when he went back home to Boston as a star with "So Proudly We Hail."

First of all, cops whipped him about New England at 90 miles an hour with sirens screaming to make bond rallies here and there, until his taffy hair started turning gray. Then the autograph wolves stormed him outside the Metropolitan Theater, and they snuck up behind him whenever he'd go in or out of the hotel. It was a new kind of attack to Sonny, and for about the first time in his life he almost came down with a case of nerves.

In fact one evening when a gang of home town moppets spied him, Sonny was so surprised and terrified that when he tried to sign autographs his hand looked like a jumping Jeep on a rocky road. Finally, he had to admit defeat and give up.

Whereupon a hard-bitten urchin snorted in disgust.

"Cheez—is dat guy dumb! Lookit, the big dope can't even write his own name!"

That's not exactly true. In calmer moments, Sonny Tufts can write his name all right. On some very nice Paramount

BEAUTY AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

(*Continued from page 59*)

COLOR CHART. When choosing your fingertip color, aim for a shade that harmonizes with the general color scheme of your wardrobe. First, take inventory. Are you a gal who goes for sport clothes in, say, rusts, browns and yellows? Then you'll be pleased with the effect of an orange tinted polish or a deep shade of mahogany that's especially good for evening wear. Should you be the sophisticated sort who wears black and more black, then a clear, true-red will add a chic note to your togs. We could go in this vein, but the whole color picture is ably handled in an article called (surprise!) "The Color Picture" on page 60. Don't miss it.

GLAMOUR TIP. Here's an intrigue-tip that's bound to bring a compliment from the boy next door. Paint a colorful design on your wooden or metal pieces of jewelry in the same shade as your nail polish. Or cover the buttons of last year's dress with a gay shade of enamel. The brush that comes with your polish will do the trick. You can change or remove the color completely with your polish remover.

HAND-Y HINTS. Suppose your favorite shade of nail enamel becomes thick and hard to apply. Simply hie yourself to your local cosmetic counter and purchase a handy bottle of polish thinner. Add a small amount to your old polish and, quick like a bunny, you've a brand fresh bottle of the stuff in no time. Economical, too!

Should your pet fingernail crack or break part way, worry not. Remove the old polish, patch the break with adhesive cellophane tape and trim off the edges. Apply a new coat of polish, and no one will ever guess your tragedy. If perchance, the nail should break completely, slip on a new fingernail. You can buy a package of six nails for a thin coin and, praise the Lord, you'll have no more worry about broken nails spoiling the appearance of your hands.

RECONDITIONING. So you haven't any help, and the house has to be cleaned. Well, pitch in, my pretties, and let's see how good a job you can do. Only don't let Joe Gremlin help you. He's the guy who splits your fingernails and leaves your hands rough and chapped. Scare him away by taking advantage of the many fine hand lotions that have no other purpose in life but to keep your mitts smooth and satin-like. Keep a bottle of your favorite lotion on the kitchen shelf, one in the bathroom and one in the laundry. If you're an office-working gal, stow a bottle of the lotion in your desk drawer. Use it each and every time your hands are in water. You'll notice the bright results almost at once.

If your job involves some extra greasy handling behind the production line or even cleaning the home attic, smooth on a protective hand cream before doing the job. This forms a thin, protective, film-like glove and guards your hands against dirt and grime. When the task is finished your hands are smooth and unchapped!

Frequent soap and water scrubbings are also Gremlin chasers. Be sure to dry your hands thoroughly, though. A rich emollient cream smoothed on your hands at night relieves any roughness.

HANDSOME HANDS. Hands that are comfortable naturally lend charm and poise to your appearance. Give your digits some extra care in Jack Frost time. Remember, they lead an active life and need special handling this season. Show them off . . . and make sure it's to their advantage!

LOSES 25 POUNDS

...reveals her hidden beauty

"I wondered if such a thing could happen to me," says Audrey Helmer, 22-year-old teacher of Prospect, N. Y.

When Audrey Helmer was 16, she weighed 116 and was slim as a reed. But in high school she began putting on the pounds. She graduated from college weighing 145 in a size 18 dress.

Then she got her first school, and that's when the weight wears you down—on your feet all day, at the blackboard, before the class. Audrey Helmer decided to do something about it—and those DuBarry Success Course pictures haunted, tempted, convinced her.

Following the Course faithfully, she lost 25 pounds, won back the perfect figure that was hers at 16, and now she slips easily into a size 12 dress. "I am healthier, happier, more enthusiastic than ever before," says Audrey Helmer. "My hair and complexion have greatly improved—and I know how to care for them always. This is more than a Course—it's a new way of living that will be the basis for my entire life."

LOST 25 POUNDS

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ABDOMEN 3 IN. LESS

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Day in and out—a "deflaking" process is constantly going on in your skin. If not—your skin often appears dry, muddy colored, coarse textured—and *unlovely* due to this older or "aging" layer of skin. And here's where Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack performs such beauty magic in helping this "deflaking" process along.

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Just spread Hopper's Clay Pack over the face and throat. Wash off when dry. Takes only 8 minutes. Even the *first* application makes your skin appear much smoother, fresher, clearer. Weekly use will help you maintain captivating "top-skin" beauty thruout the years. All drug, department and 10¢ stores.

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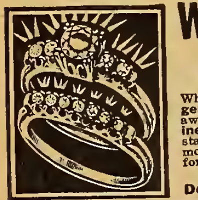
Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** WHITE CLAY PACK



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CO-ED

(*Continued from page 18*)

to wait for mail-call. V-mail's practically wings for your letters.

NO MORE LONG FACES: Yep, he's gone, and the wonderful, giddy world you two shared isn't around any more. It's no fun seeing a movie, 'cause his khaki sleeve isn't right next door to nudge at the funny parts. It's no fun working, 'cause he's not there to be your listening-post. . . . That's how it'll be for awhile, lady, and we know it's grim. However, there's one thing for you to remember. No one can lift you from those awful depths but you.

The first step up is a change of routine. If the day's high-point used to be six P.M., and his key in the lock, arrange to have dinner at 5:45 so that, come six, you're too busy gorging to look at your watch and remember. If your day really got going around 8:30—when he dropped around—be sure your evenings are jammed to the gills. See the old gang as often as possible. Always have a pair of socks or a sweater "in the works" for him. Keep a diary and send him the pages every week. Be just too darned busy for doldrums. Sometimes, we know, nothing in the world will help but a good sob session. Succumb if you must, occasionally, but keep it between you and the pillow.

NO MORE MOONING AROUND BEING FAITHFUL: So you told Bob you wouldn't sit under any apple trees for the duration, and you don't honestly want to—but gee, you do hate being the compleat recluse at your age. Well, look. Don't be. There are ways. Throw yourself on the mercy of some couple you know well. Get them to take you to an occasional dance. Once you get started dancing, they can wash their hands of you—until going home time. Don't ever get talked into leaving with some other guy. His brother is probably Bob's tent-mate in New Guinea. Yeah gal, infidelity gets around. Go to USO dances. Whip to the movies with Bob's kid brother. Keep moving, but strictly as Bob's girl.

NO MORE DARK SUSPICIONS: You haven't seen your man in 16 months, and in your saner moments you *know* he's being true to you, but there are times when you visualize him carrying on but high with some flashy WAC or swooning over a Navy nurse. Guess it's woman's nature to be suspicious, but believe it or not, it's man's nature to be faithful to the woman he loves. Your problem, as we've already said, is to keep him crazy for you via V-mail. You know how. Cute snapshots, reminiscences, chatter about when he comes home, news of his chums, and of course, leave talk galore. Just for the record, you have very little competition from WACs or nurses or anyone else. The boys in New Guinea rarely see any but native women, who are anything but attractive. This goes for almost any of the spots in the South Pacific. On their precious leaves in New Zealand or Australia, the Red Cross tells us that good food, cold beer and the latest jive records are more on their minds than infidelity. Sure, they'll probably dance with some gal at the Red Cross club, but you know what they'll talk about? You. The color of your hair, the way you laugh. You're what they're thinking about, dreaming about, longing for every second, and that's no bull. The occupation forces in Sicily and Italy are so busy that there is little time for flirtations, even if they *did* know what the girls were talking about.

We've no doubt there'll be some romances between the youngsters in our Army and the Italian gals, but we have it on good authority that the lads with hearts in America can't see 'em for dust. One last reassurance. Only officers can date Army or Navy Nurses, and for the most part there isn't much of this. As for the WACs, they have a strictly hands-off policy where someone else's man's concerned. After all, there's very little future in dating a gent who's already spoken for. Also, they're a pretty honorable gang of girls.

Never let *him* know that you doubt his fidelity or you'll send him straight to the arms of another babe. The wise thing is to allow each other a little rope, and then just trust to mutual loyalty to keep you both true.

NO MORE WEAK MOMENTS: There'll be times when you'll be tempted to let yourself be kissed. Maybe by a lad at the USO who smiles like your Joe or has a way of saying your name that's like his. Kissing him might be fun for a minute or two, but if you're serious about saving your love for Victory, you'll decide agin it. Your conscience will give you no peace at all, and you'll automatically begin to brood about Joe's being up to the same tricks. It's not worth it. If you find yourself liking some chap so much that every time you see him you're tempted more strongly, the obvious solution is to stop seeing him. You belong to someone else, remember. And don't begin worrying that you've fallen out of love with your own little man just because another one can get a rise out of you. Hundreds of men in the world might be very attractive to you, but there's just one for you to love, honor and cherish always. Don't let him down.

ARE YA A FOOL FOR JOOLS?

When we were a kid we used to love Christmas trees for their glitter. Now it's jewelry. We're pretty ecstatic over the idea of a MODERN SCREEN Pin. The design is heavenly and the feeling behind the thing . . . but it's all said, and said better, on page 76. Do see for yourself.

On the other hand, if in a moment of loneliness and confusion, you've let some boy make love to you, don't ruin your happiness chastising yourself for same. Confess it in a heart-to-heart letter, if your gent is the type who'd understand; if he's not, don't torture him with it. And next time, stay out of the moonlight.

NO MORE PICK-UPS: Let's face it, gals, there is something about a uniform. Just any old plain swain looks like a million in khaki or Navy blue or Marine green. It's a dangerous situation. Gosh, before, if a fellow was a wolf, it stuck out all over him. In his sharp suits and flashy ties. In the angle of his hat and the color of his socks. You couldn't miss him. Now the lambs and the wolves are as one, and a lot of girls can't seem to tell the difference. A lot of girls seem to think all service men are angels. This is known as uniformitis, and it's a bad thing.

Kids who wouldn't look crooked at a civilian they didn't know, think nothing of giving a totally strange soldier the old eye. The uniform puts it all on a different basis, think they. Well, nine times out of ten, the lad you lure into taking you to the movies or for a soda or a walk is

"I hate the day I married you!"

1. It was a horrible quarrel. I didn't believe I could ever say such things . . . we'd been so much in love, Fred and I. Then, these awful fights . . .

2. I couldn't do a thing right at work. One day, the personnel director called me. In a heart-to-heart talk I told her everything. Then she said: "My dear, there's one neglect most husbands can't forgive — carelessness about feminine hygiene."

3. She explained that many modern wives use Lysol disinfectant on their doctor's advice. "It cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes," she said. "And besides, it's so easy to use. Just follow the directions on the package—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."

4. Since that day I've learned how right she was. I've found Lysol easy to use and inexpensive, too. But the big thing is this . . . the scenes in our home are all *love* scenes now!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. **Lasting**—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

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The tenth in our series on **THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES**

The Dominican Republic

Ambassadress of good will, Universal star Maria Montez, pictured here with the Dominican President's daughter, Flor Trujillo, is both decorative and "decorated," now that she can proudly wear two notable awards presented to her by her native land for "meritorious achievement."

Maria as she looks in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

We are both pleased and proud to be able to feature the Dominican Republic at this particular time. In fact, we consider it in the nature of a scoop! Because February is the very month when this progressive little "good neighbor" of ours is celebrating—with appropriate and extensive ceremonies—the 100th Anniversary of its Independence from European Domination!

We feel particularly privileged in having, as our guides and mentors on this culinary voyage to the Caribbean, the two most glamorous representatives in the United States of this particular country—both of whom are outstanding examples of emancipated Latin-American womanhood.

On the diplomatic side we present the First Secretary of the Dominican Embassy in Washington, Señorita Flor Trujillo, daughter of the Dominican President, His Excellency General Doctor Rafael Leonidas Trujillo. While from the cinema capital we bring you Señorita Trujillo's compatriot, childhood playmate and good friend, Maria Africa Gracia Vidal de Santo Silas—better known to us as Maria Montez, but who (just to make the record complete) is happiest when addressed as Mrs. Jean Pierre Aumont!

We interviewed both these Dominican beauties for our story. And we came away not only regretting, with Miss Montez, that we couldn't attend their Centennial Celebration this year, but also convinced that the history of the Dominican Republic contains more that is exciting and picturesque than could be found even in the highly exotic pictures in which Maria stars.

For this little nation of Spanish origin—which occupies the Eastern portion of the second largest island in the Antilles group—can claim the distinction of having been discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492, during his first "voyage to the Indies." His admiration for this newfound land, with its rich soil, high mountains and beautiful vegetation was so great that eventually he settled there.

On this island—which Columbus named Hispaniola—was founded by the "Adelantado" (Governor) Bartolomé Colon, Columbus' brother, the oldest Christian city in the New World, Santo Domingo. (This name was recently changed to Ciudad Trujillo, in honor of the Dominican President who was so largely responsible for rebuilding it after the disastrous cyclone of 1930.) Here—in what was, for a long time, the center of Spain's Colonial operations—is to be found the first University in the Western Hemisphere. Here, also, is the oldest cathedral in America, built in 1512, where now repose the ashes of Christopher Columbus.

These were some of the points Señorita Trujillo thought we should know about the country we are featuring this month. But the things Maria Montez remembers most vividly about the land of her birth are its scenic beauties and the wonderful beaches protected by coral reefs. She told us that she often misses the romantic life of her home there, which she shared with five brothers and four sisters! And she became positively nostalgic when describing the native music and the *Merengue*—a Dominican dance that's a cross between a waltz and a rumba—which is something we certainly wanted to ask Maria to demonstrate!

By Marjorie Deen

But since our interests were, primarily, neither historical nor Terpsichorean, but out-and-out culinary, we finally concentrated on Dominican dishes. Fortunately we had the cooperation of *both* lovely ladies when it came to contributing directions for preparing these specialties. For we found Flor Trujillo happy to supplement Maria's memories of her favorite foods with practical recipes which anyone can follow.

Dominican cooking, we learned, is not highly spiced like Mexican cooking; in fact the results are rather bland. They cook with peanut oil and also use lard extensively—two ideas which should find favor with us in view of the lower point cost of these products. The regular menu, both for lunch and supper, consists of soup, a first course—like a soufflé or fish—then the main course. "And always a dessert!" added the attractive daughter of *El Presidente.*

Because the island enjoys a favorable climate—tropical in nature but mild and pleasant—there is an abundance of fresh vegetables and fruits and these are extensively featured in their meals. Here again, you see, we can "do as the Dominicans do" to our point profit. We can also add *interest* to our own meals by serving the "different" dishes so highly recommended by Maria Montez.

First we have *Arroz con Pollo* . . . or Rice with Chicken. This is a great favorite in practically all Spanish-speaking countries.

Next we have *Habichuelas Rojas* and *Arroz Blanco* . . . an economical combination of red kidney beans and rice—the former flavored to perfection and the latter cooked so that each grain stands out.

Now we come to *Pastelitos*—the finest way imaginable for serving a small amount of meat or poultry—tastefully encased in a "pocketbook" of special pastry.

Finally we have two desserts—which is quite to be expected with a country which ranks so high among the sugar-producing republics of Latin America. One recipe is for *Quesillo de Pina,* a rich pineapple custard. The second sweet is *Flan de Leche Condensada.* When you learn that it's a custard made with sweetened condensed milk, you'd probably be right in suspecting that this dish originated in our own country, to be subsequently adopted by Dominicans.

In point of fact, the Dominican Republic is so closely related geographically, culturally, commercially and by ties of spiritual affinity with the United States that we can think of no country in whose customs and foods we should be more greatly interested—especially now, when "The Land Columbus Loved Best" is in the news because of the anniversary that is being celebrated there, at this very time!

If you are interested in receiving directions for these Dominican dishes that are so "delightfully different" without being too hard to prepare, just fill out and mail this coupon. You'll love the leaflet's cover, with its attractive crest, and the recipes conveniently printed on filing cards.

THE MODERN HOSTESS
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(Continued from page 95)

just a sweet, lonesome, GI joe with nothing on his mind but his overseas cap. But the tenth one—that's the boy you've gotta watch. Maybe he was the terror of Podunk, the guy who was washed out of high school for spiking the junior prom punch. A word of advice, then. Don't pick up anyone. Not the frozen-looking hitch-hiking private (if you're alone in the car). nor that baby-faced sailor in front of Liggett's. A D. S. C. to a Royal Crown bottle cap, he's okay. But why take a chance?

NO MORE CAT SESSIONS: The Friday Night Club all started out on a nice high plane. You knitted things for Them and maybe played a little bridge and then raided the ice-box. All perfectly lovely fun. But lately, you've skipped the knitting and gone in for plenty of good old juicy bizz-bazz. You've gotten so you can't wait for Friday so's you can spill all you know about Marie and Jack—which is *plenty*, all terrible. You can hardly sit through Helen's spiel about Martha Greer's father so that you can get in your guff about the gym teacher. Gosh, kids, that's awfully sixth grade.

We know some co-eds who snapped themselves out of gossiping binges this way. They farmed out work from the Red Cross; bandages, dressings, knitting, anything there was to be done. Some nights they wrote letters to all the boys in uniform they'd promised mail to, but just hadn't come through. Other times they went en masse to be blood donors. Best idea of all was a kitty into which each one put a dime every time she broke down and told All about somebody.

NO MORE WHITE LIES: Oh sure, it's easier to tell Dad you've finished your French when the kids come around begging you to go skating. It's easier to tell Bill you're crazy about him because he's going away and he's so mad for you. Easier to fib about so many little things. But listen, Butch, it's not smart. For one thing, every time you do, you're getting a wee bit more spineless. And those little white ones frequently boomerang and embarrass you out of your wits. And they can lead you into real deceit. Next time you're tempted think it over. And we hope you'll decide to go straight.

* * *

So much for your resolutions. Me, I've got one, too, and it's this. To answer personally every letter you girls write me, and I really do want you to write. Maybe you're having beau-trouble; maybe you're wondering why the lads leave you alone. Or how to find the right war job. Or routinize those deadly household chores so's there'll be a little time, at least, for lazing. If you're stuck with a dilemma, no matter what, I'm here to help, complete with shoulder to cry on and gobs of solutions. So c-mon. *Give. Address me: Jean Kinkead,* MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I recently met Anna Lee in Iran with the Jack Benny USO troupe, heard her pull a couple of corkers like describing an Army Air Base as a bunch of airplanes surrounded by a crap game. Afterwards I handed her and Miss Shaw a five-rial note (Persian paper money) to autograph. Upon approaching Miss Lee to tell her about MODERN SCREEN's wanting short anecdotes, she said, "When you write them, make it clear that I am now an American citizen!" Also a honey!

Cpl. Sam Greenberg.

TALL, DARK AND RUGGED

(Continued from page 42)

he wanted to bag himself a tender buck.

So he slung a bedroll and a 30-30 rifle behind his motorcycle seat and roared off for the woods. Disregarding such minor matters as no sleep and 6000-foot altitude, he lugged his rifle over mountains all day and roared back on the highways in time for the Monday morning take. Then he acted all day after that man-killing feat. He was tired that night, but Jimmy was happy. He had got his buck.

I'm not telling this on James Craig to prove what a rugged he-man he is, although with his six-foot-two inch, 190 pounds of muscle, you could say that, too, and not be far off the beam. The point is: When Jimmy Craig wants anything, he's the man to go after it—and get it—no matter what.

That's the main reason this tall, dark and determined Tennessean is in Hollywood today, heading the heap of new male stars and getting himself called a new Gable (which makes him sore), even though James Craig himself is no great actor and is the first Joe in the world to admit it. Actually, Jimmy does remind you of Gable a lot, whether he likes it or not.

He's got that same dark, rugged manliness of Clark's, plus the boyish good looks of Johnny Payne (since we're comparing people), but he's also got a lot of things that belong to nobody else but James Craig. For instance, a pair of brown eyes with a perpetually teasing twinkle in them, a big, restless body that moves around like it's always just busting for action, and a stubborn mouth that doesn't say "Maybe"—but yells "Yes!"

Even Jimmy admits he's a stubborn Dutchman at heart (his real name's James Henry Meador) mixed in with a bit of Unreconstructed Southern Rebel and tuned up with a touch of Texan cockiness and independence. The combination seems to be irresistible, because it has landed Jimmy Craig about everything he has bent a covetous eye on in life—from acting careers to cream separators and chicken wire!

Just the other day Farmer Jim, whose prime hobby since the war started has been making his San Fernando valley ranch produce groceries for Uncle Sam, found himself with three fresh Jersey cows on his hands and a flock of some 3000 obstreperous chickens with wandering ideas.

canny craig . . .

For the milk bonanza he needed a cream separator, which he didn't have, and for the poultry absenteeism he just had to have some old-fashioned chicken wire. But when Jimmy went around to hardware stores and such, they laughed merrily right in his anxious face. "Why," chuckled the bitter merchants, "the kind of chicken wire you want hasn't been *seen* since Pearl Harbor!" As for cream separators, they inquired nastily if Jimmy didn't also want a few dozen pairs of nylons, a set of prewar tires and a case of 20-year old Bourbon whisky. Spare cream separators on the Pacific Coast, it seemed, just ain't, what with the metal shortage and dairy expansion and all.

Well, that might have stopped anybody but Farmer Jim Craig. But his hard head told him there'd be an idle separator somewhere back on the Tennessee farms he knew. So he wrote personal pleas to a flock of volunteer farmers and sent off a bunch of want ads to all the hill-billy weekly papers. Pretty soon a separator was on the way out to the California ranch, and

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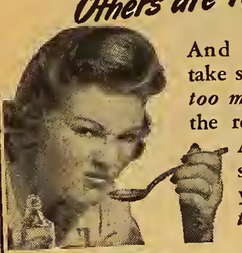

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today it's clanking merrily away among all the Vitamins X, Y, Z and Q that Jim's bossies produce.

As for the chicken wire. Jimmy got that, too—just exactly how isn't too clear. Something about night commando operations and foraging on his motor-bike all over the California ranch country in the dark of the moon, I gathered. Anyway, the chickens are soundly wired today and patriotically laying away like little ladies, instead of gadding about the countryside. That was what Jim Craig wanted.

It's hard for even Fate to harness a determined fellow like Jimmy Craig, once he makes up his mind. There's no good reason at all why James Henry Meador should ever have turned into James Craig, movie star—except that the same J. H. Meador shrewdly sized up the fortune there was in being a Hollywood star, said "that's for me"—and made it for him —in a few not-so-easy lessons. After all, a Nashville boy who ironed the kinks out of his long legs breaking clods on his grandpappy's Tennessee farm, peddled papers after school, carpentered during vacations, footballed his way through a Texas college and started his business life in the roughhouse surroundings of an East Texas oil field hasn't exactly the perfect background for a Barrymore. There's no point here in detailing the life and times of James Craig, step by step—except to point out that Jimmy has been a hustler all his life—with a canny eye focused on getting what makes the world go 'round and taking no back talk from said world.

schemes—not dreams . . .

At Rice Institute, in Houston, Texas, for instance, where he landed for college, Jimmy faced the problem of earning his cakes and coffee while he helped himself to some education. He tried hashing and waiting tables for a while, but there seemed to be no percentage in that, and it took time away from his fullbacking for the 'Varsity. So he decided to use the old bean instead.

In no time flat, Rah-Rah Jim had a half dozen airtight promotion rackets worked up that kept his bank balance in shape. He sent college customers to a certain Houston tailor—and he got his suits free. He dished out cards for a certain restaurant—and he solved the problem of how to eat. Then Jimmy discovered that the biggest hotel in Houston, with featured big name bands, was losing money on Friday nights. He promoted a College Night deal, guaranteed to fill the place with college kids at a reduced rate—and he did. The rate was $1.10—and Jimmy got the dime. There were plenty of dimes. He used to drag in $80 a week!

A promoter like that had no trouble landing a job when college days were over. Jimmy Meador sat very pretty in Texas with a General Motors job about the time he got the Hollywood idea. He padded his income and let off steam at the same time banging himself around the pro football circuits. He had a nice apartment in Houston, a lot of friends, dough in his pocket and a new car every year. But he still wasn't satisfied or independent enough, so he began to figure how he could get in business for himself. With typical Jimmy Craig shrewdness he reasoned thus:

A business for yourself takes capital. That he knew. Also that things he knew about—the oil business, the motor business —took *big* capital—such as he would never, never collect, inherit or luck on to. But there was one business in the U.S.A. that you could make a killing in which took no capital at all—acting for the movies. Yep—just like that James Craig decided that was the ticket. Nobody but a confident bloke like Jim could ever have approached acting with such a deliberate cold cash attitude and stood a chance of

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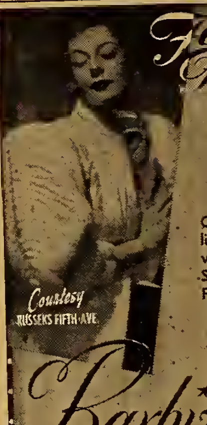

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success. But Jimmy has never been afraid of anything in his life, and certainly Hollywood wasn't big enough to scare him. He drove right out (from Deep in the Heart of) on his next vacation.

What happened then has been told a time or two, so I'll tuck it up briefly by saying that Jimmy Craig went right to the target like a 30-30 bullet. He knew Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was the biggest studio in Hollywood, so that's where he went—and he got in, too. Oliver Hinsdale, the dramatic coach there, gave him some good advice. He told Jimmy he could make the team only if he'd go get himself some polish and experience as an actor. He suggested going back home, hiring a voice coach and working in amateur theaters a while. That made good sense to Craig. He drove right back to Houston. He kept his job, but he gave up the apartment and the car and his fun at night with the gang and the gals. Instead he took lessons and did everything they'd let him do around the local little theater league. Then a year later he showed up in Hollywood and got his movie job. It wasn't at M-G-M, but at Paramount where Oliver Hinsdale had gone, and being a tall guy with a cowboy look and a natural knack with horses, they broke him in as a Western horse-opera hero.

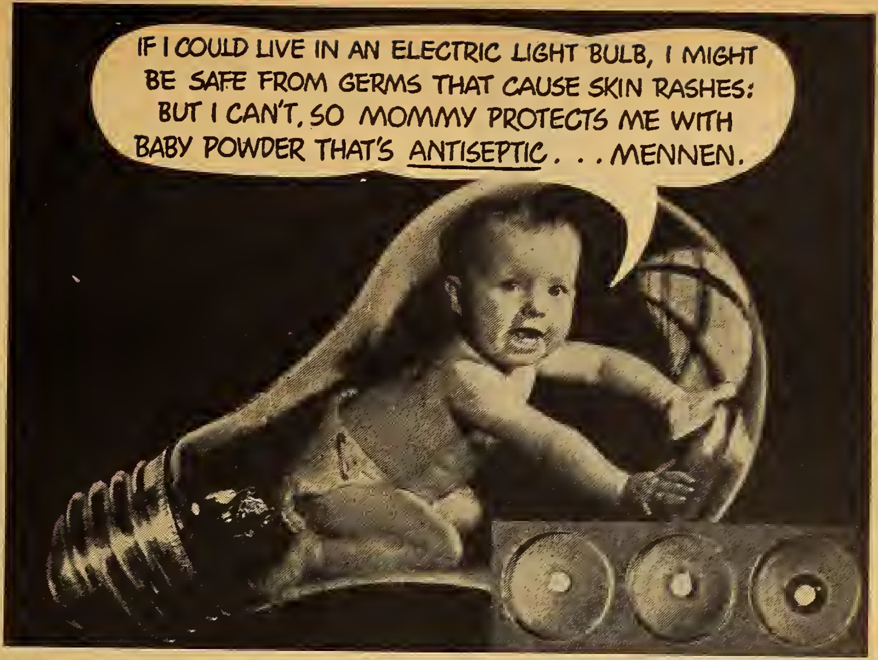
James Craig might still be hi-hoing and twirling six guns on the screen for a living if he didn't have higher ideals—because one look at Jim, and you can see he's a perfect rugged rider type. He found the only way you could shake a pair of chaparajos in Hollywood was to get out and start fresh. So he went to Broadway, promoted himself a stage job with Guthrie McClintic, Katharine Cornell's husband, and got himself some real dramatic polish in a couple of Broadway plays. He did all this deliberately—just as he came back to Hollywood deliberately when he figured he was smooth enough. And to show you how Jimmy Craig figures things—not long after he hit Hollywood again, he had a chance to clean up with a fat Western contract.

It meant money in his jeans—and at that time he could use it—but he said "No!" Instead, he jumped at a chance to play in "Kitty Foyle" when Sam Wood gave him a break. Not many people know that Jimmy's salary for that job—the one that made him—was exactly $75 a week! For that matter, Jimmy played later in his biggest starring role to date, "All That Money Can Buy," for only $175. But he had his eye on what both those pictures would pay off with in bigger contracts. And so today he's right where he decided

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 91)

1. James Cagney
2. Susan Hayward
3. Clark Gable
4. Dinah Shore
5. Lew Lehr
6. Ann Sheridan
7. Eddie Cantor
8. Robert Benchley
9. Shirley Temple
10. Veronica Lake
11. Tommy Dix
12. Mickey Rooney
13. Rosalind Russell
14. John Payne
15. Eleanor Powell
16. Jean Arthur
17. Don Ameche
18. Greta Garbo
19. Donald O'Connor
20. Lionel Barrymore


IF I COULD LIVE IN AN ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB, I MIGHT BE SAFE FROM GERMS THAT CAUSE SKIN RASHES: BUT I CAN'T, SO MOMMY PROTECTS ME WITH BABY POWDER THAT'S ANTISEPTIC . . . MENNEN.

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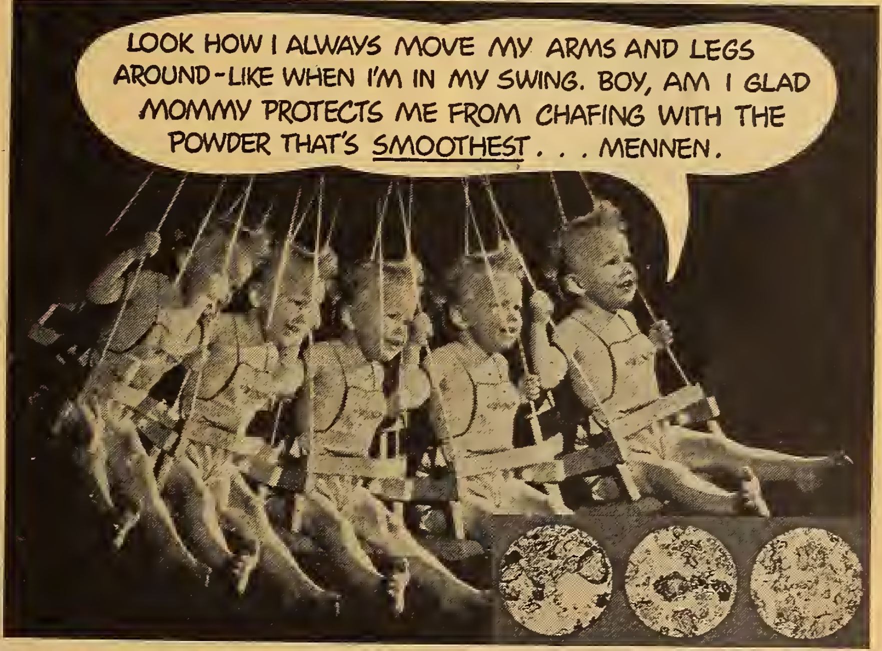
LOOK HOW I ALWAYS MOVE MY ARMS AND LEGS AROUND-LIKE WHEN I'M IN MY SWING. BOY, AM I GLAD MOMMY PROTECTS ME FROM CHAFING WITH THE POWDER THAT'S SMOOTHEST . . . MENNEN.

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(Please print name, etc.)

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State

to be when he first came out—at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Hollywood's top league. Smart? Well, all I can say is that Jimmy Craig actually planned it that way. That's the kind of guy he is.

no art, no nothing . . .

But if he's primarily a business man rather than a dream artist—that's no sign James Craig doesn't take acting seriously. He does—only he doesn't art around about it. He considers it a job to do, and when he was a kid on his Grandpa's farm, the old man used to tell him: "Son—whatever you figure on doin'—do it good! Whether you're choppin' corn or buildin' a house or courtin' a gal—do a good job—then you'll feel right with yourself!" That's the way Jimmy feels about his acting. That's why of all the pictures he's made, he likes "The Human Comedy" best. Because he knew he did the best he could in that, and he thinks the picture was worth it. He's got a funny feeling that it helped a lot of people see things straight in these war-muddled times. And I think he's right.

Even when his picture jobs aren't exactly to his taste, Jimmy gives them all he has. Jimmy has had some doubts about playing a Caliph of Bagdad in "Kismet." He feels a little silly running around with a turban on, phony jewels, sequins (an M-G-M wisecracker told him, "You look just like Susan Peters in an Adrian hat!"), but while he gripes around the lot like a G.I. on KP, he hasn't missed a minute doing his stuff. In fact, one morning he arrived looking a little peaked, but not saying anything and went into the scene. It was one where he lifted Joy Page up on a high wall, and nobody noticed that when he did it, he almost fainted with pain. Because a bull on his farm had slammed into him the day before and broken four ribs. And anything more painful than four freshly busted ribs when you have to heave-ho is hard to imagine.

But then if he's anything, James Craig is all man. That's why he lives the life he does without any Hollywood frills or phony trimmings. That's why he sticks to the ranch every spare minute away from the camera. Jim got his ranch, by the way, because again he just had to have something—namely a horse.

He was over on location near Taos, New Mexico, a few years back making "Valley of the Sun," when the local *caballeros* lined up a free-for-all horse race to climax the fiesta. Indians, Mexicans and rancheros lined up a motley bunch of cayuses to dash across the dusty desert. and right in the middle was a spotted horse that grabbed Jim's eye and held it.

the cart before the horse . . .

Being a Tennessee-Texan, Jimmy knows "hosses" from head to hooves, and the way this particular pony pranced and reared he knew he had real blood in him. The funny part was that a little girl about 12 years old was sitting his saddle, and Jim rushed up to the owner before the race got going and begged to ride the horse himself. He was afraid the girl would get herself killed in all that mob of wild horses, and maybe the horse would, too. Already he had the idea. He wanted to own that spotted horse. Before the race even started, he had the deal on the fire too. And sure enough, with the frail little girl who stuck to the saddle all right, Jim's spotted prize bounded out like a jackrabbit and won like a champion. Only after he found himself with a horse on his hands did Jimmy Craig realize that he had no place to keep it! So when he came back to Hollywood he practically had to go into hock for a ranch.

It has really been the greatest invest-

Craig's ranch has kept him thoroughly happy though a movie star. He doesn't go much for movie social life—he can't stand the "gossip," and anyway all his best friends, as he says, are gas station attendants. Night clubs and cafés are okay with him for a gay evening out. But he's too Scotch to enjoy them when they put the bite on him. A while back some old friends from Texas came out to Hollywood, and Jimmy got dolled up and took them to the current Hollywood showcase. The drinks were bad, the waiters snooty, and after a couple of tired sandwiches or something equally nourishing, Jim drew the check. It was $88! He realized he was stuck and paid off, but he punched himself in the jaw the minute he got outside for being a sucker. He thought of what all that dough could have done on the ranch.

Because that's where he's sinking his money—right in the ground. He makes enough of it these days, too. And after the War Bond allotment is taken out, Jimmy's dollars and his spare time go into improving the place. When he took it over, there wasn't much besides a California ranch house and a few rickety sheds. The barn had burned down, and about the only livestock around there were some rabbits and field mice.

Since then Jim has built all new buildings himself with the help of a carpenter. "Punch," his horse, and Punch's mate, "Judy," have a swell stable and so do the cows, dogs, chickens and other farm life that crow, cackle and moo around the place. When the war broke, Jim ditched his golf clubs, greased up his guns and fishing tackle and put them away. He put all his energies, thoughts and money, too, in the ranch, adding thousands of chickens. All in all, he figures he's sunk around $18,000 in it, and every spare minute of his time away from a busy picture schedule. Sometimes he wonders if it's worth it when the pip or something cleans out his chickens, or when a night's midwifing with a cow doesn't work out right. But at those times Jimmy Craig, who loves animals and crops and everything about a farm, charges it all off to entertainment and exercise.

His big body keeps in shape hustling around his farm chores. He's never had any trouble with extra pounds or any kind of regimented body care—which is rare when a big fellow who's been an athlete starts to get his age, around 31. And it keeps him feeling like a million dollars, because there's nothing at all the matter with Jimmy Craig's health except a few busted bones here and there and some joints that still feel the effects of his football days. He doesn't baby himself either—eats everything in the world with emphasis on Southern cooking. smokes pipes one after the other and cigarettes when he's nervous.

Maybe because he's always feeling fit as a fiddle, Jim Craig owns a disposition like a lamb, despite the fact that he's built like Jack Dempsey and has some Cherokee Indian blood in him, too, to make him ornery. Like all big guys, he's a particular sucker for kids, and all the time he was making "Lost Angel" with Margaret O'Brien, he spent his extra studio time with that cute little miss, playing games with her on the set and teasing her—because if there's one weakness Jim has, it's stirring up a little fun with everyone he meets.

"sughah" and spice . . .

In "Lost Angel," Jimmy and Margaret play a sort of sentimental man and kiddie love affair in a very pretty little story, and they kept it up on the set between scenes. Every morning Jimmy bowed when she arrived and said, "How's my some of that Tennessee mushmouth that even diction coaches haven't been able to iron out—they had lunch together every day, and he was always bringing her intriguing presents from the ranch, like baby ducks and chickens. So it got to a very serious stage. And Margaret very boldly stated one day right to Jim's face, "When I grow up I'm going to marry you!" But little Maggie also liked Van Johnson, and Jim started kidding her.

"Van Johnson" he stated wisely, "has false hair!"

Maggie was shocked. "He has not!"

"Yes he has," stated Jim soberly. "I saw him putting his wig on in the dressing room."

Margaret was loyal. "Just the same I'm going to get his autograph in my book," she said, "and he hasn't false hair, either!"

"Now listen," said Jimmy, "if you're going to be my girl, you can't go around getting other men's autographs. At least, if you do, you've got to get it on the very last page of the book. I'm jealous!"

Next day Margaret showed up with her book and brazenly spread it open before Jim's eyes. She had Van's autograph all right. It was right on the front page. Jimmy Craig grinned and applauded the kid's spunk. That's the stuff he admires above everything. And that's why he treats his own boy, James, Jr., rough and ready. Jimmy wants the Bub, as he calls his son, to grow up to be a real man.

When he tumbles off ranch ponies, Jimmy puts him right back on, just like his own Grandpa used to do on the Tennessee farm when he was a moppet. And already Jimmy has taught the Bub to put up a scrap, although Jimmy the Second was only four this last December. For a while Jimmy was worried because the Bub was turning out to be good-looking, almost too good-looking. One night recently he came home to find that Junior had tumbled off the porch on his face and blacked his eyes and puffed up his nose. His mother was worried and upset. Jimmy promptly made her mad to boot when he smiled broadly and said, "He looks a lot better this way!"

Of course, the process of toughening up his son sometimes backfires on Father Craig. Like the other day when Junior would have no truck with his milk, and Jimmy tried to be a stern papa about it. "Drink your milk!" he ordered.

"No!" said Bub.

"Drink it!"

"No! No milk now! I don't want it."

"All right, if you drink it, you can go out to the ranch and ride."

Bub gave him a low look with plenty of steam on it. "I'll bust your ribs!" he growled.

Since the bull butting had revealed a weakness in his Dad's chest armor, the Bub though that threat might turn the trick. However, Jimmy doesn't think he's in any danger of getting manhandled by his son quite yet. Because when he was playing with the Bub later on, letting the kid hit him here and there, and wailing like he was badly hurt, he overplayed the part a little, and when Bub's tiny fist socked him in the stomach, he fell off the chair in a mock knockout and rolled on the wall like he'd kissed the canvas and was hearing the birdies sing. When the Bub saw the devastating results of his haymaker, and his pappy stretched out, he set up a dismal wail and ran to his Mother. "Daddy's dead," he wailed. "I just killed him." What pleased Jimmy after he broke up the gag was that his son was at least sorry enough to cry after he'd bowled over his poor old dad.

Matter of fact, the Bub is pretty proud of his old man, even at his tender age. He calls all movies "pich," but whenever he refers to them as "the big pich"—that means his pop is in them. Bub calls Jimmy's studio "M-D-M."

But you can see that with the Spartan ideas James Craig has about the raising of sons and heirs, his wife has plenty to put up with around the house. She doesn't seem to mind. In fact, there aren't many couples around Hollywood who get along as smoothly as Jimmy Craig and his wife, Mary. She was Mary Ray, from Washington, D. C., when Jimmy first met her, and she was in Hollywood with movie ambitions. In fact, they met over at the David Selznick lot. Mary was one of the Southern

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belles at Tara in "Gone with the Wind," and Jimmy, who at that time was briefly under contract to Selznick (as he has been under contract to almost every studio in Hollywood at some time), was spending his time making tests with all the ambitious Scarlett O'Haras and Melanies in Hollywood: Paulette Goddard, Frances Dee, Olivia de Havilland, Dorothy Jordan, Vivian Leigh and all the rest of them.

cupid on a broomstick . . .

At that time Jimmy Craig had little to vouch for his future except his own supreme confidence, but just the same Mary Ray married him one Hallowe'en night—of all times—and from then on, wisely enough, she tossed her own screen ambitions out the window. Maybe that's why they've remained so happy. One career in the family.

Mary is a slim, pretty, auburn-haired girl who could land herself a job in a studio any day in the week just on her good looks. But she prefers to supervise the care and feeding of Jimmy Craig and the Bub as a career. It's a toss-up with Mary just which is the biggest problem at times—such as when Jimmy tangled with Homer.

Homer is this young bull who handed Jimmy the one-two and cracked his ribs. Jimmy acquired Homer along with his milk cows from Director Clarence Brown, when he was making "The Human Comedy." At first he was a bull-ette or whatever you call a young bull, and among Jimmy's recreational delights was wrestling him around the barnyard. That was okay until Homer started getting big enough to toss his weight around. And one morning when Jimmy was trying a half-Nelson on his horns, his hat slipped, he loosed his grip on Homer to jam it back on his head, and Homer let him have it. Things like that make Mary heave hopeless sighs. But ordinarily she doesn't have too many worries about her husband. He's a pretty decent husband around the house. In fact, in some ways, Jimmy is downright helpful.

He can fix anything that needs fixing, a handy man supreme, whether it's an egg-beater or a tractor. He can even cook, having "bached" around a good many years before he got married and camp-cooked on a thousand or so fishing and hunting trips. His specialties are pancakes, fried chicken and spaghetti—not exactly a health diet, but good when you're hungry. Jimmy's neat and clean—even fussy about his personal habits—and he's been trained to hang his barnyard dungarees out on the back porch. He goes to bed early, gets up feeling fine, likes books and records and generally qualifies as a homebody. The only vice that's been discovered in his private life is a weakness for poker parties with the boys, but being a wise wife, Mary doesn't mind this—especially since the game is usually penny-ante, and most of the time the poker club is smoking up somebody else's house.

no banking on banks . . .

The Craigs don't live all the time at the ranch. Jim's brother lives there and runs it because since James Craig began clicking he's been busier than a bird dog, and with the gasoline drouth there had to be a haven nearer the studio. So the Craigs rent a house in Beverly Hills, but that is just a halfway stop to the ranch. Jimmy will never sink any of his hard-earned money into a city house. "When you step out on a sidewalk, where can you go?" is the way he looks at it. His ambition is to buy himself a real ranch with thousands of acres some of these days over in Arizona or New Mexico near good fishing and hunting, and his idea of Heaven, he swears, would be to step out on the front

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porch and see "a herd of white-faced cattle as far as I can look."

A dream like that come true would take a sockfull, of course, but James H. Meador always was thrifty. He dresses like Mr. Joe Average, with a leaning toward tweedy stuff, but he seldom wears these clothes out because half the time he's in boots, jeans and a checked shirt or zipped up in a leather jacket on his motorbike. He hasn't a speck of personal jewelry except a chronometer wrist watch that will do about everything except cook and a heavy silver identification chain. The only sartorial weakness Jim confesses to is bright red ties.

He drives a soft top convertible car that you'd never look at twice and the motorbike, which started as a gas-saving measure but has grown to a hobby with Jimmy so that he's expert enough now to make those cross-country hunting dashes we told you about. Jimmy bought the machine second hand from Ray Milland, and a Beverly Hills traffic cop taught him how to make it do tricks. He's been particularly interested in getting really good on it, too, because he thinks the proficiency might come in handy in the Army one of these days when they call him up.

Jimmy Craig was 3-A until the father draft came along, but he's 1-A now, so he has a hunch he'll be trading in his air raid warden's helmet for the real McCoy one of these days, which is fine with Jim. Typically Craig and figuring out his shots, Jimmy has been taking celestial navigation in his off-hours ever since he was classified 1-A. He'd like to be already at something useful when he gets into G.I. rags.

the man behind the moustache . . .

About the only extravagance or indulgence or whatever you'd call it that James Craig will miss in the Army is his barber. There's just one thing a capable cuss like himself hates to do—that's shave. When he doesn't have to, he'll let his black beard sprout like devil grass, but when he makes pictures, which is almost always of late, he depends on Milo at M-G-M to keep his face smooth. Milo is used to almost anything in the male movie whisker line, but lately he just missed a nervous breakdown over Jim Craig's moustache.

Jimmy always wears one, if possible, in a movie—it's almost his screen trademark by now, and in "Lost Angel" and "The Heavenly Body" he wore it straight as usual. Then came along "Kismet," and as the caliph he had to grow one of those droopy Oriental muzzies. That was okay—only in the middle of "Kismet," which has been dragging on for months, Jimmy had to chase back and do retakes and added scenes on both "Lost Angel" and "The Heavenly Body." Every day, it seemed to Milo, Jimmy Craig was rushing in saying, "Change the moustache!" Either he wanted it straight or headed down in a droop. Pretty soon the thing looked like nothing human—half curved and half straight and nicked here and there by Milo's baffled razor as he inquired, "What the heck is it today—up or down?" Finally after patching Jimmy's lip up with phony fuzz and painting on false droops and what have you, the only thing to do was to shave it off and grow a whole new one over a week-end. That's really not such a feat for James Craig, either. He can sprout a lovely trained lip lure in a week at the outside. He can handle some other strictly he-man assignments, too, can Jimmy Craig, such as fighting, although he never picked a fight in his life, and like most big bruisers, is peaceable by nature. When he was a kid only 15, he stood 5 ft. 11 and weighed 160, but even in those days he never went on the warpath unprovoked.

SURPRISE ON PAGE 76

We're very proud of page 76. It's the first step toward a very ambitious idea and, we think, a heck of a sweet one. It involves you and us and one of the divinest pieces of costume jewelry free, or practically free. That's all we're saying. You can either guess the rest or turn to page 76.

"I was always afraid I'd hurt somebody," remembers Jimmy. "I always figured, too, that if I hit somebody and he didn't fall, I'd better run!" But they usually fell when James hit them.

He always noticed, even in those days, that it was the cocky little fisty kids who were always picking fights, as if they had to show the world they were hard cookies. Kids who could grow up and become Hitlers or act like sneak-punch Japs. As a boy, Jimmy never had much trouble with them when the chips were down, and he figures he can handle this end of the Big Scrap now if he has to and still get back to Hollywood after V-Day and start making pictures again.

He'd like that very much because by then the Bub will be big enough to help him herd around those "white faced cattle" and tote a 30-30 along on the deer hunts over in the desert mountains somewhere. You see, Jimmy Craig never lets up on that dream ranch of his for a minute.

And remember—what Jimmy Craig really sets his heart on he gets. Dollars to doughnuts you'll find him there one of these days. Just wait and see.

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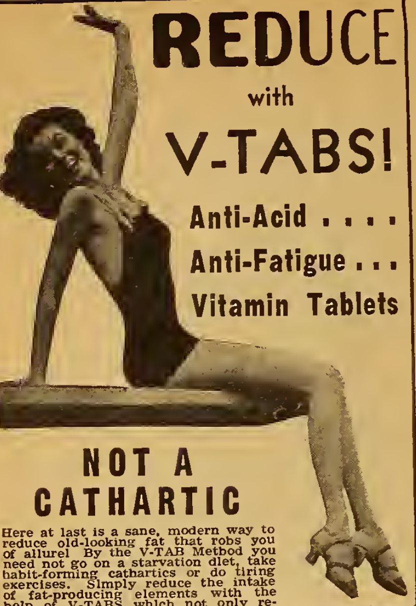

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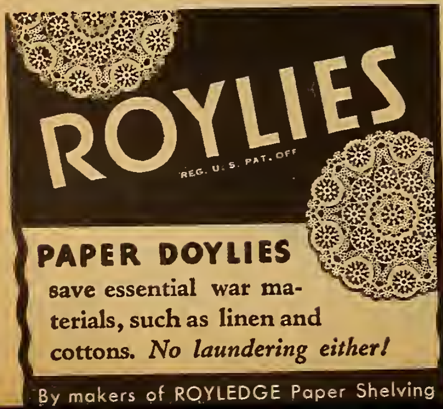

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(STORY)

(Continued from page 35)

"Do you know what that means?"

"I'm fired?"

"I can't fire you," said the foreman softly; then he roared: "But the general manager can. Go on up to his office."

"Thank you," said Miss Rogers.

Miss Rogers laid down her tools neatly, and whistling a gay little tune a trifle off pitch, she walked toward the row of offices that lay at one end of the factory floor. At the door marked Lee Stevens. Gen. Man., she turned in and, with a happy flip of her heels, pushed the door open.

Miss Rogers, Jean informally, had been trying for some two months to wangle some way of meeting the General Manager. She found him, to be entirely candid, a much more intriguing spectacle than the rows of Dopey Donkeys. Rightfully. Lee Stevens was the kind of man women would whistle at if women whistled at men; tall, but not too huge, the kind of shoulders that somehow reminded you of football weather, blue eyes, and there was something about his nose and the set of his mouth. . . . Masculine, that was the word. In a nice way, though; the kind of way you could fall in love with.

sexretary . . .

There was only one trouble with Lee Stevens. He was engaged to Alice Todd. And Alice, along with the fact that she had major league equipment in her own right, was the daughter of T. J. Todd. She was, so to speak, his prize tantalizing toy. That made her tough competition.

Jean realized how tough when she saw Alice come sweeping into the office and disappear into T. J.'s private sanctum. Through the door she could hear Alice's voice, distinct as a whip lash.

"I tell you, Dad," she was saying, "I won't have Lee taking that secretary of his to Washington. She's much too, much too . . . She's a *sex*retary, that's what she is!"

"But Alice, after all, he must have a secretary. You know Washington, and if we expect to land that ordnance contract for conversion—"

"He can take a different secretary. Get him another one!"

"All right, dear," T. J. said meekly. "All right, dear."

Alice exited. Five minutes later Lee Stevens entered. Ten minutes later Lee Stevens exited. He found Jean Rogers sitting demurely in front of his office. He frowned.

"Yes?" he said. "Did you want to see me?"

"I'm the new secretary," Jean Rogers said.

"Oh?" Lee Stevens said. "Well, at least that's off my mind. Fool idea of T. J.'s. We're leaving for Washington. On the six forty. Can you be ready?"

"Yes, sir," said Jean Rogers. "I'll be ready."

There is an unverified rumor that an escaped sardine took one look at Washington, shrugged and climbed back into the can. Lee Stevens, as he pushed through the crowded lobby of the hotel, was inclined to believe the rumor. He made the clerk's desk, asked for the key to his room and received a blank stare in return. Lee patiently explained that he had made reservations, that his secretary had gone on ahead to claim the room while he attended to business, that he was tired now, that he wanted the key to his room—

"The reservation was cancelled, sir," the

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clerk said, with a note of finality.

"Cancelled?"

"Oh, yes," said a voice.

Lee Stevens swung around; Jean Rogers smiled pleasantly at him.

"I cancelled it," she said. "You should have seen the rooms they gave us. Little holes. They weren't even fit for gophers. I told the clerk what he could do with those rooms—"

"Yes, ma'am," the clerk said. "I rented them to a convention."

"Where do we have rooms then?" Lee said quietly.

"Oh, we'll find something," Jean said airily. "After all this isn't the only hotel in Washington."

"You mean," Lee said tensely, "that you don't have any rooms anywhere else?"

"Don't worry," Jean said. "I'm your secretary. Let me worry about the details."

That night they slept on the lee side of a statue of a Civil War general. It rained. The general, being a military man and made of stone, didn't mind. Lee Stevens caught a cold.

"Well," he said hoarsely the next morning, "that's one detail you attended to."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stevens," Jean said. "I'm sure I'll find a room today."

"I wish I were sure."

"Don't you worry one bit about it."

"It seems to me," Lee Stevens said, "that I've heard that line before. Do you use it on all the men you work for?"

"You'll see," Jean said.

"That's one thing I'm sure of," Lee said. "I'll see. I'll probably see our old friend the General again tonight. You don't think he'll be angry if I stay over again? Or did he invite us for the duration?"

"You have an appointment," Jean said briskly, "at ten this morning with Mr. Ritchie of the O. P. D."

"We have an appointment," Lee said.

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"Me—and my cold germs."

washington merry-go-round . . .

Lee Stevens came back to the statue some seven hours later. It was getting on toward dusk. Lee had laryngitis. He had a cold in the head, in the chest, in the throat, in the nose and in such assorted bones as he could still feel. He glared at Jean.

Jean said brightly: "Did you see Mr. Ritchie?"

"I did not," Lee said. "There were only three hundred and forty-seven people ahead of me. Did you get a place?"

"Well," Jean said.

"Did you?" Lee roared.

Jean nodded. "I think you'll like it . . . I hope."

As a matter of fact, Lee liked it very much. The house was grand, spacious, pleasant. It looked about as much like a tourist home as the Taj Mahal looks like a shack. The Cromwells, the owners, seemed to be pleasant enough people. Lee relaxed on the big double bed in their little suite of rooms. There was a small room off the bedroom with a sofa. They could make that up into a bed for Jean.

"Wonderful," Lee said through his stuffed nose. "I take it back, all the harsh things I ever said about you, Miss Rogers."

A buzzer shrilled imperially.

"As a matter of fact, Miss Rogers, you are undoubtedly the most resourceful secretary in America today. I didn't think anyone would ever find a room in Washington these days."

"Mr. Stevens," Jean said.

The buzzer began again.

Lee said: "What were you saying?"

"I was saying that it really is very hard to find anything at all in Washington. There must be a hundred people applying for every empty space—"

"But you did it," Lee said smiling. "Remind me to give you a raise when we get back."

"I think you ought to know—" Jean began again.

The buzzer became a single, harsh, penetrating sound.

"What the devil is that?" Lee said. "That sound."

"It's a buzzer," Jean said.

"What do they need a buzzer in the room for?" Lee said.

"I suppose they ring it," Jean said slowly, "when they want the butler."

"The butler," Lee said, "well, let him answer it."

"That's what I was going to tell you," Jean said. "You're the butler."

For a full minute Lee Stevens didn't say anything; then slowly he rose from the bed, holding his aching head. He stood over Jean Rogers like a menacing Buddha, and

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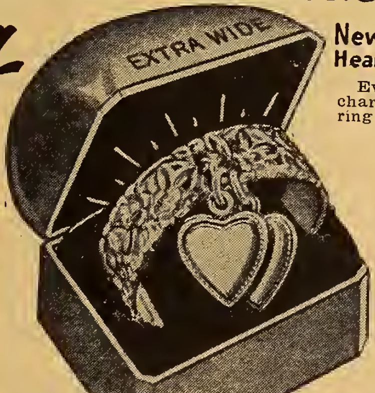

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then he slowly said: "Just what are you trying to say?"

"Well, you see," Jean said hurriedly. "I looked all over town, and there wasn't a single room to be had. And I knew we just had to have a room. There you were with that miserable cold and everything. Then I saw the ad."

"What ad?"

"The ad for a butler and cook. And they said they had a lovely room for the couple applying, good hours, decent wages, plenty of time off—and this room. We just had to have a room, so—"

"So," Lee Stevens said slowly, "so you took the job."

"Yes," Jean said. "I'm the cook and—"

"And I'm the butler," Lee said.

The buzzer blared harshly.

Lee Stevens stared at it for a moment. Then, still slowly he crawled back into bed, pulled the covers up to his chin, placed a pillow over his head.

"That's it," said Jean. "You just get yourself a good night's rest. Don't worry about a thing. I'll attend to all the details."

"Go away," Lee said from under the pillow. "Go away!"

But Washington being what Washington is, Lee thought better of it in the morning. At least they had a roof over their heads. And, after all, even butlers were entitled to days off. He promptly asked Mr. Cromwell for the day and hustled off to waylay Ritchie of the O. P. D. He returned with a good deal of the hustle worn off him. He found Jean in the kitchen, busily puttering with pots, pans and assorted dishes.

ain't frisking friskies . . .

"Washington," he groaned.

"Didn't you see Mr. Ritchie today?" Jean said.

"Not one hair of his balding head," Lee said. "But I saw something worse. Farenhall's in town."

"Farenhall?"

"Of Farenhall's Friskies. Our competitor. He probably smelled something in the wind and is down here, too. Probably trying for the same contract we are. It's his hide or mine. We've got to see Ritchie first."

"You will," Jean said. "Now just stop worrying about it and get dressed."

"Dressed?" Lee said.

"In the butler uniform. The Cromwells are having a party tonight. You'll have to serve, of course."

Lee closed his eyes for a moment as if in great pain. When he opened them, they had a dazed, resigned look. "All right," he said. "But first I want you to take a letter. You're still my secretary. To T. J. Todd—"

"Mr. Stevens—"

"Dear Todd: Am here in Washington and am sorry to report—"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stevens," Jean said. "But I can't take shorthand."

Lee swung around sharply. "What are you talking about?"

So she told him. Of the Dopey Donkeys. Of overhearing about his need for a new secretary. She hoped he didn't mind. She was really trying. She could do almost everything . . . but she couldn't take shorthand.

"Why did you do it?" Lee groaned. "Why in the world did you do it?"

She gave him a long searching look: "Well—"

For a moment he didn't understand; and then suddenly he did. It was very quiet in the kitchen. Lee Stevens was aware, very sharply, that he was standing very close to Jean, that she was leaning forward a bit, and that she was (odd! that he had never realized it before) very beautiful. He kissed her.

She said a little unsteadily: "We better start serving, don't you think? . . ."

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dinner for 10 please, james . . .

Just as unsteadily, he said: “Where's my monkey suit . . .”

The butler's uniform was a little tight in spots, and it creaked ominously at the seams every time Lee raised an arm. But he managed. Carrying the tray of hors d'oeuvres, he grinned at Jean just before he went through the swinging door and into the main dining room. Five minutes later he was back, white and shaken. He leaned against the wall.

“He's out there,” Lee said tensely. “Ritchie's out there.”

“Why, that's wonderful,” Jean said. “You couldn't get to see him in his office, and here he is all wrapped up and waiting right here.”

“Wonderful,” Lee groaned. “He'll certainly be impressed, won't he? A butler trying to sell him on an ordnance contract.”

“I think he'll admire your initiative,” Jean said.

“Hmm,” Lee said. “Maybe he will, at that. He's supposed to be a shirt-sleeve democrat. Bring on the next course!”

Jean opened the stove.

“Mr. Stevens,” she said. “I have something to tell you.”

“What's wrong now?”

“I put the turkey in all right,” she said. “But I forgot to turn on the gas. It's still raw.”

“Well, cook it or something. They're waiting out there.”

“You can't cook a turkey in five minutes,” Jean said, moaning. “I've ruined everything.”

Lee said grimly: “I'll get to Ritchie if it's the last thing I do. What have you got in the kitchen?” He rummaged through the closets. “Ah, flour, buckwheat. Get out the griddle, Jean. The Cromwells and the Ritchies are going to have buckwheat cakes. North Woods style. . . .”

“At a formal dinner?” Jean said. “You can't.”

“Got any other ideas?”

“Well—”

“Buckwheat cakes it is, then,” Lee said.

So it was buckwheat cakes, and after he served them, Lee came back hurriedly into the kitchen. Jean was waiting for him tensely.

“How did it go?” she said.

“I didn't stop to watch,” Lee said. “I just served them and ran. We'll find out soon enough. . . .”

The swinging door to the kitchen began to edge cautiously inward. A head popped around and peered into the kitchen. Mr. Ritchie advanced with his finger perched warningly over his lips.

“Mr. Ritchie,” Jean said. “What—”

“Shh,” he whispered. “I don't like to do this. But those buckwheat cakes. Best I ever ate.”

“Thank you,” said Jean.

“Matter of fact, I wonder,” Mr. Ritchie whispered urgently, “I wonder if you two would be interested in coming to my house. . . .”

Lee cleared his throat: “Mr. Ritchie—” he said.

Ritchie said: “Don't worry about pay. I'll meet the price.”

“The pay isn't important,” Lee said. “What I do want to talk to you about is—”

“Then it's settled,” Mr. Ritchie said. “We're having a little party over at my house tomorrow. You'll be there?”

stevens stymied . . .

“Yes, yes,” Lee said. “I've been trying—”

“Fine,” Ritchie said. “I've got to get back now.”

He was out of the swinging door before Lee could say another word.

“Well, he liked the buckwheat cakes,” Jean said.

“The buckwheat cakes!” Lee said ex-

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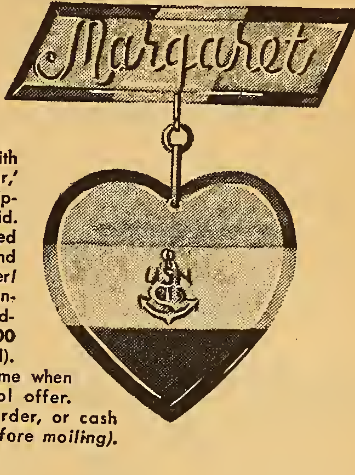

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plosively. "I want a contract. That's what I want!"

"It certainly ought to be easier to talk to him in his own house," Jean said. "Just stop worrying about it."

Lee looked at her glumly: "Stop using that phrase," he said. "Just stop using it. . . ."

It was unfortunate that the Todds, T. J. and Alice, chose to come to Washington early the next day. They peered up at the Cromwell mansion a little dubiously. T. J. checked the address with a letter in his hand, then shrugged and rang the bell. The butler answered it.

T. J. looked at Lee Stevens; Lee Stevens stared back.

"What goes on here?" T. J. roared.

"I can explain everything," Lee said.

In the kitchen the Todds listened doubtfully while Lee began telling his story. Jean came in. Alice Todd took one look at Jean, and an ugly glint came into her eye.

"So that's how it stands, T. J.", Lee said. "You understand."

"I do not," T. J. said. "This town is mad."

Alice said frigidly: "And who is the girl, Lee?"

"My secretary," Lee said.

"You don't say?" Alice said.

"He does say," Jean said. "And what do you have to say?"

"A few things," Alice Todd said. "I want you to get rid of her, Lee. Fire her."

"Wait a minute—" Lee said.

"Why she's nothing but a cheap—"

"Listen, you parasite—" Jean began heatedly.

"Girls, girls!" T. J. said.

Alice turned to Lee: "I'm waiting, Lee. Does this—this female—mean anything to you?"

For a moment there was a dead silence in the kitchen. Then Lee Stevens spoke slowly.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I think she does."

"Then we're finished," Alice said frigidly.

"I guess we are," Lee said.

Alice turned tensely to her father: "Aren't you going to do anything about it? Fire him!"

"If my job depends on that," Lee shouted, "I quit!" He stalked out of the room, and T. J., after a quick glance at his daughter, followed him hurriedly.

"We're alone now Miss Whatever-your-name-is. . . ."

"Rogers," Jean said.

"Do you know what you've just done?"

"I got a man," Jean said brightly. "What have you got?"

Alice said: "So you have a man. A man who's just thrown his future away. Did you know he was going to get a half interest in the plant when this contract went through? And you think you're worth that? You must certainly love him a great deal to make him give up his whole future. . . ."

Jean said slowly: "I didn't know that."

"You know now."

"Yes," Jean said. "I know now. Thanks for telling me. No, I couldn't ask him to give up all that. You'll tell him something, won't you? I don't think I could manage it . . . if I had to see him again . . ."

Alice Todd watched Jean walk slowly out of the kitchen: "I'll tell him," she said. "Don't worry about it."

So when Lee Stevens returned to the butler's room in the Cromwell house, he found that Jean was gone. Disappeared. T. J. followed him in talking volubly: T. J., it turned out, didn't want to fire him at all; what's more he was pleased that Lee had given Alice her lumps, she was a spoiled brat. All T. J. was interested in was the

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"She's gone!" Lee said breathlessly.

"You can always get a new secretary," T. J. said impatiently. "Let's get after Ritchie."

But at the offices of the O. P. D. they found the waiting room glutted as usual.

"I've got an idea," Lee said.

"Shoot," T. J. said.

"Remember I told you that Ritchie offered Jean and me a job at his house? Well, we're going to take it. We may not be able to get in to see Ritchie in his office. But no man can hide from his butler. Come on, T. J.!"

At the Ritchie house they were welcomed with open arms. Lee hurried into the kitchen. There was a familiar figure bent over the stove. Lee grinned.

"Hello—" he said.

Jean didn't answer.

"Why did you run out?"

"You got your job back, didn't you?" Jean said tonelessly.

He just grinned. And then he moved forward a few steps, and before she could turn, he had her in his arms. He kissed her with a sort of decisive crispness. Then he stepped back and said sharply:

"Now, let's get some things straight. First: I love you. . . ."

"Yes, sir," she said, shining-eyed.

"Second: I've got to get Ritchie to listen to me—"

quick trick . . .

T. J., clad in a footman's uniform, came hurrying into the kitchen.

"Listen," he said excitedly. "Farenhall is out there. One of the guests. We've got to move fast before he can talk to Ritchie."

Lee frowned; he thought for a moment. Then softly, he said: "The soup!"

That's how it occurred that the new footman, quite carelessly, happened to spill a plate of soup over Mr. Ritchie's gleaming new suit. That meant, of course, that Mr. Ritchie had to change. His new butler was quite sympathetic; he worked quickly and deftly, helping Mr. Ritchie out of his wet clothes. Mr. Ritchie stood a little impatiently waiting for his trousers.

"No trousers," Lee said firmly, "until you listen to me."

"Look here—" Ritchie roared.

"No trousers!"

Mr. Ritchie collapsed: "All right. What's the story?"

The story was simple: Here was Todd's Toys, a fine plant, well-equipped, no manpower shortage. How about a contract? Sign on the dotted line. . . .

"Now can I have my trousers?"

"Of course, sir," said Lee.

"And you'll finish serving dinner?"

"Of course, sir."

Mr. Ritchie signed happily: "Mad town."

Of course the dinner turned out to be slightly unorthodox. The footman, who had bungled with the soup, bungled, too, somehow, with a Baked Alaska, and the whole gooey mess was draped around the protesting puss of one Mr. Farenhall. And there was one rather odd moment when the guests were sure they saw the butler kissing the cook. Not that they could blame the butler. That cook! Some cookie!

CAST

Jean Rogers	*Paulette Goddard*
Lee Stevens	*Fred MacMurray*
Ira Cromwell	*Roland Young*
T. J. Todd	*Edward Arnold*
Alice Todd	*Hilary Brooke*
Major Cromwell	*Ann Revere*
Glen Ritchie	*Clarence Kolb*
Hugo Farenhall	*Porter Hall*
Opal	*Marie MacDonald*
Miss Becker	*Josephine Whittell*
Peggy Fuller	*Veda Ann Borg*
Mrs. Ritchie	*Isabel Randolph*

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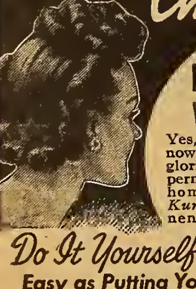

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"STANDING ROOM ONLY"

(PRODUCTION)

(*Continued from page 35*)

the picture, which was just one more thing to attend to before facing the camera. . . . Both Paulette and Fred had such a wonderful, wacky time making the picture that you just can't help feel their enjoyment exuding from the celluloid. The cockeyed sequence of the plot was just their dish. Both of 'em are mad for comedy and have no Hamlet or Lady Macbeth leanings. . . . Edward Arnold, who was borrowed from M-G-M to do his bit as another Babbitt, was busy being the proud papa in off moments. His son just graduated from the air cadet school at Mather Field with such high honors that they are keeping him on as an instructor there. The cast stopped their bucolic chatter long enough to have a good laugh on Arnold. His assignment came through at the last minute, and he was lolling around Sacramento when the rush call from the studio reached him. He made a mad dash for H'wood to get there in time for the first scene and literally came panting on to the set. Lanfield, the director, found him in such a state of exhaustion that they had to call off shooting for the day to give Edward a chance to rest up. . . . Lanfield, too, had his troubles. Right in the middle of the picture he developed a terrific case of laryngitis but wouldn't give in to it. Did his directing by writing instructions on a blackboard, and just sat megaphone-less and voiceless. Then Paulette got the bug, right when they had planned to shoot the rainy night in the park scene. Couldn't wait till she recovered, so compromised on using warmed rain water. . . . Hilary Brooke turned out to be the find of the picture. She handled her part of the rich, spoiled gal so beautifully that Paramount nabbed her right on the spot for a long term contract. The gowns she wears in "Standing Room Only" are out-of-this-world. In fact, Paulette was so crazy about one of them that she had it copied for herself. . . . Roland Young was the only one to add a cosmopolitan touch to the horticultural discussions. He'd just returned from touring in a play and gave with all the latest stage stuff. Right now he's back on his beloved Broadway in "Another Love Story" . . . Porter Hall again drew a double-crossing role, which gave everyone a laugh. Actually you couldn't find a more honest gent anywhere. In H'wood he's a deacon of the First Presbyterian Church!

HEP KITTEN

(*Continued from page 32*)

named Peggy Ryan will finally Get The Guy in the person of one young Donald O'Connor.

Peggy is clinching with Donald in this one, after a succession of pictures in which she had to comfort herself with that corny crack about it being better to have loved and lost, etc., simply because she has a large and articulate group of fans who started to write irate letters to the studio.

One letter in particular is cherished by Peggy. It reads, "Make them let you win Don in your next picture. Gloria Jean is very pretty and she can sing like a choir of canaries, but there's nothing wrong with you, either. Tell them that for us!"

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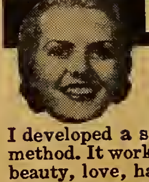

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sleuth on the loose . . .

That letter is genuine. Peggy investigated to be sure. The reason for her Nick Charles attitude may be found in an incident that occurred about two years ago and has to do with the Man in Her Life, one Ray Hirsch, currently of the Marine Corps.

In those ancient days back in 1941, Ray was convinced that Universal had in its newly signed ingénue a veritable goldmine of unexploited talent. He had heard that the amount and texture of a contract player's fan mail might well have a bearing on the number and excellence of the parts given that player. Being resourceful, he hit upon a scheme.

Shortly thereafter, Peggy began to get erudite letters from some attorney in Madison, Wisconsin. The attorney was, it seemed, exceptionally interested in Peggy's career. He wanted to know a great deal about the making of pictures. Peggy pestered the technicians for days, then wrote a letter filled with words she had carefully looked up in the dictionary. Back came an answer in no time. Peggy dried her brow and went to work again.

Meanwhile, letters were arriving from the president of a woman's club in Pensacola, the president of a bank in Peoria and a research chemist in Portland. All in all, it was fairly harrowing. Peggy worked with vigor. Finally, when her fancy letters became only a nucleus for a growing body of fan mail, she showed Ray Hirsch her early cap-and-gown correspondence. He tried, but he couldn't control that chuckle. He, personally, had been sending the letters to the postmasters in the various cities, and they in turn had politely mailed them to Peggy.

Peggy first met Ray on October 29, 1941, a date which they celebrate annually with dinner, dancing and appropriate gifts. They became engaged on Valentine's Day (February 14) 1942. Between October and February, the whole world changed.

They had attended church that Sunday morning, December 7, and emerged into the brilliance of California noon sunshine to be confronted by headlines four inches high. Ray, slamming his right fist into the palm of his left hand, announced fiercely that he was going to join the Navy right then. He learned by telephone that the recruiting office would be open Monday. That respite gave Peggy a chance to make a suggestion.

Why not, she said, wait until after Christmas? The holiday was only 18 days away—surely it wouldn't be too criminal for them to have this one Christmas together. Who knew how long the war would last or how many Christmas seasons they might have to spend apart? Ray gave in, reluctantly.

Meanwhile the papers were filled with stories about the valiant stand of the Marine Corps on Wake Island. So—when Ray telephoned Peggy one morning to say that he had enlisted in the Halls of Montezuma—all Peggy could gasp, bloody headlines in her heart, was, "Oh, Ray, why on earth did you do that?"

"If that's the way you feel about it," he said, crestfallen, and hung up.

Peggy called him back to explain that she thought the Marine Corps was super; she just didn't like the things that seemed to happen to the boys, history or no history, medals or no medals. He accepted the apology for himself and for his outfit. He said just wait until she saw him in those greens with the red stripes (maybe).

In February when Ray was a boot, hence practically a military cipher, the Ryans decided to drive down to San Diego to help celebrate his birthday. Peggy roasted a large and luscious chicken and baked a three-story birthday cake with frosting thicker than the snow on Mt. Everest

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Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! In case of unexpected sickness or accident you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions. Individual or entire family eligible (to age 70). No agent will call.

POLICY PAYS
Hospital Expenses for Sickness (beginning 7th day) or Accident up to
$540.00
Doctor Expenses for Accident up to
$135.00
Loss of Time from Work up to
$300.00
Accidental Death
$1000.00
War Coverage & other valuable benefits.

MAIL COUPON AT ONCE

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Dept. MM4-3, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name..

Address..

Triumphantly, the three Ryans arrived with the food at the sentry post.

Father Ryan explained that his daughter's *boy friend* was being forced to celebrate a birthday in the confines of camp and that it wasn't right. He and his family wished to see the boot.

He was told that no boot could see anyone, birthday or not.

Father Ryan, a man with a true Irish tongue, begged to differ. The conversation grew more rugged, and finally the corporal of the guard allowed the Ryans to pass through the gate to petition a commissioned officer.

taxpayers par excellence . . .

At that office, Mr. Ryan became more eloquent than Parnell. He said that his *nephew* had never been away from home before, and that—with no invasion pounding at our doors—it was absurd to keep the boy away from a birthday cake and a bit of juicy chicken, with maybe now a drumstick for a reasonable officer.

Despite his forensic zeal, Mr. Ryan won only the chance to take up the matter of a few hours freedom for Mr. Hirsch with a higher officer.

He approached this officer with righteous indignation. He said that his *son* was a good soldier, but hungry. He said that the Ryans were taxpayers, hence actually the employers of the Army, and that as an employer he demanded the right to see his only boy.

FOUR-STAR THRILLER!

It's a breath-catching story! A story of action on battlefronts and lives saved and people comforted. This month the Red Cross must raise $200,000,000. That's a lot of money; it's going to take a lot of giving. But just remember, whether your guy's in Alaska or in the tropics, the Red Cross is with him! GIVE TO THE RED CROSS WAR FUND!

The next scene shows Peggy Ryan and Ray Hirsch seated in the back of Mr. Ryan's sedan. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan tactfully went for a walk and an incidental inspection trip of the camp, in the capacity of taxpayers and Army employers.

Ray ate every smidgen of the chicken, including both wings and the neck. Between bites he managed to explain to Peggy that he had never missed anyone in his entire life as much as he had missed her.

"Honey," he said, "you're for me."

Then he went to work on the cake and devoured it to the last lonesome drop of frosting clinging to the platter. That delightful mission accomplished, Private Hirsch made a statement: "I could spend the rest of my life eating your cooking," he allowed, which sealed the bargain.

A week later he was allowed his first pass; he made good use of it by buying a slim gold ring set with a small, perfect diamond. "It won't ever double for a kleig," he told Peggy, "but it's ours, and it's paid for."

To commemorate the first anniversary of their engagement last spring, Ray gave Peggy a gold cross set with baguette rubies, strung on a delicate gold chain as a lavaliere. Because of Marine salaries, he bought it Dollar Down system. Each time he could come up to Los Angeles, he bounded

Pin-up picture for the man who "can't afford" to buy an extra War Bond!

YOU'VE HEARD PEOPLE SAY: "I can't afford to buy an extra War Bond." Perhaps you've said it yourself . . . without realizing what a ridiculous thing it is to say to men who are dying.

Yet it *is* ridiculous, when you think about it. Because today, with national income at an all-time record high . . . with people making more money than ever before . . . with less and less of things to spend money for . . . practically every one of us has extra dollars in his pocket.

The very *least* that *you* can do is to buy an *extra* $100 War Bond . . . above and beyond the Bonds you are now buying or had planned to buy. In fact, if you take stock of your resources, you will probably find that you can buy an *extra* $200 . . . or $300 . . . or even $500 worth of War Bonds.

Sounds like more than you "can afford"? Well, young soldiers can't afford to die, either . . . yet they do it when called upon. So is it too much to ask of us that we invest more of our money in War Bonds . . . the best investment in the world today? Is that too much to ask?

WE BOUGHT EXTRA WAR BONDS 4TH WAR LOAN

Let's All BACK THE ATTACK!

DON'T LET DOWN NOW—

NOW! *Beautiful* NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Will not harm nor soften natural nails. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

So natural they even have half moons.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To protect your nails against injury—infection, breaking or discoloration, always wear NU-NAILS! Marvelous protection for defense workers, housewives — women everywhere.

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Women Who Suffer from SIMPLE ANEMIA

Here's One Of The Best Ways To Help Build Up Red Blood!

You girls who suffer from simple anemia or who lose so much during monthly periods that you feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—due to low blood iron—start *at once*—try Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS.

Pinkham's Tablets are one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy for home use to help build up red blood to give more strength—in such cases. Follow label directions. *Worth trying!*

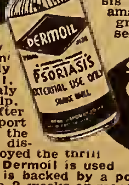
Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

NIX CREAM DEODORANT STOPS BODY ODOR IN 1 MINUTE!
FOR 1 TO 3 DAYS . . . THOUSANDS USE NIX
AT 10c STORES LARGE JAR 10¢

CORNS also Callouses. Ingrown Nails relieved. Quick and easy. Just rub on. Jar, 30c and 50c. At your druggist. *Economical!*
REMOVED BY MOSCO
Your money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Company, Rochester, N.Y.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) *Use* DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Give Druggist's name and address. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 5309, Detroit 4, Mich.

traditional Marine enthusiasm and handed Mother Ryan—over Peggy's rapturous shoulder—a small envelope containing the current payment, a task to which Mrs. Ryan had agreed to attend.

Frequently Mr. and Mrs. Ryan join Peggy and Ray in an evening at the Palladium. Mrs. Ryan appears to be about two weeks older than her slim daughter. They are so similar, in fact, that during the run of "Meet the People" in Chicago, Mrs. Ryan doubled for her daughter. It happened the day after Thanksgiving, when Peggy was suffering from turkey-dressing-pumpkin-cranberry-ice cream complications.

Mrs. Ryan idly slipped into one of Peggy's costumes and found that no snap would have to be moved, no tuck would have to be taken. "I know every line you speak, because I've stood in the wings so long," she said tentatively.

"You go on," groaned Peggy, "so I can die happy."

No one would ever have known the difference if an alert newspaper reporter, who had known the Ryans in the old days, hadn't been hep. He made quite a picture spread of the event when Peggy was well enough to be photographed without a greenish tinge.

Ray, who was at one time the national jitterbug champion, has taught Mrs. Ryan to jitter with the poise and accuracy of a Dorsey whirling dervish, but Father Ryan considers such agile antics unbecoming to the mother of a rising star. He dances the samba, the rumba, the tango and several complicated versions of the one-step so beautifully that Mrs. Ryan doesn't mind relinquishing the Suzy Q.

One night Ma and Pa Ryan were just enjoying themselves when the rest of the dancers gradually formed an admiring circle around them . . . exactly as it happens in the movies. Several of the more rhythmic observers beat it out with flat hands.

"Who are they," someone asked Peggy.

"My Dad and Mother," she averred, grinning with pride.

The retort came back incredulously, "If they are anybody's dad and mother that makes me Lewis Stone's big sister. Don't be sil'."

With such a family background it isn't astonishing that Miss Peg performed her first professional dance at the age of 3 for an Elks' Club benefit. She was paid $3.00, or a dollar for each of her years.

When she was four, in the fine tradition of Scarlett O'Hara, she danced in a frilly net dress that her mother had manufactured out of an old lace curtain.

Peggy was six when it became apparent that Mrs. Ryan was too ill to continue to guide her daughter's dancing career, so Peggy was sent to a private school. It was frightening and lonely for a youngster who had always been pals with her family, and she didn't understand it. She gathered, from visits to her mother, that something was seriously wrong, so she decided to do something about it.

peggy's prayers, inc . . .

She instituted what amounted to a prayer league. One after another, she persuaded every enrollee in the school to say one prayer a day for Mrs. Ryan. Once the promise was exacted, she checked up regularly to find out if the petitions were ascending with proper frequency.

Mrs. Ryan began to improve gradually, so Peggy canvassed her schoolmates. "This week could you say two prayers a day instead of just one? Mother's getting better, and I think if we give her a big boost, she'll be well."

When Peggy was eight, Mrs. Ryan was recovered enough to decide to bring her prodigy to Hollywood. They took a small

HAIRTAINER TIMES CHANGE NURSERY RHYMES

The old woman in the shoe
Would have had some time to spare—
If she could have had HAIRTAINERS
To securely hold her hair!

Today, you *can* save time and keep your hair-do secure! *You* can buy HAIRTAINERS*! For no matter the season or hairstyle, spring-tooth action (exclusive with GRIP-TUTH) grips and holds *every* hairstrand. Hair can't stray, because HAIRTAINERS *can't fall out.* Card of two (or one extra-length) 25c at beauty salons, chain and dept. stores.

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Dept. G2

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Splendid income, new social contacts, and the satisfaction of serving humanity can be yours as a Trained Practical Nurse. Ages 18 to 60. High School not necessary. Training plan welcomed by physicians. Prepare in spare time. Many earn while learning. Nurse's Outfit and placement service included FREE of extra cost. Write now for facts and fascinating FREE sample lesson pages.

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I HATE GRAY HAIR

OF COURSE you do! Gray hair makes you look years older . . . kills romance . . . might even cost you your job! And yet you have hesitated to color your hair. Has fear held you back!—fear that people will know your hair has been "dyed?"

These fears are so old fashioned! For today with Mary T. Goldman's scientific color-control you can transform gray, bleached or faded hair to the natural-looking shade you desire—quickly, or so gradually your closest friends won't guess! Pronounced harmless by leading medical authorities (no skin test needed). Here's a preparation that will not harm your wave or change the texture of your hair. It's inexpensive and easy to apply—combs on in a few minutes. For over 50 years, millions have found **new hair beauty** by using Mary T. Goldman's in the privacy of their homes.

So help yourself to beautiful hair—today. Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's at your drug or department store on a **money-back guarantee.** Beware of substitutes! Or, if you'd rather try it first, send for free test kit (give original color of your hair) to Mary T. Goldman Co., 14 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul 2, Minn.

HAPPY LANDING...

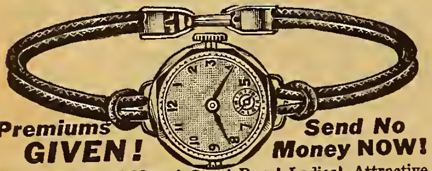
with a touch of

Blue Waltz
perfume

To get your wings, aim straight for his heart! Tonight, wear saucy, unforgettable BLUE WALTZ PERFUME... and his solo days will be over!

10¢ at all 10c stores

And its fragrance lasts!



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Send Name and Address! Girls! Boys! Ladies! Attractive wrist watches, new novel premiums, useful household items or CASH COMMISSION easily yours! SIMPLY give amazing pictures in gorgeous colors with **White CLOVERINE** Brand **SALVE** for chaps and mild burns easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture) and remit amounts stated for premium wanted, as explained in catalog sent with order, postage paid by us. Our 48th year. Be first. Write for trial order salve and pictures on trust to start. Send no money now!
WILSON CHEM. CO., Inc., Dept. 10-33, TYRONE, PA.

apartment and set out to crash the movies.

One day they made a date for a dancing tryout the following morning, so the Ryan ladies rushed home jubilantly to clean and press one of Peggy's ballet dresses.

"Our great moment!" announced Peggy with considerable exuberance. "Get us—going Hollywood." She leaned with force on the ironing board which promptly collapsed, dropping the iron neatly on one of Peggy's more important toes.

The doctor told them there was nothing to do but to wait for the foot to heal in due time. Peggy danced anyway the next morning, but the effect was more crane-ish than swanlike, so another child got the part. That was one of the bad times.

One of the good times was the celebrated evening when Peggy was signed to dance at the Trocadero, at that period the swankiest spot in town. When she pirouetted out onto the dance floor, her ballet slippers did a six o'clock, and Miss Peggy sat down with force. She collected herself, brushed off her landing gear and made a second attempt to do a junior Spectre de la Rose with full fanny effect.

About this time an ingenious head waiter decided that the floor was possibly a trifle too slick, so the disgruntled danseuse was lifted to a table top and there performed her steps with gusto. When she had finished and was taking repeated bows, Robert Taylor strode across the room, bowed and presented Peggy with one brilliant red rose. She almost swooned.

Years later, the Ryans in force descended upon the Troc as patrons. Peggy and her father walked ahead; Peggy's mother and grandmother came after. As they tripped down the stairs, Mrs. Ryan, Sr., stumbled and almost dived into the center of a nearby table.

"Mama!" cried Mrs. Ryan.

"Mother, are you all right?" demanded Mr. Ryan.

"Madame!" moaned the head waiter.

Grandmother Ryan brushed away helping hands. "Just you never mind," she ordered. "The last time my granddaughter performed on a table here, she was given a red rose. I should do as well."

no grass for grandma . . .

Grandmother has, at other times, had a succinct opinion to express. When Peggy and her parents moved into a bungalow on Cahuenga Boulevard and were discussing the manner in which the small front dooryard should be landscaped, Grandmother said, "Don't sow it to grass for goodness sake. Your father will be so busy he won't have time to cut it, and you girls are so dainty that you don't need the exercise. Plant a good sturdy crop of ivy."

So Peggy planted the entire plot to ivy, watered it religiously and is now rewarded by a fine, dense growth in which you could lose a dachshund forever.

The house itself had been allowed to retrograde by its previous tenants, so Peggy and her Ma painted the walls in each room. That done, they made curtains: ecru for the living room, frilly white crisscross for the bedrooms and plaid gingham for the kitchen and breakfast room. The furniture is blond throughout.

For Peggy's room they made a quilted white satin spread with a matching bolster and bought thick white string rugs. Peggy, with several yards of white net and blue-barred taffeta, built herself a dressing table that looks like something filched from the star department at the Metropolitan.

Peggy's next ambition, if the acting department continues to be so successful (and those who know insist that her career is just getting well started on a terrific upsweep), is to buy her parents a substantial house in some comfortable suburb.

Peggy's father, who is a color engineer for Technicolor, says he is still head of the household, thank you, and Missy will take orders from him about how she squanders her money on others. When he wants a house, he will buy it.

But Peg and her mother exchange knowing smiles. A man has his pride and his own plans, of course, but what chance has he against the guile of two pixies?

advice to the lovelorn . . .

Speaking of careers, Peggy's has grown right along with that of Donald O'Connor, and the two are practically soul mates in a casual sort of way. She asks him for advice on the Technique of Handling a Man. She wants to know, should she buy Ray this present or that? Don tells her. When she and Ray have one of their very, very rare misunderstandings, she tells Don a highly involved story about two anonymous friends of hers who have argued about such and such.

Don, from the heights of utter impartiality, hands down a decision . . . usually in favor of his fellow male being. Even if it's partisan, it's helpful.

On the other hand Peggy needles Don into doing many of the gallant and thoughtful things that endear a man to a girl. She reminds him to send flowers to his hostess after a social affair and urges him to write thank-you notes to those who have done him a favor.

Together, they commit grand larceny upon any and all scenes in which they appear. The understanding is that they will never steal from each other, but that whenever possible they will filch the camera interest from other players. They aren't certain yet how successful they were in this attempt when they appeared with Richard Dix in "Top Man." Mr. Dix is an old hand at the game himself. Whenever they thought they had a particularly hot bit of business scheduled, Mr. Dix went before the camera with a few tricks just a trifle more torrid.

Unprejudiced onlookers have expressed a desire to see Peggy and Don work in a picture with Mickey Rooney, no slouch at dramatic theft himself.

That the relationship between Don and Peggy is antiseptically platonic is indicated by his answer when a friend asked him why he didn't date a terrific number like Miss Ryan. "We go out on double dates," he explained. "Gwen and I, Peggy and Ray. But I've never had a real date with Peggy because, after all, she's engaged. I mean, she's engaged *to be married*."

After placing great emphasis on that last phrase, he added, "But she's the swellest girl in the world."

That says it.

Why risk cutting cuticle?

— when it's so easy to keep cuticle trim with Trimal!

The safe, gentle way to remove cuticle is the same method used by professional manicurists. Simply wrap cotton around manicure stick and apply Trimal. Then watch dead, loose cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed and delighted with results! Ask for the 10c or 25c size now — at drug, department or 10c stores.

Use **TRIMAL**

...keeps cuticle trim without cutting

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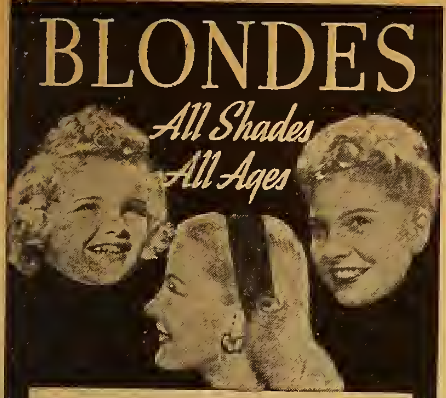

New 11-Minute Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

This special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening — brightens faded blonde hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights. Safe for children's hair. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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To be set to music. Send your song poem today for free examination by nationally famous hit composer who has had over 325 songs published. Our new 6 step plan is most liberal and complete ever offered. Write today for free booklet.

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Clean—New Easy Way

RETTO DENTURE CLEANSER quickly removes stains and decaying food particles *without brushing!* Banishes "Denture Breath"—leaves mouth refreshed. Hundreds of thousands of cans used. More for your money. Insist on Retto Cleanser and Retto Adhesive at 10¢ and Drug Stores. Sample FREE! RETTO PRODUCTS CO., Dept. P, Cleveland, O.

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The unsightly itching misery of many pimples, blackheads, rashes externally caused, and eczema is relieved on contact by Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment the first time used. Then simply use as needed while nature heals. Millions have used Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment. It is time-tried and tested. Insist on the genuine Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment, 25c at drug counters or sent postpaid from E. T. Browne Drug Co., 129 Water Street, New York City. (To complete complexion beauty try Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Soap—effectively medicated—25c.

USED FOR 104 YEARS

Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS OINTMENT

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

Newcomers You Should Know:

As you read this item, the name John Harvey probably means very little to you unless you saw the New York production of "Kiss and Tell." In that case, your eyebrows will be up to here with anticipation, and your ears will be extended like the hand of a six-year-old at the word "candy" for news of Mr. Harvey.

John is tall, brown and humorous. He is under contract to 20th Century-Fox and is currently working in "Four Jills and a Jeep." Before that he made "Pin-up Girl" with Betty Grable.

The reason Señor Harvey is important to you readers—pending the release of his pictures—is the fact that he has thought up, in the secrecy of his nifty noodle, a neat gift gadget for his wife. He has started a gold charm bracelet; for each picture he makes, he will add an item to his wife's collection. At present the bracelet consists of a heart (with a picture of John engraved on the outside) for "Pin-up Girl," and a gold jeep for "Four Jills, etc."

Brain Gain:

Did you know that Sonny Tufts has established a scholarship at Yale for some outstanding student each year? When asked if he had specified the course that such a student must take, he said with a grin, "Nope. What good would it do? After all I'm an actor, yet my degree is in anthropology."

* * *

Don't let *anyone* tell you that Carole Landis' book was written by anybody but herself. It happened while she was in New York. She was sitting in her hotel one night, reading, when the thought struck her—as it has you and me—"Why don't I write a book?"

So she did. So three publishers bid on it. There is no particular surprise in her success as anyone who has ever interviewed Carole will be glad to tell you that she handles words the way Harry James handles brass.

Brass Buttons:

Originally, Lt. Robert Taylor had planned to be home for Christmas. His graduation ceremony, awarding him Navy wings, was to have taken place on December 20. However, flying conditions had been so bad at his training field that not enough flying hours could be accumulated, so the ceremony had to be moved forward several weeks. This meant that he couldn't get to Hollywood for the holidays, and Barbara Stanwyck was working in a picture, so she couldn't get away. Thus the Taylors, like many another service family, were separated during the holidays.

* * *

Susan Peters has taken a small apartment in San Francisco to be near her husband, Seaman Richard Quine of the Coast Guard. She will be in Hollywood only when picture commitments make her presence necessary.

* * *

Last summer, when George Montgomery was a-courtin' Dinah Shore, she said on several occasions, "Shall we stop at my sister's house and take her kids to the beach with us?"

The children consisted of (1) Peter and (2) Linda. Peter had met George on several occasions and was so impressed with that rugged gentleman that he refused to answer to his own name thereafter. "You should have named me George," he announced. "That's what I want to be called from now on."

Last fall Peter and Linda, along with their parents, were transferred to an Army post in Texas. Their father, Captain Maurice Selig-

MISERIES OF Baby's Cold Relieved As He Sleeps

Now... here's wonderful home-proved medication that works **2 ways at once** to relieve distress of child's cold—**even while he sleeps!**

Just rub throat, chest **and back** with Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. **Instantly** VapoRub starts to relieve coughing spasms, ease muscular soreness or tightness, and invite restful, comforting sleep. Often by morning, most of the misery is gone.

For your baby's sake... try Vicks VapoRub tonight. It must be good, because when colds strike, most modern mothers use **VICKS VAPORUB**

TIPSTIK

... for New Lip Beauty!

It's the lip rouge and applicator combination that enables you to apply the enticingly smooth rouge with the easy skill of a Hollywood makeup artist.

The clever, flame-shaped applicator provides precise lip lines, eliminates brush struggles and messy, red-stained fingers.

Lips stay fresh looking for hours and every last bit of the rouge, in its gleaming black plastic container, can be used.

TIPSTIK shades are rich, fashion-right and as exciting as their names.

Drug and 10c stores **25c**

5 Glamorous Hollywood Reds

RUMOR RED ☐ dark
ROOKIE RED ☐ rich-red
RALLY RED ☐ light
RIVAL RED ☐ medium
RENO RED ☐ blue-red

If your favorite store is out of TIPSTIK mail this coupon with 25c to: TIPSTIK COSMETICS—3424 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, 26, Calif. Check color preference above. Your TIPSTIK will be mailed postpaid.

Name
Address
City State

MO-3

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

man, is a flight surgeon attached to the Army Air Corps.

Recently, through one of those inexplicable military happenstances, George Montgomery found himself stationed temporarily at the same camp and was invited repeatedly to the Seligman home.

And here, the question of military rank arose. As a gag, Captain Seligman explained to Corporal Montgomery that the corporal must salute and remain standing while the captain consumed his own morning cereal and/or fruit cup, and that of Corporal Montgomery as well.

It was a good gag, but it didn't work because the first morning it was tried, Peter-George set up such a howl in behalf of his hero that military courtesy had to go by the boards out of respect for the neighbors' ears.

* * *

Two Navy ensigns were driving along the highway, bound for Alameda Air Base, when their car sputtered and swooned by the wayside. They checked gas, oil and battery. They checked distributor points. They couldn't discover the woe. Finally they decided that, because of the hour, they must leave Betsy to her lonely devices beside the highway and thumb their way to the station.

The blond ensign stepped a few paces down the highway and assumed as pathetic an air as possible while his fellow traveler tinkered listlessly with the car. Whiz went one car; whiz went another; zip went a third. No ride.

The blond ensign was joined by his buddy, who had given up the car as a lost cause. Still the cars whizzed by shooting back a prop wash that threatened to give the thumbers a severe case of pneumonia.

They waited five, ten, fifteen minutes. Twenty, thirty, forty. The situation was well out of hand. "I've got an idea," said the dark member of the duo and turned the spotlight on his blond buddy. Believe it or not, a car stopped. It was, however, a U.S.O. vehicle and would have picked up the stranded pair regardless of any consideration except their uniform.

Safely back at base, the dark gentleman began to rib the light gentleman. "And to think that any one of those cars would have stopped in a minute if they had known who you were," he laughed. "Just for an autograph, they would have stopped."

The blond ensign was Robert Stack.

* * *

When Frances Neal answered the telephone one afternoon, she was astonished to learn that the caller was the transoceanic telephone operator and that Lt. Van Heflin was going to call his wife in 36 hours. This precall arrangement has been found to be the only possible way in which calls can be completed.

For 36 hours Frances moved in a mist of vital questions to be asked, messages to be delivered and a combination of both.

An hour before the call was put through, the operator called again and explained certain restrictions. During a transoceanic conversation, one may not ask what clothes a man is wearing nor how the weather is. One may not refer to any cablegrams or letters previously written.

At last, Van's voice came over the wires. All his overjoyed wife could think of to say was, "Honey, are you well?" and, "Darling, it's so wonderful to hear the sound of your voice."

And—very important—"Yes, honey, Vanna is getting along fine; she looks more like you every day."

* * *

Here is one of the stories just coming to ear, after the whirlwind departure of the Great Mature. When he entered the foyer of the studio publicity department for the first time since his active duty with the Coast Guard, he uttered a yelp of pain upon noting the pictures framed upon the walls. On one side of the lobby were enlarged photographs of Tyrone Power in uniform and John Payne likewise; on the opposite side were two glamour girl shots.

"'S an outrage," announced Vic, storming through the halls. "I'm the only guy on the lot who has seen active service overseas, and do I get my picture in the rogue's gallery? Do I? Fine thing!"

Although he kidded the issue, those who knew him well realized that Vic was a little hurt by the oversight, so a matching picture of The Hunk suddenly appeared on the wall above Ty and John.

This, of course, was one of his minor accomplishments. He swept into town like a tornado. He was everywhere at once. He entered more night clubs than the beverage shortage, and he created more laughs than Skelton on a load of feathers. He was a dynamo, a titan. After he had gone, a friend drew a deep breath and described The Hunk: "He's a trim craft about the size of a dinghy, but he's powered with four Pratt & Whitney engines at full throttle."

* * *

It was a great day at Paramount when the fair-haired boy of the lot, Alan Ladd, came home from the wars. Word had spread throughout all departments that he would arrive around nine A.M. for the first day of shooting on "And Now Tomorrow," so glad hands were thrust from every doorway, and there were Welcome Home signs festooned from set to set and from roof to roof.

He waded through a thousand greetings and shook hands by the hundred. His voice was getting weak, his back had a distinctly tender spot from the good-natured thumpings he had taken, and he was ready for a breather when he reached the stage on which he was to work.

There, he found that in the midst of all the gala celebration, one colossal detail had been neglected. No one had thought to supply him with that one most important possession of a star: his portable dressing room. It was still languishing in storage.

Bing Singing:

There is an epigram to the effect that if you cast bread upon the waters, it will return as milk toast.

Tenny rate, in the Paramount music department there works a girl named Jeanette Mendelson who is a celebrated do-gooder. Several years ago she was working in New York and knew, because they dropped into her office regularly, a group of ambitious but starving singers called The Rhythm Boys. A good deal of the time they were suffering from hunger, so Jeanette always brought along several extra sandwiches in her luncheon. When any of the boys—and usually it was all three

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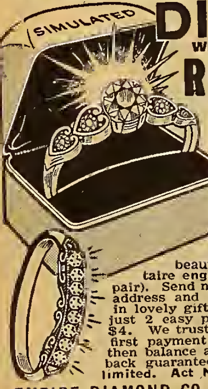

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Thanks to the improved Chi-Ches-Ters Pills—and the girls at the plant who told me about them—I no longer suffer on "difficult days". Chi-Ches-Ters are so effective for simple periodic distress because they're more than just a pain-killer. One of their ingredients is intended to help relax cramps and tensions that cause pain. And there's an added iron factor tending to help build up your blood. Be sure to try them for "those days". Ask your druggist tomorrow for a 50¢ size, and follow directions on the package.

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I know I've been an awful grouch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet darn near killed me with callouses and burning. Now I've reformed—or rather my feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps soften callouses is nobody's business! Been able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.

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Read this new book about Plastic Reconstruction. Tells how easy it is for noses to be shaped—protruding ears, thick lips wrinkles, and signs of age corrected. Also cleft palate, hare-lip and pendulous breasts. Plastic Surgery explained. Elaborate illustrations.

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For a minor burn or scald, spread a liberal quantity of Sayman Salve on a clean cloth or gauze and lay it gently over the affected area so as to exclude air. Leave this dressing on for a few days—then re-dress daily. This grand medicated ointment usually helps to bring welcome relief from pain in surprisingly short order. That's why so many rely on it—for minor burns and scalds; chapped, rough, red skin; externally-caused eczema.

SAYMAN SALVE

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

—dropped in, she would complain loudly about her inability to enjoy a peaceful luncheon hour and would mention sadly the drying condition of the food she wasn't going to have time to eat. The boys always came to her rescue at this point and disposed of the food to keep it from spoiling.

Zip denotes the passing of time which moves Jeanette from New York to Hollywood. At her desk recently she found that she wasn't going to have time to go to the Commissary, so telephoned and asked them to send a salad, a sandwich and a pot of coffee to her office so that she could have a desk luncheon and so continue her work.

Along the corridors there came, in due time, the genial crooning of one Mr. Bing Crosby, formerly of The Rhythm Boys. He had been in the commissary when Miss Mendelson's order came in, so he had become a singing waiter in memory of the times when he had been a waiting singer.

C'est La Guerre:

When the Victory Committee was arranging itineraries for the stars who left during Christmas week to entertain at Army camps throughout the United States, they approached Lucille Ball apologetically. They explained that not every tour was equally pleasant. There were some camps where accommodations were limited in the extreme and where adjacent towns were so small that only the most rugged of quarters were available. As an illustration, they cited one particular camp and described the surrounding countryside. It sounded like the atmospheric setting for a Boris Karloff picture.

To put it briefly they were breaking the news to Lucille that she had drawn a scroungy assignment. Lucille, nevertheless, was all sweetness and light. She said that a camp in such a locality undoubtedly needed entertainment far more desperately than some of the more pleasantly situated training spots. She would be glad to go, she said with a secret smile, regardless of problems entailed.

What she didn't confide was that her sister's husband happened—by one of those amazing coincidences—to be stationed at that camp, and her sister was living in a tiny house in the nearby village. It appeared that in Lucille's case she was to have the satisfaction of being patriotic and having a wonderful Christmas visit with her sister at the same time.

Two days before Lucille was to leave, she received a jubilant telephone call from the Los Angeles Union Station. It was her sister; her husband had been granted a 14-day furlough, so the pair had sped to Los Angeles to spend the holidays with Lucille.

Altogether, Lucille and her relatives managed to spend three days together—in Los Angeles.

* * *

When Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Mayo Methot, left for overseas on an entertainment tour, M'sieu Bogart dragged out his old trunk, a relic of the time when Bogie served an enlistment in the Navy. On the side was neatly stenciled the legend, H. Bogart, Seaman, 1st class.

Upon arrival at their first port of call, Bogie discovered that he was utterly without luggage. It seems that the Navy, spotting its own, had shipped the trunk to some unannounced destination with other Navy luggage. So Bogie borrowed some G.I. fatigue clothes to give his one shirt a much needed rest.

Macaw Gnaw:

This is a story of mankind's inability to conquer the animal kingdom.

Specifically, it deals with the reason for Sonny Tufts' current Big Stories explaining why his hand has just emerged from ban-

for family colds!

When a "cold wave" hits the family, keep plenty of *Sitroux* Tissues on hand. They're soft enough for tender tot . . . strong enough for robust pop . . . and absorbent enough for the most worrisome colds in the family. Keep those germs out of circulation with thrifty, sanitary *Sitroux* Tissues.

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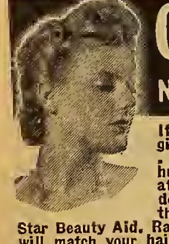

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dages, and there appears to be a small but nasty scar on his thumb.

Some time ago a friend of Mr. Tufts was bitten by a pet dog. "If you keep pets that bite," ribbed Sonny, "you have to expect occasional demonstrations. Me, I keep a bird."

The bird is a macaw; his conversational gifts are extensive. The only trouble with him is that he likes to sleep all day and to describe his dreams in ringing tones all night, a habit distasteful to the tired Tufts. One Sunday, Sonny decided to teach the macaw a lesson. Every time Feathers went to sleep, Sonny inserted a hand between the bars of the cage and stirred him until he awakened, blinking.

This went on all day, a contest between Sonny and slumber. The macaw, at first puzzled, went rapidly from bewilderment to fury. The next time he dozed, only to be rudely startled by a human hand, Feathers took a good, juicy, deep bite out of it.

Sonny has told his dog-loving friend that he battered his hand when he ran into a door.

Sub-Par Car:

There was a time in Utopia-On-the-Pacific when a star was known by the car he kept. Currently, however, a paintless kiddie car with an outboard motor which will get 30 miles to a gallon is considered *le cabriolet parfait*. Ella Raines drives an alleged motor with a finish like a hopeless case of smallpox and more squeaks than a convention of mice. But it gets wonderful mileage.

Recently Ella picked up four sailors and drove them to their destination. "What do you do?" one of the blues asked.

"I'm an actress," replied Ella.

The middies exchanged glances. Three of them suppressed polite smiles, but the fourth observed, "Driving a heap like this, you sure prove that you're in the chips, Sister. But I'm all for you. Always give yourself a build-up, I say."

Dream Sack Lack:

The Schoonover family, of which Gloria Jean is one of the most remarkable members, have been having their troubles. The first thing that happened was that the house they had been renting was sold from under them. By dint of great ingenuity and physical effort they found a house in North Hollywood and bought it. The former tenants were returning to the midwest, so took their furniture with them, and the Schoonovers were faced with the stupendous task of equipping a home.

Beds, of course, were the major problem. After shopping like mad for days, they finally ordered a complete feather equipment. It was to be delivered on a Tuesday morning, but nothing arrived. Nor Tuesday noon. Nor Tuesday afternoon. When the evening paper arrived, they learned that the store from which they had ordered their dream sacks had burned down.

That night they slept on the floor. The next day they started their shopping all over again. It required three days for the mattresses (victory type) to be delivered.

Yes, they all had colds. And stiff necks. And a new respect for G.I.s who go out on five-day bivouacs.

Social Scene:

One of the great cinematic social events of December was the premiere of "The Song of Bernadette" starring sensitive, beautiful Jennifer Jones. The premiere itself was held at Carthay Circle Theater, an impressive showplace halfway between Los Angeles and Beverly Hills. Absent, of course, were the elaborate gowns and jewelry that used to supply the dazzle for such occasions, but very

Corporal George Montgomery and his auburn-haired Dinah were there; so were Colonel Tom Lewis and his lovely wife, Loretta Young, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, Don and Honore Ameche, Lana Turner and Steve Crane, Mary Pickford and Lt. Buddy Rogers, Hedy Lamarr and John Loder, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, the Fred MacMurrays.

Lon McCallister brought Marjorie Riordan and stood around in agony for several moments, wondering what to do next. He had discovered, when he dived into his pocket for the tickets, that he had forgotten them. It didn't occur to modest "California" that all he had to do was to approach the box office, say "Hello" to the girl there who would have recognized him instantly and supplied replacements. Duplicate ticket stubs had been prepared for just such emergencies, which was a lucky thing for your Good News correspondent as she, also, left her tickets safely on the desk in her office.

As it was, Lon—getting pinker by the moment—struggled through the crowds until he found a studio representative, then explained his dilemma. "My boy," quoth the flabbergasted 20th Century employee to Lon, "just stay as sweet as you are. Such modesty is not only refreshing, but practically unknown hereabouts."

Since it was not only Jennifer Jones' first picture but undoubtedly that which will make her a star, she had been planning for weeks to attend. She had bought a short dress and a long dress, so as to be properly prepared for either a simple or a grand debut. She had her hair done. But the night of the preview she was given instruction—according to intimate friends—to stay at home. Jennifer is under contract to D. O. Selznick and made "Bernadette" on loan-out to 20th Century. Recently she has been working for Selznick in a picture titled "Since You Went Away."

The local presumption is that she is being saved for *that* premiere so that she can first appear before press and public under the aegis of her contract holder. Such a plan may have been good business, but it was a bad break for the girl who has already had her share of Hollywood heartache.

Quickies:

Rudy Vallee's time is no longer our time. It all belongs to the new Mrs. Vallee, née Bettyjane Greer, who recently married the curly-haired Coast Guard lieutenant in a ceremony held at the Westwood Village Community Chapel. Miss Greer set a bridal precedent by wearing a long-sleeved gold lamé dress, the long skirt of which was slit to the knee in front. Her hat was brown velvet with a starched brown veil. The groom wore the conventional naval uniform and an ecstatic beam.

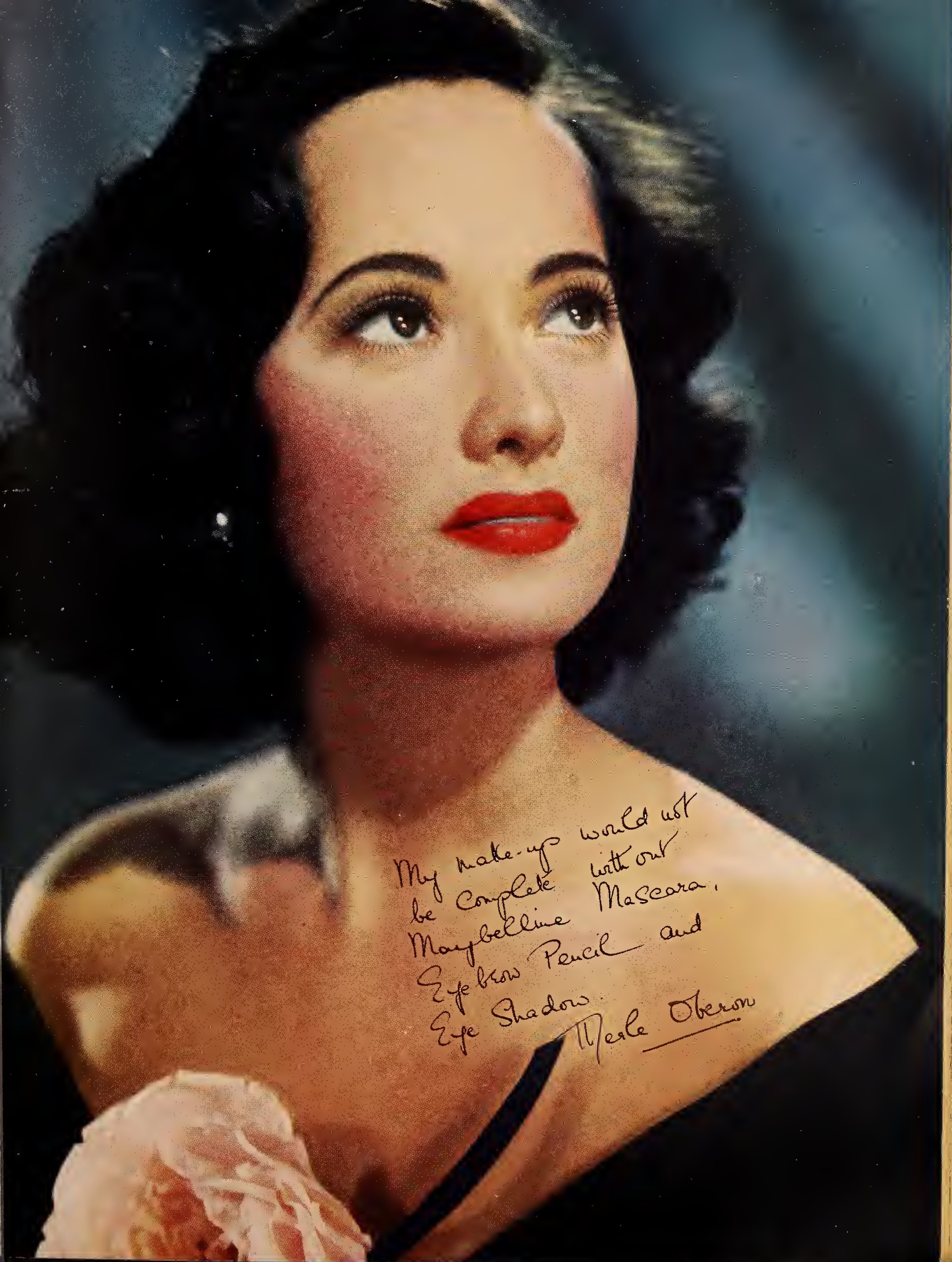
Also married this month were Robert Hutton (for whom Warner Brothers is holding out high hopes) and Natalie Thompson.

Brenda Marshall Holden has been supplied by her husband with nicotine-less cigarettes. Purpose: to help her get rid of that small, throaty cough. By the time you read this, her son, Westy, will be four months old.

Judy Garland and Tom Drake, the Metro sensation who will knock you flatter than an ungummed postage stamp when you see "Meet Me In St. Louis," have found each other.

Gene Tierney is currently back in Hollywood, at work on "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." She left her small daughter, Darici, in Washington, D. C., with Mrs. Tierney because the Cassini house is rented, and Gene had no place to live. Cobina Wright, Jr., insisted that Gene move in with her until she could find quarters.

Charles Boyer and Pat Patterson became the parents of a 6 pound 4½ ounce boy. We'll



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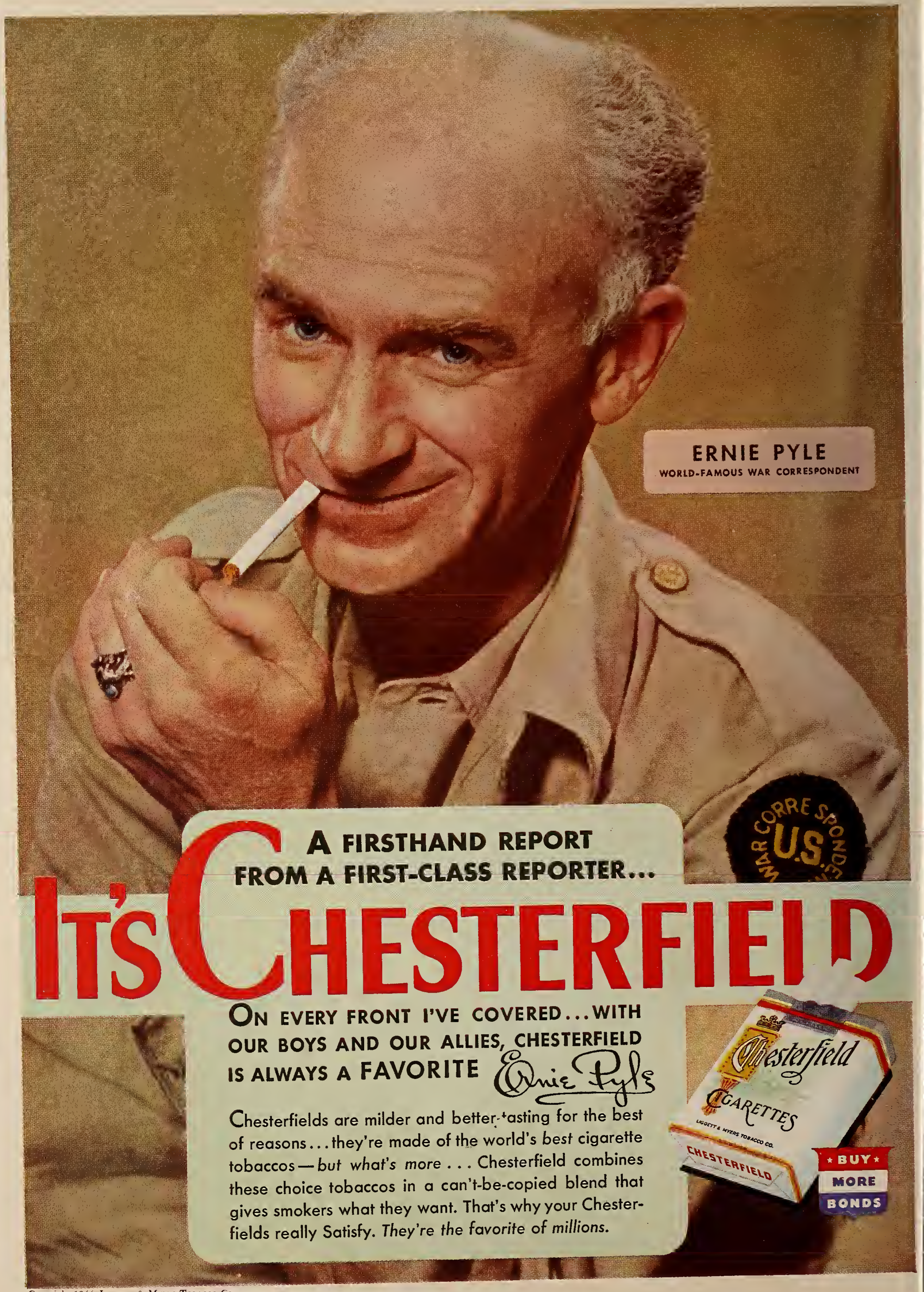

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of DONALD O'CONNOR

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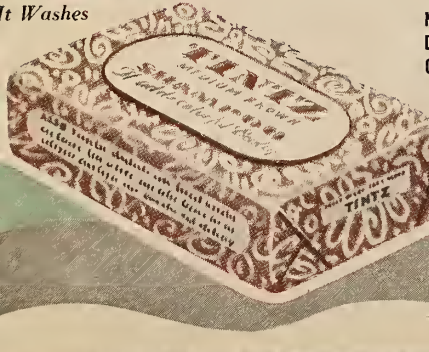

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a lovely smile has beau-catching charm!

Help keep your smile sparkling and appealing with the aid of Ipana and Massage!

DARE TO DREAM, Plain Girl! How do other girls make their fondest hopes come true? How do they win hearts and happiness? Seldom are they great beauties. But often, very often, they succeed because *they know how to smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a brief, hesitant smile, but one that flashes out radiant and appealing. Remember, though, for such a smile, teeth must be sound and sparkling. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist!* He may tell you your gums are tender—deprived of work by soft, creamy foods. And as thousands of dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiant!

A Bright Star wherever she goes—the girl with a radiant smile. Help keep your smile sparkling with Ipana and massage.

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The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

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The greatest star of the screen!

A snappy salute is in order—as M-G-M brings "See Here, Private Hargrove" to the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Big Studio has made a very special issue of the best-seller G. I. story!

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Walker whose own private life reads like a composite biography of the average private, plays the title role!

Walker worked in a garage, punched cattle in Texas, jerked sodas on Broadway, survived a wreck at sea, then turned to the film-world for more excitement.

★ ★ ★ ★

He made his bow to picture-audiences as the sailor-boy in "Bataan"—followed this with a role in "Madame Curie". His checkered past partly accounts for his splendid performance as the naive rookie.

★ ★ ★ ★

"See Here, Private Hargrove" should be seen. It's definitely in the nature of a command performance for every sweetheart, wife, mother, dad and kid brother.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or even if your closest association with the service is the memory of the smiling kid next door!

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's film is a rollicking, entertaining revelation of a masculine world!

★ ★ ★ ★

With lovely Donna Reed providing the feminine touch—and it's a delightful one.

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Benchley, Bob Crosby, Keenan Wynn, Ray Collins and Chill Wills also answer to the entertainment roll call!

★ ★ ★ ★

Wesley Ruggles, one of Hollywood's foremost comedy directors, pilots the screen Hargrove in top-flight fashion.

★ ★ ★ ★

George Haight produced with great gusto.

★ ★ ★ ★

Leo gives a hand to Harry Kurnitz for the screen play and the initial pat on the back to the newspaperman who became a private—then told the world all about it!

★ ★ ★ ★

Our closing phrase is a paraphrase: "See—Hear—Private Hargrove"!

—*Leo*

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

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The toughest, wickedest, smartest kid in show biz—that's what they said about him before he was washed up at 13! Part 1, life story 30

EVEN IN THE BEST OF FAMILIES . . .
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ALBERT P. DELACORTE, *Executive Editor*
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FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS
BONDS
STAMPS

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SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE

The First Great Rookie Comedy of the War

M-G-M Presents
THE LAUGHS OF
A NATION!

with **ROBERT WALKER** *as Private Hargrove*

Yes! The riotous
Best Seller is
on the Screen!

DONNA REED · KEENAN WYNN
ROBERT BENCHLEY

RAY COLLINS · CHILL WILLS

Directed by
WESLEY RUGGLES ·

Produced by
GEORGE HAIGHT

Screen Play by Harry Kurnitz. Based upon the book by Marion Hargrove

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

MOVIE REVIEWS

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Donald (Don O'Connor) on suspension from Naval Academy, dates Glory (Ann Blyth) on train. Peg (Peggy Ryan) botches things by dewy-eyed greeting.

You can't help liking Donald O'Connor any more than you could help liking a cocker spaniel puppy. They have the same exuberance, the same endearing appeal. Donald, who in real life sticks to one girl like gum to your shoe, has a new leading lady in every picture. This one is Ann Blyth, pretty and charming, who can sing like the well-known nightingale. As usual, Peggy Ryan is around, trying to get Donald to view her with something beside a caustic brotherliness, and getting nowhere. Arthur Treacher, the world's most famous butler, is in the cast, too, playing—yeah, sure, a butler!

Donald is in trouble right from the picture's start. It's tough when you're in love with a girl, and you find out that her mother and your father used to be in love but quarreled and parted. Ditto for her grandmother and your grandfather. It sort of creates a family tradition.

Glory Marlowe III (Ann (*Continued on page 8*)

Don finds Dad once loved and squabbled with Glory's Mom. Feud goes back to grandparents. (With Quiz Kid Joel Kupperman, Irving Bacon.)

More trouble when Don suspects Dad is a spy. Peggy phones Glory to explain she was only "hamming" at station, is practically sister to Don. Relieved, Glory asks them to "welcome home" party where plot really starts spinning.

By Virginia Wilson

MAKE ROOM IN YOUR HEART
FOR ALL OF THEM!
THE *Sullivans* ARE MOVING IN!

★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY *BIGGER!*

★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY *BETTER!*

★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY *GREATER!*

THE SULLIVANS

Presented by **20th CENTURY-FOX**

with

ANNE BAXTER · THOMAS MITCHELL

SELENA ROYLE · TRUDY MARSHALL

and

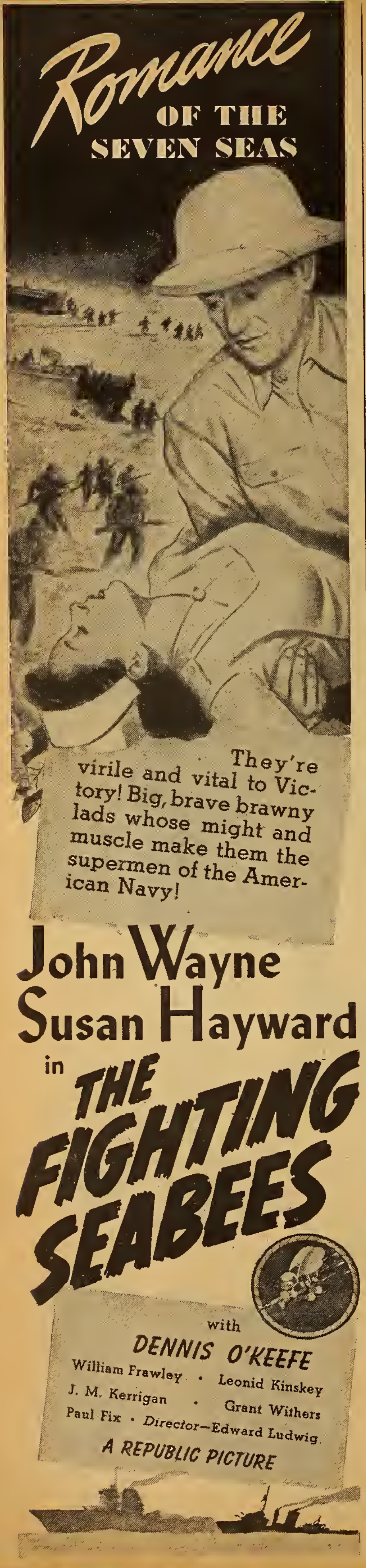
EDWARD RYAN · JOHN CAMPBELL · JAMES CARDWELL
JOHN ALVIN · GEORGE OFFERMAN, Jr. *As "The Sullivan Boys"*

Directed by LLOYD BACON · Produced by SAM JAFFE · Associate Producer ROBERT T. KANE · Screen Play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. · Story by Edward Doherty and Jules Schermer

WATCH FOR—

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
first production since his return from the fighting front:

THE PURPLE HEART


Romance OF THE SEVEN SEAS

They're virile and vital to Victory! Big, brave brawny lads whose might and muscle make them the supermen of the American Navy!

John Wayne
Susan Hayward
in
THE FIGHTING SEABEES
with
DENNIS O'KEEFE
William Frawley • Leonid Kinskey
J. M. Kerrigan • Grant Withers
Paul Fix • Director—Edward Ludwig
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 6*)

Blyth) has a famous actress for a mother and an even more famous one for a grandmother. But they are definitely allergic to Corrigans, and Donald is a Corrigan. Glory doesn't know about the tradition when she meets Donald on a train on her way home from Honolulu. He is going to New York on an extended leave from Naval Academy. Extended by the head of the Academy—"and don't come back until you can behave yourself!" Everything is fine on the train. But when they get to New York, Peggy, a young actress (Peggy Ryan), is at the train to meet Donald, and she greets him with a scene that would have done justice to Juliet! Glory looks the situation over and goes off with her nose in the air, while Donald tries to shake Peggy off. When he follows Glory to her home, he runs into the anti-Corrigan campaign waged by Glory I (Helen Broderick) and Glory II (Helen Vinson), aided and abetted by Quentin (Arthur Treacher), a retired stage butler.

Don goes dejectedly off to his father's apartment, and there the first thing he hears is his dad (Patric Knowles) talking in surreptitious whispers to some guy with a Teutonic accent about "secret plans" and such. The conversation goes on with, "Be sure you aren't suspected" and, "Let's settle the money part of the deal." Obviously Donald's father, a commander in the Navy, has become a spy! Well, anyway, it seems obvious to Donald, who is worried half out of his wits.

He does manage to solve one problem, though. He persuades Peggy to call up Glory and explain that the scene at the station was just the "ham" coming out in her and that Donald is not really her "one and own true love" as she indicated at that time. Glory is relieved to hear it. She really likes Donald a lot and thinking about Peggy hasn't done her peace of mind any good. Now she's so happy that she invites them both to her "welcome home" party. When they arrive and find the place full of producers and theatrical celebrities, Peggy almost knocks herself out trying to attract attention. Glory sings a song, which delights everyone. Then Peggy makes Donald do a dance with her, but by then all the producers have adjourned to the library. They are in a huddle with Glory I and Glory II, persuading them to let Glory III star in a show. Everyone finally agrees that it's a good idea—except Glory III. She's been planning to do some special war work, and anyway she doesn't care about the theater. Donald persuades her to agree, and the producers sigh with relief. But the sigh changes to a scream of anguish when he adds firmly "on condition that all profits go to war relief."

Glory goes into the show, and Donald is sent back to the Naval Academy, to spend the next week worrying over the "spy" angle. But things happen fast when you get kids like Glory and Peggy and Donald as catalytic agents. The first thing you know, all the problems are solved, and everything's "very okay"!—*Univ.*

P. S.

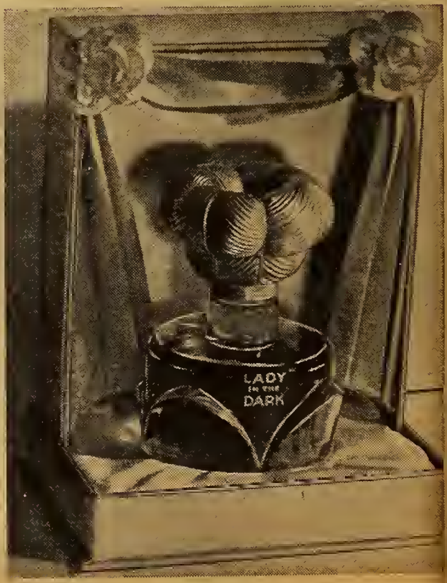
This was Don O'Connor's next-to-the-last epic before reporting for Army duty. . . . Production marks the cinematic debut of famous Quiz Kid Joel Kupperman, who was not aware of the rumors that he had been hired not only to act but to figure out the income tax of the studio's top executives. . . . Joel learned his lines

(*Continued on page 12*)

TIPS ON WINNERS

There are things you'd hate to face life without. Like a butter-smooth lipstick. Like good, sturdy moccasins and perfume and sweaters. *Especially* sweaters. Because you live in them, you're a perfect fiend about details. You've got a right to be. Lois-Anne, who styled the Glamour-Knit below has turned out a collection for Spring in baby-soft colors. The no-droop, no-sag kind! For dope on Glamour-Knits and the booklet they're giving away free, flip to pg. 74. And what better time than this to tell you that if Dorothy Gray's new scent, "Lady in the Dark," were the only prize offered in our contest, this month, we'd still call it worth your while. Instead of standing at a beauty counter fingering its gold-plumed bottle, try snagging it free through the contest. You never know!

Betty Lynn in Glamour-Knit's classic slip-on sweater of 100% wool. Done by stylist Lois-Anne in luscious colors.



Dorothy Gray's tender new Spring scent is caught and held in a clear crystal bottle topped by golden feathered stopper.

Warner Bros. present once again the kind of story for which they are famed

HUMPHREY BOGART

AS *MATRAC,* THE OUTCAST

PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE

By the authors of 'Mutiny on the Bounty'

WITH THIS REMARKABLE SUPPORTING CAST:

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A HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION ☆ Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Jack Moffitt • From a Novel by Charles Nordhoff & James Norman Hall • Music by Max Steiner ☆ DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ

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SLACK SUIT

MARJORIE
WEAVER
STARRING IN
Paramount's
"You Can't
Ration Love"

Two-tone effect does miracles to trim you—slim you! Jacket and slacks gorgeously tailored of a rich, lustrous rayon fabric that's wonderfully crush-resistant! Two deep pockets in semi-fitted jacket. Smartly designed slacks drape beautifully! Sizes 10 to 20. $8.98, plus postage.

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Please send "Script Girl" Slack Suit, at $8.98, plus postage.
Color combinations:
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Size: 10 12 14 16 18 20 (Circle size)
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By Jean Kinkead

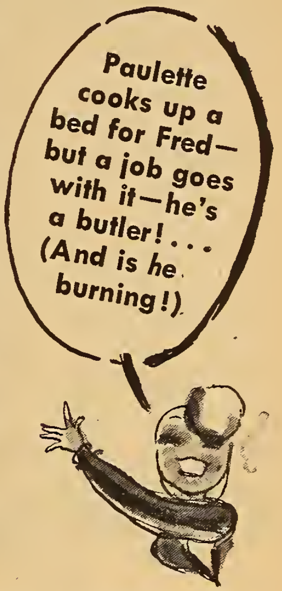
Co-ed

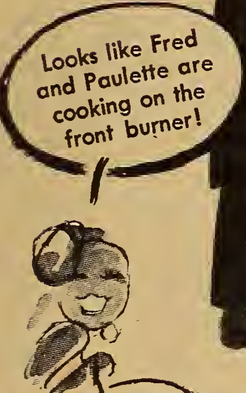
Feeling useless as a steak knife? Cadet Nurse Corps is a life-saver for you . . . and a couple dozen doughboys!

Last month we told you that henceforward "Co-ed" would be strictly love stuff, and here we go reneging on you right off the bat. Can you forgive us just this once? If we ask you very, very pretty please? If we give you an awful good reason?

Came a letter in our mail that really got us. It said: "I want to know all there is to know about the United States Cadet Nurse Corps. Why? Well, you see, there's a guy. He was wounded in Italy, and he'd be dead now if it weren't for an Army Nurse. She went without sleep for more than forty-eight hours to take care of him. She followed the doctor's orders to the letter—plasma, morphine—the usual routine for a lad who'd bled a lot and who hurt like anything. But he was too low for medicine alone to help. She knew it, and she stayed with him hour after hour, holding his good hand (the left one's gone) and talking him into fighting back at death. She did a job. He's well again, and he wrote me yesterday, 'Tell every nurse you see to come on over, the war's fine. Seriously, though, we could use dozens more of them. Why aren't they coming (*Continued on page 24*)

"AT LEAST YOU MIGHT TAKE YOUR HAT OFF"


Paulette cooks up a bed for Fred—but a job goes with it—he's a butler! . . . (And is he burning!)


Looks like Fred and Paulette are cooking on the front burner!

MELISSE throws a kiss to the two lovers in the comedy of the decade about the pretty secretary and her boss who pose as cook and butler and turn Washington-town topsy-turvy!

PAULETTE **GODDARD** · FRED **MACMURRAY**

in

"STANDING ROOM ONLY"

LAUGHING ROOM ONLY

A Paramount Picture

with

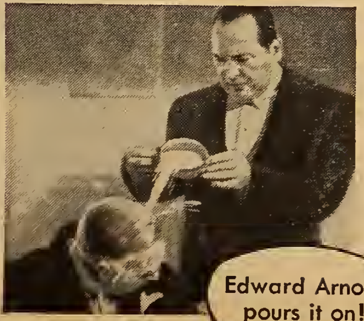
Edward **ARNOLD** · Roland **YOUNG**

Hillary Brooke · Porter Hall

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD

Screen Play by Darnell Ware and Karl Tunberg

Roland Young's a henpecked wolf!


Edward Arnold pours it on!

They took Washington lying down!

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(Continued from page 8)

quickly, explained it was just like memorizing multiplication tables, only with words instead of numbers. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Kupperman and sister Harriet made the trip with young Joel, convoyed him safely through a maze of luncheons, guest appearances, radio broadcasts. . . . Asked what he liked best in Hollywood, seven-year-old diplomat Kupperman answered, "Everything". . .. Director Charles Lamont decided to save wear and tear on his vocal chords and began summoning young Ann Blyth to the set via an old-fashioned school bell. Ann is just 17 years old, has to spend three hours each day in school. Class hours don't run in consecutive sequence, so Ann has to grab lessons between scenes wherever she and her teacher can find a quiet spot. The bell idea went over big with everyone but Peggy Ryan. Kidded Peggy, "Sure, it saves your voice—but what about our ear drums?" Peggy herself, now 18, is enjoying her first year out of school, sadly tsk-tsks at the sight of Ann struggling with her daily homework. . . . Picture has had three name changes, final one chosen to follow pattern of Don's other films, "Mr. Big," "Top Man." . . . Kids had real acting competition from experts Helen Broderick and Ernest Truex, both of whom were top stage stars years before they came to Hollywood. Helen and Truex spent their spare time between scenes recalling favorite curtain speeches, punch lines from their long careers.

COVER GIRL

It takes something pretty special to be a Cover Girl. The kind of thing Jinx Falkenburg has, and Betty Jane Hess. Just the words "Cover Girl' have come to mean glamour. There's plenty of glamour and beauty in this picture, but there's a lot more than that. There's a lovely red-haired dancer from Brooklyn, who becomes a Cover Girl overnight. And a man who's in love with her and wants her to be successful, but not the easy way. And another man who offers her the world of diamonds and mink and caviar every night for dinner. It's quite a story—I think you're going to like it, and the people in it.

SEE YOU AGAIN APRIL 11!
The May issue of MODERN SCREEN will be on the stands April 11. With dealers selling out as quickly as they have been, even a small delay might find you going without your May issue. Better buy your MODERN SCREEN the day it hits the newsstands.

Rita Hayworth plays the dancer, Rusty. Rusty works in a "joint" in Brooklyn—Danny McGuire's place. Danny (Gene Kelly) knows his place is a joint. It has to be, he hasn't the money to make it anything else. But he runs it right, and he has ambition. Maybe some day he and Rusty will have a *real* place. "Oh well, what's the use of just dreaming?" Danny says. "Hard work is the thing—that's the way dreams come true." But Rusty gets tired of it. Rehearsals all the while and her feet hurting. So, unknown to Danny, she goes to New York to enter "Vanity" magazine's Cover Girl contest.

She sees Miss Jackson (Eve Arden), the wisecracking editor, and then Mr. Coudair (Otto Kruger), the publisher. Mr. Coudair is entranced with Rusty. She's definitely the girl he wants on the cover. So everything's fine, isn't it? Everything but telling Danny. Once the cover appears, nobody has to be told anything. The columnists and reporters attend to that. Danny's place is swamped with photographers, sob sisters and baskets of red roses. The latter arrive every hour on the hour and are from a producer named Wheaton (Lee Bowman), who is determined to get Rusty in his show if it takes every rose in New York. The rest is an exciting romantic tangle, with the "Cover Girls" featured in a number that's a honey. La Hayworth is gorgeous in Technicolor, and Gene is as good as he was in "Pal Joey."—*Col.*

P. S.

"Cover Girl," in case there is anyone who doesn't know, is a phrase describing a young beauty who has become famous through having her face appear on the cover of one or more national magazines. . . . Fifteen beauties were brought to Hollywood by Anita Colby, dean of the cover girls, and ensconced in a huge mansion rented for them by Columbia studios. . . . Only one of them not called by name in the film is Dusty Anderson, "Farm Journal's" choice. Her name was too similar to "Rusty," Rita Hayworth's character name in the picture. . . . Mexico has officially adopted Jinx Falkenburg as the ideal American Tourist—by order of Señor Alejandro Buelna, chief of the Departmento de Turismo. . . . In one of the most spectacular dance scenes, strips of tinfoil one inch long drift down from a studio mountain top. Between takes, every bit of the silvery stuff had to be picked up for the next shot. All the experts' ingenuity couldn't figure out a way to do it quickly. A magnet wouldn't work; neither would a vacuum cleaner. Picking them

IRRESISTIBLE *as always!*

We dedicate to the
CADET NURSE
IRRESISTIBLE *air-whipt* FACE POWDER

For that clear, flower-fresh complexion that distinguishes today's beautiful woman, you need the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPT Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist by mighty whirlwinds of pure, filtered air, Irresistible is your time-saving, sure aid to beauty because it gives your skin a mat-smooth surface, clings longer, stays color-true and is non-drying. Ten flattering new shades.

10c—25c SIZES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
STAYS ON LONGER...S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

up by hand was the only way. . . . Rita got a bit cloud-sick during her dance among the synthetic cumuli. And having to trip gaily down a narrow trail with sheer drop-offs on each side (no hand rail) didn't help her unhappy tummy one bit. . . . Biggest event of the production, outside of the picture itself, was the marriage of Rita to Orson Welles. Entire cast and crew knocked off work and staged an impromptu party when she returned to finish her scenes for the day. . . . Most elaborate costume Rita wears is a red velvet costermonger outfit studded with 1866 white pearl buttons. Required the full time of wardrobe mistress Roselle Novello to check before each take to see if Rita had all her buttons!

SONG OF RUSSIA

This will probably be Robert Taylor's swan song to pictures for the duration, since he has joined the Navy. Quite a song it is, too, combining stirring Russian music with a tender love story and a background of war.

Bob (he's almost unbearably handsome in this role) plays an American composer who goes to Russia on a concert tour. The tour is arranged by his manager, Hank (Robert Benchley), but it is no part of Hank's plan that John should fall in love with a Russian girl. However, love has a way of catching up with us when we least expect it. It catches up with John in Moscow.

The girl is Nadya (Susan Peters), who has come from a little village near Smolensk to ask him if he will attend their music festival there the next month. John talks to her, listens to her play the piano, gazes into her eyes. "This," he says firmly to Hank, "is the girl to show me Russia." They have some happy days together in Moscow, but then Nadya steals away, back to her own village. She is sure that the difference in their background is too great—that the famous composer can't really love her, as he says.

John comes to her village for the festival, and this time he will have no nonsense about backgrounds. They are married, amid the delighted approval of the villagers and set off on his concert tour together. They are far too wrapped up in each other to notice the threatening signs of war. Until that black day when the Germans march into Russia. Nadya—a Russian before anything else—leaves immediately for home to do what she can to help. John must go on with his concert tour. But when he hears that the Nazis are near Smolensk, he drops all his plans and hurries away to be with Nadya. The journey to the village is a perilous one. John must take his chances with German bombers and advance guards of Nazi soldiers. What he sees along the way, and the scenes of desolation that greet his arrival, show us the strong, bitter courage of the Russian people. The ending is not only romantic but a tribute to Russo-American friendship.

Susan Peters lives up to her earlier promise in her portrayal of Nadya. John Hodiak is excellent in a small part. And you'll love the music!—M-G-M.

P. S.

Metro turned tattle tale when studio bosses discovered Susan Peters was taking a long swim in the Pacific every morning before reporting to work—called her mother, with whom she lives while in Hollywood, and requested that she put a stop to this dangerous morning routine. . . . Susan's mother assured the front office that she knew of this habit and fully approved. Seems Susie has been an excellent swim-

"Why does that red head always pick on my date!"

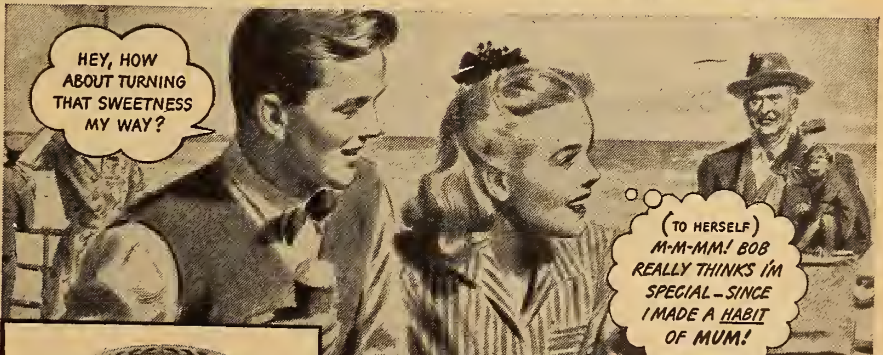
Jean: With all the men she's got, you'd think she'd let *my* date alone! I'd like to give her a piece of my mind. Bob's skated more with *her* than with me!

Ann: She's a snazzy skater—but that needn't curdle *you*, glamour puss! You're much prettier, Jean, and you can stop worrying if you'll listen to a word of wisdom.

Jean: . . . but underarm odor! You know I never miss my morning bath!

Ann: Baths can fade fast, my pet. Why not play safe with Mum, every day!

Jean: What a silly goose I was not to know baths simply wash away *past* perspiration. But Mum after every bath prevents risk of underarm odor *to come.*



HEY, HOW ABOUT TURNING THAT SWEETNESS MY WAY?
(TO HERSELF) M-M-MM! BOB REALLY THINKS I'M SPECIAL - SINCE I MADE A HABIT OF MUM!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

Don't let underarm odor spoil your charm!

MUM is quick! Only 30 seconds to use Mum—prevents underarm odor all day or all evening.

MUM is safe —safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving. Won't harm clothes!

MUM is sure —Trust Mum to guard your daintiness through busy days or dancing evenings. Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor—keeps you nice to have around.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Gentle, safe Mum is dependable —ideal for this important purpose.*

LINK YOUR FRIENDS TOGETHER
with an everlasting
"Forget-Me-Not"
Friendship Bracelet

STERLING SILVER

EACH LINK
25c
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9 LINKS WITH CLASP $2.60
Complete with Engraving
Add 10% Federal Excise Tax

From Hollywood stars to schoolgirls, everyone is collecting Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Memos of their friends sweethearts and loved ones.

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Burdine's, Inc. . . . . Miami Fla.
Cohen Bros. . . . . Jacksonville, Fla.
Denver Dry Goods Co. . . . . Denver, Colo.
Charles S. Drake Co. . . . . Elkhart, Ind.
Efird's . . . . Charlotte, N. C.
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Famous Barr Co. . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
Gebhart Gushard Co. . . . . Decatur, Ill.
Gimbel Bros. . . . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gold & Co. . . . . Lincoln, Nebr.
The Golden Rule . . . . St. Paul, Minn.
Wm. Hengerer Co. . . . . Buffalo, N. Y.
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and many others.

mer since she was six years old. . . . The short-wave sending and receiving set in Miss Peters' dressing room is no gag. Susan is actually studying Morse Code with an eye toward a future Civilian Defense job. . . . Dr. Albert Coates, famous composer-conductor, came to Hollywood to collaborate on the score for "Song of Russia" . . . stayed to become an actor. Dr. Coates was at the piano going over Tschaikowsky's "Piano Concerto" when the question arose as to who would play the instrument when Robert Taylor conducted the Symphony orchestra in the picture. They took a few test scenes, and Dr. Coates got the job. . . . A few of the battle scenes were filmed in the Cheviot Hills section of Los Angeles the day after an air raid alert. Just as explosives were set off to simulate a Nazi attack, a flight of U. S. bombers flew overhead. Inside of ten minutes six local air raid wardens had reported for duty. . . . Several hundred Hollywood extras stood on tired and aching feet for three days during a concert sequence—the band was playing "The Star Spangled Banner." . . . Bob Benchley turned his portable dressing room into a business office and wrote the first three of a series of short film subjects he is doing for the Government. . . . Director Gregory Ratoff was up to his usual standards for demanding authenticity in his sets. The Soviet farmhouse is an exact replica of a Russian home, and the pictures on the wall are of Mr. R. as a small boy—taken at his home in Moscow.

THE SULLIVANS

This is the funniest, saddest, truest, most human picture you've ever seen. You remember the Sullivan boys. The five brothers who were lost when the *Juneau* went down? This is their story, and don't stay away because you think it's going to be war and tragedy and stuff. You'll laugh harder than you have in months, *believe* me. And if you shed a couple of tears at the end, they're the kind that will do you good.

The Sullivan family are as Irish as County Down. "Pop" Sullivan (Thomas Mitchell) is a brakeman on the railroad that runs past their little frame house in Waterloo, Iowa. The kids are crazy about "Pop," but they have to look out for his quick temper. "Mom" (Selena Royle) is the one they turn to for comfort and arbitration in the constant disputes that crop up between five lively boys and their sister.

The story begins when the boys are all at the sliding-down-bannisters age. All but little Al (Bobby Driscoll), who lands on the floor in a sitting position every time he tries it. Al is determined to do everything his older brothers do. He spends most of his time chasing frantically after them, yelling, "Hey, fellers, wait for me!" But when the Sullivan boys are in a fight—and that's pretty often—Al's right in there punching with the rest of them.

Those kids can get in more trouble than you ever saw! Usually with the best intentions in the world. Like the time they wanted to make a woodbox for Mom and ended by cutting a large hunk out of the side of the house (in zero weather), breaking a water pipe and turning the kitchen into a skating rink.

Of course when they grow up, things are different. They are still getting into jams but of a different kind. Al falls deeply in love with a girl named Katherine Mary (Anne Baxter). His older brothers think it's puppy love and decide to break it up. But they end by going, *en masse*, to Katherine Mary to apologize.

They're wonderful kids. You'll love them. And you'll understand why even

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SAYS:

Don't lose precious hair and bobbie pins "Down the drain"—be sure to use the stopper and save your pins and plumber bills too.

WIN $5 *for every Hair and Bobbie Pin Conservation Hint published. This hint from:*
Mrs. Dorothy Bouillion—Columbus, Ohio

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VICTORY "ORIGINAL" HAIR AND BOBBIE PINS

the Navy couldn't separate them. The fighting Sullivans always stick together!

Watch particularly for Bobby Driscoll playing "Al" as a child, and Edward Ryan as "Al" grown up. Thomas Mitchell is wonderful as "Pop," and Anne Baxter plays Katherine Mary with charming sincerity.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

"The Sullivans" is based on the real life story of the five Sullivan brothers from Waterloo, Iowa, who were lost in the sinking of the cruiser Juneau in November '42 But it's not a war picture. Sam Jaffe and Lloyd Bacon, after talking to Mom and Dad Sullivan, decided on a comedy of family life. Actual combat lasts three and a half minutes on the screen. . . . Mom and Pop visited set. The movie was shot in Santa Rosa, masquerading as Waterloo, Iowa. On a blistering, 104 degree day, they shot the snow scenes—sprinkled ersatz flakes on the sweltering streets. . . . Three of the boys, Eddie Ryan, James Cardwell and John Campbell wound up with long termers at 20th because of their wonderful acting. Toughest thing for Jimmy C. was learning to ride a motorcycle. Took him two weeks.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE BOYS

Married people quarrel over the silliest things! And then they're both too stubborn to say they're sorry, and the misunderstandings pile up, and the marriage goes on the rocks. That's what happens to Tony West (George Raft) and Gloria Vance (Zorina). Tony is used to being the boss—he has managed the "Three Wests," a vaudeville unit, most of his life. When vaudeville dies, he leaves his father (Charles Grapewin) and his sister Kitty (Grace McDonald) in New York, and starts for Hollywood and pictures. There he meets Gloria, who is a dancing star. In spite of the fact that Tony is only a "gentleman of the ensemble," he manages to high-pressure Gloria into thinking she needs a dance partner. Him. It really works, too, and the Vance-West combination becomes a spectacular click with the box-office.

You'd think Tony could relax a little, then. Well, he does take time off to marry Gloria. But then they go right back to work, and he just doesn't ever get around to remembering anniversaries or saying, "Darling, I love you." And the war comes along. Tony can't get into the Army because of a bad heart, but he starts organizing show business into units to tour the camps, eventually even go overseas. He's the busiest guy in Hollywood. And Gloria? Well, Gloria has a little secret she'd like to tell Tony if she could ever catch him when he wasn't at a meeting or on the long distance telephone or away on tour. But Tony goes on being "too busy," and finally Gloria walks out on him. Without telling the secret.

They are both hurt, and both bewildered by what's happened to them. If they could only talk things over—but something always intervenes. So Tony books himself and his father and his sister as a U.S.O. unit to go to Australia. Louie (Charles Butterworth) and his dog Fifi, who were in vaudeville with the Wests, go along. So does Sophie Tucker and the Andrews sisters. Their boat is destined never to reach Australia, but at the end of the picture there are still "The Three Wests" doing their bit for America.

You never saw such a fabulous number of guest stars. Charles Boyer, W. C. Fields, Donald O'Connor—dozens of them. Better go, or you'll miss your favorite.—*Univ.*

(*Continued on page 18*)

"I know I'm Needed —but how can I get a war job?"

"The More Women at War —The Sooner We'll Win!"

Getting a war job is *easy*—in most communities—once you've made up your mind to help speed Victory! Millions of women are needed, *at once.* Even if you've never worked before, you can *learn while you earn* in a job that's suited to you. Here's how you can find that job . . .

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See Your U. S. Employment Service Office
—for free advice about war plant work. If there is a war factory in your community, or a shipyard, or a government arsenal, there may be just the job for you—experienced or not. Don't delay! Remember, your work will bring our boys home sooner!

Inquire at Your Local Hospital
—if you're 17 to 35 years old . . . get details about training *free,* with pay, for the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps. Nurses are desperately needed to replace those who are in the Service. Help care for civilian sick or injured, new mothers and babies!

Visit Any Army or Navy Recruiting Office
—and find out, without obligation, whether you can qualify to join the Wacs, Waves, Spars or Marines. As a Service woman, you'll free a soldier for combat . . . shorten the war. And, you'll be learning an important job you may need, in peacetime.

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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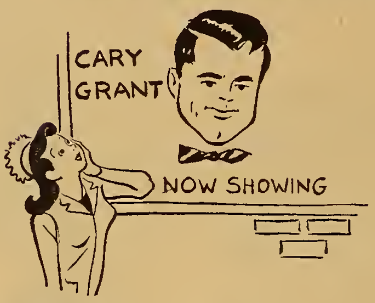

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IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(Continued from page 15)

P. S.

Zorina does her first professional ballroom dancing in this picture. Also does two solos—a beguine and a ballet jitterbug number, done in front of a line of chorus boys. Used her last two pair of open-meshed lastex hose for these dances . . . will have to have her legs painted in all numbers for the duration. . . . "Black and white" dance sequence, which is done by white-costumed dance teams on a black masonite floor, was shot on the former "Phantom of the Opera" set. . . . Unable to get suitable dancing shoes for her solo ballet, Zorina dyed the pair she wore in "Louisiana Purchase". . . . The mute horn played by Charlie Spivak is his own invention. He calls it a "Whispo" because it can be played so softly, it can't be heard by anyone standing more than three feet away. Charlie spent six months perfecting the instrument—stuffed silk, satin, rags, paper and cardboard into the bell of his trumpet until he had the desired effect. Felt the horn should be muted to a bare whisper to bring out the pulsating rhythm of the beautiful "Besame Mucho."

PASSAGE TO MARSEILLES

Remember "Casablanca"? Who could forget it! Now Warner Brothers again gives us the famous Humphrey Bogart—Sydney Greenstreet—Claude Rains—Peter Lorre combination. They also toss in Michele Morgan, Helmut Dantine, Philip Dorn and John Loder as nonchalantly as if stars were raisins in a rice pudding. With a cast to knock your eye out, it's no wonder the picture's a super-thriller.

At an airport on the English coast, an American newspaperman (John Loder) is listening to a strange story. It's told him by a Free French captain, Freycenet (Claud Rains), and he knows it must be true. But it still sounds pretty fantastic.

"At the beginning of this war," Freycenet says, "I was on my way to France on a freighter, from New Caledonia. In the middle of the sea we came to what we at first thought was a bit of floating wreckage. Mais non, it was a canoe, of the most primitive. In it were five men, half dead of exposure and thirst."

The men are, of course, taken aboard the freighter. One of the passengers on board, Major Duval (Sydney Greenstreet), immediately suspects them of being exactly what they are—convicts who have escaped from that most sinister of all prisons, Devil's Island. He does his best to trap them into admitting it, but the men led by Matrac (Humphrey Bogart) are too clever for him.

When the news of France's surrender reaches the freighter by wireless, Duval, who is a Fascist sympathizer, and his friends, try to take over the boat for Petain. But the convicts join forces with the true Frenchmen on board and defeat them. The convicts are admittedly an unsavory lot . . . murderers, Army deserters and pickpockets. Matrac is a journalist who was railroaded to prison for his political convictions. All of them love France and hate the Nazis.

Even after they dispose of Duval, the battle isn't over. The Fascist wireless operator has radioed their position to a German bomber. So the fight goes on—but you must see its exciting finish for yourself.

(Continued on page 20)

FREE OFFER!

Want a free copy of Dell's fascinating SCREEN ROMANCES? It's packed with stories of the latest movies and full of color portraits of your favorite stars. Here's how to get a copy absolutely free. Just fill in our Questionnaire below and mail it in to us not later than March 20th. The first 500 readers replying get a FREE SCREEN ROMANCES.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our April issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Donald O'Connor Life Story, Part I ☐
"California—" Here He Comes! (Lon McCallister) . . . . ☐
Hutton, Inc. (Betty and Marion) . . ☐
For Always (Ford-Powell) . . . . ☐
Since They Went Away (Shirley Temple) . . . . ☐
Even in the Best of Families (The Reagans) . . . . ☐
"Lady in the Dark" . . . . ☐
Canteen Kid (Joan Leslie) . . . . . . ☐
It's a Boy! (Frank Sinatra) . . . . . . ☐
Good News . . . . ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? . . . .

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in the order of preference . . . .

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(Continued from page 18)

That Bogart is *really* something!—*War.*

P. S.

Longest name on the payroll for this film (or any other, for that matter) was Feodor Karkovhonohostoffchovitz. Time office couldn't get his name on a check, paid him off in cash. . . . Bogart and Peter Lorre, who are great pals, spent their lunch hours wandering through local eateries, spoiling everyone's appetite with their weird appearance—beards mudmatted, eyes bloodshot, faces generally grimy and gruesome-looking. . . . All the members of the "Ville de Nancy" crew were experienced stunt men, instead of extras. Producer Hal Wallis felt they could take better care of themselves during the violent action. . . . The Senegalese troops, 324 Negroes recruited from Central Avenue, were trained in military formations by Sylvain Robert, a former commander of Spahis in North Africa.

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?

Growing up is a tough process. Parents can help, if they're the right kind. The wrong kind just make things tougher. There are both kinds in this picture. There is tragedy which comes of teen age girls and boys hurled along too fast by the rush of war. One of the boys—a typical one, perhaps—is Frankie (Glenn Vernon). Frankie is tired of "wasting time" in school. He wants to get out and be a welder or do something important. Besides, he wants money to spend on the girl next door, Sarah Taylor (Tessa Brind).

Frankie's parents don't like the Taylor family, who are new in the neighborhood. The Taylors work in a war plant, leaving Sarah home to care for her two younger sisters. And at night Sarah has to stay home, too, while her father and mother "go out on the town." It's not much of a life for Sarah. She loves Frankie, but she hardly ever gets a chance to see him. The night of her birthday she slips out to meet him, and that's when trouble steps up. Frankie has gone away, and Sarah meets Larry Duncan (Lawrence Tierney), who is older and has money to spend. He persuades her to go with him and Toddy (Bonita Granville) to a roadhouse. Toddy is a tough little neighborhood girl, and she isn't too pleased to have Sarah along, particularly since Larry is obviously attracted to her.

Frankie hears that Sarah has been seen with Larry. "I've got to get some real dough," he says savagely. "I'll show that Larry!" The way to fast money, he hears, is through stolen tires. Frankie agrees to try a "little job" along that line. The result—for him, for Sarah, for Toddy and Larry—is tragedy. It's one of those sorry messes that pile up so quickly from a single misstep.

Kent Smith as Dannie, a wounded soldier who tries to help the neighborhood kids, is a figure of quiet irony. Bonita Granville is appallingly real as Toddy. Glenn Vernon, Tesse Brind and half a dozen others turn in accurate portrayals of youth in a jam. We can all learn a lesson from "Are These Our Children?" and we'd better learn it fast.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Bonita is now a full-fledged star, complete with seven-year contract and a dressing room of her own. Became 21 in February, incidentally. Used to be in sixth place as far as the number of letters was concerned, but now she's in second place, topped only by Ginger Rogers, Queen of the RKO lot. . . . Debuting in this is Tessa

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Brind, rosy-cheeked young Viennese fresh from the Broadway run of "Watch on the Rhine." Tessa is now under contract to David Selznick. Is already known to radio fans through many appearances as guest on the Quiz Kids program. She speaks four languages fluently, escaped from Europe just two steps ahead of Hitler's hordes.

BROADWAY RHYTHM

Step up to anybody from Timbuktu to Teheran and say, "What's the most famous street in the world?" You'll get just one answer—"Broadway." It's the street of glamour and music and heartbreak. It's the street of stars on the way out and others on the way in—of success that's soon forgotten and failure that turns into success overnight. It's the street of people like the Demming family. . . .

Jonnie Demming is a song and dance man—a successful one. He is played by George Murphy, which is a good thing, because George is one guy who really looks and acts like the Jonnies of Broadway. Jonnie, with a record of three successful shows behind him, is producing another. His father, Sam Demming (Charles Winninger), gets a wistful look in his eye every time the show is mentioned. He'd love to be in it. "You're retired!" says Jonnie firmly. His kid sister Patsy (Gloria DeHaven) gives Jonnie the same sort of trouble. She's sure there ought to be a spot for her in the show, but he unsympathetically sends her back to school and mutters, "What a family!"

A visiting star from Hollywood, Helen Hoyt (Ginny Simms), has been suggested as the lead, but Jonnie says no, he wants a Latin type. So Helen comes around in a black wig and a mantilla, trailing a couple of duennas, and he goes for it and offers her the part. But by then Helen has changed her mind and refuses it, to Jonnie's baffled fury. Especially since he has promptly fallen in love with her.

Meantime his dad has unearthed a play from an old trunk of Jonnie's, and he and Patsy are going to produce it in a barn up in the country. Helen hears about it and not only backs them financially but agrees to play the lead herself. They hire Lena Horne and Hazel Scott, and their manager, Rochester, who doubles in brass as a chauffeur and valet, and they're all set. Just then Jonnie finds out what's going on, and the sparks start to fly—in Technicolor. In fact, the whole thing's Technicolor. And very pretty, too.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Ginny took a short vacation from "Broadway Rhythm" to make her first personal appearance in San Francisco since she sang there years ago in night clubs. This time she sang with the Symphony Orchestra. . . . George Murphy became a papa for the second time when Melissa Elaine was born while picture was in production. . . . Johnny Green was married to Bunny Waters just before the completion of the picture. Cast wasn't lucky enough to see the ceremony, but Johnny and Bunny brought back great hunks of gooey wedding cake for all to share.

FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP

Martha Raye is talking to a general. "General," she says impressively, "I sure wish I was a man! I'd be right over there in the thick of the fight!" "Really?" says the General politely. "Yes, sir!" says Martha, beginning to believe it herself. "If they'd just send me over there as an entertainer of something, I'd be the happiest girl in the world!" "Me, too," chorus Kay Francis, and Carole Landis and Mitzi Mayfair. After all, it doesn't do any harm to *say* those things, and they want the General to go away happy. "Girls," says

"Yes . . I use Dura-Gloss"

You can't imagine what a lovely nail polish Dura-Gloss is, until you've actually used it yourself. Its brilliance and rich color add *life* and irresistable charm to your hands, to that lovely over-all picture of YOU as others see you. You'll like the way Dura-Gloss resists chipping and peeling because it contains Chrystallyne, an ingredient which makes it "set" quickly and hold well to the fingernail. Try Dura-Gloss today—a dime is all it costs, at any beauty counter.

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Founded by E. T. Reynolds

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Dura-Coat Polish Remover Cuticle Lotion

the General, "it's a wonderful idea. Be ready to start next week!" That noise you hear is the girls falling in a faint on the floor.

Anyway, that's how it happens in the picture. The girls are sent to England where they get the greeting of their life from the troops. They put on shows in all the camps, big and little, and between shows they do their laundry and pour pails of water over each other in lieu of showers and are adopted by a sergeant named Eddie (Phil Silvers). Eddie takes them everywhere in his jeep. "It's a wonderful car," he says, taking four bumps in a row without slowing down once. "Paid for, too." "Now I know how a chocolate milk shake feels," mourns Martha, holding her head.

While they're in England, Carole falls in love. The man is a handsome Air Force captain named Ted (John Harvey). Mitzi is in love, too, with a soldier, Dick (Dick Haymes), who used to do a vaudeville act with her. Carole and Ted get married, but before they can have a honeymoon, Martha meets another general, and the girls are off for Africa.

Africa is full of sand and camels—and Nazis. Life isn't very funny in Africa. Death is too close. The girls help the nurses in the hospital, and duck into fox holes when the bombers come over. And they give shows to the boys who are going into battle tomorrow. The kind of shows that for a short, enchanted hour make them think they're back home. For the soldier's dough, the four jills are tops.

So is the picture. Martha Raye has never been funnier. You'll like the jills and their jeep.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Girls had sworn that the first thing they would order when back in the good old U. S. was ice cream, so they headed for the café at the edge of the flying field and said, "make ours vanilla." The waitress who hadn't had ice cream to serve for two weeks, asked them if they didn't know there was a war going on. . . . Wedding dress Carole wears in the picture is an exact duplicate of the gown she wore when married to Capt. Tom Wallace in England. . . . Altogether Carole figures she has traveled over 165,000 miles entertaining troops since the war began. . . . Martha and Carole returned to England after doing their shows in North Africa. Carole wanted to see her groom, and Martha needed time to recuperate from an attack of malaria. When Martha had regained a few of her lost 22 pounds, the gals did a few more shows in Great Britain before flying back to the states.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last April when we attended a junior press conference for Frank Sinatra, my editor and I expected a real glamour guy—and a stuffy studio interview. Instead we found a young fellow in sport clothes surrounded by a crowd of kids. He answered nearly every question we asked him, and before long we found ourselves laughing and talking to him just as though he were the fellow next door. That's the real Frank Sinatra—a very regular guy.

C. Fannan,
Franklin Square, L. I.

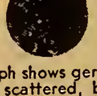
BUFFALO BILL

There are a few almost legendary figures in American history whose very names are exciting. One of them is Buffalo Bill Cody. Twentieth-Century-Fox has made a spectacular Technicolor production of Buffalo Bill's life. Joel McCrea is a "natural" for the role of the tall, shy woodsman who is the friend of both Indians and whites. Maureen O'Hara is properly gay and lovely as the Eastern girl who falls in love with him. Linda Darnell plays the Indian beauty, Dawn Starlight, and is probably the best looking squaw since Pocahontas.

The story opens when Louisa Frederici (Maureen O'Hara) and her father, the Senator, come West. They are assured that its perfectly safe, but nevertheless their stagecoach is greeted by Indian arrows. Fortunately Buffalo Bill happens along to rescue them. One smile from Louisa, and its Bill that needs rescuing. Dawn Starlight would be glad to break up the romance, but it just can't be done. Even the Senator is helpless.

An Indian uprising occurs as a result of the seizure of lands belonging to the Cheyenne tribe. A New York financier wants to build a railroad across there, so the Indians are to be thrown out, in spite of Buffalo Bill's protests. In the course of the bloody battle that follows, the Senator is seized as a hostage. Louisa is desperate, and Bill risks his own life to rescue her father. After that, the Senator can't very well oppose the marriage.

Bill and Louisa have four happy years together in their primitive surroundings, until the birth of their son. But at that time trouble again stalks on moccasined feet through the valleys—the Indians are on the war path once more. Bill goes off to fight, and Louisa, wanting to save their son from this kind of life, goes back East with the child. Tragedy faces them for a while, but with the help of the writer, Ned Buntling (Thomas Mitchell), Bill at last comes into his own.—*20th-Fox.*



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Removes dandruff or money back

Like mother - Like daughter

both say

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Yes! You say "Goodbye Dandruff" the very first time you use Fitch Shampoo, for Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application. It's the ONLY shampoo whose guarantee bears the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms. And when you use Fitch's, you say "Hello" to radiant, sparkling hair because Fitch Shampoo brings out all the natural highlights, makes the hair antiseptically clean. Good for all colors and textures of hair . . . requires no after-rinse . . . economical. Try Fitch Shampoo TODAY. Sold at all drug counters

Available in 10c, 25c and 59c sizes.

The Truth about Soap Shampoos

SOAP SHAMPOO

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

FITCH SHAMPOO

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

P. S.

Joel McCrea left for his overseas jaunt the minute production halted. . . . Returned safely and asked to be sent right out again. . . . His wife, Frances Dee, is touring Army and Navy stations throughout the country. . . . Maureen O'Hara spent every spare minute of her time between scenes writing to husband Lt. Will Price of the United States Marine Corps. He is stationed at Quantico, Va., could get only one short leave to spend with her. They'll become parents soon. . . . This is Linda Darnell's first character role. Linda is one-eighth Cherokee Indian, herself and has been hoping for years to be assigned to an Indian characterization. Thomas Mitchell and Maureen banded together in a Society for Overcoming Fear of Horses. Both Mitchell and Miss O'Hara have had serious accidents while riding, and it was a real problem.

THE PURPLE HEART

Here is a picture that will make you so mad you can't see straight. No. Wait a minute. Maybe it will make you so mad you *can* see straight—straight through the complacency and smugness which still fog our all-out fighting spirit. "The Purple Heart" is the story of a trial by jury. The jury is Japanese, so are the lawyers and the judge. The defendants are eight American fliers who have bombed Tokyo. They are accused of murder. "According to Japanese law, they will be presumed *guilty* until proven innocent. "Don't bother, boys," Lt. Bayforth (Charles Russell) tells the others as they protest. "This is a lynching." And in a cruel, formal torturing way, that's exactly what it is.

The fliers are an oddly assorted group. Their leader, Captain Ross (Dana Andrews), is a lean, calm Texan. Lt. Vincent (Donald Barry) is a tough Irishman. Sergeant Greenbaum (Sam Levene) is the philosophical, humorous type, who tries to look after Clinton (Farley Granger), the baby of the group. They are all united in one steely determination not to reveal a single detail which could harm America. Not for food or relief from pain or for life itself.

The entire picture is founded on the Japs' struggle to break that resolve. To break it by torture or trickery, but to break it. One by one the fliers are taken away from their companions and subjected to an ordeal calculated to drive them past the limits of human endurance. But endurance, backed by an iron will, can stretch to incredible lengths. Eventually, of course, something snaps. Sanity, perhaps. But by then it is too late for the torturers to get the information they want.

This story of a mock trial isn't pleasant. But it is effective, inspiring drama and the sort of enemy we're up against and the courage we need to defeat him. The whole cast is good, with Sam Levene and John Craven and Farley Granger especially convincing.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Director Lewis ("All Quiet on the Western Front") Milestone knows exactly what he wants in these stories of men in war, their hopes, fears, loves, reactions to danger. . . . Dana Andrews and Milestone are the best of friends, held many a long discussion after working hours about the part Dana plays . . . Donald Barry, who plays Lt. Peter Vincent, is the same "Red" Barry who stars in Westerns for Republic. "Red" is also a prolific story-writer, has sold several scripts to RKO and other studios. . . . Farley Granger is the boy Sam Goldwyn discovered by advertising in the local paper when he was looking for a second lead to Dana in "North Star."

"this One Complete Cream is all I need," says Teresa Wright

Teresa Wright
starring in
Samuel Goldwyn's Production
"THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS"

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It's *your* easy way to look adorable. Yes, Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream is all *you* need. It *cleanses thoroughly. Freshens. Softens, smooths exquisitely. Gives a silken finish for powder. Acts as a night cream, helping smooth away tiny dry-skin lines!*

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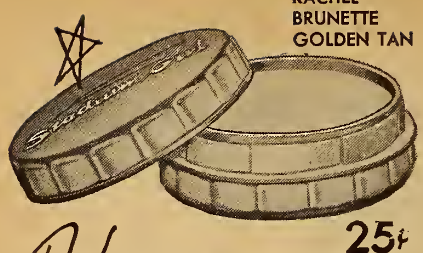

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YOUR MAKE-UP COMPANION

You can get Stadium Girl at 5 and 10¢ Stores

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CO-ED

(Continued from page 10)

over?' I asked our family doctor about it, and he said that hundreds more have gone across in just the last few weeks, thanks to the U.S.C.N.C. Seems every two gals that enlist in the Nurse Corps free a full-fledged R.N. for front-line service. That, then, is definitely for me. Tell me all."

We'll begin at the beginning. Immediately after Pearl Harbor, the Army and Navy began recruiting graduate nurses like mad for overseas service. They went, thousands of them; braving the terror of the U-boat infested North Atlantic and Jap-infested Pacific. In huge over-crowded transports, they went, in Flying Fortresses, in small, uncomfortable cargo ships. To Bataan, Guam, Sicily, New Guinea, North Africa. To the enormous floating hospitals that brought home the wounded.

At home, civilian hospitals became dangerously under-staffed, and civilian health was beginning to suffer. Slim, tired girls were working long hours. A handful of nurses were left in a hospital that had once considered a staff of 50 essential. Something had to be done to relieve these over-burdened women and to keep the stream of nurses flowing into the ever-widening battle areas. There was an enormous drive to recruit more nurses. Thousands responded, but there still weren't half enough. So in June, 1943, the U.S.C.N.C. was founded by an Act of Congress, its purpose being to give a complete nursing education to every girl and woman in the United States who could qualify.

life-savers . . .

Hundreds of the first gals to enlist in it are already a third of the way through their training, and because of them, there were enough nurses available to the Army to care for the terrible casualties of Cassino. Enough to staff the hospital ships that brought boys home from the fighting in the South Pacific.

"It makes me feel kind of wonderful," a pre-Cadet told us yesterday, "to know that if it weren't for me, some graduate would still be doing my job, instead of patching up a Yank somewhere. I've never done anything very important before, and gosh, here I am saving guys' lives. Isn't that terrific?"

That then, is why the U.S.C.N.C. was created, and here is what your enlistment in it will give you. Full tuition in an accredited nursing school of your own choice, the course taking between 24 and 30 months. Your room, board and uniforms, indoors and out. (And these, incidentally, are knockout.) A monthly allowance of $15 during the first nine months of training. Twenty dollars a month for the next 15 to 21 months. Thirty dollars for the remaining time. In addition, upon graduation, you're assured of a job and a good one in war or peace.

Maybe you're asking what's the catch. You old cynic you, there is none. The situation is just like we say. Better even. All races and creeds are acceptable to the U.S.C.N.C. Marriage is no barrier to enlistment. And even if the war ends before you complete your course, you are eligible to go on with it, if you've been in for 90 days. Naturally, upon graduation, you are expected to go into some essential nursing field, though not necessarily with the Armed forces.

Now, do you qualify? You do if you're between the ages of 17 and 35; in good health; a graduate of an accredited high.

Now, which school, and what goes on once you're in. There are as many different types of nursing schools as there are dif-

"The gleam in your hair puts that gleam in his eye"...

The action-lather cleanses thoroughly, leaves hair easy to manage — and no other shampoo gives your hair such gleaming highlights.
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Does Not Change Color of Hair

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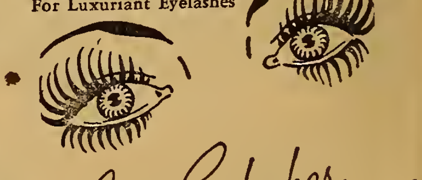

Longer Eyelashes
MAKE YOU MORE ATTRACTIVE

Nothing gives you such a feeling of glamour as long, silky lashes and bright sparkling eyes. Longer eye-lashes spotlight your eyes. Make them more appealing by the new easy LASHGRO method. All you do is rub LASHGRO gently along the edges of the lids with the brush that comes with your kit. Do this until the lashes reach the desired luxuriance. FREE instructions and treatise on eye beauty care with each order. 10 months' supply, including Federal tax and postage, only $2 complete or $2.35 C.O.D. (Sorry, no samples.) If not delighted, money back. (No C.O.D. outside of U. S.)
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quite snooty ones and some terribly stiff ones. There are some in the country with all kinds of athletic facilities (swimming pools, tennis courts, etc.). Some in the city with access to plays, lectures and concerts.

Make up your mind which environment you're happiest in before deciding on a school. Consider, too, the educational program it offers—pediatrics, psychiatry, obstetrics, surgery. If you're interested in being either an Army or Navy nurse, be sure the school you choose is connected with a hospital having a daily average of 100 patients. That's a basic military requirement. And just in case you didn't know, you can enlist in the Army or Navy Nurse Corps even come Victory, at a base salary ranging from $1,800 to $4,000 a year. Additional note: It's now possible for nurses in executive and supervisory positions in public health centers, hospitals and nursing schools, to earn up to $6,000 or $7,000 a year. Which ain't peanuts.

As for what goes on in a nursing school—lots. And while much of it's work, there's a hunk of fun thrown in. Like the Saturday night dances and the bull sessions when you're through cramming for an anatomy quiz.

You'll live in a nurses' residence, which in addition to bedrooms, will have a nice living room. It may also have a kitchen, a laundry for general use and a library.

During your first nine months, you'll see demonstrations of nursing technique, including supervised work in hospital wards, classroom and laboratory. As a Junior, you'll spend less time in class, more time in operating rooms and in out-patient departments. You'll be taking care of patients, helping the doctors and meeting emergencies head-on. As a Senior cadet, you will assume, under supervision, the duties and responsibilities of a graduate nurse. When you graduate, you're called a cadet nurse, and you may become a registered nurse by passing a state exam.

That's the story, and if it sounds good to you, write immediately—this very instant—to us: Cadet Nurse Corps, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y., for a list of accredited nursing schools and for any additional information.

* * *

P.S. Want to know how to jilt some laddie painlessly? What sort of clothes are right for movie dates, dances, parlor jobs? How to cope with a family that "doesn't understand"? Ask us about it. That's what we're here for, you know. A note to Co-ed, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., will un-dilemma you quick like a P-47.

We're Upping the Ante from $1.00 to $5.00

Frankly, we love gossip. With greatest relish, we dive into the mail each day, pore over your intimate little stories of stars and finally settle on the best four or five to be printed in MODERN SCREEN each month. We think these true experiences with Hollywood people are bright spots in the magazine. And, too, we think that perhaps you ought to be rewarded a little more generously for them. So, instead of sending you $1 for your letter if we use it, we're going to mail you $5.00, beginning next month. Of course we reserve the right to edit and revise your letters and will return them to you only when a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. Do write us. It's such a heck of a lot of fun hearing about the stars on Bond tours and vacation jaunts and other off-screen moments.

"8 out of 10" will open your eyes!

Women all over the country write *why* they switched to Modess! 8 out of 10 say "So soft", "So comfortable", or "So utterly safe!"

WHEN WOMEN voluntarily write about a personal subject like sanitary napkins—and when 8 out of 10 *agree*—doesn't that make news? Well, it happened recently. Look . . .

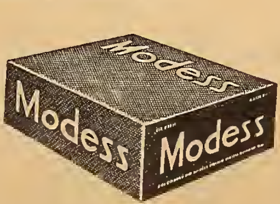
10,086 women took the time to write frank, intimate letters telling *why* they're glad they switched to Modess! They were women of all ages—in every kind of job you can imagine. Women who'd used other kinds of napkins (almost every brand and type.) But they'd switched to Modess—they said they were glad of it—and *8 out of 10 gave its wonderful softness, its comfort, or its dependable safety as their reasons!* Now remember . . .

These "8 out of 10" included teen-agers, young marrieds, mothers. But typical of their opinions is this letter of Mrs. E. J. S. "*Modess stays soft and absorbent much longer and that's important when I spend long hours taking that soldier's place on the farm.*" Modess is made with a special softspun filler—not close-packed layers! (No hard tab ends. No telltale outlines.) Its triple, full-length shield at the *back* gives *full-way* protection, not just part-way, as some napkins give. Why not try softer, safer Modess yourself?

Discover the Difference! Switch to

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS



MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **MODESS JUNIOR** is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.

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BE A CONOVER MODEL!

1ST PRIZE—For a beautiful "Lady in the Dark". . . . . . A test by Harry Conover. Excellent chance of becoming a glamorous COVER GIRL. . . . ALSO round trip travel expenses to New York paid—one week at a large New York hotel—CONOVER GROOMING COURSE, FREE!—Television test—a complete going over by Dorothy Gray; her $35 Personality and Styling Course given FREE!

2ND PRIZE—For a "Gorgeous Hunk of Man" $300 in War Bonds*

3RD PRIZE—For an older woman . . . . I. J. Fox Fur Coat

4TH PRIZE—For an older man . . . . $100 in War Bonds

5TH PRIZE—For a beautiful child . . . . $100 in War Bonds

6TH PRIZE—For a beautiful baby . . . . $100 in War Bonds

Try and try again prizes**

7TH—16TH PRIZE . . Dorothy Gray's "Lady in the Dark" Perfume

1050 Prizes of $1.00 each in War Stamps—Open to all "types"

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by Paramount Pictures.

** If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

The pictured person in each case will win the prize, regardless of who submits the entry.

3rd prize—this silky Persian lamb I. J. Fox fur coat.

Are you a "Lady in the Dark"—in the dark about yourself? Maybe you've got the makings of a Ginger Rogers or a Paulette Goddard and just don't know it. Harry Conover, creator of the Conover Cover Girls, is looking for a beautiful girl—maybe you'll be that girl, or maybe you'll fall into one of the other categories, an older woman type, a handsome hunk of man, an elderly man or a zooty teenster. Maybe you've got an adorable baby that'll walk off with a prize. Remember you don't have to be a raving beauty—that's not always the type that makes the best model. Maybe your mouth is too wide, but your eyes are something terrific! Or maybe your fella's one of those clean cut G.I.'s that looks too wonderful in a uniform. If you win any one of the 1066 prizes offered—gosh! what a thrill! Incidentally why not blow yourself to a couple tickets to "Lady in the Dark"? And if you don't win, go see it anyway. Honestly, it's the best thing to come MODERN SCREEN'S way in a long, long time.

HERE'S HOW:

To enter the "Lady in the Dark" contest, all you have to do is send us a picture of yourself, your mother, father, husband, sweetheart, baby, girl friend or child. Send pictures of as many members of your family or friends as you want; one picture of each. Paste the contest coupon on the back of each picture or write all the necessary data on the back. Any size picture will do, snapshots, candids or portraits, but remember, we cannot return them to you. Mr. Harry Conover will judge the contest.

RULES:

1. Paste a contest coupon on the back of EACH picture submitted, or write the pictured person's FULL NAME (see Rule 3) and address on the back of each picture.
2. Send as many pictures as you like, but only ONE picture of each person.
3. Be sure to give FULL NAME and address. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs., give woman's first name, not her husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families and those who have already won *big* prizes in MODERN SCREEN'S 1944 contest series.
5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than May 10, 1944.
6. The entries will NOT be returned.
7. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
8. The contest will be judged by Mr. Harry Conover. His decisions will be final.

Modern Screen's Contest Series: No. 14
"Lady in the Dark"
(Please Print or Type)

Full name of person pictured________________________
Street ________________City ____________State ______
I understand that this picture will *not* be returned.
Mail your picture to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Painted Desert bedspread with matching draperies inspired by America's colorful West. Also with blue, dusty rose and slate backgrounds.

Tomorrow's Weather Report, by Joan Leslie

"If you buy enough War Bonds today", says **JOAN LESLIE**, star of Warner Bros., **"RHAPSODY IN BLUE"**, "you can write your own Weather Report...always fair weather! The day will come when you can install your own air conditioning." • Those who want a touch of tomorrow in their homes today are selecting Bates bedspreads, designed to provide warmth and beauty...and they see in Bates spreads with matching draperies tomorrow's answer to decoration.

Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

"From where I sit, Cousin —

seems as though my beauty tip won you a husband!"

"Lost your last friend?" Mommy asked my nineteen-year-old Cousin Kate. "Not my *last* friend, just my best beau," Kate sobbed. "He's too interested in another girl. I've lost him, I *know!*" "He's not lost *yet*, darling," Mommy comforted. "My dimpled dumpling (that's me) has a beauty secret that may bring your lieutenant back into camp."

"Some velvety cheek—eh?" Mommy chuckled, pinching mine. "Switch to regular cleansings with pure, mild Ivory and I'm sure *your* complexion will grow clearer and lovelier. More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands together. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating."

"Ooooooh—look at them! That's Kate with Tom—and they were married at our house! See how happy—and pretty—she looks. As a matter of fact, right after she started those regular, gentle cleansings with 'Velvet-suds' Ivory Soap her complexion began to bloom like a dewy rose. And Tom forgot the other girl! Ivory *is* wonderful!"

99 44/100 % pure . . . It floats

Look lovelier with Ivory

. . . the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!

★ ★ ★

Save Soaps! They use Vital War Materials!

1. Don't leave soap in water when you're through lathering yourself.
2. Be sure the soap-dish is dry before you put your bar back.
3. Use up soap scraps in wire shaker or tied in cloth.

TO OUR READERS...

We are just recovering from a bad case of false modesty!

It's almost a year since we began publishing our OVERSEAS EDITION FOR THE ARMED FORCES . . . a bright magazine with the best pin-ups and the best stories from both MODERN SCREEN and SCREEN ROMANCES. In Algiers, Naples and Bombay, American boys are keeping up with pictures and picture folk with our help. And all this time we've sort of taken it for granted.

Somehow we never felt too puffed up about it. One gold star on a service flag makes any civilian contribution small. A single American boy dead on the field of battle outweighs all the magazines ever published.

That's tough talk, but it gives you an idea why we never felt like saying much about our Overseas Edition. We kind of figured we were like a guy who shipped out dehydrated eggs—maybe a little less important, because you can't eat magazines.

That's where we were wrong. From all corners of this battered globe the good word keeps coming: "We love the damn book. We eat it up!"

That's a gorgeous tribute! We think we understand what it means. It means that MODERN SCREEN'S simple, true pictures of typical American families bring to the dead ends of the world a vital seed of home. Maybe the seed is small. But if it can grow strong and alive in a soldier's heart, we think we're doing a pretty good work.

Al Delacorte

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

DONALD O'CONNOR

His crib was a scarred suitcase propped on a dressing room wall, his lullaby the brassy slur of a slide trombone. Part 1, life story.

One afternoon five years ago a skinny kid of 13 sat on a chair in the wardrobe department at Paramount studios and tried to stuff his feet into a pair of shoes that were obviously too small. He twisted and pushed and perspired, but he couldn't make it. The wardrobe man watched him with a half-amused, half-sorry smile. Another man came in the door, stood and watched, too.

"Having trouble?" the new man asked.

The kid grinned apologetically. "They're kinda tight."

"How's the rest?" The new man was talking to the wardrobe fellow now.

"Pants are two inches too short and the coat sleeves the same. That shirt looks like a joke on him. "Mr. Ruggles," protested the wardrobe man, "the truth is, this wardrobe just isn't big enough for Donald. I think—"

Wesley Ruggles, preparing to direct a picture, broke in. "Don," he said, "when you get dressed come into my office, will you?"

Behind closed doors, Ruggles, a veteran Hollywood director, did what he hated to do. He explained to Donald O'Connor why he would have to take him out of the picture he was about to shoot, "Invitation to Happiness," with Fred MacMurray and Irene Dunne. Don's part was the small son of Irene, and he'd shot up so in size in the past months that he was just too big. Ruggles' eyes (*Continued on following page*)

"Variety" praised young Donny, predicted terrific future in show bus.

By Kirtley Baskette

DONALD O'CONNOR Continued

This is the O'Connor clan in "Bombay Unit" of Fanchon and Marco vaudeville act, when Don was 4. Back row, Mom, Billy, Jack, Mildred. Foreground, Don, niece Potsy.

were suspiciously moist as he told Don O'Connor the blunt truth that afternoon. "You've come into that awkward age, Don," he said. "It's tough on kid stars. Some can hold on but not many. Here's the straight dope: There just aren't any parts around here for you any more."

When Donald O'Connor's option came up in a few days, the front office told him the bad news: It wasn't going to be renewed. What they were telling him really was that he was through in Hollywood. Through at 13!

Don O'Connor had made 11 pictures and had his named billed with Hollywood greats like Bing Crosby and Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Betty Grable and a dozen more. He had even been starred in a couple, "Tom Sawyer, Detective" and "Sons of the Legion." He'd made hits on the screen, ever since he played Small Fry with Bing Crosby in "Sing You Sinners." His salary was $900 a week. He had fan mail flowing in and stories in the magazines about him, pictures in the papers. And now something as normal as breathing, something he couldn't help kicked him out of all this—just plain growing up.

Donald O' Connor tossed back his head with a defiant tilt to his cocky, *(Continued on following page)*

Don and Potsy used to play backstage between acts. Don always wore diamond rings for luck, often had to go to bat to keep 'em from hoodlums!

At 12, had first featured role in "Sing You Sinners" playing kid brother to Fred MacMurray and Bing Crosby. Role fit like an old shoe; routine was same he'd gone thru with his own brothers. Scored solid hit singing "Small Fry."

A ladies' man from way back, Don can't even remember first date but recalls that first kiss was planted on Boston chorus girl.

After H'wood stretch, returned to family's act, appeared in World's Fair Irish Village. In '41 Univ. rediscovered him.

Up until he was 11, he'd never had time for regular schooling. Even with work, he's maintaining above-average grades under tutelage of L. A. high school teacher. Also took navigation course for future role in the war.

Don, currently in "Chip Off the Old Block," says when he's in role, he *lives* character he's portraying at home as well as studio!

"What's Cookin'?" with Gloria Jean and Peggy Ryan started onslaught of fan mail boosting him to stardom.

Says most embarrassing moment was when he took Gloria Jean to movies and forgot the money. Had to borrow from her dad. Worse still, studio publicity department spread the story around.

He and Peggy Ryan will be 20 this August; birthdays are two days apart.

DONALD O'CONNOR Continued

Irish chin when they told him the bad news. "So we're closing the run," he said. He was a show business kid from the word "go," and he'd been in spots like this before. "So what? I'll play this circuit again!"

It was a bold boast. Not one in a hundred kids leaves Hollywood, as Donald O'Connor did, and comes back to set it on its ears. Usually they vanish into the limbo of forgotten child stars. Unless they stay runty like Mickey Rooney, or grow up quick like Deanna Durbin, they've got two strikes on them and a fast curve ball coming their way.

But Donald O'Connor has made good his cocky boast. At 18, Small Fry O'Connor was back in Hollywood as Mister Big—from the Universal picture of the same name.

What made that a hit and all the O'Connor hits before it was—Donald O'Connor. And what brought him back again as the biggest new juvenile star of Hollywood's year was the same buzzing, bright and fascinating little guy, simply spilling over with personality and talent. That's all there is to it. The public discovered Don O'Connor again. Universal, an up-and-coming young-minded studio, can take a bow for handing Don a second chance. But Don really pushed his program pictures across to the Hit column. Now he's the hottest thing on the Universal lot, and only postage stamp rationing can stop the 7000 letters that swamp him every week.

They're calling him a new Mickey Rooney out in Hollywood, and a lot of people think that Don O'Connor has as much on the ball as Mickey the Great ever had. If "This is the Life," "Top Man" and "Chip Off the Old Block" don't boost Donald O'Connor into the top ten box-office honor roll this year—then a lot of movie prophets will have to swallow their long grey beards.

So he's done it—has Donald O'Connor—what has never been done in Hollywood before: Been a star once. . . . Left Hollywood cold to grow up. . . . Made a comeback—bigger, better and brighter than before. And made chumps of the wise ones who cracked, "It can't happen here!"

But, looking back, it's hard to see how Donald O'Connor could have missed this bright destiny. From the day he was born he has been *(Continued on page 96)*

Even in the Best of Families . . .

Things do happen. Nothing to send Janie fluttering home in tears to Mother, but still . . .

By Ida Zeitlin

Ronnie's mom, dishing doughnuts at H'wood Canteen heard G.I. say aim of his life was to buy Jane a drink. Mrs. R. phoned Jane, who scooted down to oblige.

Things have been happening to Captain Ronald Reagan's women.

Button-nose Senior—Jane Wyman to Warner Brothers—has burst into stardom.

Button-nose Junior has slipped out of babyhood. She's no longer Murmur, nor even Mau-ween, but an independent 3-year-old who can lick her weight in Rs. "I'm Mau-rrreen Rrreagan," she says and looks as if she dared you to contradict her.

As for Ronnie, the Army's got him, body and soul. For him the movies have ceased to exist. Jane tells him about something that's happened at the studio. He listens quietly—too quietly—

"You don't hear a word I say, do you, Ronnie?"

"Hmm? Gee, I'm sorry, hon." (*Continued on page 79*)

After Ronnie left Jane and H'wood for Army, his fan mail swelled to second place on Warner lot. Errol Flynn, 1st in hearts of mash-note-writers, beat him by couple of stocks.

Capt. Reagan's wife can lure Canteen with "St. Louis Woman," in 5 languages. G.I.'s say she's terrific.

Janie rapidly tumbled from hairdressing to switchboard operating, office work, modeling, scratch singing, writing (recently had two stories published).

Reagans get mildly hysterical every time they think of their "hammy" child sweetly kissing photographer at Danny Milland's birthday party. (Mom's next, "One More Tomorrow.")

After making and breaking first date, Ellie asked Glenn to house for dinner, saw eye to eye on roast-beef-mashed-potato-ice-cream routine. Discovered like tastes in music, books.

For Always

Night Ellie and Glenn wound up at Florentine Gardens after her trousseau shopping, they found Eng. soldiers swamping place. After orchestra had packed up instruments for the night, each of 'em twirled Ellie 'round once, to piano player's tunes.

By **Abigail Putnam**

Sometimes it's a smile or a sweet, quick glance that says what you can't put into words. To Glenn and Ellie it's a tune . . .

They knew they'd be married in 1943. But not till a week before, did they know it would be on October 23rd.

Ever since he joined the Marine Corps, Glenn had been saving days. "I won't ask for anything now, sir," he'd say when the question of leave came up. "Because I *would* like to have ten days when I get married."

The minute he came in from Camp Pendleton that week-end, Ellie knew something was up. In moments of excitement, Glenn can be very calm and collected—only his eyes give him away. They look as if a small bonfire had been lighted behind them.

"Doing anything special next Saturday?" he asked. "Because if you're not, I have a furlough, and I'd like to get married."

* * *

The stars represent an interlude that has nothing to do with us. When we see them next, Ellie's eyes are on fire, too, but they've both reached the stage where plans can be discussed.

The first plan was to be married at Santa Barbara—with no witnesses but Ellie's mother and Glenn's. There was so little time for preparations, it seemed the sensible thing to do. But sitting there in front of the fire, Ellie's heart cried out against the sensible thing—

She turned to Glenn. "I've always wanted a wedding to think back on. I've always wanted to be married in a white dress—"

"Me, too," he smiled. "And if you think you could manage it in a week, I'll manage dress blues."

That was all she needed, if she needed anything—the vision of Glenn in dress blues. On Monday morning she was at Magnin's, where she always shops. If you think her best talent lies in her dancing feet, you're wrong. It lies in her talent for human relationships. Magnin's isn't just the place where she shops. It's the place where the girl behind the bag counter waves hello as Ellie passes, and Ellie knows exactly how long it is since the elevator girl last heard from her husband somewhere in the South Pacific. (*Continued on page 116*)

Cues for Ellie's coming "Sensations of 1944" are so befuddling, she and electrician rehearse together 4 hrs. a day. She's turned down $7500 a wk. P.A. tour, to be near Glenn.

Glenn (who's won sharpshooting medal) used to rout the Powells out of bed with 5 A.M. phone calls. Three minutes later, Ellie'd start letter. Wrote two a day. (Above, Glenn with Bill Lundigan and Marine Raiders' Colonel Evans Carlson.)

Lon's "California" role topped career that started 40 pictures ago. Climb was blocked by Army induction Feb. 16 at Fort MacArthur where exterior shots of "Stage Door Canteen" were made

"CALIFORNIA"—

They've got Lon McCallister so darn tied up that a day off is a blank check straight from heaven.

There's a clause in Lon McCallister's contracts that says nothing can be printed about him that's not the truth.

He's been in the movies, playing bits and extras, since he was 12. He knew lots of movie kids, and it embarrassed him to read stuff about them that was all hoked up. So when his turn came to sign with Sol Lesser, he had the no-hokum clause put into the contract. "The truth never hurt anyone," says Lon.

He's 20, but he eyes you with the clear candor of a child. His smile trusts the world. He thinks people are the most important thing in life, and the most important thing to be is a friend. His other ambitions include movies, writing and boats.

He doesn't think he's an actor. If people continue to like him, it will be because they like him as Lon McCallister, not as Hamlet or Mr. Hyde. He loves Shakespeare to read, but not *(Continued on page 104)*

June Hover (opp. Lon in "Home in Indiona") had him eating out of her hand at 20th-Fox party to honor 5 most promising starlets. Guests included surest male bets: McCollister, Eythe, Andrews and few others.

Lon, on location during dog's 3rd birthday, wired shaggy Done, "Greetings. Wish I were with you." Star-dazzled clerk let wire slip through.

HERE HE COMES!

By Nancy Winslow Squire

Swoon Boy of 1944 kicked up a racket with improvised words and music 5:50 A.M., Jan. 11, when he arrived weighing 8 lbs., 12 ounces.

By Jean Kinkead

It's a Boy!

Three lovelier words he never heard—poor frazzled Frankie, pacing the floor a continent away. And now Pop's singing a lullaby in blue.

Nancy Sandra was just about two days old when Frank began talking more babies. "What's one kid?" he said. "Nothing. It's pathetic. You need five or six before you're a family." Frankie had been an only child, lonely as the dickens. Nancy had been one of seven, constantly stalking a bit of privacy and solitude.

"One kid's all right," she said softly, from her throne of pillows. "One kid's kind of wonderful."

Frankie squeezed her hand and looked deep in her eyes. "Yeah, it is, isn't it?" he said, feeling all gooshy for a minute; then added doggedly, "For a starter."

Nancy was right, it so happened. One kid was wonderful. Maybe she did tie you down a little. And maybe she did knock hell out of your best clothes via tiny white-shod feet. She was still terrific, and for a long while she was all he wanted. Nancy, soft and lovable, impish and (*Continued on following page*)

Usually about 10 o'clock, Mom throws breakfast together while Pop tumbles Nancy, fusses over newest doll sent by fan. Birthday means shower of gifts from Pop's public.

Quick review of headlines, trade news over juice, cereal, ham and eggs, toast and coffee. Daily routine is dictated by rehearsals, interviews, shows.

After breakfast, 3 Sinatras huddle over Mother Goose few minutes, then Frank dashes. Once, when Nancy Sandra was en route Frank's bookings got mixed and he and Nancy ate onion sandwiches 2 days.

Frank, who's proved he can lick his weight in hecklers, says, "Sure, I'm skimpy, but I'll take on any 3 guys at once." Always wears identification tag given him by Mauriello, with ditto's name on inscription.

When Frank leaves, Mrs. S. tears into household chores, has never had maid more than 2 days a week. With 10-room set-up comes playroom, gym, practice golf range, archery.

When time allows, heavyweight Tami Mauriello bangs Frank around Gotham Health Club gym. When day's jammed, gets quick workout by masseur.

12 o'clock rehearsal. Finicky about phrasing and such, Frank very often grabs baton to show swingmen how. After last year's tangle with Dorsey, manager announced, "Sinatra now owns Sinatra 100%".

Back in 1939, Frank was staggering through 18 radio shows over local stations, netting 70c a wk. (for carfare). Studied Dorsey's music then, learned about those long, sweet notes uninterrupted by breathing.

It's a Boy! Continued

noisy. Nancy, pink-cheeked and laughing in the daytime; all scrubbed and shiny in the evening. She was enough.

Then suddenly she graduated from overalls to pinafores, and one day Frankie came home to find her with pink on her nails and her hair up in a pompadour.

"Look, Mom," he told Mrs. Sinatra at dinner that night. "That babe's practically grown-up. I wish we had a nice tiny new job around."

"That," said Nancy smugly, "is what I've been trying to tell you ever since you got in, only you got so involved with your daughter . . ."

"What do you mean?" Frankie flew over to her side of the table. "What do you mean?"

"The new baby, dope. It's all set for December."

"It is? Oh gosh. Oh gee, that's wonderful. Are you okay, Mom? I'm gonna call the boys right away and let them know." Frank was like a wild man.

"Butch, sit down and finish your dinner. And for the love of Mike, don't go telling everyone already." Frank didn't answer. He was too busy thinking how he'd spring the news on people. By the next day, everyone knew. Including Dotty Kilgallen and Louella Parsons. Including Nancy Sandra.

"What do you (*Continued on following page*)

Swoonster turns up at Lucky Strike Hit Parade rehearsal looking like fan: tweeds, loungy sport stuff. Wears specs cause of spotlight glare. Present pic, "Higher and Higher."

Frank stews over orchestrations, often cocks ear toward individual instrument, asking special effect. Hopes Nancy Sandra will be harpist some day. Anyhow, hopes she'll be some kind of musician.

While orchestra runs through things "just once more, boys," Sinatra sleeps. Sweetest dream was "This Love of Mine" (written with Hank Sanicola). Sold 1,000,000 platters.

It's a Boy! Continued

want for Christmas?" is how Frankie led up to it.

"A train—a doll—a doll carriage—a dog—and a tricycle," she rattled off without a moment's hesitation. The promptness of the comeback sort of threw her mom and pop, considering it was only May.

"How about a brother?" Frank prodded. "Would you like a baby brother?"

"Sure," she said. "I told Mom that already. A train—a doll—a doll carriage—a dog—a tricycle—and a brother with blond curls."

"Okay, honey. I'll tell Santa Claus right away, so's there won't be any hitch."

There now, there wasn't anybody left to tell. Frank sat back in his chair and eyed Mom dotingly. Life was indeed good. He doted on her all through the summer. Everytime she looked around, there was Frank with a glass of ice water or an electric fan or both.

"Relax," she'd tell him. "I'm perfectly all right, honey. I'm not even warm." He ignored that and pushed a chair under her—just in case.

"Haven't you any whims, Mom?" he'd ask her. "All expectant mothers have whims."

"Not a whim, Frank. Not even one." He'd bring her pickles anyway, and spiced ham and candy, just in case. And she ate all of it, which pleased him.

The first of December, Frank left for a Boston booking, positive that the minute he got out of town his son would arrive. (He'd been calling it "my son" from the very beginning.) He'd hang on the phone with Nancy by the hour. "As I see it, Mom, he should appear on my birthday at the latest." That was the 12th.

"The doctor says around the twentieth, honey," Nancy soothed him. "You'll be home by then."

"Yeah, but Nancy came so darned early, he probably will, too." (Nancy had been born two weeks ahead of schedule, on June 8, 1940, while Frank had turned his back for a couple of hours for a rehearsal with Tommy Dorsey's band.) "I give him till the twelfth."

When the baby didn't show on the 12th, Frank gave him till Christmas. "That's the deadline," he said grimly. This business (*Continued on page 85*)

Junior brigade gallantly convoys The Voice out of CBS studios. June '43, Par. Theater grossed $11,000, gave F. $2500 weekly plus extra weekly bonus of $1000!

Suave night clubbers sardined into Waldorf Wedgewood Room to see what teensters were moaning over. "Night and Day," which won him first contract, won over older set at Waldorf, making Sinatra a universal thing.

At swank Waldorf or backstage at Paramount, night ends same way; with tight huddle of autograph hunters mesmerized by Sinatra's tender tones. Hollywood fans are doing the honors now that Frank's on West Coast shooting newly hatched RKO flicker.

SINCE THEY

Shirley, shopping with Mom, used to howl, "Why do I have to dress like a baby?" Thought Marine duds she tramped around in at El Toro, Cal., station pretty keen.

Days off from set of "Since You Went Away," Shirley directed stage-shy teensters in Red Cross play. Took all parts to show 'em. (Here with David O. Selznick.)

WENT AWAY

By Kaaren Pieck

No brothers around to heckle Shirley about her "men," nobody to whistle "*whew*" at her new dress!

Shirley calls them her Army and Marine brothers. They're so different, she doesn't know how they ever managed to get into the same family. But she's certainly glad they both got into hers.

Imagine if she'd had sisters instead, all the fun she'd have missed. Not that she'd have minded a *little* sister, that would have been nice. But an older one? Goodness, no! Older sisters act bossy. So do older brothers sometimes, but in sort of a nice way. They don't get all steamed up about it.

Jack was 14 when Shirley appeared on the scene, George was 10. So they never really played around together, like kids nearer the same age. A lot of the time they weren't even home. By the time she was old enough to kind of look around and take notice, George was going to military school in New Mexico,and

(*Continued on page 90*)

Guys at El Toro Marine Air Station dubbed S. official "kid sister," said, "No glamour girls for us. This war may last awhile. We want a gal young enough."

After chirping for mob of Col. shipyard workers, feminine welders showed her tricks of seaming up a ship. Between pics, Shirley wades through heavy war activities schedule, recently launched Liberty ship.

Canteening is glowy-est part of week. Shirley loves to dance, says most fellows, like this Missouri pvt., have sisters at home. Hears reams about them, likes taking their place for little while.

Hutton, Inc.

By Rosemary Layng

Marion was an angel; Betty a hellion who danced and screamed and sang—and hoped someone was watching.

Betty and Marion had relatives in Battle Creek who used to send them things for Christmas. One Christmas they both asked for roller skates. When the package came, Betty—who could never wait—got her hands on it first and went tearing through it. There were roller skates for Marion, none for her. Her face went white, but she didn't say a word. Which only served to twist the knife a little deeper into her mother's heart.

Mabel Hutton's heart was used to aching over her little black sheep, who thought the way to break down a wall was to butt her head against it. Fiercely protective, she'd hunt for words to console Betty. Marion was two years older. But this time the stock arguments turned her stomach. What kind of stuff was that to hand out to a grieving kid at Christmas. (*Continued on page 76*)

Weak-kneed over scene with DeMille in early pic, Betty covered jitters by grabbing him, screaming, "Get in and pitch a great scene, C.B. We're for you."

Betty, who squanders everything but time, takes showers instead of baths to save minutes. Gobbles egg sandwich, milk before bed. Right, Red Skelton.

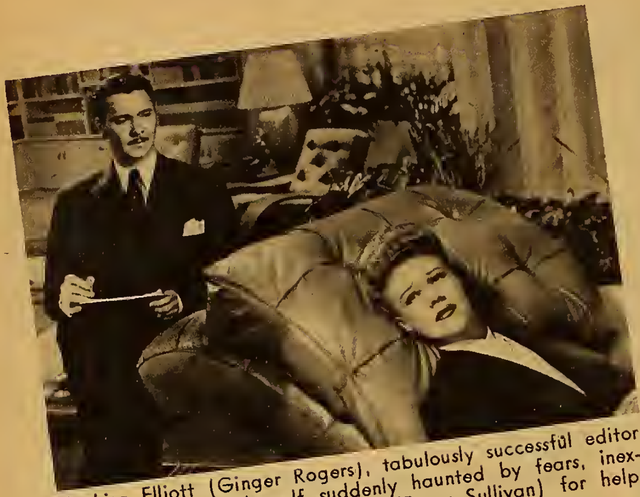
Betty chucks fuzzy brown teddybear on pillow beside her each night 'cause when she was a kid she never had one. For same reason, melts at sight of doll with real hair. (Above, with Mrs. Hutton, Betty 4, Marion 6.)

Marian Hutton (former Glenn Miller vocalist) is proud as an old biddy over (1) son Johnny, who's beginning to stand on own two chubby legs, (2) Mom, who's debuting as extra in Betty's "Incendiary Blonde."

Hollywood Canteen warriors swear Betty's only gal alive who can out-rumba and out-Lindy them. Leaves 'em frazzled. (Above, Al Dexter, father of "Pistol Packing Mama.")

Betty (currently in "Miracle of Morgan's Creek") added new gag to Hope repertoire. Told him of paratrooper who asked her to autograph his arm, then screamed, "This arm's not gonna get washed for the duration."

By Maris MacCullers and Kay Hardy



1. Liza Elliott (Ginger Rogers), fabulously successful editor of "Allure," finds herself suddenly haunted by fears, inexplicable dreams, asks Dr. Brooks (Barry Sullivan) for help.

2. Publisher Kendall Nesbitt (Warner Baxter), who's loved Liza always, tells her his wife is finally coming thru with divorce. When can they marry? Liza's too tired, bewildered to think.

3. Tearing back to doctor's office, Liza pours out dreams, bits remembered from childhood; how it ached to be so plain when her mother was so beautiful, how disappointed mother was.

4. Casual, brilliant Charley Johnson (Ray Milland) works under Liza, keeps jabbing mercilessly about the barren, loveless life of successful "Boss Lady." Liza hates him.

5. From dreams and remembered fragments Dr. Brooks learns that Liza once lost high school beau to prettier girl, has since stifled her own charm and beauty, afraid to be hurt by men.

6. A breathlessly lovely Liza turns out for date with Randy Curtis (Jon Hall), meets Charley with actress who sets to work on Randy. Liza abruptly leaves.

"Lady in the Dark"

To Ginger, brilliant, secure, fantastically successful, life's a headache. And, it turns out, Ray's the Bromo.

7. Randy would have proposed that night. Kendall has. Reality merges with dreams in which Liza has to make up her mind. Randy . . . Kendall . . . which?

. Dr. Brooks tells Liza what she needs is a stronger, surer on than either Ken or Randy. Later Charley announces he's uitting. Liza, to keep him, practically hands over her job.

9. Charley? Could it possibly be self-assured, razor-edged Charley? And could he possibly be looking at her as though she weren't just office equipment as though she were a woman?

STORY—She was frightened.

That never happened; it might happen to other people, the little, worried people who were clerks and stenographers. But not to Liza Elliott. Not brilliant Liza Elliott, editor of the smartest magazine for women in America; not Liza Elliott who thought of, created, pushed and scrabbled until "Allure" was the cream of the whole fashion parade.

But she was frightened; there was no denying it. What was it Dr. Carlton had said? "It's not your health, Liza. You're fit and sound. It's something in your mind." He had wanted her to see another doctor, a Dr. Brooks—a psychoanalyst. She? Liza Elliott? What in the world did she need a psychoanalyst for? She was happy, wasn't she, secure in her job, successful? But why was she frightened?

The office door swung open a bit, and she jumped a bit nervously and then bit *(Continued on page 71)*

PRODUCTION—The technical experts assigned to "Lady in the Dark" read the script before production began, groaned and asked themselves why they hadn't chosen some simple profession like weaving baskets under water.

For the circus sequence, they had to construct a jury box that would bob and sway in time to the music, yet be strong enough to hold 15 clowns. The two circus rings, the focus of attention for much of the scene, had to make revolutions in exactly nine and six-tenths seconds. After the details essential to their correct timing were completed, the arc lights were turned on, and immediately the amount of power was reduced (a small item that had been overlooked). The rings slowed down to ten-second revolutions and spoiled everything. Auxiliary generators had to be borrowed, and practically all other filming on the lot had to cease 'til the electric lines could cope with the heavy load again! *(Continued on page 89)*

Joan Leslie

By Marcia Daughtrey

Canteen Kid

"You won't remember me," Bill wrote. But he was wrong. As long as Joan lives she'll remember.

One night Joan was serving coffee behind the Snack Bar at the Hollywood Canteen, when a boy came up.

"I don't believe it," he said.

Now lots of boys might have said the same thing, and she'd have recognized it as an invitation to some breezy give-and-take, and replied in the same spirit.

But this boy was handing it out straight. Sincerity was written all over his quiet face. "What don't you believe?" asked Joan.

"That I'm seeing you. Maybe that sounds silly, but here's what I mean. I got in a couple of days ago, and I was pretty thrilled, especially coming from overseas. Hollywood's something wonderful to us fellows, and I kept looking for something wonderful to happen, but *(Continued on page 109)*

The two joes who didn't come for sandwiches are engineer and radio man of 14th Air Force stationed in China. Joan learned insignia on backs were notice to Chinese they were friendly.

Discipline on set of "This Is the Army" was so rigid, G.I.s had to let a grin substitute for a "line." Military restrictions forbade their talking to Joan during work.

Around studio, "Rhapsody in Blue" has been redubbed "R. in Black and Blue" since dance routine pitched Joan downstairs with sprained ankle, assorted bruises.

Lana Turne

By Fredda Dudley

Good News

Cooper troupe invading South Pacific! Lt. Eddie Albert with Coast Guard in Tarawa landing! Irene Dunne launches *S.S. Carole Lombard!*

BABY OF THE YEAR:

The J. Walter Thompson Company is an august business enterprise, ensconced in elegant offices behind dignified double doors. One afternoon in January, the Thompson Company eyebrows ascended as one arch; the Thompson Company was being mobbed. The invading army wore a uniform: saddle oxfords, bobby sox, pleated skirts and sloppy joes. The invading army spoke a language all its own, "Murder, he says!" "Roger and Wilco." "Who's beating her gums about what?" "Take a pleat in your tongue, your jaw is hanging."

Here and there appeared the obvious officers of this force: leggy characters wearing blue windbreakers on the back of which was the gold felt inscription, "I am a Sinatra Swooner."

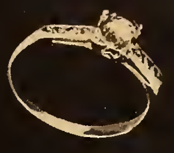
Frank Sinatra, the Sultan of Swoon, was to inaugurate his series of broadcasts, and the B. Sox Brigade was stampeding for tickets. When the supply was exhausted, a small red sign was hung on the door, to wit: "No More Sinatra Tickets." Nonplused late-comers had to content themselves with writing bitter comments on this sign.

The line before the Lux Radio Theater began to form around 3 o'clock for the 6 o'clock broadcast. The conversation along the line dealt with prized Sinatra recordings and favorite Sinatra anecdotes. One favorite confidence, bandied about from one ardent group to the other, was that Frank was to caddy for Bing Crosby at a forthcoming charity match. The second most engrossing item was the advent of Frank's second child. One partisan summed up the group emotional condition neatly, "We've just been suffering like crazy with Frankie, waiting for that baby to get here."

Ten days later, Nancy and Frank became the parents of a boy, to be named Francis Wayne, (*Continued on page 62*)

1943's been gold-plated for Jameses. She—first actress in 12 yrs. to climb atop Motion Pic Herald Poll. He—$7000 a week at Palladium.

Susan Peters



ENGAGED! MARY JANE MAXSON
of West Orange, N. J. to William B. Eppler of Maplewood, an army officer, now overseas. She is a graduate of Mary Lyon Junior College; he attended Princeton.

MARY JANE IS DEMURE AND SPRING-BLOSSOMY. Her smooth, silky hair has a baby-fine quality. Her exquisite complexion is so clear and so soft. "I just take care of my face with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "The more I use it, the more I *love* it."

VICTORY FARM HAND—Mary Jane's war work on the family's victory farm is no glamour job! *She's working where she's needed!* All kinds of jobs need women workers. Check Help Wanted ads —consult local U. S. Employment Service.

ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE

"*She's so pretty!*" people exclaim after they meet Mary Jane Maxson. Her heart-shaped face has a sweet elfin charm—quiet stillness one minute, mischievous laughter the next.

Mary Jane herself has *definite* and *practical* ideas about how to keep her lovely face looking its prettiest. "You've just got to have *sparkling clean skin*," she says. "It has to look and feel soft, too. That's why I'm so keen about a Pond's cold-creaming for my face *every night* and *every morning*. Pond's is such heavenly soft-smooth cream. It feels grand to use and makes your skin look so nice."

Copy Mary Jane's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. This is what she does!

First—She *smooths* Pond's snowy Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats with quick fingertips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Next—She "rinses" with *more* Pond's, working her white-tipped fingers over her face in little spiral whirls. "This *twice-over* creaming makes my skin feel *extra* clean, *extra* soft," she says.

Beauty-clean *your* face with Pond's *every* night, *every* morning. Use it for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why it's no accident engaged girls like Mary Jane, society beauties like Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III and Britain's Viscountess Milton love this soft-smooth cream. Get a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR! Large sizes save glass and manpower! And it's so much quicker to dip finger tips of both hands in the wide jar!

SHE'S ENGAGED! *She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*

MARGARET O'BRIEN

It's Spring... and she has shining hair!

No wonder love is in the air!

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Springtime! Time for hearts to be young and gay . . . time for you to be lovelier than ever with radiant, glamorous hair that invites romance!

So DON'T let Springtime find *you* with hair that's dull from using soap or soap shampoos!

Instead, use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how the wonderful hair conditioner now in this new, improved Drene leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to handle . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

So for more alluring hair, insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

And remember . . . Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

TINY HATS which show most of your hair are among the smartest this Spring. So lovely hair and a becoming hair-do are more important than ever! For the shining-smoothness so essential to any smart hair-do you'll find no shampoo that equals Drene with Hair Conditioner!

Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap. Switch to Drene Shampoo! It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

•

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Good News Continued from page 57

Dilemma at the Ladds: The day they sold almost every snitch of furniture, expecting new stuff to arrive momentarily. Bendixes offered bed and board till new equipment turned up.

Big moment: When Lana and Steve suddenly realized that tiny Cheryl was stacking up more Christmas presents than her Mom. Bad moment: When Mrs. Turner took to bed, threatened by pneumonia.

and to be observed critically through infancy and adolescence by the largest group of vicarious Little Mothers ever accorded a junior citizen.

BRASS BUTTONS:

The troupe consisting of Gary Cooper, Una Merkel, Phyllis Brooks, and Eddie Arcari, landed at an airport somewhere in the South Pacific and noted with interest the presence of great quantities of gold braid on smartly squared shoulders. Obviously, something dramatic was in the offing, but none of the welcoming committee vouchsafed an explanation to the entertainers. They just waited around. By and by a second plane landed, and from it descended General Marshall.

That afternoon the General addressed the troops briefly. Thereafter, Gary, Eddie and the girls put on their show, an entertainment which General Marshall remained to watch. "We were so excited we almost blew our lines," Una confessed afterward.

At the close of the show General Marshall met the four wanderers and explained in his modest way that he hoped they didn't mind his addressing soldiers who had really gathered hours early to hear the Cooper show. "I was just a fill-in," he grinned.

Gary looked at the sky and the earth for an answer. Then he grinned right back.

Days went by, and the incident was not discussed. Then one evening Gary suddenly observed, "Gosh! Some fill-in, huh?"

* * *

We have been snooping, in your behalf, through the fan mail of certain persons, and we come up triumphantly with the following:

"Our dear Miss Lamour:

"We, the commissioned members of the crew of the United States submarine *Gudgeon*, have taken it upon ourselves to send you our most cherished possession—not a Jap battle flag or the scalp of an enemy commander, but a picture! A picture placed within an unused gauge, many months before, in the engine room of our gallant vessel. A picture that has done wonders in seeing us through numerous engagements with the Nippers. It was looked upon for protection and comfort countless times during depth charge attacks—and comfort and protection was always found. It is a veteran of ten war patrols in enemy-controlled waters, scores of depth charges (hence the name "Depth Charge Dottie") and has witnessed extensive damage to our enemy.

"You became a veteran early in the war when, during an especially heavy attack, the glass covering your face was shattered, leaving an ugly scar across your cheek. Beyond that, excluding a little scotch tape and good old *Gudgeon* dirt, you look none the worse for thirty months of sea duty.

"And so, it is with kindest regards that we send you the enclosed picture and hope it will find its way to your scrapbook.

Most sincerely,
Ship's Company,
U.S.S. Gudgeon."

At tea party, Frankie gave rugged rendition of "Old Man River" for Admiral Halsey, who applauded wildly. Frank was honored till he learned he'd sung through dead mike. (With Ginger right.)

The picture went into Dottie's scrapbook, and a new and luscious portrait went to the ship's company of the gallant *Gudgeon.* Those of you who have seen "Destination Tokyo" know what sort of action Dottie's pictures—and the men to whom she gave comfort—have survived.

* * *

Lieutenant Van Heflin was able to place a second overseas call to his pretty wife immediately after Christmas. He said wistfully, "I'd give almost anything if I could only see you and Vanna in front of our Christmas tree."

That did it. Frances can't bear the idea of taking down the tree. So she has decided to leave it where it stands in the living room until Van comes back to Hollywood. When last seen, the tree was more haystack than needles.

* * *

As you undoubtedly know from news dispatches, Lt. Eddie Albert participated with the Coast Guard in the landings at Tarawa. It was there, a fact that none of us must ever forget, that over a thousand men gave up their lives in 76 short hours.

Fiercely attending to duty, which in this case was the evacuating of wounded men and getting them back to the ships, Lt. Albert literally swam through a sea that broke red on blood-soaked shores.

He told friends with wry solemnity, "I've always said I craved adventure. Well, I got it." But he had never expected adventure to wear so hideous a face.

However, any man who emerges from such an experience abruptly finds himself to be the possessor of such riches as heart can scarcely hold: He is the owner of life, of being, of awareness of the magical power of laughter.

Out of the depths of this laughter, Eddie told of several Marines who came upon a cache of Jap beer and got to work, opening cans with anything that would penetrate tin. Abruptly a grenade landed in their midst, and everyone leaped backward into fox holes and behind cocoanut logs. When, after a fearful few moments, there was no detonation, someone gingerly lifted his head to find another Marine calmly stacking his arms with cans of beer.

"Take cover, you lug," someone yelled. "That grenade's about to go off."

The Marine, almost invisible behind his loot, observed urbanely, "Nope, it won't go off. I took out the powder before I tossed it in there to scare you monkeys away from my beer."

GOLD FISH:

Because their house seemed too big for Ann's wartime need, and because she and Bob have postwar plans for a one-story, rambling house out in the country somewhere, the Sterlings have offered their Beverly Hills home for sale.

Bob came in from his current job of acting in Air Corps training films and made a bee-line for the shower. The sequence which had been shot that day involved the technique of handling a plane on which the oil line had broken. To simulate oil, yet not dissipate such valuable material or run the risk of starting a real fire, the Army producers had been using chocolate sauce in the oil line. Bob was a sweet sight—face the color of molasses and hair likewise.

The shower felt wonderful. He tried a few bars of some unrecognizable air. Hearing voices—apparently from the neighboring bedroom—Bob opened the sand-blasted shower door and thrust out a dripping head. "Zat you, Ann?"

It wasn't Ann. It was the local realtor, showing a family of prospective buyers through the house. "Personally conducted tours at all hours," said Bob cheerfully and closed the door in the faces of the ogling visitors.

Why Cheryl Walker wears Woodbury Natural

CHERYL WALKER, IN SOL LESSER'S MOTION PICTURE, "STAGE DOOR CANTEEN"

✓ "it makes my complexion look blonder ... lends baby-skin clearness, velvet smoothness," she says ...

Girls! . . . *your* shade of Woodbury Powder will do glamorous things for you . . . Because Hollywood directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for each skin-type . . . And the Color Control process makes Woodbury Powder color-even, super-fine—to *stay* color-fresh, velvet-smooth on your skin, hour after hour . . . Choose from the 8 exquisite Woodbury shades including: *Natural, Flesh, Rachel, Brunette, Windsor Rose.*

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! . . . Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost . . . All 3 for only $1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢

Good News Continued

RUMOR BLOOMER:

If you haven't seen "Lifeboat" with the incomparable Tallulah Bankhead, run—do not walk—to your nearest theater. Playing opposite her is one of the most exciting personalities to hit town in a long time, name of John Hodiak. After the picture had been seen generally in Hollywood, Metro executives cast a covetous eye upon 20th Century-Fox Studios, where the picture had been made by Alfred Hitchcock, and where—presumably—the desirable Mr. Hodiak was under contract.

Tactful negotiations were begun to borrow this rarest of all local wartime commodities, a rugged leading man. 20th Century was polite and regretful. They would, they allowed, dearly love to lend Mr. Hodiak to Metro, were it not for one technicality. Mr. Hodiak had been borrowed, in the first place, by 20th Century. His contract was held by Metro.

RING, DOUBLE RING:

When Alexis Smith announced her engagement to Craig Stevens, she postscripted the news with a firm declaration that there would be no wedding until the war was over. Recently, however, Craig was given his medical discharge from the Army. A few days later Alexis was spotted amid the lonely floor spaces of a furniture store (no Los Angeles home outfitter has enough merchandise to soil a good-sized dustcloth). Perhaps this means that Alexis has changed her mind about being a lady-in-waiting for the duration, since her personal soldier is home from the wars.

Judy (here with Jack Benny) brainstormed into studio with suggestion that full-sized photos replace postcard-size pics to overseas servicemen. Idea took pushing, but Judy got final O.K.

Edward Arnold and everyone else who'd listen heard Paulette's Spring seeding plans, her overpowering yen for dungarees and good N. Y. soil. Paulette said she'd work farm herself until next pic.

RE-TAKE:

Christmas, 1943, has long been just a memory. About all that remains of the festive season around your house is that Christmas card from a distant friend, giving her new address. You are positively going to write her a long letter—in June.

This being the case, perhaps you can endure a final report on Hollywood Yuletide Highlights, to wit: Annie Sheridan—gifted with a toy train that wound through her entire house—was determined to supply the donor, Steve Hannagan, with a pair of firehouse red silk pajamas to get even with his stunt of having her met in Chicago by the fire chief.

Unfortunately, the demand for red silk pajamas is practically nil, and the haberdashers whom Annie telephoned verbally recoiled from her query. So she bought a pair of white pyjas and had them dyed.

* * *

Just before Christmas, incidentally, Jane Wyman had poked her head into Perc Westmore's make-up department in time to catch him displaying—to his employees—the full-length maribou negligee he had bought for his wife, beautiful red-haired Margaret Donovan. Janie advanced to model the coat and promptly went into ecstasies over it.

On Christmas morning Jane received a duplicate coat from Perc.

* * *

And the following is a somewhat belated report on the Whiskers Situation, Hollywood Division, Rental Department.

As you probably know, Cary Grant is the only male member of the Hollywood Women's Press Club, and, as such, acts as Santa Claus by delivering the grab bag (25c) presents which they exchange each year. It has been the custom for some member of the entertainment committee to rent a set of flowing white whiskers and a red cap for Cary.

This year he passed gifts around, wearing a face unblemished by even so little as a faint five o'clock shadow. Someone demanded to know why the traditional beard had been shed.

Explanation: it seems that beards were so much in demand (the supply being scarce) that the rental time was stated in hours instead of days. Cary's whiskers had been rented from 8 A.M. until noon on the day before Christmas, and presentation of Golden Apples took so long that Cary didn't play Santa until 2:30 P.M.

By that time the uneasy-footed rental company had taken its whiskers and departed to its next customer.

"THE FLOOD MAY BEAR ME FAR":

Undoubtedly you read the newspaper account of the launching of the S.S. *Carole Lombard*, and saw the pictures of Irene Dunne wielding the christening bottle of wine. Many Hollywood know-it-alls have asked why Miss Dunne was selected, as she and Carole had been acquaintances but not close friends.

It happened this way: Mrs. Walter Lang, the beloved "Fieldsie," had been Carole's closest friend. This was so well known that Mrs. Lang was asked to give the short dedicatory speech and to launch the boat. She declined, saying that she would be so emotionally overcome that she would be unable to utter a word. Who, then, the officials asked, would be suitable?

Fieldsie thought it over and reached a conclusion. Of all the women in Hollywood, Irene Dunne had always been the actress most admired by Carole Lombard. Miss Dunne's voice, her graciousness, her perfect poise had been cited repeatedly by Carole as her ideal.

So it was she who consigned to the honesty of the unchanging sea, the honesty of the unchanging spirit called Carole Lombard.

* * *

The Beedle family had three sons: Bill, Bob and Dick—all tall, all handsome, all likable. Bill went into pictures several years ago, made his mark (*Continued on page 113*)

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT! PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM...
PUT FRESH, THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM, UNDER THIS ARM! SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION-PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!

Use FRESH *and stay fresher!*

• See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

By Carol Carter

A Smile that Glistens

Mayhap, sassy one, you've been disposed to poke fun at the stories of eternal youth that trickle out of Hollywood via the pens of precocious publicity peddlers. But here's something you can swear by any time you feel the urge: the gilded gals who leave the most famous footprints in the slabs at Grauman's Chinese Theater are the ones who've learned to take care of their health. If you follow their example in hygiene as faithfully as you copy their coifs, you're even smarter than grandma gives you credit for being . . . Take the matter of teeth. Teeth are terribly important, not only to good looks, but to good health. The girls who live by the lens know this. Glance at the pix of June Allyson for a smiling example . . . When June was doing a stint at New York's Capitol Theater, your gallivanting beauty editor fought her way backstage through a crowd of milling fans and cornered June in her dressing room. We were there to pick up any ideas she might have on brightening and improving smiles . . . and we had come to the right place. This Allyson lass is gay as an M-G-M musical. The audience was happy, no end, when June flashed her dazzling white smile . . . "First impressions," said she, "are so important . . . and nobody fails to notice your mouth!" A person just can't be healthy with sick teeth. Teeth grind food. If the teeth are sore, broken-down or missing, digestion is interfered with at the start. 'Nother thing: nothing causes an ill-smelling breath more quickly than decayed teeth or an unclean mouth . . . **Brush-work.** "Make the tongue-test," is June's idea. Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth . . . inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? It doesn't belong on teeth. It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking. Your tongue tells you what others see—filmy coating

← June Allyson boasts a bright smile 'cause she cares for her teeth. She's in "Two Sisters and a Sailor" with Van Johnson.

that dims the natural brilliance of your smile.

June fixed us with a stern eye: "Do you select a toothbrush for the color of its handle instead of the quality of the bristles?" While we were busily denying any such thing, June went on to chat about the all-important brush. "A toothbrush shouldn't be used oftener than once in 24 hours." Right, she is! It's a bright idea to own two toothbrushes. With proper care (which means only cold water is ever applied to the bristles) and 24-hour drying in the open air, a pair of brushes used alternately will do efficient work for about four months.

Choose a toothbrush to fit the mouth. Don't, oh don't, use one whose bristles are broken or loose. Brush the teeth, if possible, after every meal. Also, of course, upon rising and before going to bed. Never saw back and forth, for this injures the gums and cuts grooves in the teeth. Simplest and most effective method consists of a slight rolling, away-from-the-gums motion for the outside walls of the teeth, small-circular strokes for the biting surfaces and a vertical scrubbing for the inner surfaces of the front teeth.

"It's important," added June, "to brush the gums as to brush the teeth." Care must be taken to brush them only in the proper direction; toward the crowns of teeth, never away from them. Brush the upper gums downward, the lower gums upward. This massages them and also sweeps out food particles from between the teeth. June's enthusiastic about the whole subject. 'Fact, she spends ten minutes every morning and evening in caring for her teeth.

Dandy Dentifrice. June's a gal who likes variety. Sometimes she uses a paste, sometimes a liquid, sometimes a powder dentifrice. Whichever you hit upon, if it's a nationally advertised product you can be assured it's scientific tooth cleansing at its best. When you make your choice, use it regularly. You'll be the proud possessor of beautiful white "tooties!"

Dental Floss. June, bright girl, always uses it. Of course, we're talking about dental floss. Don't jam it against the gums. Just insert the dental floss carefully between the teeth and run it along the sides. Floss is wonderful at removing food debris from spots that your brush can't reach. It's important, any dentist will tell you, to remove this stuff for it rots and, among other cheerful things, helps to decay teeth and to taint your breath.

Mouth Wash. Use mouth wash to rinse away any and every particle of food debris after the use of dental floss. In fact, if you're a smart girl, you'll use mouth wash all the time. In this day and age, we needn't go into the hazards of b-a-d b-r-e-a-t-h! Come, come, does yours make you a girl to be looked at, but never danced with? Well, do something about it. Gargle with a fresh, clean-tasting mouth rinse every time you wash your teeth. And here's an extra gleam-tip that June passes along to you: "Once a week scrub your teeth with a pad of cotton saturated in your pet mouth rinse. To reach the back teeth, I twine cotton on an orange stick." This is a neat trick to keep your fangs a-gleam and is especially helpful for lassies who like to smoke a lot.

Food Facts. While we were chatting June munched a ham-on-rye. With pickle on the side. June loves dill pickles and is mighty glad that rationing hasn't hit them yet. All of which brought up a discussion of food and its importance to gleaming teeth. And it's mighty important, say we, joining our soprano to the chorus of all U. S. medicos.

(Continued on page 104)

MY WIFE SURE MAKES FOOD FIGHT FOR FREEDOM !
HERE'S HOW I SAVE PRECIOUS FOOD WITH PYREX WARE

TO MAKE THE MOST of the grand things out of your Victory garden, use this Pyrex Double Duty Casserole! Saves time and fuel by cooking 1/3 faster. Clear glass lets you see exactly when food is done. Wonderful too for scalloped dishes or small roasts. Cover keeps food hot on the table and doubles as a pie plate. Three sizes. Family (2 quart) size .... only 75¢

THIS PYREX MATCHED BOWL SET designed for baking, serving, storing or mixing. Clever new rim makes pouring easy. Perfect for serving salads, cakes, custards, puddings or fruits! All 3 bowls—2½, 1½, and 1 qt. nested to save space............ only 95¢

THIS PYREX FLAVOR-SAVER is the first Pyrex Pie Plate with glass handles. Special fluted edge and extra depth keep flavor and juices in the pie—*not* in the oven. As lovely a dish as you'd want to set on your table. Full 10-inch size .... Only 45¢

Uncle Sam wants stronger nephews and nieces and leaner garbage cans. Here's how you can help! Ever notice how much food gets wasted when you cook in an ordinary baking dish? Look at the chart below.

You probably lose at least a full helping. Now see how you save with Pyrex Ware. You bake, serve and store in the same crystal clear dish. You even reheat leftovers in it and use it again for serving. You haven't made a single dish-to-dish transfer.

You've saved precious food. And you've saved time and dishwashing, and soap and hot water besides!

SAVE FOOD - BAKE, SERVE, STORE IN ONE DISH!
YOU LOSE FOOD WHEN YOU SCRAPE IT FROM DISH TO DISH
NO TRANSFER FROM DISH TO DISH WITH PYREX WARE
ONE PYREX DISH DOES THE WHOLE JOB

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK STAMPED IN THE GLASS ON EVERY PYREX DISH
T.M. REG. PYREX U.S. PAT. OFF.

"PYREX" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, N. Y.

T.M. REG. PYREX U.S. PAT. OFF.
PYREX
BRAND
OVEN WARE
for better and faster baking
CORNING GLASS WORKS
Corning, N.Y., U.S.A.

SMILE ROUTINE

SWEEP 'EM CLEAN. Have two toothbrushes both tagged Private Property. You're to use 'em three times a day. And when you spread your dentifrice, it can be liquid, powder or paste. Grasp your firm-bristled brush at an angle and swivel it among your molars. Sweep up from the lower set of teeth and down from the uppers. Give extra attention to the back teeth and the inner sides of your front teeth. Allow three minutes for all this brush work, and you'll notice the difference. Your teeth will be whiter, brighter. Slight stains may sometimes be removed by putting a little dentifrice on a piece of clean gauze and rubbing carefully over the discoloration.

SLICK 'EM SPRUCE. No matter your conscientious sweeping and rinsing, persistent food particles will stick in the crevices and crannies of your teeth. So tote a roll of dental floss with you and use it discreetly after each meal. And we mean discreetly in your own room, not surreptitiously at the table. Do not jerk the floss down under the gums, or saw it back and forth at the gum line. Slip it gently between the teeth. Then slide the floss up and back until every errant food particle has been thoroughly routed. It's a bright idea to go through this routine each morning and at night before turning down the covers. It's an extra bit of insurance against decay.

Laraine Doy, an M-G-M star, smiles brightly.

SWISH 'EM SWEET. A vigorous swishing with mouthwash follows your tooth brushing and that cleansing with dental floss. A mouthwash will remove all the particles that have been loosened by the brush and leave your mouth feeling cool, clean and invigorated. Try a mouthwash immediately after you get up, following each meal and before you retire at night. Hold it in your mouth a few minutes swishing it lazily round and round. It'll give you a baby-sweet breath. Your toothbrushes will give you better service if you remember to wash and rinse them in this same antiseptic mouthwash after each brushing. Why, it just murders those germs!

CHEW 'EM STRONG. The gum chewing habit is a good one for teeth, gums and chin line. But it isn't practical or pretty to do your face grooming in the subway or at a dance. Chew gum as you catch up on your knitting, at your machine in the defense plant, in your good-morning shower. It will keep your smile bright and shining and your chin a firm, lithe, determined line. You can chew your teeth strong the vitamin way, too, if you tuck a raw carrot, two pieces of hard bread, or a stalk of crunchy celery in your lunch basket. Or if yours is a white collar job, slip a hard apple in your pocketbook and gnaw away at it during your lunch hour.

CHECK 'EM OFTEN. Your dentist is not an ogre. Visit him at least twice a year. Let him do a professional cleaning and simonizing job to remove stubborn stains and tartar. He'll polish your teeth until they shine. He can catch tooth decay before it gets too serious and wretched toothaches result. If yours are problem teeth that just break out in cavities, ask your dentist to recommend a special diet. Crooked, uneven teeth can be straightened even if you are over sixteen. And all sorts of wondrous magic can be worked with your molars whether they've been neglected or not. So visit the man with the drill regularly. He'll keep your teeth pretty.

"LADY IN THE DARK"

STORY

(*Continued from page 53*)

her lip, trying to laugh at herself. It was only Charley Johnson. He popped his head around the edge of the door, grinning.

"Got time for an advertising manager, Boss Lady?" he said.

boss lady . . .

She pursed her lips in annoyance; he was always calling her that, Boss Lady. She didn't like Johnson, for all his vaunted charm; he was a conceited puppy, but for all of that he was the best advertising man in the business.

"What's on your mind, Johnson?" she said shortly.

"The usual thing. Girls," he said.

"That's not very funny," she said.

"I don't like funny girls," Charley said. "I like them beautiful—and feminine."

"So Paxton tells me," Liza said. "Look here Johnson, I don't mind what you do after hours, but Paxton's been hollering his head off that you kept his models out all night, and they look like wet dish rags now. They're not worth a dime for posing, and we've got to get our picture layouts taken today. Stay away from our girls, will you, Johnson?"

"I can't," Johnson said. "It's a hereditary weakness."

She didn't want to argue. She said abruptly: "What did you want?"

"It's about the Easter issue," Johnson said. "I've got a wonderful idea. A circus cover and carry out the same motif all through the book. The advertisers would go for it like a million. I could line up enough ads to tide us over for a year."

"We have a traditional Easter cover," Liza said.

"Traditional—and dull," Johnson said. He laid his layouts on the desk, and she looked at them blankly. Johnson was talking excitedly. His voice was like a dim montage of sound. She felt tired.

"Can I go ahead?" Johnson said.

"You'll do nothing without my okay," she said sharply.

Johnson shrugged: "Okay, Boss Lady." He looked at her insolently, and then quite casually he reached over and stroked the lapel of the smart, tailored suit she was wearing.

"Just like mine," he said. "Only I like bow ties better with it."

He turned laughing and started out of the office. For a moment she hated him and his gibes. Blindly, angrily she reached toward the desk. Her hand closed around a paper weight. In a sudden, conclusive movement, she flung it. It crashed against the wall an inch from Johnson's head. He turned sharply and then bent and picked up the paper weight. He grinned a little.

"Thanks," he said. "I always needed one."

Then he was gone, and Liza Elliott was alone in the office. Alone with the bitter tired feeling and the fright and the ebbing anger. She buried her head in her arms.

Dr. Brooks was a calm man, surprisingly young. He listened impassively while Liza Elliott told him that she had come almost against her will. She didn't want to come, she didn't believe in it. But if there were no other way—she'd try it, be fair. For she was frightened, depressed, panic-stricken. There had to be something that could be done. Dr. Brooks asked her to do only a very simple thing. He asked her to relax on a couch and simply to tell him whatever thoughts passed through her mind. She lay there a while relaxing.

"It's odd," she said. "I keep thinking of the beginning of a little song. I can't remember all of it. Not even the words. But it's been running through my mind for days. Last night, just before I fell asleep, I remember trying to think of the rest of it, beyond this little fragment I know. And it kept running through all of the dream . . ."

"The dream?" Dr. Brooks said. "What did you dream?"

"I can't remember all of it."

"Try," the doctor said. "Try."

"I was in a large room . . . a little like my office . . . but immense . . . and then suddenly there was music . . . out of nowhere a dress came floating down . . . it was ornate and beribboned . . . blue."

"Is that a color you usually wear?"

"I loathe blue," Liza said. "I never wear it."

"The dream?" the doctor said. "Go on."

"Suddenly I was wearing the dress . . . there was a whole crowd of people . . . they were admiring me . . . I seemed to like it . . . I danced for them . . . and they applauded wildly . . . then there was a loud blast of trumpets and a figure came in . . . dressed like a Marine . . . I seemed to recognize the face . . . the face of the advertising manager at the magazine . . . he insisted on painting my portrait . . . he did it there immediately . . . suddenly everyone was laughing at me . . ."

For a moment there was silence in the room and then Dr. Brooks said mildly: "How long have you been working for the magazine, Miss Elliot?"

"Ten years." she said. "I started it."

"Your own money?"

"No," she said. "A publisher backed me. Kendall Nesbitt." She paused slightly and then added dryly: "Perhaps you might as well know now. Mr. Nesbitt is in love with me, has been all the time. He'd marry me, but his wife won't divorce him."

Dr. Brooks nodded calmly: "About the dream. Doesn't it strike you odd that you should dream of a woman who is so entirely your opposite, one who likes glamorous dresses, wants to be admired for her beauty. Or is that what you really want?"

Liza said sharply: "Of course not. I despise useless women. If I wanted glamorous dresses, do you think I should have to dream about them. I'd only have to reach out my hand and take."

She was still thinking of the doctor's words when she returned to the office a little later. She swung down the smart hall, and out of a doorway one of the girls, a clerk, brushed by her hurriedly, apologized quickly and then went running down the hall, saying ecstatically: "He's here!" Her office was empty. Almost all the offices were empty, it seemed. She frowned. Then she heard the noise coming from the photographic studio.

gorgeous hunk . . .

They were all in there, the whole staff, girls and women, crowded around the figure of a man. He was tall, handsome, broad-shouldered. She heard a fragment of words as a girl said, sighing: ". . . what a hunk of man . . ." Then she recognized him. Randy Curtis, the movie star.

Of course; he'd been due for a series of pictures for a layout in the magazine. But to create such an uproar! She raised her voice sharply.

"Girls," she said. "This is disgraceful. Mr. Curtis is here on business. I'm sure he doesn't relish being mauled!"

When they were gone, a little sheepishly, but looking back over their shoulders

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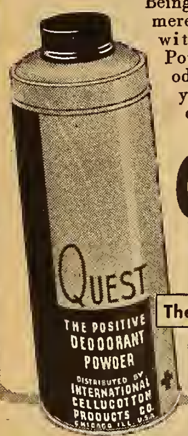
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COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!
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Good for headaches, too

for one last look, she apologized to him for their rudeness.

"You don't remember me," he said. "We met once before. A year ago. You promised to have a drink with me. We never did get around to it."

"If it will make amends—" Liza said.

Randy said eagerly: "This afternoon?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Then tomorrow. Tomorrow night."

Liza smiled graciously: "All right, then. Tomorrow night. I may be a little late. We're going to press, and I may have to stay overtime."

no time for love . . .

She walked back to her office swiftly, a little eager to get at her work. That was the only thing that saved her really. Immersed in her work, she could forget the other things, the nagging fear and the sudden depressions. She was glad she'd gone to Dr. Brooks. She felt a little better.

She found Kendall Nesbitt waiting for her. Kendall seemed to be in an odd mood. There was a repressed gaiety about him. He took her arm and mysteriously steered her out to the terrace. Below them New York lay silver with sunlight.

"Liza," Kendall said. "You'll never guess."

"Guess what?" she said.

"Kate's promised to give me a divorce. Did you hear that, Liza? She'll divorce me. Of course she's driving a hard bargain. She gets almost everything but the kitchen sink. But we'll be free, finally. It's worth anything to me. I've been worried about you, Liza . . ."

"I'm all right, Ken."

"Think of it, Liza. Free. We'll be able to do what we've always wanted. Isn't it wonderful news?"

Was it? Was it? Was she too tired to think? Or was there something else. She could feel nothing. What was it Ken was saying? A divorce. And then, free. Free for what? To marry.

"Liza," Ken said. "It is good news, isn't it?"

"Wonderful, Ken," she said. "Only I'm a little tired now. Just let me think about it a while."

His name kept whirling through her mind: Kendall . . . Kendall . . . Kendall Nesbitt . . . On the way home and then later in the little study in her apartment: Kendall, Kendall, Kendall Nesbitt. She found herself humming and then stopped abruptly for it was the same fragment of a song, the song she couldn't remember. She flung herself face down on the bed. She was tired. So tired. The name kept whirling through her mind: Kendall, Kendall, Kendall Nesbitt.

Was that her . . . where was she . . . oh, all the girls were running . . . where were they running . . . wasn't that a statue there . . . no it wasn't a statue . . . they were running toward a man . . . she knew him . . . of course, she did . . . it was Randy Curtis . . . look at me Randy, look at me . . . wasn't she beautiful . . . wasn't she? . . . what was that music . . . it sounded like a wedding march . . . why, it was for her . . . look at the dress she was wearing . . . it was a wedding gown . . . it was Liza Elliott's wedding day . . . here comes the bride . . . and the minister . . . why, he looked familiar . . . it was Charley Johnson . . . do you take this man . . . of course she did, wasn't it Randy Curtis . . . why no, it wasn't . . . it was Kendall . . . what happened to the music . . . why were all the girls shouting at her . . . what were they saying . . . you don't love that man, you don't love that man . . . get away . . . get away . . . she was climbing . . . away . . . away . . . and then suddenly she wasn't wearing the wedding dress anymore . . . it was the blue dress . . . and she could see someone . . . it was her father . . . she was running to him, hands outstretched . . . Daddy . . . Daddy . . . why was he looking at her like that . . . why was he saying, take that dress off, take it off immediately . . .

Dr. Brooks listened intently while she told him of the dream. For a moment he didn't say anything, and then he spoke carefully.

"In your dream you think you're marrying Randy Curtis, but it turns out to be Kendall Nesbitt. Then you see your father, and you run to him, is that right?"

"Yes, that's right."

"You're not sure you want to marry Kendall Nesbitt, are you?"

"No. I'd given up the idea. I was satisfied with things at they were."

"Isn't it possible that you never wanted to marry him. That your affection for him is based on the fact that he resembled your father. That really, he was a refuge to you; as long as you thought you were in love with him and there was no chance of marrying him, it kept you safe from competing with other women for a man . . ."

"You mean that I'm afraid to compete with other women?"

"Exactly. You don't dare."

She said angrily: "That's ridiculous."

"Is it?" the doctor said. "I think you'll find the interpretation is correct."

"I'll find nothing," she said sharply. "Because I'm not going on with the analysis. You're entitled to your interpretation, Doctor. I'm entitled to mine. Good-by."

Back at the offices of "Allure," Charley Johnson was waiting for her, his good-natured face a little sober, but still grinning that infectious, maddening grin.

"Well, Boss Lady," he said, "what about the circus cover?"

"I haven't decided yet."

"I wish you would," he said. "I want to go out in a blaze of glory."

"Go out?" she said. "What do you mean?"

"It's my last issue, Boss Lady. I'm quitting. Got a better offer. I hate breaking your heart, leaving. But you'll bear up."

"Look here, Johnson," she said sharply. "I don't like you. I admit it. But I like your work. I'll meet any offer you can get elsewhere. Fair enough?"

insolent pup . . .

"You couldn't meet the offer, Boss Lady. You see, I'm after your job. At this other place I run the whole show. Here, well here you're married to your desk, aren't you, Boss Lady?"

"You insolent puppy," she shouted.

"Now, now—" Johnson said. "Naughty."

"Get out!" she snapped.

Charley Johnson grinned. He took the paper weight she had once thrown at him out of his pocket and toyed with it in his hand: "Mind if I keep it?" he said.

"Get out!"

She had no peace. Suddenly her whole, small tight world was crumbling around her; the familiar world she had dominated for so long was becoming a frightening place, full of alarms and fears. She went back to her office, determined to work. But she couldn't make her mind concentrate on the details before her. Every small decision was painful. She couldn't make up her mind. She was staring angrily at her desk when her secretary announced Randy Curtis. She had almost forgotten.

Randy was splendid in white tie and tails. He came into the office with a great, handsome rush. He stood staring at her, plain in her tailored suit.

She said: "I'm sorry if I'm a little late, Randy. I haven't had time to change."

"Don't change," he said eagerly. "Go as you are. I was so afraid I'd run into a glamour girl again. I'm sick of them."

"Are you?"

"That's what I always liked about you."

Liza Elliott frowned deeply. "What?"

(Continued on page 74)

"Want a lovelier Complexion?

This Beauty care really
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(Continued from page 72)

"You're so smart, so tailored, so efficient. You don't know what a relief it is."

As from a long distance the memory of the doctor's voice whispered in her ear. ". . . you're afraid to compete with other women . . . you're afraid . . . you don't dare." She was suddenly angry.

"I'm afraid I am going to dress, Randy."

They went to all the swank places, and she was striking in a wonderful gown. Randy was attentive. Sometimes, it seemed as if he were in love with her.

At the Monaco Club, later that night, they ran into Charley Johnson and a blonde. The blonde knew Randy from Hollywood. She prattled on while Liza sat stiff.

Charley Johnson slipped into the seat next to Liza: "Boss Lady," he said. "You look almost human."

The blonde was saying to her: "Of course, everybody's crazy about Randy. I am, too. But he won't give me a tumble."

"You don't like me," Charley said. "Because I want your job. You don't like my blonde either. She wants your man . . ."

Liza stood up suddenly; Charley Johnson said. "What's the matter, Boss Lady?"

"Randy," Liza said. "You won't mind, will you? I've got to go now. I've still work to do, you know."

She started toward the door. Randy was following after her awkwardly. She heard Charley Johnson's mocking laugh, "What's the matter? Can't take it? Can't stand competition, Boss Lady?"

On the desk in her room the Easter cover for the magazine gleamed in the soft light. Next to it lay Charley Johnson's layout for the Circus cover. She wanted to do something. To stop thinking about Randy Curtis and Kendall Nesbitt, she stared from one cover to the other, concentrating. One or the other. The Circus cover or the Easter cover. She grinned wryly at herself. She couldn't even decide that any more. The covers whirled before her tired eyes. The Easter cover or the Circus cover . . . which . . . Easter . . . Circus . . . Circus . . . Circus . . .

What happened . . . look, the animals were moving . . . the circus cover was alive . . . they were pulling a cage into the ring . . . who was that in it . . . why it was herself . . . and there was Charley Johnson . . . the ringmaster . . . he was opening the cage . . . he was leading her toward a shadowy figure . . . why, it was a judge . . . they were putting her on trial . . . they were going to *make* her make up her mind . . . and there, there on the white horse . . . that was Randy Curtis . . . he was going to defend her . . . now there was a witness in the box . . . Kendall Nesbitt . . . she can't make up her mind . . . what was that music they were playing . . . the song again . . . no, no, not that, please don't play that . . .

Dr. Brooks said gently: "So you had this dream or hallucination, call it what you will, and you've come back to me?"

"I must get to the bottom of it," Liza said. "I'm sorry I ran out. I'll do everything I can to help."

"The blue dress," Dr. Brooks said. "Evidently it has something to do with your father. Can't you remember anything about it at all?"

"Yes," she said. "It was my mother's favorite dress. She was a beautiful woman. She was disappointed in me, and I knew she was. It hurt me terribly. I wanted so to be beautiful.

"I remember, after she died. I was only a child. I saw how sad my father was, and I wanted to do something to please him. I stole up to my mother's room. I found her favorite blue dress there. I thought somehow it might please him if I put it on, let him see it again. He found me there, trying it on. I think it was the only time in his life he ever spoke a harsh word to me. I ran to my room crying

"And ever since then you've hated blue?"

"Yes. I vowed then that I was going to win a place in the world. I knew I could never do it by beauty. I studied. And I worked. Well, I was a success . . ."

"And the song . . . the fragment that keeps running through your mind?"

"It was a song my father taught me."

For a moment Dr. Brooks considered. Then he spoke quietly. "I think we can see the full pattern now," he exclaimed. "You've been afraid of beauty because your mother was so beautiful, and you were so plain as a child. You were shocked, then. You built a wall against the outside world. This breakdown is a rebellion against that wall. You can't deny your womanhood forever, Miss Elliott. Perhaps what you need now is love."

"Thank you, perhaps you're right."

Randy Curtis was waiting for her. For the first time in months she felt herself free to smile. The weight was gone.

"Liza, I want you to marry me."

"Marry you?"

He said quickly: "It won't mean giving up anything. Look, I've been offered a chance to set up my own production unit in Hollywood. I'm afraid of it. But if I knew someone like you would help me, I'd take it. It hasn't got anything to do with why I love you. Or maybe it has."

Suddenly she wanted to laugh. Poor Randy. He needed the same thing she needed. Security. A sense of being cared for. He wanted a mother.

She said no to him as gracefully as she could. He finally left, and then she sat down calmly at her desk. Now is the time, she thought wryly, for all good men to come to the aid of Liza Elliott. Someone knocked on the door. Charley entered.

"Look," he said. "I have an apology to make, or should make. I've needled you and egged you on. But I can't really apologize because deep down I feel I was right.

"Maybe it's because down deep, really, too, I've always liked you. I got a look at you last night, Liza. You're lovely."

Suddenly she was looking at him. Nice hair. Nice smile. Nice way of talking. Charming. She felt a deep hidden stir.

"Charley," she said, "I want you to stay. Don't quit."

He shrugged: "I'd like to," he said. "You know my terms."

"Maybe we can run the magazine together, Charley. And then if it works out all right, I can even get a divorce from my desk. You might like that."

"For more reasons than one," he said.

The other reasons came out while they were working on the Circus issue. She was bent over the layout, and then suddenly his face was beside her, pointing out some detail. Their eyes met. It was strange: Suddenly the whole room seemed to melt away, and there was nothing in the world but the even stare of his eyes. And it wasn't until a little while later that she realized he was kissing her.

Afraid? Liza Elliott afraid of love?

She kissed him again.

CAST

Liza Elliott	*Ginger Rogers*
Charley Johnson	*Ray Milland*
Randy Curtis	*Jon Hall*
Kendall Nesbitt	*Warner Baxter*
Dr. Brooks	*Barry Sullivan*
Russell Paxton	*Mischa Auer*
Maggie Grant	*Mary Philips*
Allison Grant	*Phyllis Brooks*
A dancer	*Don Loper*
Dr. Carlton	*Edward Fielding*
Herself	*Mary Parker*
Miss Foster	*Catherine Craig*
Martha	*Marietta Canty*

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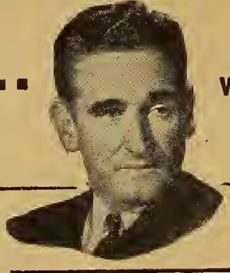

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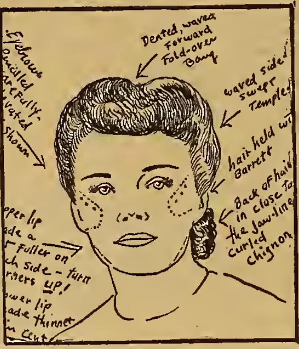

Dented, waved Forward Fold-over Bang
waved side swept Temples
hair held wi Barrett
Back of hair in close to the Jaw-line curled Chignon
Eyebrows pencilled carefully, elevated as shown
pper lip ade a Fuller on h side - turn rners UP!
wer lip ade Thinner n Cent

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2 **Her "Photo-Revise,"** one of the exclusive, personalized features of the Powers Home Course, showed her the best hair arrangement, make-up "tricks" just for *her*.

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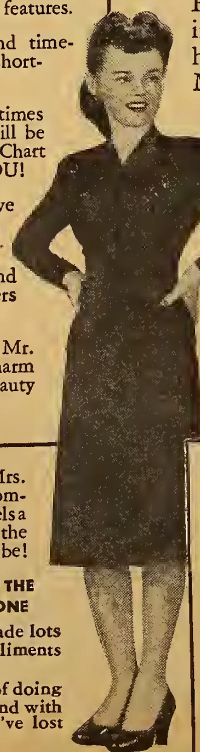

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HUTTON, INC.

(*Continued from page 51*)

Time? How she did it heaven only knows, because she was already scraping to the bone. But somehow she managed to scrape beyond the bone and to buy her younger daughter a pair of skates.

Marion was the lady, Betty the hellion. Marion had the face of an angel, Betty was a plain little frecklepuss. Everybody loved Marion. Except to her mother, Betty was a wild young nuisance. And Betty got a whale of an inferiority complex.

low man . . .

In those days she didn't know a complex from a hole in the wall. All she knew was, it hurt like fury to see Marion fussed over while she was ignored. So she danced and hollered and screamed and sang and peeked out of the corner of an eye to see if anyone was looking. Asserting your individuality, the psychologists call it.

By any name, Marion didn't like it.

"Do you have to be so loud?"

"Do you have to be such a prude?"

"You're just making a show of yourself."

"Oh, break down and be human."

Marion was the wholesome sweater-and-skirt girl. She didn't use make-up till she was 16. Betty was all for ruffles and lipstick and being an actress. When people said, "Why aren't you like your sister?" she'd burn. And burn all the hotter, because she'd have asked nothing better than to be a beauty and a lady like Marion.

They were alike in two things. Both adored their mother. Both hated their poverty. Marion tried to put up a front against it. Betty stamped her foot. "We're poor. Why not *say* we're poor?"

Yet, deeper than their temperamental differences ran the bond of kinship. As kids, they were always scrapping. Marion was the stronger of the two. She might get Betty down for the count, but she'd never hurt her. "Some day," she'd promise, "I'm going to slow you." (Slow was her own word and it rhymed with cow.) Betty would stick her tongue out. She knew her Marion.

And headstrong though she was, she recognized the fact that Marion was wiser in the ways of the heart. One night the larder held only a can of beans. Mother said she wasn't hungry.

"Then I won't eat either," stormed Betty.

Marion, dividing the beans, gave her a look that shut her up. "Listen," she said, low-voiced, "you're not helping mother any. She's got to be tough. It would only hurt her worse if we didn't eat. She'd lose that toughness she needs to stand up to things. Now you eat if it chokes you—"

Betty ate.

When Marion got a job in a drugstore, she'd sneak candy and sodas home to the brat. And she did something else the brat will never forget. Once in a blue moon Marion got a new dress. Betty never did. Being the younger, she'd have to wear Marion's hand-me-downs. Worse than anything else, she wanted a dress no one else had ever worn, and Marion bought it for her. Not only the dress, but a hat and bag and shoes. It took her months to pay for them.

Just the same, not till both were launched on their professional careers, did they really draw close. Partly it was the process of growing up—partly the fact that now for the first time Marion followed where Betty led. Boy, was that balm to a bruised and battered ego! Here at last was something she knew more about than her sister. Something she could wrestle with.

Marion was singing at the Nuthouse in Detroit when Betty got her job with Vincent Lopez. Marion had never sung before—but if Betty could, why couldn't she? That was fine with Betty. She knew their money lay in the entertainment field. Mother'd had it all fixed up for her to be a secretary, Marion a nurse, but Mother reckoned without the driving ambition of her youngest. The world with a fence around it—that's what Betty wanted. Nuts to 25 a week.

With the Lopez outfit, she went to Atlanta. A hotel manager said: "Where can I get a vocalist like you?"

"I've got a sister who sings just like me." Which was true up to a point. Their style is similar, only Marion's not so wild.

On Betty's say-so, her sister was hired. Next, she talked Lopez into giving Marion a four-week engagement. Both girls sang with the band in Boston, and Betty did the managing. Marion had to take her name—she'd been changed from Thornburg to Hutton by the process of numerology. Marion had to wear the same kind of dress—a style Betty herself had designed to work in. The night Glenn Miller came in, Betty gave Marion her best numbers to do. Then she collared Miller. "How about giving my sister a job?"

"I'll try her out. If I keep her, you pay the plane fare. If not, I'll pay it."

He kept her. Pretty soon they were both in New York, Marion making 50 a week, Betty a smart 65. Betty wowed 'em at the Casa Manana, Marion's chance was coming up. Miller was about to open at a big night spot—and Marion came down with a cold.

now I lay me down to sleep . . .

But a cold. Pneumonia, practically. On opening day, she wandered into Betty's place, looking like a ghost. Mother's heart dropped into her boots. Betty started tearing round. Phone the chiropractor. Let him fix her up enough, so at least she can go on. Get her into bed. Make a hot stew. Get her out of bed. Dress her. Make her up. You look swell, kid. Come on, let's go—

But first they knelt down beside their mother. "From pups on up to big cows," as Betty tells it, they'd said their prayers every night at their mother's knee. And at moments of crisis, they continued to pray together. Putting themselves on the right side of God, they called it.

Marion was a sensation that night, and zoomed on up from there.

The two are as different today as when they were kids. Everybody still loves Marion. "Not me," says Betty, who still can't be bothered with lies. "I'm not sweet and charming, and I never intend to be. It would bore me stiff."

Marion remains serene, like a mountain lake. Betty's turbulent as ever, a plunging torrent that no dam can hold. It takes Marion months to be your friend, but once she's accepted you, she's your friend for life. Betty can love today and hate tomorrow— Marion takes time to sit down and write long letters. Betty wires or phones.

mother by proxy . . .

"I'm selfish," she says. That depends on the point of view. Several weeks before Christmas, Marion wrote that her husband had been called to the service. It was a lonely letter, and between its lines, Betty read an appeal. Christmas was coming. Marion would be alone at Christmas-time. But if Mother went to her, Betty would be alone. She couldn't quite face it—

So she went to work, and couldn't keep her mind on the work. Marion's letter haunted her, Marion's face got between her and her lines. At home, the phone rang.

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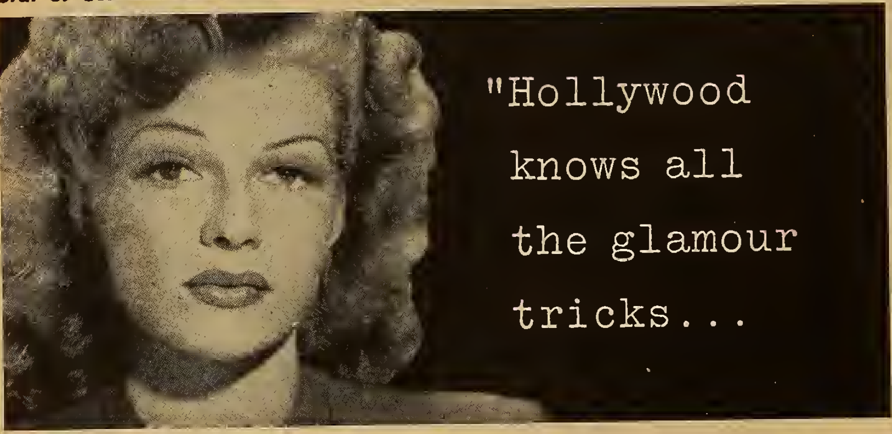
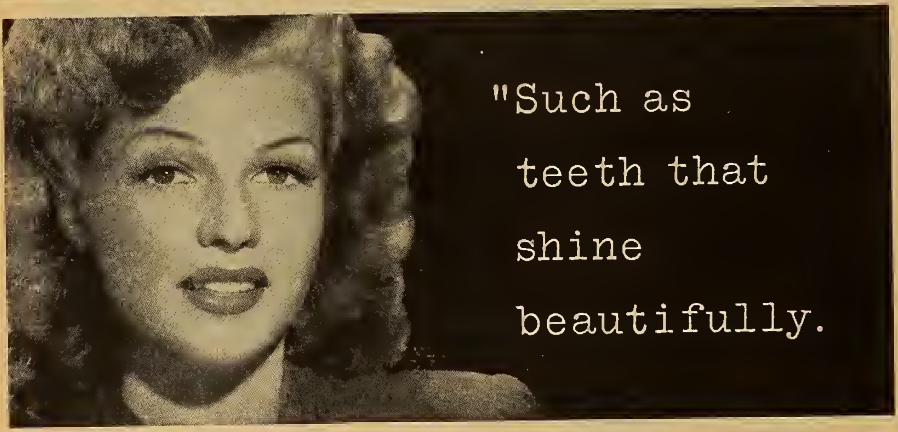
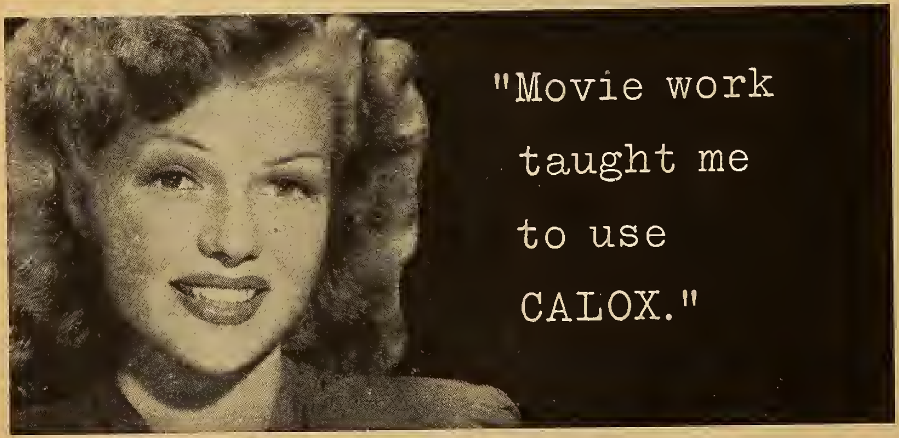


"Hollywood knows all the glamour tricks...



"Such as teeth that shine beautifully.



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Mrs. Hutton picked it up. "Better get your bags packed, Ma, and be on your way."

With Marion husband and child come first. She turned down an M-G-M contract because it would have meant long separations from Jack. Now Jack's in the Army, so she's got to work. But she'd rather be at home with him and the baby.

With Betty, career comes first. She looks at her sister and yearns for what Marion has—marriage to the man she loves, an adorable kid. She knows that Marion's still wiser than she in the ways of the heart. But she knows herself, too.

Jack Philbin was managing Glenn Miller's band when Marion joined it. They fell in love and married. For Marion, it was as simple as that.

From the moment she heard a baby was on the way, Betty went wild. "Our baby" she called it even before it was born. As she was getting ready for a show one day, Marion walked in. "Sister, I feel so strange. I've got spots in front of my eyes—"

She phoned the doctor, and Marion was rushed to the hospital. Somehow she got through her performance, tore over to the hospital and arrived as they were taking the baby from the delivery room. All she could see were the two blue marks on his forehead where the instruments had touched him, and brother, she was fit to be tied. Out she stormed and flew at the doctor.

"You've scarred our baby."

He managed to keep her at arm's length. "Now hold it, Betty. What are you talking about?"

"Those two blue marks. What kind of a thing is that to do to a kid?"

"They'll disappear."

"When?"

"In a couple of weeks."

Her eyes filled. "If they don't," she gulped, "you're a dead duck, doctor."

Soon after, she went to Hollywood. Last time she saw her nephew, he was just under two. He looks like her and, when she takes him out, she pretends she's his mother. One day they were in a taxi together, John standing beside her, peering out the back window. Suddenly he turned and looked at her, as if he were seeing her for the first time. With a funny little gurgle, he put his arms round her neck and planted a soft wet smack on her cheek. For that thrill she wouldn't take a thousand bucks. She bawled for 15 minutes.

Yes, she wants home and husband and baby, but she can't compromise.

Because you can't have her kind of ambition and divide your energies. It's no ordinary ambition. She's driven by a force beyond her understanding. She aches and hungers with a burning intensity to get to the top. She wants all of life; she wants something way up there that she can't reach, and she's going to reach it if it kills her.

For that kind of success, you've got to gamble. Marion won't. Betty begged her to go out alone when she left the band. Marion was scared. She joined the "Modernaires" instead. Later she quit them to stay with her family. Then when Jack was called, her place with the "Modernaires" was filled. So she *had* to go out alone, and she's doing fine. But she didn't jump from the diving board, she was pushed.

No gamble's too great for Betty. When "Incendiary Blonde" came up, the Paramount biggies sent for her. "Are you ready to shoot the works?"

She knew what they meant. If she missed, it might set her back five years. She was scared blue, but they weren't going to know it. "I'm ready," she told them. "God help me," she said to herself.

When the day's over, she's too tired for anything but bed. She couldn't be a wife and mother, too—not the kind she wants to be. She might try to talk herself into it, but deep down in her heart she knows it's not in the cards. And no matter how hard she fell for a man, if he tried to take her work away, she'd hate him.

mr. genie . . .

Marion's life is happier, hers is more exciting. Marion's proud as punch over Betty's success. No touch of professional jealousy clouds her feeling. "If it had been the other way 'round," says honest Betty, "I wouldn't have been so happy."

Marion says: "It doesn't mean that much to me. Only the people you love matter."

Betty cries: "All of life is important. If you've lived, you're rich and it shows. Otherwise, you grow old and get narrower and narrower till you're nothing."

But if some genie showed up and said, "Love or career, sister! You can't have both. Take your pick," she'd knock him down and sit on him.

"I'm having both. I'm squeezing all I want out of this first, and I'm getting the other, too. Want to make something of it?"

Mr. G., being no dope, would holler uncle. After all, why not? The whole girl is 22. She's got time.

EVEN IN THE BEST OF FAMILIES . . .

(*Continued from page 37*)

It's not that the screen has permanently lost its savor, but that the war has dwarfed everything else. Acting is something he did in another life. His mind has no room for it now. Morning or noon, midnight or five o'clock, he's buried deep in the war. Every scrap of news, every analysis, every commentary is duck-soup to Ronnie. Nothing else is worth reading, nothing else worth talking about.

The war's also of paramount importance to Jane. As you know from Modern Screen, she's poured her time and strength into war work, in Hollywood and out. But like most of us, she needs occasional surcease from the subject. Ronnie doesn't.

Jane has served a long apprenticeship at Warners'. Time was when her recognition as a star would have called for cheers and whoopee from Ronnie. His own brand of whoopee, to be sure. Nothing ostentatious on the surface, but definitely steamed up inside.

armchair generals . . .

As it was, he only said: "That's swell, Janie. It's about time. By the way, did you see that story on page 3 of the 'Times'? It says—"

She looked wildly about for something to hit him over the head with.

Jane is devoted to her brother-in-law. But when Ronnie's home of an evening, Neil's arrival sends her heart into her boots. Argument is meat and drink to them both, and they'd rather argue about the war than sit down to a pre-Pearl Harbor steak. As for trying to break them up, a butterfly might as well try to break up a couple of bears. They don't even hear her. Or at most, one or the other will flap an abstracted hand—

"Shoo-fly, huh?" she said bitterly one night. "Okay, gentlemen. I'm going to bed."

If she thought they'd stop her, she had another think coming. Their voices rose to the bedroom, where she was trying to read. She stuffed her ears with her fingers, but the sound filtered through. Suddenly the sense of her injuries overwhelmed

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her. Down went the book. Was she a woman or a worm? She rang for Nanny.

"Will you please ask Mr. Reagan to come up?"

"Which one?"

"Both of them."

Nanny, she decided, was a better man than she was. At least they came up.

"Moon," she began firmly, "you've got to go home."

"Why, what did I do?"

Her firmness broke into a wail. "First you won't let me get a word in edgewise, and now I can't even read. Don't *look* at me that way," she blubbered. "I *know* nothing matters but the war. But *somewhere* there are beautiful people who *do* talk about something else *some* of the time—"

By now Ronnie's arms were around her, and the rest was smothered in his chest. It was just as well that she missed the glance exchanged by her menfolk. "Women!" said the glance.

But if Ronnie's shoved movies out of his life for the present, it's plain that the fans haven't shoved him out. Along with other screen personalities, he and Jane were asked to attend the first birthday party of the Hollywood Canteen. Since his post isn't far from Hollywood, Ronnie agreed. But he wouldn't sit on the platform. He was in the Army, he wasn't a star. He'd sit with the audience.

That didn't faze Bob Hope, who emceed. He introduced Ronnie from the audience, and the boys went wild. The din was so deafening, you couldn't hear yourself think. On and on it went, Bob beaming, Ronnie blushing—his eyes pleading with Bob to call a halt. Instead of which, Bob started it all over again by yelling through a lull: "For my money, that rates another bow, Captain Reagan."

Of course he was pleased. Who that's human wouldn't be? But he didn't say a word—then or later. Just grinned what Jane calls his "cute, crazy grin."

Indirectly, Bob Hope also had a hand in Jane's new deal at Warners'. With no pictures lined up after "One More Tomorrow," she was planning another camp tour. One night she went to a party at Mack Miller's. Bob and his wife were among the guests. Judy Garland sang, then Jane was asked to sing. Bob whispered to Mack: "I've got to get that girl on my program."

Mack told Jane. "You're kidding!" she gasped, having played in professional hard luck so long that she'd almost quit believing in the other kind.

But sure enough, along came Bob. "When do you finish 'One More Tomorrow'? How about a spot on my show afterwards?"

She had two camp shows to do first—one at Las Vegas, the other at Lemoor Field. The latter was a Christmas present to Hick Marks, Mary Benny's brother.

"Any chance of your coming to sing for us?" he'd asked.

She'd been racking her head about a gift for Hick. What could you get a guy whose sister and brother-in-law were the Jack Bennys, who gave him everything? Well, here was something they couldn't give him.

"I'll make a deal with you, Hick. I'll come up in my free time, and that'll be your Christmas present—"

"Okay, if you come in cellophane and a bow—"

On her return, she did the Hope show—sang "Fuddy-duddy Watchmaker" and had a comedy routine with Bob. It proved to be one of his most successful airers. Suddenly the town re-awoke to Jane. Everything happened at once. A radio bid from Abbott and Costello. Stirring at the studio. Alex Gottlieb handing her a script, called "Make Your Own Bed"—a honey of a script.

"Glad you like it," said Gottlieb. "We're teaming you and Carson in it—"

claim to fame . . .

That was to Jane's career what the first robin is to spring—a harbinger, a symbol of new birth. Because here was a producer telling her about her next picture. Whereas for lo! these many moons she'd been getting the glad tidings from the wardrobe department. "Come in for a fitting," they'd phone. And being no dope, she'd deduced that a picture was coming up.

All that's changed now. No fanfare accompanied her graduation to stardom. It never does. Nobody sends you a notice or throws you a party or even gives you a passing pat on the back. One day you happen to see an advance billing. Instead of "Hearts and Flowers" with Winnie Whatapuss, it reads WINNIE WHATAPUSS in "Hearts and Flowers." So you know you're in.

That's how it happened to Jane. She meandered over to Ann Sheridan's dressing room.

"What's different about being a star, Annie? Do folks tip their hats? Or serve you golden pickles in the Green Room?"

Ann. was busy with a lipstick. "The difference," she threw back over her shoulder, "is that when you take a suspension, you get bigger headlines in the columns."

Just the same, don't miss "Make Your Own Bed," if you want to see BUTTONNOSE coming into her own. (Adv).

Between her duties as Jane Wyman and Jane Reagan, life continues at a mad clip. Thanks to Nanny, she no longer has to wield the dust cloth, though it wouldn't be Jane if she didn't run a finger over the woodwork in moments of abstraction. On the whole, however, the household spins smoothly. X, the unknown quantity, stands for Maureen and the dogs.

"If Scotty and Soda weren't our children in another incarnation," says Jane, "they should have been."

Scotty takes after her, Soda after Ronnie. Scotty rants and tears and ties himself up into bowknots. Soda watches the goings-on with reflective detachment, and Jane wouldn't be too surprised to hear him say: "Take it easy, hon. Now about the Polish question—"

the great sinner . . .

They have one thing in common—the wanderlust. Gates and hedges can't hold them. They crawl through one, and sooner or later, somebody's bound to leave the other ajar. Also, as if by pre-arranged plan, they choose that moment to disappear when Jane is about to leave for the studio. While she's beating the bushes for them, the phone rings. They've been picked up, trotting in brotherly companionship round the corner of Melrose and Fairfax, miles away.

"How'd they ever get this far?" asks the picker-upper.

"Must've hitch-hiked," groans Jane.

It turns out that Scotty has a conscience. Not long ago he killed a neighbor's chicken. Plunking down two fifty, Jane bethought herself of the huge hen it would have bought, and turned a cold eye on her dog. Next day a strange voice called.

"Have you lost a black Scotty? We found him under a pew in our church. Looked so woebegone, we figured he must be a great sinner."

As for Maureen, she's reached the copycat stage, and Mother's her model. It therefore behooves Mother to watch her step. Some of Maureen's imitations are just funny. Others are funny *but.*

Jane gets home tired. She says she's

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tired, she says it several times, she makes quite a thing of being tired. Next morning down trots Maureen, fresh as a daisy after 12 hours in bed. Suddenly Jane hears a sigh, heaved all the way up from her daughter's toes. Maureen's arm rests on the table, her head on the arm.

"What's the matter, Maureen?"

"Oh, I'm so *tired*, Mummy."

That one's just funny. On the other hand—

The Reagans don't go in for conventional terms of endearment. When Jane's feeling really affectionate, she's likely to address Ronnie fondly as "you old goat—"

On the bus with Nanny one day, Maureen looked particularly fetching in a white bunny coat and cap. Smitten with her charms, an elderly lady began whinnying over her in the way elderly ladies have. Maureen eyed her stonily—

"Say hello to the lady, Maureen,—"

"Hello, you old goat."

Nanny jerked her off the bus. At home Mother gave her a talking-to, uneasily conscious that this was all her own fault. Maureen was conscious of it, too. "Well, *you* said it—"

"Well, I made a horrible mistake."

The child seemed to be thinking that one over, so Jane let it rest. That night she was tucking her into bed. "Good-night, darling, and God bless you."

"God bless you, too, you old goat," said Maureen with the smile of an angel. "Excuse me, I made a horrible mistake."

Discipline has just begun to be a problem. Up to now, a fairly simple device has worked. Maureen would be sent to her room and told to recite her misdeeds to her favorite doll. This proved such a devastating experience that it wasn't long before a small voice was quavering: "I'm sorry, Mummy."

As the years creep up on her though, she grows more complex. Ronnie was at home for the holidays. It was dinner time. Jane was due at a radio rehearsal, and sat down with her hat on for a bowl of soup. At this point Maureen decided she wouldn't have any soup.

"If you don't eat it now," said Jane, "you'll get it for breakfast, then lunch, then dinner, till you *do* eat it."

"I won't," said Maureen.

She was sent to stand in a corner in the hall. Which produced no effect. The underlip quivered, but she wouldn't cry.

"Ronnie, will you discipline her for me tonight? I just haven't time."

Ronnie's method, as you might suspect, is reasoning. He reasoned, making no perceptible progress till the distracted Jane swooped down on them both, bore her child upstairs and treated her to her first spanking.

Then of course, the minute she was out of the house, her heart began to smite her, and she couldn't wait to get home. Maureen was asleep, with her usual bodyguard—on one side, the Army murl (mule, to be technical) and the healthy monkey—on the other, the sick monkey (because ear is gone) and Bobby Jiggs, named after the beloved pup of Ronnie's childhood. She won't go to sleep without them, and her last tender glance is for the earless monkey. "You sick? Hm?— Take your pill then—"

Jane sought fearfully for traces of tears, but the cherubic face between the toy animals looked tranquil as always.

"Ronnie, d'you think she hates me for having spanked her?"

"Not since I fixed you up."

"How?"

"Sneaked her some supper. With love from Mummy."

But the storms are few. Mostly, Maureen lives in the sunshine, and the sun shines especially bright when Daddy's at home. There are some games you have to have Daddy for. Like the bus game and the camp game.

all aboard . . .

The bus game is played on a long bench that stands at the foot of Jane's bed. All three bestride it, Maureen's chubby legs sticking out in front, Daddy as conductor in the rear, Jane tucked between.

"Lady, where are you going?" the conductor asks.

"I'm goin' to Cucamonga." (That's another word she likes the sound of.) "Where you goin'?"

"I'm going to San Francisco. Fares, please."

That's Jane's cue. *"Just* a moment. I know I'm a mere mother, but would anyone on this bus care to know where *I'm* going?"

For some reason, that hits Maureen as the joke of the world. It takes the combined efforts of her fellow-travelers to keep her from rolling off the bus in hysterics.

For the camp game, *Mother* and *Daddy* are lined up on the sofa. They're soldiers. Enter Maureen. "Fellas, I'm goin' to sing you a song, want to hear it?—*Packin'*-pistol *mah*-ma, yay yat pistol down. Yat's good," crows Maureen, *th* being the only sound that throws her.

Or: "Shoo-shoo, baby, your *daddy's* off—" An anxious frown gathers. "Where you off to, Daddy?"

She wanted Santa Claus to bring her a doll's house, but Jane couldn't find one. Nor a doll's buggy. She did finally manage to run down a doll's bed.

"That's from me," she told Ronnie pointedly. "What are *you* giving her?"

"I don't have time to wrestle with Christmas crowds. Can't the bed be from both of us?"

"But you're the child's father. You should get her *something* or other—"

She might have relented and bought it for him, if she hadn't come down with the flu just before Christmas. So sure enough, Ronnie appeared on Christmas Eve, pleased as Punch, a long something-or-other under his arm.

"Look what I found in a little toyshop—" Unwrapped, it proved to be a wooden duck-on-a-stick.

"Is *that* your daughter's Christmas present?"

"Why not? It cost a dollar. This is war."

dead duck . . .

On Christmas morning, aunts, uncles and grannies gathered for that high moment when Maureen would see what Santa Claus had brought. Ronnie carried Jane, still running a temperature, down to the living room. The tree looked pretty skimpy—not only because you couldn't buy ornaments, but because the cream of their leftovers—including the crowning star—had been used to trim the small tree in Maureen's room.

They'd unwrapped everything—the bed and the duck, the cardboard dollhouse from Julie Payne, the rocking-horse and the miniature spinet from other kind friends. They were all in plain view under the tree when Maureen came in. But her eyes went to the top of the tree, and filled with woe. Nobody said anything for a moment, because nobody knew quite what to make of it. She walked over and laid her cheek against one of the branches. "Poor tree," she said softly. "Yere's no star on top."

That fixed Jane. She had to go back to bed. So she missed seeing father and daughter push the duck around. With Maureen, it was love at first sight. They pushed it till it broke and had to be mended with tape. It is now the sick duck.

Do's and Don'ts

every woman absentee should know

A WAR-PLANT NURSE WROTE KOTEX that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days".

These hints are just a few of the many in the new 24-page booklet we offer *free* to help you feel better and stay on the job *every* day. Lost days mean lost lives!

DON'T wrestle with these heavy jobs on "difficult days". Straining is harmful, and your foreman would rather give you lighter work at this time than have you on the absentee list. Send for the new free booklet "That Day Is Here Again" for tips on how to lift the *safe* way!

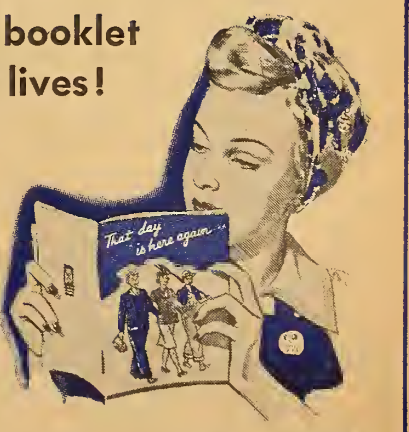
DO but don't overdo, and you needn't skip the "swing shift"! But why not wait for the waltzes and rhumbas and leave the jitterbug tactics 'til next week? Sit out a dance now and then . . . to look at the stars or hear a life story. You can always say your feet hurt!

DON'T get the late-at-night cocktail habit . . . too much stimulation is bad at any time! And on these days, more than ever, you can't afford that logey, let-down feeling! Make it a rule to get your full 8 hours sleep *every* night! You won't be a sissy . . . you'll be smart!

DO send for this free booklet —lost days mean lost lives!

"That Day Is Here Again" contains 24 lively pages of do's and don'ts for war-workers' "problem days". A *full page* of suggested exercises to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. We take pride in bringing you this authentic information just as we take pride that more women choose Kotex* sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together.

To get your copy free, just mail name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MM-4, Chicago 54, Illinois.


That day is here again

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

TO WAR-PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS. We'll gladly send you (free) a new instruction manual, "Every Minute Counts". It's a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct classes on menstrual hygiene. Specify if you also want free jumbo charts on Menstrual Physiology. Address: Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 11, Illinois.

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Jane gave Ronnie the two lots adjoining theirs. It couldn't be a surprise, because they own everything jointly, and he had to sign the papers. But lots and no surprise, he assured her, were infinitely preferable to surprise and no lots.

He gave her a delectable maribou robe and a wrist-watch, to keep her from borrowing his. And a box into which he'd carefully tucked two doll-dresses of Maureen's with a note: "These aren't the right size, but you'll find yours waiting at Howard Greer's."

Their most welcome gift was Eddie Albert. It was like old times to hear his characteristic greeting: "Wouldn't you know Wyman'd pick Christmas day to play Camille?"

Just the same, he was a different Eddie. How could he fail to be different?—just back from Tarawa, having seen what he'd seen.

Ronnie was quieter, too, after Eddie had gone. It was dusk. From their hilltop, Jane and Ronnie saw the lights go out and then come on again. Now, whenever he's at home, Ronnie goes to watch the town bloom out of darkness like something from the Arabian Nights.

Jane wanted to watch, too. So he wrapped her in blankets and pulled a big chair over to the window.

"Last Christmas it was dark," said Jane.

"Yes," he answered slowly. "And this Christmas it's better. But it won't be really Christmas again till the lights are on for those other kids like Maureen all over the earth—"

She slipped her hand into his. "Next year maybe, Ronnie?—"

"Please God," Ronnie said.

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

It's awfully easy and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. But do keep score accurately if you want an idea of your Star Intelligence Quotient. The quiz offers three sets of clues, the first on this page, the second on page 96 and the third on page 103. If you can guess, on the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you get it on the second clue, give yourself 4. And if you must turn to the third clue before guessing the name, score yourself 3. For your total score add up all 20 individual scores. 62 or thereabouts is average, this month. For the answers, turn to page 112, but don't look before you're finished. Peeking spoils the fun.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Camp-toured in Aleutians
2. Margaret Sullavan's ex
3. "The South American Way"
4. Bojangles
5. In "Behind the Rising Sun"
6. Longest puss in H'wood
7. 3 sharp girls
8. Bulky Britisher
9. Disney's protegee
10. Buxom beauty
11. Reno in his beano
12. Tops with "Top Man"
13. Jules Garfinkel
14. Claudia's husband
15. Marriage before movies
16. Coast Guard
17. Heavenly body
18. Brooklyn bruiser
19. "Skylark"-ed
20. Tubby director

(Continued on page 96)

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IT'S A BOY

(Continued from page 47)

of hanging around waiting for the little guy to make up his mind was a bit of a strain. And Nancy was beginning to heckle. "Do you think Santa will remember my baby brother?"

"Sure, sure," Frank said with an effort at heartiness.

Came Christmas, but no baby. "He was delayed, sweetheart," Frankie told his inquiring child. "Transportation is lousy these days." She wasn't terribly disturbed. After all, she had a doll carriage and stuff, and you can't have everything.

Mrs. Sinatra gave Frank all kinds of things, shirts, pajamas, ties, books—all tied up beautifully and sitting under the tree. For a while it looked as if he'd forgotten to get her anything, but when he couldn't bear her crestfallen face another minute, he produced his gift. A diamond bracelet consisting of one hundred stones, including four 5-carat square-cut diamonds. She just sat and looked at it for a minute with all the lights from the Christmas tree reflected in it, and then she began to cry. "It's too beautiful," she whispered damply. "And I love you so."

time stood still . . .

The time was drawing near when Frank would have to go to Hollywood for his new picture. The studio had expected him long before Christmas, but he'd stalled them off for a couple of weeks. Finally, on the 27th he could stall no longer, so he deposited his two gals at Nancy's mother's in Jersey City, and left. His publicity representative, George Evans, who's also about his closest pal, saw him off, and the admonitions at the station were something.

"Call me the second Nancy thinks things are happening," Frank told him. "Don't wait till it's all over. I want to know everything. Get her whatever she needs. Call me if she gets scared and wants me to come home. I'll come—"

"Take it easy, kid," said George. "Stop worrying. She's got a wonderful doctor, a swell family right on hand. She'll be okay. I'll take care of everything. I'll even bite my nails while she's in the delivery room."

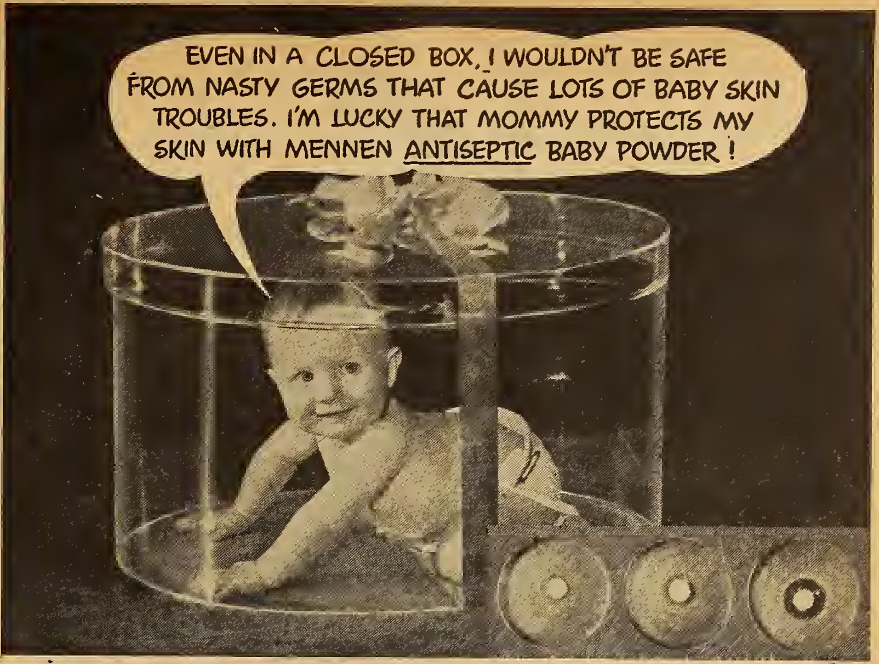
And he would have, too, if she'd give him a chance. He called her a couple of times a day to check on how she was doing, and on January tenth, he called her about 4:30 for the usual bulletin. "Nothing doing yet," she reported glumly, and George said something joshy like, "If you don't have it soon, it'll probably have you." They hung up, and she started down to the kitchen to relay the conversation to Mama. Halfway downstairs she felt a funny twinge, and she dashed to the telephone. "This," she said triumphantly to a startled George, "is it."

George called Frank immediately, and in true expectant father tradition, Frank lost his mind. "She's going to the hospital, you say? She is? How far apart are the pains?" He held on while George called Jersey City on another line to ask her. "Eight minutes," he told him.

"Gee," said Frank, "Isn't that awful close? Well, what are you waiting for? Aren't you going over to the hospital?" George tied up a couple of loose ends at the office and then dashed for Jersey City. She'd just gone to the delivery room when he arrived, and he got on the phone to tell Frank.

"Yeah?" The Voice was hoarse with nervousness. "Well, I'll hold on."

"Listen, Pop," George told him. "It may take time. I'll call you back." At six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SEND NO MONEY

o'clock he phoned to deliver the bombshell. "Congratulations, Sinatra, it's a boy!"

"What? A boy?" Frank dropped the phone and jumped up and down screaming. Then he got on again, breathless and subdued. "You're kidding," he said. "It's a girl, isn't it? Not that I care. I'd just as soon it was a girl. I'd rather, in fact."

"It's a boy, jerk. Practically a nine-pounder."

Frank tore around his hotel room like a maniac, yelling the news at Frank and Axel and Hank, who'd been sitting around sharing his vigil. "Jeepers, it's a boy!" he screeched at them over and over again, while George poured quarters into the hospital telephone.

Finally he got on the wire again and rasped, "How's Nancy?"

"Fine; just swell."

"Will you have three dozen red roses right by her bed when she wakes up?"

"Sure. What'll I say on the card?"

JOEY WRITES FROM ITALY

My brother is in Italy now, after a journey through England, Scotland, Ireland, Tunisia, Panteleria and Sicily. This is what he writes:

"Dear Harriet,

It wasn't until recently that I came to realize the things we take most for granted are our most effective weapons. White bread is our greatest ally. The people in this war-torn place haven't had it in at least three years. They sit around the table and look at it. The minister comes and blesses it. Finally, the father takes a bit and tastes it, then gives a morsel to the family. It must last. The bread is then placed under a glass where everyone—even the neighbors—can come and look. We are slowly supplying their needs, but it takes time—a long time. I read your plan about saving more than 10% of your allowance for War Bonds, and I think it's a grand idea. You see, Harriet, soldiers have to buy Bonds and fight also. Tell this to your friends. Tell them my buddies get awfully homesick, and I do, too, sometimes. Don't tell Mother because I don't want her to worry. So buy Bonds and Stamps. I can't stress to you how much 10c more means to a soldier who needs just one more bullet. So long, Sis, and take care of Mother.

Love,
Joey"

Frankie tried to toss it off casually, but you could see he'd been working on the wording for weeks. "Say 'Congratulations to you, darling, and to the little guy, for picking himself such a wonderful mom. All my love—' "

About 45 minutes later, Frank called the hospital for a late bulletin, and whose cheery voice did he get but the little mother's. "How do you feel, sweetheart?" she asked him.

"*Me?* I'm perfect. Wonderful. But you, Mom, are you doing okay?"

"I'm doing fine."

"How's my boy?"

"He's beautiful, Frank. He isn't even red. And he's got sort of blond curls."

"Gee, I'm lonesome. I'm coming home."

"Don't be goony. I get along without you very well." But she was lying in her teeth, and when she'd said good-by she cried and cried.

All her sisters came to see her, Jewel and Tina, Aida and Madeline and Lillian, and her brother, too. Not to mention her parents and Frank's. All beaming at her. All making her feel like the queen bee. And it was fun to be so important, but when they'd gone home, it was lonesomer than ever. She asked the nurse to turn Frank's picture around so she could see it better. Then she looked and looked at it until she fell asleep.

melancholy moma . . .

The next day, there were the photographers, and Nancy smiled and looked light-hearted, and nobody dreamed how blue she was because her guy wasn't around.

"I'd rather have him right here," she told Aida, "with a couple of bucks in his pocket, than out there with a couple of thousand."

"Cheer up, Nance. He won't be away very long." Nancy managed a grin, but it wasn't too good.

There were long confabs outside her door on how to go about raising her morale. "Be funny, George," Tina would tell George Evans. "Be a scream," and George would go in and be very, very quiet. Once he attempted a quip.

"Gosh, Nancy," he said, "When I saw you the night the baby was born, you looked as if *you'd* just been given birth to. What did they do to your hair?"

She obviously didn't think that was very funny. "*They* didn't do anything to it. I'd washed it that afternoon, and it was up in a net."

"Oh." Well, that was that. "I can't cheer her up," he told Tina, when they were going down in the elevator.

It remained for Miss Sweeney to do that. On the third night, she became Nancy's regular nurse, and from that day forward, the big room at the end of the sixth floor corridor was literally jumping. The other nurses had been kind of awe-struck by it all. Not so, Miss Sweeney. She was a Bing Crosby fan herself and completely unimpressed. Nancy loved her from the first minute she saw her, and it was mutual. By Thursday they were calling each other Nancy and Sweeney and howling at each other's wit.

When visitors wanted to see Nancy's array of nighties and bedjackets, Sweeney would first trot out the hideous hospital number, white cotton sans frills. "This," she'd say with a deadpan, "is her flashiest job. For press interviews and stuff."

Everyone that came oh'd and ah'd about how quickly the baby had been born. "How come?" they'd say. "That," said Nancy, "is because I'm a goo-ood woman." And Sweeney fixing flowers primly in one corner of the room would guffaw. "Ignore her," Nancy would say. "She has these seizures."

They entertained each other royally, and it got so Nancy resented visitors because they were never as much fun as Sweeney.

hospital bulletin . . .

Nancy Sandra telephoned every morning, furious that children weren't admitted to the maternity floor, insatiably curious about her brother. "Can he talk? Can he laugh? Did he ask for me?"

Frank called twice a day, at which points Sweeney would bow out discreetly, making lovelorn faces as she went. Nine times out of ten when she came back, her charge was bawling. "Like I said," she'd say, "that Sinatra guy is poison." But she'd rally round with the Kleenex and the mirror and the powder puff. And make with the latest dirt about the kids.

The kids, Frankie's fans, came in droves. No one knew how they got in as the stairs were supposedly guarded, and the elevator operators weren't supposed to let them up. "I think they get here by slingshot," said Miss Sweeney. They all wanted

BLACKHEADS, BIG PORES

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No one needs to tell you that there are "danger zones" of the skin. *You know!* For your own mirror has warned you about them, many times.

You know, for example. that the curve next to your nose—the tiny valleys of your chin—are two zones that must be watched. For there's where skin troubles get their start, and make swift headway.

In the curve beside your nose, pores often become bigger and bigger — until they look conspicuous and coarse. Around your mouth and chin, dirt and grease tend to accumulate and harden into blackheads.

But *you* can be sure you won't have any of these skin troubles, if you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! For it guards these two danger zones, guards *all* the danger zones of your skin!

Each time you apply Lady Esther Face Cream it does these 4 vital things: **(1)** It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. **(2)** It *softens* your skin, loosens and absorbs the dry, clinging flakes. **(3)** It helps nature refine the pores. **(4)** It leaves a smooth perfect base for powder.

Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror! Why choose a face cream because it's expensive, or because of a clever package? Judge it only by what it does for your skin!

That's why I say—try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! Get the smallest size jar if you like—but *try it!* When you see how radiantly clean and fresh your skin looks after the very first application—when you see how much smoother and more youthful it appears—it's time enough to get the largest and *most economical* size. But for living proof this is the most beautifying cream you have ever used, get the small-size jar *today!*

The Smile That Hid an Aching Heart

The story of a wife who longed for love . . . the story of a husband who longed to give it . . . A story that will help you understand many a marriage failure!

JANE watched her handsome husband, in his lieutenant's uniform, disappear through the gates of Track 7. Her brave smile vanished as the ache in her heart became unbearable.

Saying goodbye to Tom always meant a heartache, but this time the pain was far greater. Something had spoiled their precious reunion . . . something she couldn't understand. He seemed almost glad to be leaving her . . . he was so aloof and silent . . .

DOCTORS KNOW that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know have only half-knowledge. So they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

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YOU SHOULD, however, be warned here about two definite threats to happiness. First, *the danger of infection present every day in every woman's life.* Second, *the most serious deodorization problem any woman has . . . one which you may not suspect.* And what to use is so important. That's why you ought to know about Zonite Antiseptic.

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"DEAR BILL . . ."

It's funny the way you go along thinking you've a pretty good idea of the Red Cross and its workings. And then suddenly you find you only know the half of it. The Red Cross is not fighting one war. It's fighting two—the one you know about and the one called Disaster Relief. It means just what it says. Relief in time of disaster . . . fires, accidents, tornadoes, epidemics. This service doesn't conduct itself. It's conducted by people like you and your mom and the nice, noisy family downstairs. People who give their time to canteen work or the Motor Corps, or Nurses Aiding. What MODERN SCREEN *asks you to do is stop by at your local Red Cross and find out where you fit in. Wouldn't it be a thing to be able to write your Bill in Italy, "Darling, I'm now in the Red Cross Motor Corps." Can't you just see him crowing to the other guys about it?*

to see the baby, and if they were cute, shy kids, Miss S. obliged. If they were heckly, she disposed of them with a look.

Every day, Mr. Evans would come over with a bunch of mail that had arrived at the office. Letters from Eddie Cantor and Toots Shor and Michele Morgan. Letters and packages from the fans. Baby books; silver spoons; tiny sweaters. He'd also bring news on the nurse and diaper situations, usually bad.

"George," Nancy beamed at him, "you think of everything."

"Don't think I don't," he said. "Here's a bunting to take the kid home in, and here's the cap you left at your mother's." He handed her the infinitesimal woolly cap. "Not that that thing will ever get on the big lug's head. That guy's a strapper."

"Stand-in father," said Sweeney. "Even has delusions of grandeur about the child's size."

"Well, he *is* big," Nancy said a trifle huffily. "He looks about two months old."

So the days passed, and finally January 20th, going-home day, arrived. Sweeney packed Nancy's bag. The lush bedjackets, the nail polish, the perfume, the book she'd brought but hadn't had a chance to read. Before she put in Frankie's picture she gave it a kiss. "Uh-uh, Sweeney, Crosby could get you for infidelity." That was Nancy.

"I've decided," Miss Sweeney said, "that my heart is big enough for two." She'd kind of fallen for the gent listening to his Vimms program the night he sang "Oh What a Beautiful Morning," and stuck in "Nancy is feeling okay" instead of "Everything's going my way." She'd thought that was terribly cute, though she hadn't confessed it to Nancy. Sweeney wasn't much for drool.

At last everything was packed. The baby was dressed, and Nancy was ensconced in the wheel chair looking darling in a brown gabardine suit that was the twin to one of Frank's. The new nurse was on hand, and George, and swarms of people. Sweeney waved them onto the elevator, then watched the door close with a funny lump in her throat. She went to the window and saw them get into the car.

"Bye, Butch," she said out loud to the tiny man in the blue bunting. "Hope you're as nice as your mom and your old man. . . ."

Than which she couldn't wish him anything sweller.

"LADY IN THE DARK"

PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page 53*)

Specialists in the art and paint departments were assigned to paint faces on 180 three-foot eggs. Care had to be taken to get exactly the right degree of mobility in the egg-head's expressions because they had to turn and twist and appear to be watching the action. Special prize went to the artist who turned out his egg-face with a leer, for Ginger Rogers' semi-strip tease number.

Ginger's gown in this number was the fabulous mink-and-sequin creation Edith Head designed for her. She couldn't enjoy wearing it, because she had to do her dance on a coco-matting covering the circus ring, and something in the atmospheric conditions caused electrical charges to sweep through the fur into Ginger!

The sets are the work of Designer Raoul Du Bois, who drew hundreds of color sketches. Luis Vance was assigned to execute them practically, and he reports that to make dreams photograph-able takes the combined efforts of some 17 studio departments. Du Bois uses French poster paint for his sketches, which isn't easy to match with American dyes. So that was the first headache. Next, all, every inch, of material used had to be flame-proofed because Technicolor arc lights often throw dangerous carbon sparks.

In the dance scene with Don Loper, Ginger had to be shown apparently floating on clouds, so the boys dreamed up a "cloud cooker," a contraption that creates carbon dioxide by blowing steam through dry ice immersed in hot water. For clouds higher up, Britt guns were used. These machines spray white smoke-producing chemicals in the air. To clear the air between scenes, mammoth vacuum cleaners were constructed. The hoses on these sweepers were nearly 100 feet long, 5 feet wide and had a 35-foot nozzle made of wood connected to air-conditioning equipment. Seems smoke gets in the Technicolor camera's eyes, unless this is done often.

Ginger wore a wig in this particular number that had to be glued to her head, then pinned. Then the bangs were sewed on with needle and thread! This was necessary to keep her hair in place during the strenuous dance routine.

The limit of $5000 on any new material for a set stymied the producers at one point. They thought the set had been completed, but when everything was checked, a complete backdrop was still to be built. Paint for it would have cost $600 more. There is no priority on labor, however, so it cost the studio $2500 extra to hire four women to work days appliqueing velvet and satin on the huge wooden expanse!

Ginger worked approximately 84 days out of an 89-day shooting schedule, in addition to three weeks of dance rehearsals before camera work began. Of her five days off, three were a honeymoon with Marine John Calvin Briggs, now overseas.

spangled milland . . .

Ray Milland blushed bright red the day he saw his costume for the circus sequence. The coat and top hat were made of red, blue and purple sequins in a sunflower pattern, the breeches were pure white, and his boots were constructed of red suede. The days he had to wear the outfit, he used to sneak back and forth from his dressing room to the set enveloped in a great ankle length polo coat.

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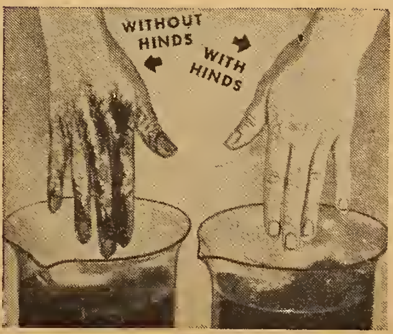

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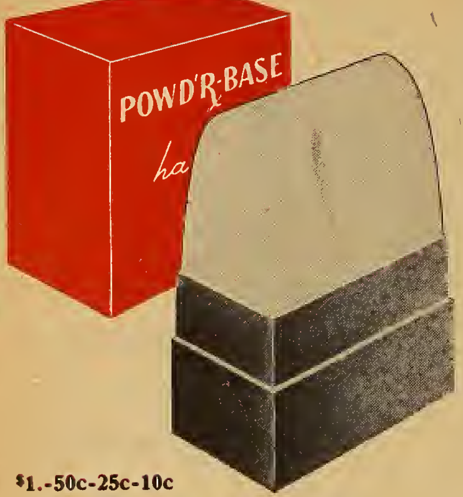

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SINCE THEY WENT AWAY

(*Continued from page 49*)

Jack was studying at Stanford University.

They were always so much older, it was almost like having three dads looking after her. Only of course the boys were her brothers, so she didn't have to mind them as much as she minded Daddy. One of the earliest things she remembers is getting all three of them down on the floor to be her horses. She'd ride on the middle one, and the other two would gallop alongside.

bringing up shirley . . .

Jack was really the one who took care of her. So they tell her, anyway. Naturally, she doesn't remember. But she can well believe it, because Jack worries a lot, he takes life more seriously than George. For instance, when Shirley first started working, and Mom had to go to the studio with her, and they didn't have any help, it was pretty hard on Mom, who'd be up till 12 sometimes, fixing carrots and spinach for dinner next day. So the boys were supposed to help with the housework. Well, Jack always did, while George had a cute little habit of disappearing into empty space like the vanishing lady. Being younger might have had something to do with it, but not much. George just never worries; he laughs. That's where Shirley's lucky again. Two worrying brothers or two laughing brothers might get monotonous. One of each is just right.

When she was a baby, Mom and Daddy'd want to go out together once in a while, so they'd have a woman in to look after Shirley. Till Jack said, "I'm almost 15, Mom. I can do it better." So they let him. Well, one night they came home, and Shirley was asleep, and here was Jack sitting by the crib in Mom's robe. They must have looked pretty astonished—you can hardly blame them—but Jack never gave it a second thought.

"Oh, I forgot to take it off," he said.

"What did you ever put it on for in the first place?" Dad asked.

"Because I always put it on when she cries. Then she thinks I'm Mom and shuts up."

There wasn't much squabbling round the house. The boys wouldn't deign to squabble with her; they put her in her place. When Jack got mad at her, he'd call her La Temple. On account of being in the movies, he'd keep on the watch to see that she didn't get bratty or show off. "Mom," he'd growl, "you going to let her get away with that?" At first she couldn't understand what the movies had to do with it. She didn't know actresses were supposed to be more conceited than other people. Herself, she thinks that's pretty silly. She doesn't like show-offs any better than Jack does.

The only trouble she had with George was over the funnies. Or maybe she ought to come clean and say the only trouble George had with *her*. Because she used to hide them. George would turn the house upside down, then she'd hear him in Mom's room. "Mom, where are the funnies?"

"Shirley has them."

Then, to be ready for emergencies, she'd start racking her brain, trying to remember where she'd put them. But when Shirley hid the funnies, they'd stay hid. Half the time she couldn't find them herself.

The boys never call her anything but Shirley—not even Shirl, the way Mom does sometimes. Jack is short for John Stanley, and they call George Sonny. Which must sound pretty funny now to other people, because he's six foot one and weighs 220. On the subject of Sonny's height, there's a one-inch difference of opinion between Mom and Shirley. Mom calls him a straight six, but Shirley insists on the extra inch. Next time he comes home from Mojave, where he's stationed right now, she plans to measure him.

There's no argument about how tall Jack is; he's six foot four, but built on slightly less colossal lines than George. He's a sergeant in the Army Air Corps, and George is master tech sergeant in the Marine Air Corps—she thinks that's equal to chief petty officer in the Navy. He's the best-looking thing you ever set eyes on. She'd call him the all-American boy, except she has an idea it might not hit him just right. Jack's awf'ly goodlooking, too, but in a different way. He's the intellectual type, kind of dreamy-eyed and sensitive like Jimmy Stewart. Shirley's more like George, easy-going and rather obstinate. She *thinks* she's obstinate anyway. She asked Mom once, and Mom gave her that dry look and said, "Let's call it independent, darling." So she guesses she's obstinate, like George.

Then in other ways she has lots in common with Jack. He talks to her about books, and it's on account of Jack that she got to love music so much. He's mad about it, simply mad. He used to send her records from Stanford and told her he could always study better when he had a symphony going in the background, and why didn't she try it? Now she can't do her lessons unless the radio's on. It's not always symphony music, as Mom points out on various occasions, but is it Shirley's fault if the symphony goes off and Inner Sanctum comes on?

Jack plays bridge and gin rummy with her—and she has to admit, if you ask, that she beats him quite often. Card games are too settled for George, he's up and away. Jack's the home-loving one. George doesn't spend much time at home, but he likes to know it's there. If they're all not around when he gets in, he's very upset. He used to keep writing from Hawaii that he wanted to come home and find everything the way he left it.

The most important thing that happened to Jack was getting married. The most important thing that happened to George was Pearl Harbor. And that's another thing that shows how different they are. Jack told Mom and Dad he was going to elope. George just went ahead and enlisted.

Really what Jack did was elope with permission. He'd been going with Mims quite a while—her real name is Miriam, but they call her Mims, and she's just darling. Anyway, Jack phoned one night and said they'd like to get married without any fuss, and was it all right with Mom and Dad? Mom told Dad, and Dad said, "Sure, tell them to go ahead," so they did. . . .

The only one that really got gypped was Shirley. Ever since she was little, she wanted to be a flower girl at her brother's wedding. Maybe it was just as well though. She was 13 at the time and really too old for a flower girl. Maybe when George gets married, they'll be kind enough to let her be a bridesmaid. She loves church weddings and everything that goes with them, like having your engagement announced by your Mom and Dad. That's how she wants it if she ever decides to get married. Not that she has any plans, almost-16 still being a little young. . . .

It was way before the war when George enlisted. He didn't come home one night, and Mom was a little worried but not much, because sometimes he'd stay overnight with a boy friend and forget to phone. Then Dad called from the office and asked Mom if she'd seen the papers, and Mom hadn't.

Dad said, "Your son's in the Marines." Well, that was pretty exciting, and he

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looked simply super in his uniform, and then he was sent to Hawaii, which was all right, too—better than some other place, because Hawaii was almost like a second home to Shirley. She'd been there three times and she just adored it. George sent her a darling little Marine pin with pearls around it, and he wrote to her an awful lot. It was funny. At home Jack expressed himself more, George was always quiet. But he certainly expressed himself in his letters. She never knew he liked her as well as he did till he started writing. . . .

happy tears . . .

Then, that Sunday she was down at the pool, and she saw Mom coming and she knew right away from her face that something dreadful had happened. First Mom and Dad thought they'd try to keep it from her, on account of George. But you can't keep anything as important as a war from people when they're 13. So they told her the Japs had attacked Pearl Harbor.

Shirley's not much of a weeper. When things happen, she goes off and wrestles with them by herself. Mom says she's calm on the surface—that's the Dutch in her—but seethes like a pool underneath. This time she didn't go off by herself, she wanted to stick close to Mom and Dad. For a while she couldn't say anything, then she broke down and really cried. It was nothing she could help, it took hold of her like something outside herself, and she thought she'd never be able to stop. . . .

She doesn't like to think of the days that followed, when they didn't know about George. She'd rather think of two days before Christmas, when the news came that he was safe. It was merry and unmerry Christmas all mixed up together—unmerry on account of the war, but *very* merry for the Temple family on account of George.

About six months later they talked to him on the phone. The call didn't come through till one at night, but Mom promised to wake Shirley up, and did. George was frightened because he thought something had happened to them, and by the time they got him calmed down, you couldn't say much but hello, how are you, good-by. Except George asked her how tall she was, and he *thought* she said five foot eight, and he kept saying, "You *can't* be!" and he was perfectly right, you can't be five eight when you're only five and half an inch. It was all pretty confusing, but simply miraculous just to hear his voice.

That was nothing, though, compared with when he came home. Shirley's told you Modern Screen readers how she was sitting in the car, waiting for Mom who was shopping, and how George stuck his head through the window, and first she was stunned and then she started to bawl. Then Mom came and all they could do, driving up Wilshire, was hold George's hand and cry. They stopped in at Westlake because she wanted Miss Mills to see him—Miss Mills is the head of Westlake School. The girls were all buzzing around, and Shirley was pretty proud of her brother, but in Miss Mills' office, she started crying all over again. . . . That was the cryingest day—

Then they went home, and George had to see every inch of the house and garden, and he noticed every little change, like, "This radio wasn't here before" and "That's a new picture of Shirley." He told them about Pearl Harbor, how he'd been to a wedding the night before, and all the other boys were sleeping out in tents that morning, he was the only one in barracks, and someone came in and said, "The Japs are attacking," and he thought it was a gag and said, "Oh, go away—" Then he heard the sounds. But he wouldn't tell any more after that—anyway, not Shirley, though she has a deep suspicion he told Mom and Dad and Jack. . . .

All she wanted to do was look at him. He looked older and more serious to her at first, but not any more—and she guesses she looked all right to him. Now he gets in about once a week from Mojave, and she says hello to him and that's about all she sees of him; he's off with his gang. When her friends are around, he's very nice to them, he just doesn't pay any attention to them at all, especially girls. They don't mind though; they know he's an older man.

Jack's been in the Army Air Corps a year now. First he was stationed at Palo Alto. That's where the baby was born. They wanted a girl, but Shirley told them a long time ago it would be a boy, because most first babies are boys. She had a name all picked out for him, too—Dwight, after Eisenhower—but before she had a chance to tell them, the baby was suddenly John Stanley Junior. That's because Mims was so disappointed, she turned her head away and said, "Oh, just call him after his father." Now she can't stand it to think she was disappointed even for a second, so she loves him twice as hard.

Shirley got the usual thrill out of being an aunt. She didn't see the baby till he was two and a half months, when Jack was transferred to Culver City. He looks like a professor and, having such an intellectual father, she expected him to walk and talk like a fiend, but all he did was blow bubbles. . . .

Jack and Mims bring him over weekends. You can't do much with him yet because he goes to sleep a lot—just tickle him gently, or hold him for a while and put him down again. They call him Johnny for the present. Later on he'll be Stanley, which sounds more adult.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

About two years ago Warner Bros. were filming "Flight Angel" at an airport right behind our high school. We kids naturally hounded the field for autographs. After we'd gotten all the important ones, we noticed a good-looking young man in grease paint and asked him for his. He laughed and said, "Oh, I'm nobody," but we thought maybe some day he would be. And that some day came sooner than we expected, for the young actor is John Ridgely, star of Warners' "Air Force."

Jeanne Henry,
Temple City, Cal.

closed corporation . . .

Shirley thinks it's quite a coincidence that the picture she's in now for Mr. David O. Selznick is called "Since You Went Away." Because she thinks she can understand it better since the boys were away and came back again. She doesn't know if she can explain it, not being very good at analyzing, but—if you're sad or happy, it makes the sadness easier and the happiness more so, with people you love around. For instance, she thought she couldn't bear it when Chingie died. (Ching is the Peke who's been her beloved playmate for years.) But when George put his arm around her and Jack said, "I'm sorry, sis," it somehow helped the hurt. . . .

And for happiness—well, she was having a very good time one night at the Riviera Country Club when her two brothers walked in. And she danced with them both and didn't tell anyone they were her brothers, and everyone thought, "Well, now, who's that fine-looking soldier and that handsome Marine?" So the dance was twice as much fun.

Christmas was twice as much fun, too. Jack gave her the score of "Showboat" and some lovely gardenias, and George gave her a pair of Marine wings. And it's fun if they're there when she comes down dressed for a dance, and they like her dress. She can always tell, because George goes "Whew-*whew!*" and Jack says, "Gosh, that's *sump'n!*" She doesn't even mind when they tease her about boys—all big brothers do.

Sometimes she thinks it's not so wonderful for brothers to have a sister in the movies. As if it were their fault. Not that she thinks they'd want to change her for anyone, she's not that silly. But Jack—he's a whiz of a technician and all steamed up about television—Jack took lots of ribbing when he worked at the studio. He doesn't even know she knows, but you kind of catch on to things.

And when Sonny first went to camp, the other boys said, "Just wait till he gets here, we'll take him apart." A friend of Sonny's who was there told Mom about it. And this friend said, "Have you ever seen Shirley's brother?" And they all said no. And he said, "Okay, wait till you see him." And they said it was very funny how they seemed to forget about taking him apart when they saw how big he was.

Except one corporal who saw him doing k.p. "Not much like home, is it, Temple?" And George went kind of grim and said, "What anyone else around here can take, I can take." He can, too. And more. They both can.

You don't have to ask Shirley what she thinks of her brothers. It shines out all over her. But she doesn't mind telling you either. "Whew-*whew!*" she thinks, in a treble imitation of Sonny's best whistle. "My brothers are *sump'n!*"

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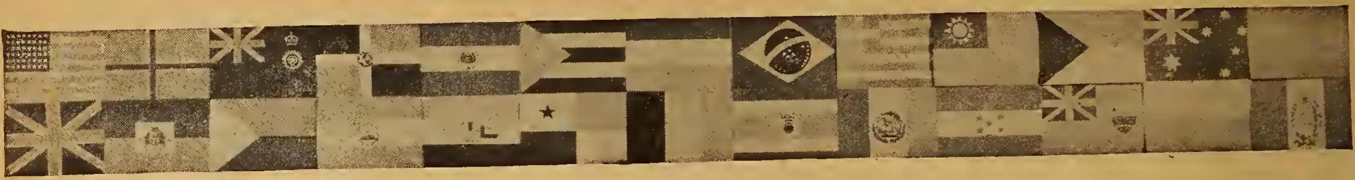

CUBA

Xavier Cugat, assisted by the wife of the drummer in his band, prepares a wine-flavored specialty in the kitchen of the Maxie Rosenbloom house which he rented in Hollywood.

"Ah-h," says the Rumba King as he samples this dish. He stars next in M-G-M's "Mr. Co-Ed," "Two Sisters and a Sailor."

SI, si-si-si, SI, si-si-si! To the softly throbbing strains of a rumba, punctuated by the staccato sound of the *maracas,* we continue our culinary tour of the Caribbean by taking an imaginary trip to Cuba—only a short plane ride from the Dominican Republic which we visited last month with Maria Montez.

Our guide to this "Holiday Isle of the Tropics" is—as you can see—none other than the Rumba King, Xavier Cugat. Cugat, the colorful orchestra leader whose Latin American rhythms survived with equal success the crazes for swing and sweet—to stand out in the dance world as a beacon pointing to our good neighbors to the South.

Cugat, the cartoonist, whose clever and often devastating black and white sketches of famous folk are regularly distributed all over the country by King Features. (His drawing talents, by the way, were originally developed under the encouraging eye of a fellow-cartoonist—the opera star, Enrico Caruso!)

Cugat, the movie actor, by virtue of the fact that—surprisingly enough—he turned out to be, on the screen, a comedian as well as a baton wielder! Cugat, the Spanish born American citizen, whose early childhood years were spent in Cuba—which country bestowed upon him its highest decoration, The Grand Cross, ". . . for promoting good will between Cuba and the United States through popularizing Cuban music . . ." Which is still another link in the historic chain that binds our two countries together.

Cugat, the versatile, who here steps into our own particular spotlight as a connoisseur of Cuban foods. Which in *his* eyes, as well as ours, is no mean achievement in itself!

"In Cuba, where I spent fourteen years of my childhood and early youth, I learned to look upon food as a *verrry* important subject," *Coogie* started our interview by declaring with conviction. "Why, Havana," he went on, "between the hours of one and three is a 'dead city' because its citizens invariably take two hours for lunch—crowding all means of transportation to return to their respective homes for this important mid-day meal, which is followed by a short siesta. This daily 'intermission' is a habit I should hate to see them give up in favor of the weighty business discussions and the drug-store-snacks-eaten-on-the-run which we go in for in this country.

"Cuban dishes," continued Mr. Cugat, obviously warming to his subject, "are very simple. The fact that they are also very bland and not at all rich may surprise many people! This is because foreigners are familiar only with the dishes that are served *them.* But these are 'exhibition' dishes and, like 'exhibition' dances, are not meant for ordinary use but

By Marjorie Deen

are reserved for special occasions only. Why, if the natives were to eat that way every day it would ruin their digestion!

"Among the foods that Cubans enjoy and eat constantly are such essentially simple things are *Frijoles Negros* (Black Beans) prepared with a tasty sauce; and *Arroz Blanco* which is nothing more than White Rice, cooked really well, for a welcome change from the soggy grey mass that one so frequently encounters elsewhere. Then there's *Picadillo* which you can translate into Hash, if you must—although so plebeian a name scarcely does it justice. And we mustn't omit one of my favorites—of Spanish origin as are so many Cuban favorites—*Bacalao à la Viscaina.* It's made of salt codfish—of all things, in a country famous for its *fresh* seafood!

"It may also surprise you to learn," went on Mr. Cugat (who surprised us even more by sketching away madly while he was being interviewed!) "that probably 99 percent of all Cuban men are excellent cooks. This is doubtless because they have such high regard for the pleasures of the palate. I, for example, take pride in making *Sufrito*." (Our photographer caught Mr. Cugat in the very act of adding a little wine to this specialty of his, which combines chick peas with ham and other interesting items.) "While my friend, Roberto Hernandez, the Cuban Consul General in New York, is famous among gourmets for his *Fricase de Pollo.* You must ask him to give you the recipe, because readers of MODERN SCREEN will find this particular dish a far cry from the anemic Chicken Fricassee that is served in so many American homes."

Well, Senor Hernandez did give us the recipe. And, at the same time, he made the helpful suggestion that we get in touch with New York's Havana-Madrid, noted as the most authentic of the Cuban-Spanish clubs in North America, and ask them for further information on Cuban foods.

Well, we did! And as a result we secured from Anatole Pujol, the capable chef of that famous restaurant, directions for making the very dishes we had discussed with Mr. Cugat. Thanks, therefore, to this all-Cuban team we have a prize collection of easy-to-follow recipes to offer in this month's attractive little leaflet, which will make *Cuban Cooking à la Cugat* a pleasure as well as a novelty for us all.

They sound like Latin-American song titles—these Cuban dishes that Cugat recommends: Bacalao à la Viscaina, Picadilla, Arroz Blanco, Frijoles Negros, Sufrito and Fricase de Pollo. But they're practical, too. And the coupon will bring a leaflet telling you how to prepare them.

THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN
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Please send me—absolutely free—recipes for Xavier Cugat's Cuban specialties, in THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES series.

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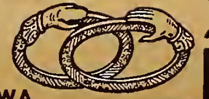

New 2 *in* 1 RING

DONALD O'CONNOR

(*Continued from page 35*)

the real McCoy. Talent was bred in his bones. The sunny spunk and spirit, the never-flagging fight of show people has raced in his blood from babyhood on to this day. His crib was a scarred theatrical suitcase propped on a dressing room shelf. His lullaby was the brassy slur of a pit band slide trombone.

Effie Crane was a Decatur, Illinois, girl of French-Irish blood, who shook the dust of that town from her tiny feet when she was five years old. She ran off then with a visiting stock company and never came back. When she was 14 and a veteran of the boards, she joined a show in a small Pennsylvania town and met a husky, hearty Irishman named "Chuck" Connors. John O'Connor he called himself. He was from County Cork, begorra, the son of a rock-muscled miner, and like Effie, he had skipped out young to join a wagon show and come to America. Because he was strong and quick and fearless, he learned to be an acrobat and circus strong man when he wasn't socking leather as a prizefighter or swatting horse-hide as a pro-baseballer in the Three-I league. Chuck had a tumbling act when Effie laid eyes on him, and the minute she did, she fell in love.

sawdust circuit . . .

He was 24 then, ten years older, but that didn't make any difference. They were married, and Chuck broke in his 14-year-old wife as his acrobatic partner. They traveled with circuses after that—Hagenback-Wallace and the Ringling Brothers, and off season they'd join up with tent shows, pitch shows, five-a-day vaudeville, traveling tank town stock or "what am I offered?" Effie played an ingenue in corn belt dramas like "The Two Orphans," sang and danced as a soubrette in burly-Q, or flew through the air with the greatest of ease, in pink tights and spangles, over the center ring. Along the way she collected a family, every member of whom, as soon as they could walk, joined whatever act Effie and Chuck were working. The Crane Family they called it for a while, then the O'Connor Family fastened on, and later they got fancy and billed themselves "The Royal Family of Vaudeville."

By August 28, 1925, John O'Connor and

QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(*Continued from page 84*)

1. Sportin' Life
2. Father of 3
3. Fruit goes to her head
4. King of the hoofers
5. Torchy-voiced
6. Hungry-looking
7. L———, M———, P———
8. Wife: Elsa Lanchester
9. Quack-wacky
10. Been over the "bumps"
11. "Happy Go Lucky"
12. In Deanna's footsteps
13. Toughie
14. Scandal-less
15. Kid sis: Georgiana
16. Genius
17. Loder's lady
18. Alan's buddy
19. Mrs. Joel Pressman
20. Deals in suspense

(*Continued on page 103*)

his wife Effie had had six children. Three were dead, but three survived; Jack, the eldest, then 19, Billy, 12, and Arlene, 5. And in Chicago in a modest theatrical hotel her seventh and last baby was born.

Effie O'Connor was alone. That didn't strike her as unusual. Nor the fact that up until a couple of weeks ago she had played every night in the act. The O'Connor family was booked for small town fairs at little Illinois towns around Chicago. That's where they were now, singing and hoofing and joking and doing acrobatics while she lay and looked out into the dingy dusk of the big city, and occasionally gripped the side of the bed with pain. But that's what happened to show people; they were a separate breed, Effie O'Connor thought—born to keep people laughing.

A woman from the next room poked her head inside and asked, "How are you feeling?" She saw the path of pain that crossed Effie O'Connor's face, and not waiting for an answer she said, "I'll get Martha tucked in bed, and then I'll stick in here with you." The woman's name was Peggy Reed, and the daughter she tucked in was to grow up and become Martha Raye.

It was three o'clock in the morning when she called a taxi. An hour later at four A.M. the baby was born at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Peggy Reed stayed there all night at the bedside, and in the morning when Effie opened her eyes, she said, "He's a fine boy. And his name's Donald O'Connor."

"Who said so?" whispered Effie weakly.

"Me. I've always liked the name Donald. And this one seems just like my own boy."

sound as a watch . . .

Donnie, as his family called him, did grow fast, although the more eminent pediatricians would hardly prescribe the formula and routine he got to grow on. He was a funny little kid, with snow white fuzz on his skull and snow white eyebrows and lashes, like an albino. He had the same gray laughing eyes of his Irish dad and a wide, mischievous mouth. He wasn't big, but from the start he was sturdy and sound as a dollar watch. He had a voice, too, like a cavalry bugle's blast. Effie O'Connor's biggest problem of the day was to get Donnie to sleep backstage in time for her to go on with the act. Usually she succeeded, but the trouble was Donnie didn't always stay asleep. More than once, in the middle of her tumbling, she would see the theater manager out of the corner of her eyes—standing in the wings, dancing anxiously on one foot and then the other. "P-ss-ss-t!" he'd stage whisper, "Hurry and wind up the act, Mrs. O'Connor, and come take care of your baby!"

They traveled around plenty then, these vaudeville vagabonds, the O'Connors. Trouping was their life, and six children had had to face it and three had survived. Little Donald, like the rest, shared the family's good breaks and bad luck from the minute he was born, it's soft touches and it's hardships. Early in life Don O'Connor found he could take it.

John O'Connor had rigged up an old Reo Speedwagon for the family to tour in. It had bunks and lockers, lanterns, tables, a tiny stove, blankets, cupboards and even closets. That was the first home Donald O'Connor knew. In his infant memory the world jounced and rumbled by and curious people looked inside. The kaleidoscope of his baby mind whirred with images of gas flares and clowns and hoochy ladies and red show banners with gilt lettering. With long all-night trips between towns, and dawn breaking through the dusty windows of the Reo as it parked beside a country road, busted down, or out of gas or just stopped for the night because a hotel was too far away or it wouldn't take in "show

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people." Or because John O'Connor and his wife were temporarily "out of funds."

One time when he was a tiny tot, the gypsy-like O'Connors were headed across the Northern prairies hastening to meet a booking in a Wisconsin town. The sky was tattletale gray, and it turned swiftly to downright black. A snowstorm sifted down on them, and the flakes were whirling fast. Effie wanted to turn back, but Jack, always confident, and not to have his Irish bluffed by any storm, kept driving on. Little Donnie swung from his hammock rolled in wool blankets. The snowstorm turned to a blizzard, though, and the thermometer plummeted. The road piled high with blinding scooting flakes, and the Reo ran up to its radiator in a drift. The O'Connors bugged each other to keep from freezing and took turns holding the shivering little Donnie inside their coats. There wasn't anything to do, and it looked like a tragic headline for the morning paper in Milwaukee.

Then they heard a strange whirring, sucking sound, and a snow plow broke through the drifts on the road ahead of them. Two giant men, swathed in mufflers and bearskin coats leaped down, with icicles in their whiskers. They came up to the Reo, peered in and saw Effie huddling her brood.

"Lady," exploded one, "what the hell are you doing with them kids out in this blizzard?"

Jack popped his big Irish head out. He explained they had to make it to So-and-So. It was their living. The family went as one, and if one made it, all did—or vice-versa. But the man still boiled. "You ought to be in jail!" he raged. "Don't you know you might have frozen them kids? Say," he said, "what's your name, anyway?" The tone suggested he was all set to run them into the local law.

"O'Connor."

"Huh?" said the man. He breathed deep. Then he turned to his partner in the snowplow cab.

"Hey, Finnegan!" he yelled. "Come on, let's get these dam' Swedes out of this snow!" So he pulled them out, took them to a train, and the O'Connors made their play date.

royal family on the rocks . . .

The law was one reason John O'Connor and his "royal family" seldom hit the Big City, New York. They played the cider circuit because New York was the home of the Gerry Society, and that was the same thing as the Big Bad Wolf to show people who used their small kids in their acts. The Gerry Society sleuths searched high and low for vaudeville folks who violated the child labor laws, and when they caught up with them, it was a big fine or a revoke of their license or worse. As a kid, to Don O'Connor the heavy of heavies was a Gerry official. He always walked furtively off the stage his first night in a strange town expecting to see the wagon backed up to the steps, ready to haul him and his folks to the cooler. Don got wise and tough and wary young in life. He had to. He was one of the men of the family—he and his big brothers Jack and Billy. Because Don doesn't remember his dad at all. When Don was hardly a year old, Effie O'Connor was left a widow.

The other O'Connor kids remembered that year of sadness well for a long time, and the tragedy of it seeped into the early awareness of Donnie.

It started, the run of bad luck, when the family tried out in New York for a booking on the big time. In the middle of the tryout Billy slipped from a handstand and snapped his arm like a matchstick. That ruined the tryout, and the engagement went glimmering. The O'Connors had staked about everything on getting that play run—even the trip to New York, which they couldn't afford, and the risk of tangling again with the Gerry Society. When it fizzled out, they found themselves broke in the big city. They didn't have a speck of work for nine weeks and not a penny to eat on. Show business friends fed the O'Connors, with the big heart that show people always have and the spare bit of emergency cash most of them keep tucked away in an old shoe or somewhere. Rescue came at last with a four week engagement at good pay. Things looked rosy.

Then tragedy struck again. And this time Donald O'Connor's brilliant future almost died aborning. He missed being killed by the merest chance.

heart-break ahead . . .

The engagement started at Hartford, Conn., at the Capitol, and things went fine for part of the first week. Then one day Arlene, six years old, took Donald out for an airing in his baby buggy. There was a candy store across the street from the Capitol, and Arlene had a sweet tooth. She started to push Don's buggy across the rough cobblestones, neighbors said, but decided it was too big a job. So she left him parked on the sidewalk and dashed across to the candy store alone.

Effie O'Connor was ironing out some of Don's baby things in her dressing room when she heard the scream and the screech of brakes. When she ran out, she found her daughter pinned under an automobile. Arlene was killed instantly.

The O'Connors went on with their engagement. They had to. More than ever now they needed the salary checks. So, right after little Arlene's funeral they sang and joked and picked up their heels on the stage as the act swung north through New England. Then one night, in Brockton, Mass., only nine weeks later, the O'Connor Family heard the band cue for their family entrance. They all trooped out on the stage. Last came John, daddy of all the O'Connors, running out, red-faced and jolly, greeting the people with a big laugh and a quick tumble to warm up the audience. But this night when he tumbled he didn't get up. He lay still, and Effie O'Connor screamed when she saw the color of his face. John O'Connor was dead at 49, mercifully quick from a heart attack.

> *Full of surprises—that Don O'Connor! Up and elopes as we're going to press! But don't miss next month's big issue! Don's giving us an exclusive tell-all story!*

Young Donald, still a mere infant, was too young to know about these tragedies. But he heard about them from the minute he could understand what words meant, and he always felt that he had shared in them, too. He sensed at once that the world could be rough on show business folks. In some ways it made him tough, standing up to the world, even as a tot, going after what he wanted. Even when he was barely out of diapers, Don O'Connor was known around vaudeville haunts as "the toughest little kid in show business."

junior black bottom . . .

Donnie walked when he was eight months old, about twice as soon as most babies. At the old Kedzie Theater in Chicago, when he was still wearing diapers, he broke loose from his dressing room pen one night when the O'Connors were on, toddled out before the lights with his "pacifier" still in his mouth. He grinned at the orchestra professor, dropped the pacifier in the pit and started stamping around on the stage to the tune of "Black Bottom," chortling, "Boom-pah-boom-pah-boom" and wiggling his little behind. From that night on he was part of the act. And his "Black Bottom" was always a riot.

Soon Donnie became the junior partner of an O'Connor Family act which had been revised, of necessity, after the tragedies of Chuck and Arlene's deaths. There was Effie, of course, and brother Jack, now a grown man, and Billy, the heavy set, merry comedy-talented brother right above Don. Jack's wife, Millie, was in the act now, too, and after a while her daughter, Patsy, Don's niece—but more like a sister to Don—would arrive to join the group.

Little Don became a tumbler the minute he dropped his diapers. Jack and Billy used to toss him around like a basketball on the stage in their acts. He was tiny, but he could take it. In fact, although Don was always short and small as a boy, he was tightly knit with a web of muscles all over him. Like his dad, Chuck, he was just naturally tough. He learned to dance early, too, and sing. One of his first successful routines was a team dance with his two brothers. He sang "Looking at the World Through Rose Colored Glasses," "My Mom" and "Keep Your Sunny Side Up," and right after he could talk, he learned how to time gags and dialogue.

When he was no more than three years old, Donnie worked in a tiny tuxedo. He was crazy about clothes in those days, as he is today. Nothing pleased him more than to strut down the street in his stage finery and watch the other kids stare in awe and admiration. Once in Lancaster, Pa., he disappeared when his mother was busy backstage. She rushed out on the streets looking for Donnie frantically, then called the police. Finally, one came back leading Don by the hand.

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"Guess where I found him," grinned the cop. "Down in front of the Good Will Mission with the Salvation Army Band. The kid was singing to beat the band and dancing in this monkey suit. And the coin was rollin' in."

The normal life that normal kids led was something Don O'Connor never knew. Normal kids had houses and back yards and a home town, and they went to school. In his whole life Don O'Connor went to a real public school only twice and then for only a few months each time. His mother taught him his ABC's and his multiplication table and everything else, in between shows in her dressing room. She used a correspondence course put out by the Pennsylvania Board of Education. Effie O'Connor, among all the hundreds of things she had to do daily, held class each morning in the dressing room of whatever show house the O'Connors happened to be playing. She remembers Donnie now, poring over his lessons while the rest of the family dabbed on grease paint. He used to mix her rouge, powder, cold cream and mascara all together when she wasn't watching and paint pictures on the wall with it. He studied his lessons on the cindery seats of jerk town trains, wrote them out, and she mailed them in. He did his home work by the dim light of hotels where show people paid in advance, and they nailed down the towels.

That was the kind of childhood Donald O'Connor remembers, "turkeying" all over the country, eating at "Maw's Places" or sending out for sandwiches and milk between shows, because there wasn't time for anything else. Working one night stands and split weeks on the five-a-day—or sometimes a schedule where you did 10 and 12 shows a day and marked them off on the dressing room wall so you wouldn't forget how many performances you'd done.

endearing young charms . . .

But he thrived on it. He was never sick—if you can count out the time in St. Louis when the act right before the O'Connors had a gag that spilled mothballs all over the stage, and Don, thinking they were candy, stuffed them in his mouth. He had some accidents, too—once when he was three, and he climbed adventurously upon a prop wall backstage in a Chicago house, fell off and cracked his arm. Tiny as he was, Don had guts about those things. He never cried or folded up. The time, for instance, in Detroit, when he fell in the middle of his tumbling act and cut an artery in his arm. The way he kept on with the act, holding his arm tight with his other hand and wiping off the blood with his handkerchief until the act was over.

Don's boyhood vitality spilled over in the form of mischief. The excitement and constant change of his childhood didn't allow him the quiet luxury of toys or books or pets. Outside of the white rat a traveling entertainer gave him or the rabbits that Blackstone, the magician, bestowed as reward for help in his act, Don never owned any pets. His playground was no back yard or school ground, but the streets outside theatrical hotels or the empty rows of seats in a theater before and after shows. As a result he found ways to spill his dynamite spirits around the show house. Managers and vaudevillians soon tagged him as a terror.

short snorer . . .

But the most serious escapade occurred one night at the State-Lake Theater in Chicago where the O'Connors had a big time engagement. A man slumped in the front row of the house, sound asleep through the entire act; what's more, he snored. It was ruining the act. Everyone was laughing at the snores instead of the O'Connors, and that burnt all of them up. First Brother Billy started stamping his feet on the stage, but the man snored peacefully on. Then Jack shot off a blank pistol. But still he snored. The audience was roaring now, and the joke was on the O'Connors. Don ran off stage, sore as a boil, grabbed a bottle of seltzer water and squirted it right in the sleeper's face. He jumped up, ran out of the theater like he had been stung—and then sued the O'Connors, the theater management and everyone. It put them in a nice pickle for a while.

When Don was only seven, the O'Connors landed on a bill with a Fanchon and Marco revue of beautiful tootsies. The girls had a dressing room of their own, built of beaverboard and set apart backstage. One afternoon there was a commotion and indignant girlish outcries, and when the O'Connors investigated, they found Don in the middle of the outraged chorines getting the daylights spanked out of him.

He'd punched holes in the beaverboard walls to watch the girls change costumes! Another time they found him, dolled up in his stage outfit of cutaway coat, gray spats and cane, leaning against the wings like an old roué as the chorus tripped on the stage. As each girl skipped by, Don looked soulfully into her eyes and repeated "I love you . . . I love you . . . I love you." He was all of eight years old.

Don was just as tough with boys as he was bold with girls. Like his Irish dad, who had punched out his living in the ring, Don loved a fight, just for the fight's sake. He wasn't mean, but he was belligerent. And he was good. Don is slim today and light, but his punching muscles are overdeveloped, and his favorite sport is still boxing. In his early days he'd come into a town, collar the first ragamuffin he'd meet on the street and ask, "Say—you know any kid in this town that wants a fight?" Usually there were plenty, and usually Don could take them, although he'd got whopped for it when he showed up at curtain time bruised and bleeding. That era ended suddenly when a gang of Chicago newsboys heard about the tough little punk down at the theater and ganged up on him. They gave him such a working-over that he was cautious from then on about advertising his pugnacity.

That wasn't often, of course. As a kid, Donald O'Connor's home town resembled a timetable. But there was one place he could halfway tag as his "home town"—one stationary place. That was Danville, Illinois, where his Uncle Will and Aunt Josie and their big family lived in a big house. Uncle Will was John O'Connor's brother. Irish, like Chuck, he had done all right in Danville in the plumbing business, and with his natural Gaelic gift for politics, had even been elected mayor a couple of times. Sticking around one place, he had also outdone his brother Jack by siring eleven children to Chuck's seven. A few extra visiting cousins make little difference in a family of 13. So between layoffs, or when they ran into bad luck or got busted, the O'Connor's made quick tracks for Danville. They had another haven, at Peru, Illinois, where an old friend ran a country club and where they could earn their keep entertaining until bookings opened up. But Danville was where Don remembers feeling like he belonged to a place longer than just for the run of the engagement.

Being a real stage actor, Don was a great glamour boy in Danville, and he played it to the limit. The other kids, seeing him come in off the road with wonderful stories about stage life, looked on him with feelings mixed with awe and resentment. The Danville boys yelled "Sissy" a few times at his dandified clothes—until they got their noses bloodied—but the girls tumbled like a load of bricks for his worldly charms. Closest of all to Don of his cousins was Lois, only a year older.

He used to tell Lois confidently, "When you and me grow up, we'll get married." Lois knew Cousin Don pretty well though, and she never took it too seriously. He told that to all the girls.

sweetheart on every circuit . . .

Because Don O'Connor was hardly ever without a sweetheart from the time he could learn to wink. And like a sailor, he had a girl in almost every port. He was so wised up for his years that usually they were older than he was, like the crush he had on a girl who used to travel with a sister act. He'd run across her here and there on the circuits. She had a turned up nose, and she could sing like a bird, even as a kid, and her name was Frances Gumm. Don and Frances wrote a love song together when they were just kids and rehearsed it. They were going to grow up and be big stars—and get married. But Judy got the jump on Don—as she was bound to. She became Judy Garland.

Life was never dull around Uncle Will's and Aunt Josie's when the Cousin O'Connors showed up. All of them loved to have fun, from Effie on down. They'd usually play a date at the Danville theater, and Don and Billy would get enrolled in school —only to be jerked out again as soon as the hungry O'Connor family fattened up or a play date arrived to support them again. They always made good enough money—on the standard time $500 a week for the act. But they were show people, and they spent it, or Jack and Effie and

3 Main Deodorant Troubles-

WHICH IS YOURS?

"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"

(Due to irritating chemicals)

You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing.

CREAM GOES GRAINY?

Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grains. Yodora stays smooth as a fine face cream, and creamy to the last...a pleasure to use.

TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?

Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try *different* Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get *powerful protection.* Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.

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Bridgeport, Conn.

"and McKesson makes it"

YODORA *deodorant cream*

LET IODENT HELP GUARD AGAINST Smoke Smudge

Choose POWDER or PASTE

BUY WAR BONDS TO SHORTEN THE WAR

IODENT TOOTH POWDER • PASTE

FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN

FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

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If your store is out of your favorite Good Behavior Slip, ask to see their other MOVIE STAR Styles. They all behave well! —

ABOUT $1.39

Movie Star slips

159 MADISON AVENUE ★ NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dept. I

Millie, the oldest members, got mixed up in their weakness, poker, and lost the family roll. They never banked a cent. There was always more to be made in the next town. Happy-go-lucky was a phase coined for the O'Connors. And it was all for one and one for all—always.

As a youngster Don O'Connor never considered that it would ever be any other way. Life to him was "the boards," and the O'Connor family the center of the world. Once only, as a tiny tot, had he run away nursing a peeve. He was about five or so, and Brother Jack had spanked him or something. Don suspects he deserved it. Anyway, he lit out, resolved to show his family a thing or two. He got as far as two stories away in the same New York theatrical hotel where they stayed. A vaudevillian friend of his father came home that night and found Don sitting on his trunk, looking disgusted. "Our act's going to pieces," Don informed him. "I've shaken the dust. Say, can I join your act?" The friend hauled him by the ear back to his family.

pistol-packin' O'Connor . . .

Never in his young life, however, did Donald O'Connor ever consider the possibility of being anything but an entertainer. He used to say, when he was younger, that his big ambition was to be a grand opera singer. He still collects every Caruso record he can find. But Don never took lessons on anything in his life. He picked up the accordion and the drums and a honky-tonk piano proficiency, which he still has today. He learned a million tricks allied to show business, bits of magic, singing, dancing, juggling. But, in spite of the hard life actors led—and he'd had personal proof from the minute he let out his first baby cry—it never entered Don's head that when he got big he'd be anything else but an actor. Acting was for him.

He dramatized everything. Uncle Will had an old pistol around the house, without any cartridges. Don found it one day, and for a week the O'Connors wondered why the milkman and the bread man gave their house a wide berth. Finally learned it was because Don had been getting the drop on them with the real revolver every time they showed up and backed them off the place, hands up and terrified. He was playing a stick-up man.

He used this acting talent to wiggle out of scrapes, too. Once the Danville O'Connor kids and their friends staged a picnic when the Traveling O'Connors arrived. They had it out by the river. Effie O'Connor had lost enough children. Don was her baby, and she was always terrified of losing him. Particularly she feared the swift river. She told him not to dare go near it; if he did—there'd be plenty of trouble.

Well, some other boys were there; they dared Don, and he couldn't take a dare like a drip. So he went in, and when he came back home, he showed the telltale signs—wet hair, muddy socks and shoes. He knew he was in for it.

"I had to go in, Mother," explained Don nobly. "A girl fell in the river. The current grabbed her. She swirled down the stream. I heard her desperate cries for help . . ." and so on. He acted out the most gripping rescue drama imaginable, complete with all details, with himself in the role of the hero, rescuing the helpless maiden from a watery grave. Don sounded like he ought to have the Carnegie medal, at least, and Effie believed every word. But Lois, who had been there all the time, could hardly keep from exploding with the truth.

It was from Danville that the O'Connors left for California, the time that was to

LET IODENT Help GUARD that TEEN-AGE SPARKLE

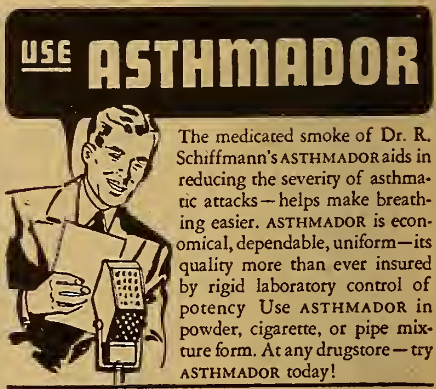
Smoke Smudge

Don't permit ugly smudges to dim the natural youthful sparkle of your teeth. Use Iodent No. 2 Paste or Powder. It will safely clear away those smudges, even smoke smudge, and polish your teeth to their original luster.

IODENT TOOTH POWDER • PASTE

FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN

FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN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Get HIDE-IT in a shade to match your skin tone. (Light, Medium, Rachelle, Brunette, Suntan). Large jar, $1 at Drug and Department Stores. Purse size at 10c counters.

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change 12-year-old Don's life.

Donald had been in California before. Once when he was still being wheeled around in a baby carriage, the O'Connor family, Chuck and Arlene and all, had played the old Hippodrome in Los Angeles, and another time when Don was only seven they'd come out for a Fanchon and Marco Revue and played all around Southern California—and Donnie O'Connor, again, had narrowly escaped with his life in the great California Earthquake of 1933.

This trip an even bigger upheaval was to hit the O'Connors. Hollywood was to do what even the Long Beach earthquake couldn't do. It was to break up the O'Connor family after all these years.

It started as just another circuit tour for the O'Connors. When they arrived in Los Angeles, strapped as usual for money, something went wrong with the bookings, and there they were without a salary. That's when their booking agent asked if they'd like to give a free show.

"Nothing doing," replied Jack, who was managing the business end of things then. "We O'Connors like to work—but not for free. It's not nourishing."

"But this is," laughed the agent. "You'll get a swell dinner. It's at the Motion Picture Relief Fund Annual Banquet. All the movie Big Shots will be there, and you never can tell what that'll lead to. Besides, it's a good cause."

Jack said okay. They came late to the Biltmore Bowl the next night. They went on with the act first and had dinner later. Right after they'd finished, it seemed, the agent came bustling up to their table.

"What did I tell you," he gasped. "They want you over at Paramount tomorrow to try out for a picture part!"

"We'll be there!" Jack grinned. "O'Connors on parade."

The agent yanked out his handkerchief and patted his face. "They've got Donald in mind for a Bing Crosby picture."

Nobody said much for awhile. Don finished his ice cream. Then he spoke up.

"That's out," he said. "It's the O'Connor *Family*—remember?"

The agent shrugged. "Just you they want," he repeated.

"I'm a vaudeville artist," said Don slowly. "I don't know anything about movies. I guess I'll just skip it."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Part II of Donald O'Connor's life story will appear in the May issue of* MODERN SCREEN.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(Continued from page 96)

1. Women trouble
2. Society wife
3. Supple singer
4. Darky
5. No last name
6. Never gets the lead
7. Close harmony
8. Fiftyish
9. Devastates Donna Drake
10. Naughty girl
11. Troubadour
12. Universal's golden girl
13. Vice Pres. of H'wood Canteen
14. H. M. Pulham
15. Last name same as No. 14
16. Lost to Welles
17. Head-y
18. In "Lifeboat"
19. Fringed hair-do
20. Initials: A. H.

(Answers on page 112)

Whenever you buy Beech-Nut Gum you can be sure it has the same quality and fine long-lasting flavor for which Beech-Nut has always been famous.

Also BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT GUM in sticks and BEECHIES . . . delicious candy coated gum . . . Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

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New "Make-Up" for the Hair
gives exciting effects
...youthful color tones

Your hair is, quite literally, what you make it. So make it *look alive!* Give it a chance to express itself, to become a crown of radiant beauty...young, glamorous, color-bright!

It's really amazing what miracles of loveliness you can perform with Marchand's marvelous new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse. Delicately tinted in 12 enchanting shades, Marchand's Rinse enables you to obtain a variety of interesting effects.

With it, you can enrich and enliven your true hair color to accent its *natural* beauty. Or you can give your hair a "warmer" or "cooler" tone, whichever is more becoming. Even more amazing, you can blend little gray streaks so that they become practically unnoticeable!

Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—Marchand's Hair Rinse goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up. It removes all trace of soap film from your hair. And it's *absolutely harmless!* Try it today!

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100 East Ohio St. Dept. 1334-D Chicago (11), Ill.

A SMILE THAT GLISTENS

(*Continued from page 67*)

They'll tell you to eat your way to health . . . and sparkling dental work! Proper diet assists originally in building sound teeth. It later helps protect them against disease, through nourishment of tooth structure, through tooth exercise and through influence on mouth secretions.

In general these foods are best for building as well as maintaining sound teeth and healthy gums: fruits, green vegetables, milk and other dairy products, whole grain bread and cereals, eggs and some coarse foods requiring thorough chewing. Let your diet be a help to your teeth. Which reminds us of a simply awful pun: "Be true to your teeth, and they won't be false to you."

Dentist Duty. We're sure you know all about visiting your dentist twice a year . . . but here's a gentle reminder in case you're a bit forgetful. Visit him regularly for preventive dentistry, for a check-up and to have stains and tartar removed. Remember you're not only to run to the dentist, howling with pain, to have an aching molar pulled. He's there to catch tiny, hidden cavities and to fill them before they have a chance to grow to Grand Canyon proportions and cause you floods of agony.

A dentist can also do wonders at replacing missing molars and straightening crooked ones. Perhaps when you were young and careless, you chipped a front tooth—on a diving board, say, or in a sled collision. If it's gone uncorrected up to now, have it jacketed. No one but you will be the wiser, and you'll smile unselfconsciously again.

Smiles, Inc. A smile is part of a woman's charm. Not only movie stars have a public . . . a housewife meets hers at the grocery store, clubs, shops. Her smile may mean the difference between a small, brown-edged head of lettuce and a large, crisp, green-leafed one! So don't be afraid to smile. Glance at the chart on page 68. Treat your teeth to these beauty and health hints advocated by pert June Allyson. You'll be pleased with the happy results!

"CALIFORNIA"—HERE HE COMES!

(*Continued from page 41*)

to play, in spite of the scene with Katharine Cornell. Before doing that scene, Miss Cornell invited him to spend the day at her home. He felt greatly honored, but he wasn't tongue-tied. They talked about dogs and other things they had in common, not about Shakespeare.

He's always wanted to write, and he always will. Movies were just a way to make money till he saw "A Star Is Born," which captured his imagination. After that, he wanted success in the movies, too. He's written some poetry and short stories which his friends like. "But of course," he tells you, "that doesn't mean very much."

Ray Sperry, who used to be Freddie Bartholomew's stand-in, has been Lon's friend since their days at the Mar-Ken Professional School. They had it all fixed up that in 1940 they'd buy a sloop and sail around the world, Lon writing as they went. In 1940 a war was on. Besides, they didn't have the money. But it's a dream postponed, not abandoned. In Lon's contract, there's another clause which says that, in five and a half years, if he's still working, he gets time off for his round-the-world trip.

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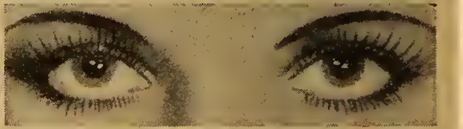
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—



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Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear
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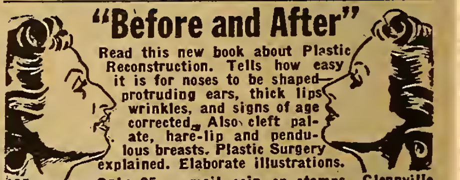
Golden Peacock BLEACH CREME
30 Million Jars Already Used



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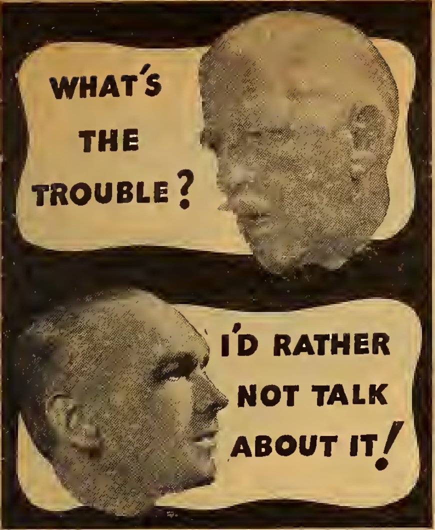
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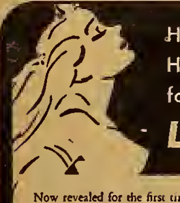
AT 10c STORES LARGE JAR 10c



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At Most 5¢ and 10¢ Stores

Or send 25¢ plus 5¢ for tax and postage. State color of hair, Natone Co., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

BOTH ONLY 25¢

Another dream's just come true, and a nightmare's banished. Somewhere he read that Eddie Cantor's grandmother, who meant everything to him, died as Eddie reached the brink of success. Lon was haunted by the fear that some such thing might happen to him. He wanted to make life easier for the folks before they were too old to enjoy it. Just before going off on location for "Home in Indiana," he bought the new house at Malibu. Just after he got back, they moved in.

The folks are Mother, Granny and Iya. How he started calling his grandfather Iya, Lon doesn't remember, but everyone calls him that now. He himself had been named Alonzo after his father, but was Bud—and still is—to family and friends. Not till "Stage Door Canteen" did he become Lon, and he's just getting used to it. Girls sometimes call him Lonnie, which irks him. Billy and Jackie irk him, too.

He's always lived in and around Los Angeles. His parents, divorced when he was five, have remained friends. After '29 they all had it tough. Iya's real estate business went to pot. He got a job as parking lot attendant. Mother and Granny took in sewing. One Christmas they couldn't scrape up enough to buy Lon a gift, so they had to tell him there was no Santa Claus. At the ripe age of eight, he had it pretty well figured out for himself. It didn't seem right that everyone should work but Lon.

Things got a little tougher. People weren't having much sewing done. Mother worked as a waitress, then as receptionist in a dental office. Iya went from night watchman at Universal to gateman at RKO. Through him, Granny got some extra work.

"I want to make money," Lon told his mother.

"You're pretty young."

"Some of the boys at school make money in the movies."

the hard way . . .

You got into movies through dancing or singing. Lon took tap lessons first, decided he wasn't much good and joined the Maxwell Choristers. M-G-M sent for them. If they'd been asked to sing, Lon would have been sunk. As luck would have it, he was picked as one of the torchbearers for the ballroom sequence of "Romeo and Juliet." He thinks maybe "Romeo and Juliet's" lucky for him.

Other jobs followed in movies and radio. Nothing startling. Extra work and bits. But enough so that, after a nervous breakdown, Mother was finally persuaded to quit work. Iya seemed to be set at RKO. Granny was managing the apartment house where they lived.

He discovered the world of books and ideas. He entered Chapman College, majored in English and took as many units of philosophy as he could squeeze in. Girls?—Oh yes. When he saw them, it was nice—and just as nice when he didn't. Girls weren't in it with boats and writing, with studying and getting ahead in "the industry," as he calls it.

Then one day, during sophomore year, he took time off to go to town for two interviews. One was at Republic, the other with Victor Sutker, who was casting for "Stage Door Canteen." He knew one of the soldiers was a young kid named "California," who'd never kissed a girl.

Lon was 19 and a Californian. He'd kissed girls in kid games like post office. It was just something you did, like playing darts. He'd never kissed a girl and really meant it. He hopes it doesn't sound egotistical, but he couldn't help thinking maybe this was the chance he'd been waiting for.

At Republic the part was a soldier, too. They said he looked too young, didn't look like the typical American soldier. Mr. Sutker said: "Take these two scenes home, and we'll call you back to read later on."

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WHAT EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LAXATIVES!

Some Laxatives are Too Strong-

Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's *too strong* will often leave a child feeling worse than before!

Others are Too Mild-

A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly*, yet be kind and gentle!

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Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle*, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time. And remember, Ex-Lax *tastes good*—just like fine chocolate! It's America's favorite laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

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Matching Design Wedding RING GIVEN For Promptness Deeply embossed yellow gold plate WEDDING RING included without extra charge if you order NOW.

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Back at college, he studied the script and waited for the call—which finally came. Friday—3:30. On Tuesday he caught cold, so he went home and stayed in bed till 2 o'clock Friday. That's his mother's training. She always puts him to bed when he has a cold.

They were tested by Frank Borzage. Which was a good thing, because Mr. Borzage has the knack of calming you down. Lon wasn't called till next to last, by which time his nerves stood in need of calming. Then he went back home to bed. Sunday night he returned to college and tried to put the whole thing out of his mind.

pepsi toast . . .

Hints and rumors started coming through.

He closed his ears. "I hear they like you," his agent phoned. That made him feel as if he'd been lifted into mid-air and sort of left hanging. It was Mother who cut the string and sent him up like a balloon. Mother and Mr. Sutker. Mr. Sutker's been kind enough to call Mother. "Lon has the part. I thought you'd like to know as soon as I knew myself." When she called him, Mother was crying. Lon took his three roommates down to the hangout, where they celebrated with sodas. Next day the news was in Hedda Hopper's column.

From start to finish, the picture was fun. (The funniest part was having a stand-in who'd once worked extra with him.) But he wouldn't sign for more than the single

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Don Campbell, N. Y. . . . DO STARS SEE AND ANSWER THEIR MAIL? It depends entirely upon the star and studio involved. Frank Sinatra receives some 5,000 letters a week, and it would be a full time job if he even attempted to answer them. Same applies to Turner, Grable, Power. A younger player—Donna Reed, Bob Hutton, Ann Savage, Jim Brown will generally try to answer all their letters since more fan mail means better parts.

Dorothy H., West Chicago, Ill. . . . HAS A LON McCALLISTER FAN CLUB BEEN ORGANIZED SINCE I RECEIVED MY FAN CLUB CHART? Yes, Lon has placed his stamp of approval on a grand club in his honor started by Mildred Cox, 120 Cassidy Avenue, Lexington, Ky. She'll supply details.

Pvt. Albert Kanterman, Ark. . . . WHAT IS SCARLETT O'HARA DOING? Vivien Leigh is spending most of her time entertaining troops in England and North Africa. There are a few pictures scheduled for her—one of which is "Caesar and Cleopatra." Write her at 2 Cities Film Ltd., 15 Hanover Sq., W. I., Eng.

I suppose I should be satisfied by the tower of mail stacked up on my desk each morning. I'm not. I probably never will be, as long as your letters go on being as much fun as they are. If you've written once, please write again. If you haven't, get that note off to me today because I've got the information you want about Hollywood and its stars—you might as well have it. Address your envelope: Beverly Linet, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

TIPSTIK

. . . for New Lip Beauty!

It's the lip rouge and applicator combination that enables you to apply the enticingly smooth rouge with the easy skill of a Hollywood makeup artist.

The clever, flame-shaped applicator provides precise lip lines, eliminates brush struggles and messy, red-stained fingers.

Lips stay fresh looking for hours and every last bit of the rouge, in its gleaming black plastic container, can be used.

TIPSTIK shades are rich, fashion-right and as exciting as their names.

Drug and 10c stores 25c

5 Glamorous Hollywood Reds

RUMOR RED ☐ dark
ROOKIE RED ☐ rich-red
RALLY RED ☐ light
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RENO RED ☐ blue-red

If your favorite store is out of TIPSTIK mail this coupon with 25c to: TIPSTIK COSMETICS—3424 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, 26, Calif. Check color preference above. Your TIPSTIK will be mailed postpaid.

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Allen's Foot-Ease has been bringing relief and comfort to tired, burning feet for over 30 years. Sprinkle it on your feet and into your shoes, and enjoy the refreshing comfort it brings while you stand long hours at your work. Even stiff, heavy, new or tight-fitting shoes lose their terror when you use Allen's Foot-Ease. But good old Allen's does even more. It acts to absorb excessive perspiration and prevents offensive foot odors. Helps keep feet, socks and stockings dry and sweet. For real foot comfort, remember it's Allen's Foot-Ease you want. At your druggist.

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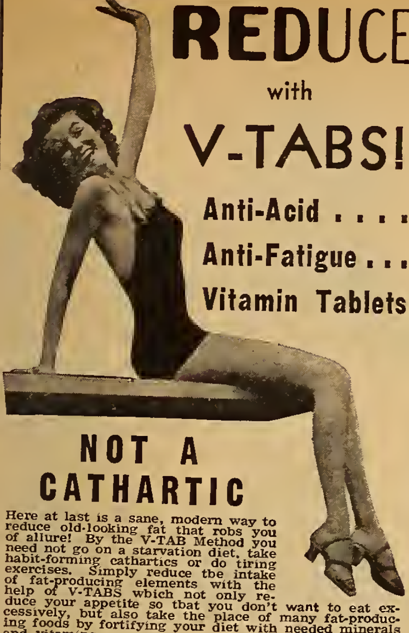
Don't "lose your head" when it feels "stuffed up"—act wisely as thousands for 68 years have done . . . use HALL'S TWO-METHOD TREATMENT! This famous treatment loosens thick, sticky secretion, helps clear up phlegm-filled throat and nasal congestion or money back! Use the Expectorant and the soothing Nasal Ointment. Ask your druggist. Send for FREE Vitamin and Health Chart today. F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 64, Toledo, Ohio.

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR . . . AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.



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With intake curtailed, the body feeds on its own surplus, fat and weight goes down. Don't wait any longer! Mail the coupon today with $1.98 or order C.O.D. plus postage. Take the full month's supply according to directions in the booklet. Then if not completely satisfied, we will refund your money. For new health and beauty, mail the coupon TODAY!

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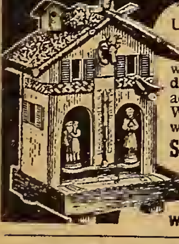

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WEATHER MAN, Dept. MA, 29 E. Madison, Chicago

HOW MY BAD SKIN CHANGED OVERNIGHT

Only a woman who has suffered with bad skin can know what joy came over me when I awoke to see my face so fresh, clear and smooth again. It seemed like a miracle! If YOU have pimples, blackheads, big pores, oily skin eruptions and ugly spots (externally caused), don't fool around with greasy, messy make-shifts. Let NATURE help you. Use my private secret skin formula. See its amazing effects start overnight. I call it NATURE'S BALM OF BALSAM. Try it for seven nights. If it doesn't beat anything you ever tried send back and get your money. This may seem too good to be true, but the test will tell. My MONEY-BACK guarantee protects you. SEND NO MONEY, unless you wish. When postman delivers, pay only $1.00 plus charges. (Orders with cash mailed prepaid.) Special double size $2. See if you don't bless the day you found NATURE'S BALM OF BALSAM. Write today—NOW! Miss ALMA, 103 Park Avenue, Suite 29C, New York City, New York.

picture, because he was expecting to be called to the Army. He wouldn't even go back to New York for the opening unless Mother went along.

He got pretty stubborn about it. He thinks you'd be right to call him a stubborn guy. For instance, he made up his mind to buy a car when he finished high school. Financially, that turned out to be his worst year. He bought the car anyway and just got through paying for it. Another thing he wanted was a Great Dane. "I'll buy it," he promised himself, "when I get my first coast-to-coast program." That happened three years ago, and three years ago he bought Mac. "A Great Dane in an apartment!" said people. "You're crazy. Absolutely mad." But Mac wasn't unhappy in the apartment, and Lon was very happy, having him.

Mr. Lesser sent Mother along. Marjorie Riordan and her mother went, too. Marjorie's the girl Lon kissed in the picture. The four traveled together and had a wonderful time in the big town. And in the end Lon signed his contract. He couldn't afford not to, what with the terms and bonus Mr. Lesser offered.

But he didn't expect to make any more pictures till after the war. He'd had his physical exam for the Army. A week before the second was due, Twentieth Century-Fox intervened. They wanted to borrow him for "Home in Indiana." They asked for his deferment on the ground that the picture would be released to all overseas outposts before being shown at home. Since movies have been classified as an essential industry, the request was granted. And Lon bought a house.

treasure hunt . . .

They'd wanted one for so long. They were so house-hungry that they'd study ads and even go looking at houses for the sake of looking, knowing they couldn't afford even a small one. Now Lon made one of his decisions. His bonus from Mr. Lesser would almost cover the cost of a house. Then the folks would have it, no matter when he was called.

Because Lon loved the ocean, it had to be on the beach—and they found it at Malibu. He and his mother went down to look at it first, and the minute he clapped eyes on it, Lon knew that was his house. Green-and-white. One story—which made it nice for Granny who's beginning to get winded, climbing stairs. A high wall—which made it nice for Mac. The biggest fireplace they'd ever seen in a house—which made it nice for them all.

Granny took Iya down to see it. Having been in the real estate business, Iya catches flaws invisible to the amateur's eye. Besides, he's English and reserved. But even Iya said, "Maybe," which amounts to enthusiasm with him. So Lon bought it.

While he was gone, Mother and Granny made drapes and 12 string rugs—a fan-shaped one for in front of the fireplace. Lon got back on Tuesday and had the pleasure of seeing Granny turn over the management of the apartment house to her successor. On Wednesday, he went shopping with Mother and bought three lamps. On Thursday he had to report for work at 12:30, so he got up at six and drove down with some of the fragile things you can't trust to vans.

Iya proved how he felt about the house by doing an unprecedented thing—treating himself to a week off so he could share the fun of settling in. In all the world, no four people were happier.

Now that they're settled, Iya's with them only for week-ends, because he won't give up his job. Dad's a frequent visitor. He always wanted Lon to be something stable like a doctor. Now he thinks it's just as well his son turned out stubborn.

They're painting and sanding the floors

HE WILL REMEMBER...

...just as his dad did!

His mother's hair was gorgeous when daddy sailed in '17 with the AEF... and still she keeps her hair beautiful with Glover's! Naturally he cherishes the memory of your lovely hair, kept lovely by this old American beauty secret—hair so luxuriously soft and rich in glimmering highlights—a memory he can never forget!

And when he comes home, you'll be glad that Glover's *modern* 3-Way Medicinal Treatment has kept *your* beauty just as he would want it! Use any ONE of these famous Glover's preparations separately, or ALL THREE in one complete treatment! Use Glover's Mange Medicine—Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo—and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—try all three—ask for them today at your neighborhood Drug Store—or mail coupon for Complete Trial Application pictured below. Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton, with complete instructions and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
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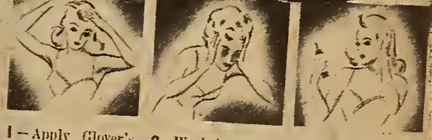
TAKE THESE 3 EASY STEPS TO LOVELY HAIR



1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair. Feel the exhilarating effect, *instantly!*

2—Wash hair with Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water. Leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable—and the delicate scent lingers!

3—Try Glover's Imperial Hair Dress for scalp and hair. Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! For "Finger-tip" application at home.

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Send "Complete Trial Application" package containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet. I enclose 25c.
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Address______________________________
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themselves. Having managed apartment houses, they're good at that kind of thing. Lon's bedroom is strictly nautical—sea-green rug, tropical drapes, ship book ends. Only the beds are like nothing a sailor ever slept in—two of them, both double, one for Lon, one for Mac. More often than not he bunks in with Lon, sometimes at the foot of the bed, sometimes with his head tucked cosily on the same pillow. Mac's short for MacDanois—Mac, son of—Danois, sort of French for Dane.

When he's not working, Lon's a night owl—stays up till two and loves to sleep till eleven. Breakfasts on dry toast and hot chocolate, except when he gets an urge for waffles. Likes sandwiches for lunch—tuna and peanut butter—and his favorite dinner is ground round, new peas, salad, milk and lemon pie. Lemon pie the way Granny makes it.

A day off—especially now at the beach—is a blank check from heaven. He spends it outdoors, paddles around on his surfboard, hauls his typewriter out and answers his fan mail. Mother helps him with that. And he studies. Wants to get his degree if he can, though right now the prospect looks dim. However, he's still carrying eight units of college work.

twilight and fire light . . .

The hour before dinner finds him in front of the fireplace with some reading matter—Whitman or Conrad, Don Blanding or Stephen Benet. Twilight and fire light and a quiet house and the smell of good cooking and an open book—that's something to keep with you as long as you live.

He never misses Sam Grafton's column and, when he's home at night, always tunes in on the gas company's music program. Cole Porter's his favorite popular composer and "Easy to Love" his favorite song. Anything Koussevitsky conducts, he'll listen to.

At the beach he wears as little as possible. Generally speaking, his interest in clothes is lukewarm. He'd rather stay at home than go out formal. His wardrobe is about evenly divided between browns and tans, which he likes, and blue, which his mother likes him in. Just now he's going through the tie-buying stage, because ties are about all a fellow can pick for himself that have color. But he rarely wears them.

He's a regular at the Hollywood Canteen. Used to work as a busboy, but now that the fellows know him, they seem to like him mingling around with them. He and Marjorie go out together quite often. If it's a twosome, they play miniature golf and stop in at a drive-in for nutburgers and a soda or a malt or a shake—doesn't matter, as long as it's chocolate.

Mostly they go with a crowd—the Gene Kelly crowd you've heard so much about. Gene and Betsy Kelly are among Lon's closest friends. They all gather at the Kellys or the Cronyns or the Wynns for games, music and mutual entertainment. Lon dislikes dancing. He's not bad, it just doesn't appeal to him. Neither do cigarettes nor liquor. He's not against either on principle, it's a matter of taste. Once he sampled a cigarette of Iya's and didn't like it. He takes issue with Emily Post on the etiquette of not drinking. She says you should accept the glass and touch it to your lips. That sounds silly to Lon. "Why waste it? I just don't take it."

Sometimes he and Marjorie wear matching colors. Just for the fun of it though. Romance? That makes him smile. "She's a sister of mine." And when Lon says it, you know it's the unvarnished truth.

One thing all you gals want to know: Is he like "California", off the screen? The answer is very definitely yes, and the proof's conclusive. Ten minutes, and you're shamelessly in love with the guy.

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Get Happy, Cooling Relief For Burning Callouses—Put Spring In Your Step

Don't groan about tired, burning feet. Don't moan about callouses. Get busy and give them an Ice-Mint treat. Feel the comforting, soothing coolness of Ice-Mint driving out fiery burning and aching tiredness. Rub Ice-Mint over those ugly hard old corns and callouses, as directed. See how white, cream-like Ice-Mint helps soften them up. Get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

I KNOW, DAUGHTER—GET PAZO FOR THOSE SIMPLE PILES
LATER
MOTHER—PAZO GAVE ME BLESSED RELIEF

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

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Pimples Disappeared Over Night

Yes, it is true, there is a safe, harmless, medicated liquid called KLEEREX that dries np pimples over night. Those who followed simple directions and applied Kleerex upon retiring were amazingly surprised when they found their pimples had disappeared. These users enthusiastically praise Kleerex and claim they are no longer enbarrassed and are now happy with their clear complexions. Don't take onr word for it. use Kleerex tonight. If one application does not satisfy, you get your money back. There Is No Risk so do not hesitate. Send only 60c for full size package or $1.00 for 2 packages. (Few cents extra for C. O. D.) Write today to:
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FULL OF PEP
MENTALLY ALERT
BRIGHT EYES

If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—constipation with its lack of pep, headaches and mental dullness often result.

So take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets *tonight* to feel 'tip-top' tomorrow. Olive Tablets—being *purely vegetable* are simply wonderful to pep up sluggish bile flow and insure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements. Inexpensive. Follow label directions.

DR. EDWARDS' OLIVE TABLETS

CANTEEN KID

(*Continued from page 55*)

nothing did. Then they told me about this place. One guy said I'd see movie stars, and another guy said, 'Nah, nobody shows up,' and I walk in and there you are. And now—well—now here I am talking to you." He flushed, conscious of having been carried away. "I hope you don't mind. What I'm trying to say is—on account of seeing you, Hollywood hasn't let me down."

"Why should I mind?" said Joan gently. "You've said some very nice things, and it makes me feel good."

That boy, symbolizing many, is why Joan goes to the Canteen week after week—every Tuesday night.

Once you're in, you forget you were ever tired, the boys are so smiley and glad to see you. Sometimes Joan dances, sometimes she's at the Snack Bar. Not long ago she sprained an ankle and couldn't dance. The boys were inclined to be skeptical—

"C'mon, Joan, don't give us that oldie—"

She had to stomp out and show them, after which they went protective on her. "Just sit on that high-chair. Never mind the grub—"

A soldier glared at a Marine who'd missed the excitement and innocently asked for coffee. "*You* got a bum ankle?—Then how's about you gettin' *her* a cup o' coffee?"

shine and sign . . .

As a matter of fact, Joan feels honored when they ask her for food. It seems so much more useful than just signing autographs. Good training, too, now that she's a waitress in "Cinderella Jones," plug! But generally, whoever's in charge at the Bar says, "Just shine and sign, honey. That's what they want from you—"

Even more than autographs, what they want is to talk. She wishes there were time to sit and talk to them all. She's never forgotten the crack one disgusted soldier made in a magazine article. "Iceland," he said, "was named not for its temperature, but for its girls." No matter how corny that line sounds about being a sister to them, it describes what they're looking for better than anything else. One of the nicest compliments ever paid her was by a sailor who'd been talking about his girl.

"You understand," he said, "and that kind of brings my own girl closer."

She thinks being an actress helps you to warm up easier. An actress meets so many different people, and she's used to the sociable atmosphere of the set and, come right down to it, the boys are the same kind of boys as the grips and juicers at the studio—younger, most of them, but with that same fun and friendliness and that easygoing American way—

If they're shy, she tries to break the ice by finding some place they've both been to—

"You're not from Michigan, by any chance?"

"Oh—just Detroit—"

When that happens, they go at it hammer-and-tongs, just a couple of home town pals—

military tactics . . .

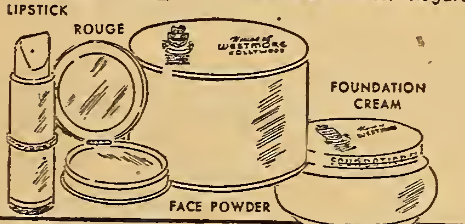
She's glad she's been to Canada, on account of the English boys who come in sometimes. They generally know Montreal and the Mount Royal Hotel, and they're homesick for snow and winter sports. The thing to remember about reminiscing though is, do they enjoy it or does it make them suffer more because they're so far from home? So you've got to feel your way, you can't go barging right in.

Make-up created by the men who make up the **Hollywood Stars**

LINDA DARNELL starring in René Clair's
"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW"
an Arnold Pressburger Production
Released thru United Artists

Wally Westmore,
Famous Hollywood
Make-up Artist

The Westmore brothers — Perc, Wally and Bud — not only make up the Hollywood stars but actually create the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. House of Westmore make-up gives you a lovely, attractive beauty — goes on smoothly and really stays on. You will like the fine texture and fashionable shades. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better.



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KEEP IT COMING IN!

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MANY LOSE 3 TO 5 POUNDS PER WEEK Yet EAT Plenty!

USERS SAY

Physician's Wife: "I lost 15 pounds in 24 days."
Mrs. C. M., Ithaca, N. Y.: "My hips were 53 inches; now measure 43 inches. I feel like a new person. I like the taste also. MY DOCTOR SAYS IT WAS O. K."
Mrs. E. M., Long Island, N. Y.: ". . . went from size 18 to size 12 in just six short weeks and am I happy and proud."
Mrs. P. M., Fresno, Cal.: "I lost 18 pounds in 3 weeks."
Miss H., Wash., D.C.; "Had to tell the wonderful news! Reduced from 200 to 136 pounds in 3 months following your plan. It's great to be able to wear youthful clothes. My friends are amazed, and many of them are following the plan now."

MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable results in losing weight easily. Many lost 20 pounds a month and more. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor, former chief of a U. S. military hospital and a state public health officer.

Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO STRICT DIETS, requires no exercises. HARMLESS, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

Here is Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan EXACTLY as given over the air to millions: For lunch take 2 teaspoonfuls of CAL-PAR in a glass of juice, water or any beverage. Take nothing else for lunch except a cup of coffee, if desired. For breakfast and dinner EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO. but eat sensibly. Don't cut out fatty, starchy foods—just cut down on them. By following Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily caloric intake, thus losing weight naturally. You needn't suffer a single hungry moment. CAL-PAR is not a harmful reducing drug. It is a special dietary product, fortifying your diet with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Try it and you and your friends will marvel at the vast improvement in your figure.

Get a $1.25 can of CAL-PAR at health food, and drug stores.

- ● *NO EXERCISE!*
- ● *NO REDUCING DRUGS!*
- ● *ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!*

If your dealer hasn't CAL-PAR a special can containing 18 DAYS' SUPPLY will be sent you postpaid, for only $1.00. This $1.00 can is not sold at stores. Money back if not satisfied. Fill out coupon, pin a dollar bill to it and mail today. We will also send you FREE, Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing containing important facts you ought to know including weight tables and charts of food values.

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I enclose $1.00 for a special CAL-PAR can, to be sent postage paid, and Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing. If not satisfied I may return the unused oortion and my $1.00 will be refunded. (C. O. D. orders.)

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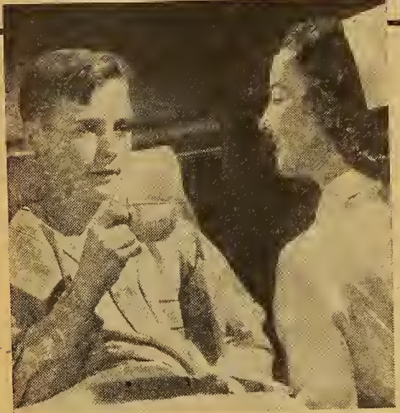
To Help A Child Build Up

AFTER AN ILLNESS



TODAY, many physicians are advising Ovaltine for the child who is run-down after illness—for these two reasons:

First, Ovaltine supplies the *basic* food substances—complete proteins absolutely necessary to repair muscle, nerve and body cells—and high-energy foods for vigorous health. Ovaltine is specially processed for easy digestion and taken in food-drink form, so it often "stays down" when nothing else seems to agree.

Second, Ovaltine is one of the richest food sources of vitamins and minerals in the world. Three glasses daily, made with milk as directed, provide a child's full minimum requirement of Vitamins A, B_1, D and G, and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. These vitamins and minerals, so important to speedy recovery, are often deficient in restricted diets.

Ovaltine is served in more than 1700 American hospitals. If someone in your family needs building up, try giving Ovaltine 2 or 3 times a day to speed the return of vigorous health.

OVALTINE

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

It's funny when they give her what she calls the familiar-face routine. They stand and stare—who is she? Do I know her? Sometimes the light dawns in a grin. Or it doesn't dawn, and some bolder spirit puts the question direct.

"Are you one or aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm in pictures."

"Don't tell me, let me guess. What were you in last?—Oh, I missed that one—"

"I'm Joan Leslie," she says and ducks for the coffee urn, so she won't have to watch their faces get red. There was one boy standing at the edge of the crowd, looking so white and miserable that she wanted to push her way through and find out what was wrong. But you can't do that; they hate being made conspicuous—

At last his turn came at the Bar. "Would you sign this to my mother, Miss Leslie?"

"Anything special you'd like me to say?"

"I—I just had word that she's pretty sick. Maybe 'get well' or something—?"

She took her time and wrote a warm little message. Reading it, his eyes filled with tears, and she felt her own lids sting. She looked for him the following week, but he didn't show up. The next Tuesday she heard a jubilant "Hi!" Wreathed in smiles, he looked like a different boy—

"Mom's going to be okay. She's got your card propped up against the medicine glass and shows it off to all the neighbors. Says it's the thing she's proudest of—except me," he added bashfully.

running the gantlet . . .

As a rule, you can't go for special requests. There are too many boys and not enough time, and the boys understand and are satisfied with just the name. But once in a while you get somebody with ideas—

Holidays are special at the Canteen. They always need extra help, so Joan volunteered for Thanksgiving Day. She and Bob Alda worked together, Bob carving turkey, Joan heaping cardboard plates. In between they signed autographs—

Along came one of Uncle Sam's more enterprising gobs and stuck a cardboard plate under her nose. "Look, here's what I want you to write: 'My heart belongs to you, Joe—' Joe Allen's the name, but you just put Joe—'My heart belongs to you, Joe, I'll be waitin' for you, love and kisses—' then a lip-print and your name through it. Cute, huh?"

Joan tried to laugh it off.

"Don't you see I can't?" she protested. "If I did it for you, I'd have to do it for everybody."

"Well then, just love and kisses and the lip-print. I gotta have the lip-print—"

In desperation she grabbed the plate and wrote "To my favorite heckler—" Before she could sign, someone yelled for coffee. She turned back just in time to see a busboy pick up Joe's plate, scoop a mess of half-eaten beans into it, stack it on top of a pile of dirty plates and march off, whistling. Joe stood and stared in a kind of paralysis. Then he shook his head slowly. "Fate!" he muttered. "It ain't to be—" and lost himself in the crowd.

Her most embarrassing moment came one night as she herself danced with another sailor who took his title as King of the Jivesters seriously. Joan had come straight from the studio where they'd given her a beautiful up-hairdo which wasn't, however, built for heavy seas. The music grew warmer and warmer, ditto the King. He swung her and caught her and whirled her away, and the pins started flying. Joan grew conscious of a worried-looking youngster on the sidelines, and wondered vaguely what he was worried about. At last he came striding toward them and cut in purposefully, for all the world like Harold the Hero rescuing her from the clutches of Jim Dalton. But in-

BLONDES

All Shades All Ages

New 11-Minute Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

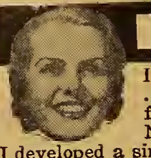
This special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening — brightens faded blonde hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

Once Fat! Now Has a Model's Figure

"I lost 32 lbs. wear size 14 again"

Betty Reynolds, Brooklyn

Just think, once 156 lbs., Miss Reynolds lost weight weekly with AYDS Vitamin Candy Reducing Plan until now she has a model-like figure. Your experience may or may not be the same but try this easier reducing plan yourself. *First Box Must Show Results* or money back. No exercise. No laxatives. No drugs. You eat plenty. You don't cut out meals, potatoes, etc., you just cut them down. Simple when you enjoy delicious AYDS before meals. Only $2.25 for 30 days' supply. Now—enjoy the comfortable AYDS way to a lovelier figure. Sold at leading department and drug stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us and we will see you are supplied. Carlay Co., 160 East Illinois, Chicago 11, Illinois. Dep't (M-43).



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I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless and inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. Let me tell you how.

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and forget
the calendar!

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CRAMPS—An *exclusive* ingredient in Midol relaxes muscles, relieves typical spasmodic pain.

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"BLUES"—Midol's third ingredient, a mild stimulant, picks you up; helps chase "blues".

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
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RELIEVES ALL 3 KINDS OF FUNCTIONAL MENSTRUAL SUFFERING

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Just try this **system** on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of **attractive** hair that so often captures love and romance.

HAIR MAY GET LONGER when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. **Just try** the **JUELENE SYSTEM** 7 days, let your mirror prove results. Send $1.00. (If C. O. D. postage extra). Fully guaranteed. Money back if you're not delighted.

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For Restoring Natural
Color to GRAY HAIR
Science's Most Amazing Miracle!

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PANATE CO., Dept. F-241, 310 So. Michigan, Chicago, 4

stead of dancing, he drew her off the floor. "Your rat shows," he informed her. "I'll hold the wolves off while you fix it."

That's the protective type. Then there's the deadpan ribber, and you can't be quite sure whether he's laughing with you or at you. The one with the broken-beer-bottle line, for instance. Every time they danced, he'd tell her about some friend who was dying to meet her—

"He'd come three thousand miles across broken beer bottles to dance with you."

"Barefoot, no doubt?" she flips back.

"No doubt. Where would he get shoes?"

This went on and on till the gag got to be pretty tired. But Joan played along. Why not, since it took so little to amuse him? Then one night he asked if she'd sit the dance out. He said he wouldn't be coming back to the Canteen, it looked as if they were headed overseas—

"I want to thank you for putting up with my stale jokes. They must have been pretty tiresome. You know—you're a good sport, Joan. I guess I *was* trying to get your goat. But he never showed—"

"He's got a long way to come," said Joan demurely—

"Three thousand miles across broken beer bottles," they chanted, and people turned their heads to see what was so funny.

There's also the romantic type, as exemplified by the boy who'd seen "Stage Door Canteen."

His eyes were rapt, his voice intense—

"Miss Leslie—" Not Joan—perish forbid!—did "California" call his deity Katharine?—"Miss Leslie, do you remember the poem you said in 'The Sky's the Limit'?"

"You mean the one about the man I wanted to marry—?"

"Yes. Would you recite it for me, please, Miss Leslie?"

She glanced hastily around. Well, let them laugh. The only thing was, would *she* be able to go through it? Looking back into the lost-puppy-dog eyes upturned to her, she took the plunge—

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles—"

He pulled a sigh up from the toes of his G.I. shoes, murmured a simple, soulful thank you, turned on his G.I. heel and walked off, gazing into space. Joan dabbed a handkerchief at her face. "Coffee, boys?"

the broken record . . .

There was another young romantic present one night—Gerard Darrow, aged 9. He and the other Quiz Kids collected autographs as zealously as if they'd never heard of an I.Q. As Joan handed the book back, Gerard spoke with impressive fervor, "This is the most exciting moment of my entire life, Miss Leslie. I'll never forget it." Joan was charmed. The words echoed in her ears—or were they an echo? There was nothing disembodied about the clear treble, sounding off yet more fervently a few feet away. "This is the most exciting moment of my entire life, Miss Hayward. I'll never forget it—"

That's what he said to all the girls.

Her own most exciting moment occurred one night when a voice called, "Hi, Terror!" She whirled swiftly, her face alight—

On a bond selling tour in Washington, she'd been shown through a bomber. As she talked to the crew members, one said, "Hey, wait a minute, fellas, we haven't named this ship yet. How's for letting Joan name it?"

"Swell—"

"She's a redhead. She'll bring us luck."

They brought a stepladder. She was to chalk the name in, and her handwriting would be traced later in paint. "But what are we going to call it—?"

After her, of course. But also they wanted

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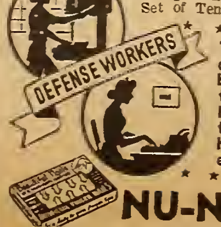

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So natural they even have *half moons.*

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Will not harm nor soften natural nails. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

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WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST

AMAZING NEW GOLD SEAL POLICY
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PAYS accumulated **ACCIDENT BENEFITS** for Accidental Loss of Life, Limb, or Sight up to $6000.00

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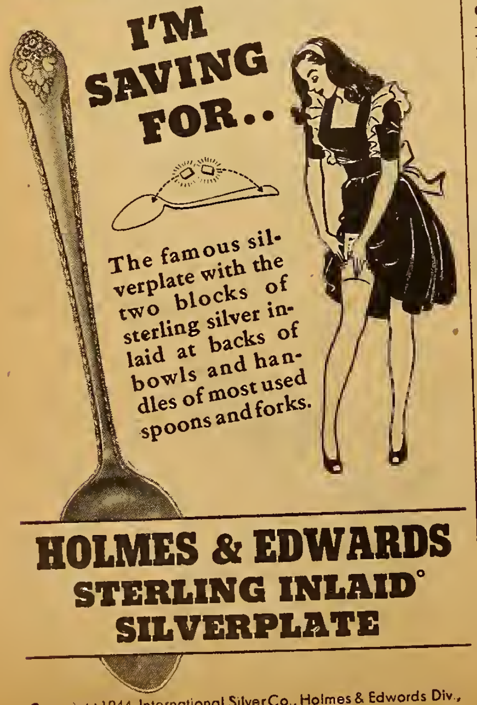

I'M SAVING FOR..

The famous silverplate with the two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.

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STERLING INLAID°
SILVERPLATE

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QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Continued from page 103*)

1. Errol Flynn
2. Henry Fonda
3. Carmen Miranda
4. Bill Robinson
5. Margo
6. John Carradine
7. Andrews Sisters
8. Charles Laughton
9. Donald Duck
10. Mae West
11. Dick Powell
12. Susanna Foster
13. John Garfield
14. Robert Young
15. Loretta Young
16. Victor Mature
17. Hedy Lamarr
18. Bill Bendix
19. Claudette Colbert
20. Alfred Hitchcock

something with fire—

"I've got it. The Leslie Terror—"

That's why "Hi, Terror!" set her pulses leaping. Yes, it was one of the original crew. Yes, their ship had seen action in the Attu and Kiska fighting, had been damaged but not beyond repair. The boys had come through okay—

"Maybe because you're a redhead."

"Maybe because I prayed," she said to herself.

What impresses Joan most about the servicemen she meets is their spirit—the way they accept the job, the way they loathe any trace of hero-worship—even those that come back with stripes and medals—you're not supposed to notice such things. The way they're so grateful for what you do, when what you do is so little. Often, when her shift is over, she doesn't have the heart to go home if they ask her not to—

"Why do you *have* to go?"

"I've got to be up at 7—"

"We've got to be up at 5:30—"

"Oh dear, I know—"

Her hours are long, but theirs are longer. Her work is safe, theirs is difficult and dangerous— It makes her ashamed.

One letter she treasures especially, because it expresses so simply and beautifully what she herself feels and can't put into words—the spirit of the men, the spirit of the Canteen, the spirit of America.

"Dear Joan Leslie:

> I'm one of the hundreds you were dancing with Tuesday. You won't remember me, but I'll never forget you . . . I want to tell you why. It's not because you're pretty, though you are. It's not because you're a good dancer, though you're that, too. It's not even because you're becoming a big star. To be honest with you, I didn't even know who you were till they called you to the platform.
>
> I'll never forget you because you made me want to live. Your sincerity, your friendliness—those are the things that made my heart beat faster. No, not for you, Miss Leslie—I haven't a crush on you—I have a crush on the things you stand for. I want to fight to live in a world where a girl like you can smile and bring happiness to a guy like me. You and your cohorts are doing that at the Canteen now. We're on our way to make a few adjustments.
>
> Carry on,
>
> Bill."

Bill was wrong about just one thing. She remembers him all right. She'll remember him as long as she lives.

Pin-up picture for the man who "can't afford" to buy an extra War Bond!

YOU'VE HEARD PEOPLE SAY: "I can't afford to buy an extra War Bond." Perhaps you've said it yourself . . . without realizing what a ridiculous thing it is to say to men who are dying.

Yet it *is* ridiculous, when you think about it. Because today, with national income at an all-time record high . . . with people making more money than ever before . . . with less and less of things to spend money for . . . practically every one of us has extra dollars in his pocket.

The very *least* that *you* can do is to buy an *extra* $100 War Bond . . . above and beyond the Bonds you are now buying or had planned to buy. In fact, if you take stock of your resources, you will probably find that you can buy an *extra* $200 . . . or $300 . . . or even $500 worth of War Bonds.

Sounds like more than you "can afford"? Well, young soldiers can't afford to die, either . . . yet they do it when called upon. So is it too much to ask of us that we invest more of our money in War Bonds . . . the best investment in the world today? Is that too much to ask?

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NOW—

Reduce FAT!

NO EXERCISE
NO REDUCING DRUGS
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

THOUSANDS LOSE 3 to 5 LBS. A WEEK, YET EAT PLENTY!

Simply take a half teaspoonful of **KELP-I-DINE** with any meal, (preferably at breakfast). **EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO. DON'T CUT OUT** fatty, starchy foods, merely **CUT DOWN** on them

That's all there is to it!

USERS SAY
"Doctor approved." "Makes one feel wonderful." "Lost 15 pounds in 5 weeks." "Feel so much better." "Lost 21 pounds in 4 weeks."

$1.00 ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY

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Promotes fresh loveliness. Also bleaches down freckles. Apply this dainty cream before retiring. Caution: Use only as directed. At drug counters.

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Send your Poems for our new offer and FREE "Rhyming Dictionary" today.
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You Women Who Suffer From
HOT FLASHES then
CHILLY FEELINGS

If *you*—like so many women between the ages of 38 and 52—suffer from hot flashes, weak, nervous feelings, are blue at times—due to the functional middle age period peculiar to women—start *at once*—try Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS—to relieve such annoying symptoms.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Tablets help build up resistance against such distress. They also are a great blood-iron tonic. Follow label directions.

Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 65)

in "Golden Boy" and continued his march to success. He married dimpled, dark-eyed Brenda Marshall, legally changed his name and hers to Holden and fathered a son, Peter Westfield Holden—the Westfield in honor of the younger Beedle brother, Bob.

When war came, Bill joined the Air Corps. Bob and Dick both joined the Navy. Dick went to boot camp, but Ensign Bob was placed on active duty in the South Pacific.

The word filtered home with heart-breaking inescapability. First one letter arrived at the address of the elder Beedles. It was from an officer who had served with Bob; he mentioned in glowing terms the ability and courage of the young Ensign. Then a letter arrived from a shipmate of equal rank, telling something of the circumstance of his death. Finally there arrived the wire from the War Department saying merely that Ensign Robert Beedle was missing in action.

During the ensuing week, proving the curious way of life, Brenda Marshall Holden received her first word from her father since the fall of the Philippines. Returning passengers on the *Gripsholm* brought news that he was interned in Manila, that he was well, that he was keeping himself busy with work.

Brenda cried again, but these tears—unlike those bitterly shed for Bob—were sweet.

ALADDIN WITHOUT LAMP:

It has long been Alan Ladd's habit to accumulate any stray serviceman he happens to see, bring the chap home for dinner.

The sailor whom Alan picked up a few weeks ago was trying to get home. His sister was having a baby, presumably within that week. The sister's husband was in service in the South Pacific, so the brother was doing his best to be with the expectant mother.

The Ladds staked him to a long distance telephone call which assured him that the stork hadn't yet appeared. Then Sue bundled up some clothing which Alana had outgrown, and the sailor was transported to the station, round-tummied with dinner, round-eyed with wonder and full-hearted with gratitude.

On the way home, when they were halted by a stop light, Alan leaned over to kiss his wife. Like tinsel-thrilled children they said, "Don't we have a wonderful time?"

THE KIDDIE CAR SET:

Judy Garland's niece, Judeleine Sherwood, is now six; an energetic young thing beating out a bit of fame for herself. She writes songs so good that Jose Iturbi, hearing some of them, decided to rearrange them slightly and to prepare them for publication in the form of a book of nursery songs. Judy—having turned artist—is doing the illustrations.

* * *

Ordinarily a quick study and a flawless deliverer of lines, Ray Milland ruined a morning's shooting by fluffing one scene after another. "What's wrong?" the director finally asked in bewilderment.

Ray looked sheepish. He was worried. Danny (the Milland scion) was to have his tonsils removed the following morning. Ray hadn't slept the night before, and he didn't expect much rest tonight.

"Danny kicking up quite a fuss, huh?"

Looking even more sheepish, Ray explained that Danny was totally indifferent. "I'm the one who's suffering."

The following morning he drove Danny and Mrs. Milland down to the hospital. "You wait outside," smiled Mrs. Milland. "You won't be helping Danny by going upstairs, and you will be torturing yourself."

So Ray waited. He burned his way through three packs of cigarettes and blinked his way through several magazines. After 15 minutes of

NOW YOU CAN LAUGH AT THE CALENDAR!

New Sanitary Pads give you all these 4 Great Extras!

1. *EXTRA COMFORT.* San-nap-pak is cotton-faced for extra comfort—*stays soft* as you wear it!

2. *EXTRA PROTECTION.* San-nap-pak has the famous "Pink Layer of Protection" that guards against embarrassing accidents!

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This month experience a wonderful new feeling of comfort and security! Switch to San-nap-pak—the pad with the "Pink Layer of Protection"! Extra comfort and protection, at no extra cost!

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FREE! GRAY HAIR ANALYSIS!

Let us mail confidential color analysis of your hair, and recommendation of correct Rap-I-Dol tint to match! Send name and address, with a strand of your hair, today!
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SIZES to fit all rooms in popular solid colors, rich tweed blends, Early American, Oriental and 18th Century floral designs, ovals.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

this he glanced up to find his wife and son approaching calmly.

"Is he all right?' Ray shouted.

"Just settle down," smiled Mrs. Milland. "Danny has a slight sore throat, so the doctor isn't going to operate for a few days."

The surgery was performed later that week. Danny was eating ice cream a few hours later. The father is progressing as well as can be expected.

* * *

Dennis Morgan's older son Stan and his daughter Kirsten were overheard by their bemused Dad in deepest conversation. "I know the worst words in the world," confided Kirsten in a horrified whisper.

"I bet you don't know as bad words as I do," sniffed Stan, not to be outdone by a kid sister. "Tell me your words."

Kirsten breathed deeply. "I know 'doggone fool!'" she admitted amid vocal exclamation points.

Stan shrugged, his brief laugh a masterpiece of deprecation. "That's *nothing*," he said. "I know 'lady's girdle.'"

* * *

Auburn-haired Nancy Coleman and her husband, Whitney Bolton, are to become proud parents in July, 1944.

* * *

Epigram factory on the Metro lot is a quaint but self-assured young thing named Margaret O'Brien. Currently she is doing the role of Tootie in "Meet Me in St. Louis." Tootie was practically a hellion.

Someone asked Margaret how she liked her part. "Fine," she answered promptly. "It's the first time in my life I've been able to say 'devil' without getting punished."

TECHNICAL ADVISER UNAVAILABLE:

"Heaven," proclaimed the Warner Brothers call sheet, "is working on Stage 14."

This startling declaration was the result of filming "The Horn Blows at Midnight," one sequence of which finds Mr. Jack Benny strolling amid celestial clouds. An emergency arose at noon when the entire angelic cast zoomed over to the Green Room for luncheon; their wings were so large that there wasn't room to seat the sky-kids and accommodate, at the same time, mere ordinary mortals. So the cast had to be allowed an additional 30 minutes for luncheon so that they could be served in small companies over a long period of time.

Another technical problem arose: What do angels wear on their feet? The unadorned human foot being signally non-photogenic, some sort of gear had to be perfected. Finally someone decided after diligent skull searching, that angels probably wear golden sandals. Therefore, the proper number of golden sandals were constructed. About the same time someone else decided that the entrance courts of Heaven would be cloud-strewn, so smoke pots were brought to the set, and all actors were obscured from toe to hipline by cumulus clouds which also hid the golden sandals.

LINES ABOUT QUINES:

If the employees of the Carolyn Kelsey shop in San Francisco have noted with pleasure that one of their most faithful customers is Mrs. Richard Quine (née Susan Peters), they might be interested in the reason.

Susan, as avid readers of this column know from previous reports, has been living in San Francisco, keeping house for her Coast Guard husband. While they were window-shopping shortly before Christmas, Susan saw a yellow sweater vest displayed in the Kelsey window and expressed a desire for it.

Dick didn't have an opportunity to finish his Christmas shopping until the evening of the 24th. Breathless, with coat fluttering in the breeze, he reached the shop door just as it was being locked. He tapped until one

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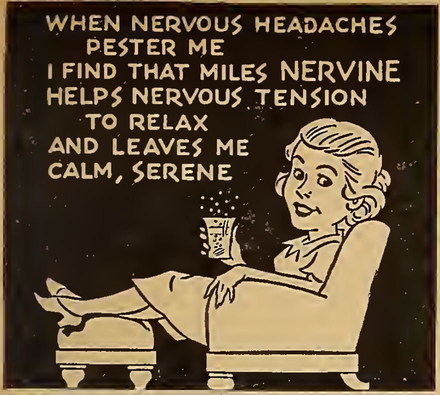
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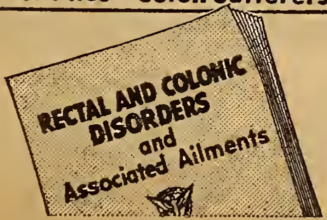
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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

of the salesgirls, noting his uniform, allowed him to enter. He bought the vest and tendered a $20 bill in payment.

The owner of the shop had closed the cash register for the day; he was in jovial Christmas spirits, and he obviously wanted to benefit the armed forces, so he waved the bank note aside. Not only was Dick supplied with the sweater, but he was invited to join the festive staff in a quick Tom & Jerry.

Completely overwhelmed, he took the gift home to Susan who was deeply touched. The sweater, of course, became one of Susan's most treasured possessions.

MASK TASK:

Currently, Bette Davis is deep in production of "Mr. Skeffington." The scenes being shot show Mrs. Skeffington as a beautiful woman who has aged toward the late fifties. In order to achieve realism, for which Bette is a stickler, Perc Westmore's make-up department planned and executed a very lightweight rubber facial mask which has the quality of falling into hundreds of delicate lines. It requires 2½ hours each morning for this mask to be adjusted.

After a week's shooting, Bette found that the mask was drying her own skin to the point where she looked as if she had spent 20 days in a lifeboat, so each day she had to spend another hour having a facial.

Personal aside to Miss Davis: Van Johnson, the brilliant young actor under contract to M-G-M, is one of your most ardent admirers. He'd give a lot to take you to dinner.

(This marks the inauguration of the Dudley Date Bureau.)

SOUPED-UP SURREY:

Lon McCallister is in love.

The affair, however, is not a happy thing because he has a rival with previous rights of ownership.

Relax, girls, the love of the McCallister life is the dark blue Fiat owned by Bill Eythe. This raunchy vehicle gets a mere 50 miles to a gallon of gas. Lon's buzz wagon gets a meager 18; furthermore, it is hoodooed. The other day after Lon had his car serviced, he discovered that the oil had been drained.

Oh, fine. So back the car went to the garage, giving Lon a good excuse for borrowing the Fiat. While the car is in Lon's possession, he spends hours dreaming up a way to trade Bill out of the buggy. So far no success.

HOME TOWN BOY:

Bob Walker—just as attractive wearing his glasses as he is without them—recently made his first post-fame trip back to the old home town in Utah. He took his small son, Bobby, with him.

The second evening Bob was home, about 20 of the neighborhood kids dropped in to ask questions and to get Bob's autograph.

He spoke over the local radio in behalf of War Bond sales and gave speeches at several of the schools. For the first time Bob began to taste the sweetness of triumph.

Then Selznick broke up the idyll by summoning Bob back (after a week's vacation) for further scenes in "Since You Went Away."

NON-SKID LID:

Maria Montez recently out-Hedda-d Hopper by appearing in a CORK hat. The shape was traditional sailor, and the decorations were pressed wood roses. Recommended for those planning to tip over in canoes.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

QUICKIES:

Freddie Bartholomew recently returned to town, having been honorably discharged from the Army because of a back injury suffered when he was still a kid, playing football.

* * *

It is now Lieutenant (j.g.) Robert Langford Stack. The local rumor is that Bob has done so well that he is to be transferred from Alameda to Washington, a fact that will cause chests of 230,000 fans to swell with pride.

* * *

Beautiful and talented Dolores Moran, who was 18 on January 26, gets her first big break in "To Have and Have Not" opposite Humphrey Bogart. Watch for this goodie.

* * *

John Payne, stationed in a microscopic town in Nevada, recently signed a letter "Don't-get-around-much-anymore-Payne."

See you next month.

FOR ALWAYS

(*Continued from page* 39)

They couldn't find the kind of simple bridal gown she wanted. Everything had trains a mile long. But there was a black dress that was perfect, and if they could have it copied in time— Ordinarily, it would have taken them weeks. But Ellie was practically family, and for a family wedding Mr. Joseph and the girls could work a miracle.

It wasn't only that they got the dress ready, it was all the little extras that no money could have paid for. Like sewing a blue fourleaf clover into the bodice. Like making her bring one of her white slippers down, so they could stitch a sixpence into it for luck. And after her last fitting, they were all lined up to wish her happiness. And the doorman said, "Not today you don't get your own car, Miss Powell. Today's something special," and he brought it round himself.

The whole thing was like a wedding present—a box of good will tied up with friendliness—that sent her home in a glow.

* * *

It was to be a home wedding—15 or 20 guests, with more coming in for the reception later. The mantel in Ellie's living room was banked with white chrysanthemums and gladioli. She wanted to stick to every possible tradition, but they had to break the one about not seeing each other before the ceremony, because Glenn didn't get in from camp till that afternoon, and they had to rehearse.

The bride made no pretense of hiding her excitement. The groom, outwardly cool, gave himself away by bumbling aimlessly out at one door and in at another.

To both, the all-important thing was an atmosphere of simplicity and friendliness. They hadn't wanted to be married by a stranger. So Glenn had asked Dr. Ray Moore, whose Sunday School he'd attended at Santa Monica, to perform the ceremony. Ned Crawford, one of his oldest friends, was best man, and the matron of honor was Stebby, Ellie's secretary. Dave Gussin, her pianist, was to play, and she was to be given away by her mother.

The minister must have forgotten that Ellie was a dancer. "Do you think you'll be able to kneel, Miss Powell? It may be a little awkward because of the long dress. You've got to go down on both knees, you know." She went down. "Oh—that's excellent."

* * *

The hardest time was between rehearsal and ceremony. It seemed days and months. Glenn paced in the dining room. Ellie

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waited in the bedroom. For something blue she had the four-leaf clover, for something old—her slippers, for something borrowed—Stebby's handkerchief.

Her eye fell on the phone. Horrors, suppose it rang while they were saying "I do." Against all the rules of the telephone company, she stuck the receiver under her mattress. Let it ring there.

The hairdresser came in. "I just saw your bouquet. Such *lovely* sweetpeas—"

A swift twinge, which Ellie refused even to acknowledge. She *adored* sweetpeas. Sweetpeas were *beautiful*—

"A little everydayish for a wedding, though," said the twinge.

In came the bouquet. White orchids. They'd been ribbing her. "Just the same, I'd have loved sweetpeas, too," she told the twinge firmly.

More days and months—

* * *

Eight o'clock. In the living room, Dave played softly as the guests were being seated. "Oh Promise Me" and "I Love You Truly." Then he did something sweet and unexpected. At opposite ends of the house, Glenn and Ellie smiled as he broke into "Sweet Leilani," which has a special significance for them. It was almost as if the walls had melted, and they'd suddenly looked into each other's eyes.

As the last guest took his place, Dave struck a chord. Glenn came in from the dining room with Ned. To the strains of the "Wedding March"—old but always new for the new troth it plights—Ellie appeared on her mother's arm, preceded by Stebby in powder-blue. All she and Glenn saw through a haze were each other. Mrs. Powell stood between them till the minister asked, "Who gives this woman?" Then she joined their hands and stepped back. All they heard was, "I now pronounce you man and wife." All they felt was in their eyes as Glenn kissed his wife for the first time.

* * *

Everyone cried but Glenn. All evening he was the busiest person. Ellie hardly saw him. But then she was pretty busy herself. They *did* cut the cake together, and they did snatch a minute to look at the inscriptions in their rings. And that was another miracle, because they'd never said a word to each other about it, yet the inscriptions were almost identical.

* * *

To understand why they picked San Francisco for a honeymoon takes us back. About a month earlier, Ellie had done two weeks of personal appearances in San Francisco. She'd stayed at the St. Francis, and the St. Francis had become a place of warmth to her.

When she'd first started writing to Glenn at boot camp, she'd hit on the notion of using blue stationery, so the minute he spotted the color in the shuffle of letters, he'd know that one was coming up for him. Now they both use blue stationery.

Every night when she got in from the theater, Julius, the doorman at the St. Francis, would say: "Seems to me there's a blue envelope inside." The girl at the desk would have her little joke. "Sorry. No letter today." Then she'd bring it out from behind her back. The whole hotel was wise to Ellie's envelopes, and all the world loves a lover.

There was Bob, too, boss of his own taxi. Ellie'd engaged him to take her to and from the theater. Bob knew about Glenn, and Ellie knew about Bob's two children and his swell wife who was up waiting, no matter what time he got in.

So when Glenn asked where she'd like to go for the honeymoon, she said San Francisco. "Because I like them at the St. Francis, and they like me, and it'll be a little like going home. Besides—don't

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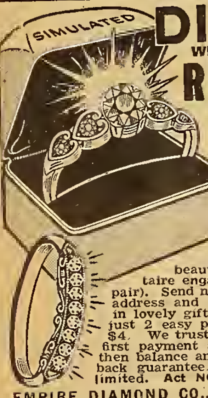

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laugh at me, Glenn—I'll be kind of proud to take you back there and show you off."

He laughed but said he'd love it. Stebby made the reservations. They boarded the train Sunday evening in a hail of rice.

"What d'you suppose they're all smiling at?" Ellie murmured.

"Look," said Glenn. A trail of rice marked their passage through the car. Rice gleamed in the folds of Ellie's mink coat, dropped from her hat into the lap of her blue pinstripe suit.

They sat like scared kids, afraid to open their mouths. A waiter stopped before them, two B and Bs on his tray. "The gentleman down at the far end sent these up," he beamed. "Wants to drink your health."

The gentleman at the far end lifted his own B and B in smiling salute. Their answering smiles were grateful, if a little sick. Presently Glenn said in desperation, "Let's go."

Back in the compartment, they clung to each other and howled. "Anyway," gasped Ellie, "it was awfully sweet of that man—"

All along Ellie'd been saying, "How nice if we could get Bob to take us around." And he was at the train to meet them. Stebby had let him know—

"Hope you two'll be as happy as me and the missus," grinned Bob.

And Julius said as he opened the cab door, "Welcome home, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ford, and no more blue envelopes."

Nowhere could they have had a lovelier homecoming. Harry Owens and his band were playing at the St. Francis. Not only did Harry write "Sweet Leilani," but he and Glenn were old friends.

There were flowers on their table in the Mural Room that night. Harry came over. "I hear they played 'Sweet Leilani' at your wedding. Well, from now on, it's your song. I'm going to find the original and dedicate it to you—"

Returning to the grandstand, he called for a fanfare. The room fell silent. "Two people are here who were married Saturday," said Harry. "This is their song, which I've just given them for always."

The silence was broken by the first notes of "Sweet Leilani." Across the table Glenn and Ellie smiled at each other. Next moment she was in his arms, and they were dancing to the melody of their own song, and to a deeper melody in their hearts. Whether anyone else danced, they wouldn't know. For them, nobody else was there.

Ten perfect days. Never by any chance did Ellie refer to Glenn *as* Glenn or Mr. Ford. It was always, "my husband." Looking back, she thinks maybe she overdid it and wouldn't mind having it all to overdo again—

Dinner downstairs every night. Their first-week anniversary at the Copacabana. The day the flowers came, and she stood mooning over the box, because it was the first thing addressed to Mrs. Glenn Ford. But who in San Francisco could be sending her flowers? The mass of fragrant pink carnations told her. Who but her husband would know that pink carnations were her favorite flower?

* * *

There were no tears at parting. Ellie would have felt like a pig to cry. They were too happy and grateful to have had so much—ten perfect days.

Glenn gets in a couple of times a month—for part of Saturday, and Sunday. He drops in at the studio where Ellie's making "Sensations of 1944" for Andrew Stone, then goes to see his mother. Saturday evenings, he and Ellie are alone. Night clubs never meant much to them; now Glenn revels in the quiet of his home.

They go for a walk with Tanz—short for Tanzer, or dancer. He takes his name literally—does wild Nijinski leaps when he smells Glenn coming.

After dinner they sit before the fire, reading, talking, listening to records. Ellie used to wear slacks round the house, but no more. Glenn doesn't like them.

Ellie's usual breakfast is a poached egg on toast and coffee. Sunday morning she tries to keep up with Glenn, but flounders halfway. He starts on eggs and toast, moves on to sausage and wheatcakes, winds up with cinnamon buns and applesauce. Yes, he eats lunch, too.

Afternoons they get together with the family, and maybe one or two close friends. Glenn and his mother have a couple of hours alone. Incidentally, Glenn's mother hasn't yet got over the wonder of having a daughter—a daughter who phones from the studio every noon just to say hello—a daughter you can talk woman stuff to, like shopping and recipes.

Ellie's making no picture plans. If Glenn's still at the base when "Sensation" is finished, she'll go down there and be with him as long as she can.

Among dancers, the name of Eleanor Powell outshines most. Her kind of work is more exacting than that of an actress—it takes more time and energy and self-discipline—so many hours for rehearsals, so many for rest, else you won't be in shape. You can't meet those grinding demands and give your best to your husband. And she won't give Glenn second best. That's not her idea of marriage.

So when the war ends, there'll be just one career in the family, and she'll be Mrs. Glenn Ford, trying to help in what she calls an invisible way. She's in training already, takes lessons from Anna, her cook, because Glenn's crazy about Anna's Hungarian dishes.

She also takes care of Glenn's fan mail.

Ellie's no glamour girl. She'd rather buy a lamp for her house than a diamond for her throat. She's rather get a monogrammed handkerchief than orchids because the handkerchief shows that your friend thought of you beforehand and didn't rush out at the last moment just to buy you something. That's what she adores about Glenn—his thoughtfulness—the sweetheart bouquet he sent her when the picture started—the little notes he writes. They're all worn thin from being carried around and lying under her pillow.

Glenn didn't fall in love with a dancing marvel, but with the warmth and kindness and simplicity of a girl named Ellie.

Harry Owens gave them a song for always. We string along with Harry. You can't know Glenn and Ellie without believing that the love and faith they started with will be theirs for always.

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It's often painful, even dangerous to cut cuticle. Be smart! Take a tip from professional manicurists. Use Trimal like they do—with a manicure stick wrapped in cotton. Watch dead cuticle soften—wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed and delighted. Ask for the 10c or 25c size now (stick and cotton included) at drug, department or 10c stores. Trimal Laboratories, Los Angeles.

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Your complexion will grow fresher, more velvety soft... with just *one cake* of Camay! Yes, change to proper mild care... to the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET. Skin specialists tested this care... on over 100 complexions. And the *first* cake of Camay made most complexions simply bloom!—softer!—fresher!

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Take one minute—night and morning. Cream Camay over face—nose, chin. Rinse with warm water. Give *oily skins* an extra C-O-L-D splash.

Try it—skin's lovelier with just *one cake* of Camay!

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Modern Screen

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Does Hollywood Hate
FRANK SINATRA?

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You'll win Softer, Smoother Skin with just One Cake of Camay!

Mrs. Alexander Carver Jr.

OF FOREST HILLS, N. Y.

"I was so happy—to discover how much lovelier my complexion looked with my first cake of Camay," says this lovely bride. "Camay's *mild* care seemed to soften my skin . . . leave it more velvety."

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. . . it cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's *mildness* . . . proved it can benefit skin! *"Camay is really mild,"* said the specialists, *"it cleansed skin without irritation."* Remember this—and change to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet . . . to bring new, softer charm to your skin.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Night and morning, cream Camay over face—nose, chin. How *mild* it feels!
Now—rinse warm.
Touch *dry skins* with cream.
Give *oily skins* a lively C-O-L-D splash!
Simple, isn't it?—and your very *first* cake of Camay means lovelier skin!

* * *

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2. Don't let Camay stand in water when not in use.
3. Wet soap dishes waste soap. Keep a cloth handy to wipe yours dry.
4. Put Camay slivers in a bathmit—get grand lather!

After Hours—

hearts surrender to a radiant, sparkling smile!

Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

YOU'RE helping to end this war sooner and you're proud and glad to be doing it. But *after hours*—comes fun—comes laughter—comes romance!

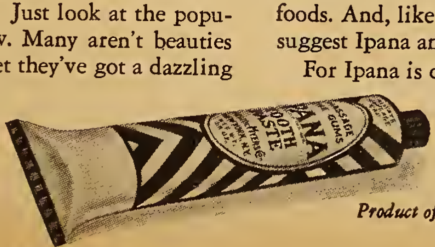
So put on your best bib and tucker. Take a last peek in the mirror and—smile. Hold on—was that a bright smile? Sparkling? The kind of smile that warms hearts?

If you can smile like THAT—you don't need great beauty! Just look at the popular girls you know. Many aren't beauties at all! But we'll bet they've got a dazzling smile! So let *your* smile be that kind of smile—gleaming, alive! Just remember sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink", *see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a winning smile.



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Your Country needs you in a vital job!

A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

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The greatest star of the screen!

"Gaslight" is no gentle flicker.

★ ★ ★ ★

An almost unholy light blazes about this drama of emotional conflict which comes to the screen by way of MGM.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten are the incandescent threesome.

★ ★ ★ ★

And theirs is a most unusual love story, set against a dark design for living.

For Ingrid Bergman—those bells will toll again—with a clamour of applause.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Boyer, whose gleaming eye has held many a feminine heart in mid-beat, adds to his strong fascination, a strangely compelling quality.

★ ★ ★ ★

Credit MGM for bringing out the sinister facet and adding to the Boyer drawing power.

★ ★ ★ ★

And put another halo around the brilliant head of George Cukor for his splendid interpretation of "Gaslight".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's the kind of direction you'd expect from the man who guided "Philadelphia Story", and many other MGM triumphs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Something else to look forward to: Dame May Whitty's performance and that of newcomer Angela Lansbury (she's luscious but *not* angelic).

★ ★ ★ ★

While we're laurel-tossing, we present one to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., producer, and another to John Van Druten, who adapted the screen play from the stage hit.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Gaslight" holds the mysterious, threatening quality of a dark thought on a black night.

★ ★ ★ ★

The undercurrents will sweep you along excitedly to the stirring end, says...

—Leo

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

DOES HOLLYWOOD HATE FRANK SINATRA?
First day they were skeptical; second day they started warming up. And by the end of the third, they were salaaming all over the set! 30

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They're a pair to make you chuckle . . . Elaine, "hammy" as a Barrymore, wily as a diplomat . . . Veronica, stern and prudent as a mamma's got to be 38

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It could only happen to a Donald O'Connor. With love, induction and the rush of events, Small Fry got himself mixed up like a chef's salad 42

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M-G-M presents

CHARLES BOYER · INGRID BERGMAN · JOSEPH COTTEN

in

Gaslight

A melodrama of

A STRANGE LOVE!

with

DAME MAY WHITTY · ANGELA LANSBURY · BARBARA EVEREST

Screen Play by John Van Druten, Walter Reisch and John L. Balderston · Based upon the Play by Patrick Hamilton
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture · Directed by GEORGE CUKOR · Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.

By Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN

For Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer and Sam Clemens, tiny, quiet town of Hannibal, Missouri, and Mississippi rolling beside it is fraught with imaginary danger, wild adventure.

River lures Sam (Fredric March) from brother's print shop. Later, with Steve Gillis (Alan Hale), he goes west to find gold. When that fails, he becomes newspaper reporter.

ON a grassy levee by the Mississippi, a small boy lies day dreaming. His dreams are of the river—the lazy, powerful river that drifts by his home town of Hannibal, Missouri. The small boy is Samuel Clemens, and those young dreams are later to become known to readers all over the world as "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn."

Warner Brothers have built an exciting picture around Sam Clemens' life, and Fredric March makes a down payment on this year's Oscar with his portrayal of the title role. He never gets out of character for an instant, and he makes "Mark Twain" as humorous and gallant and real a figure as you have ever seen on the screen. Alexis Smith, who is coming right along as an actress, plays his sweet, inspiring wife, Livvy.

(Continued on page 8)

Sam's first story is reprinted throughout country. Beautiful wife Livvy (Alexis Smith) prods him to recall his childhood, write "Tom Sawyer."

Financial failures, debts press him into tireless globe-trotting lecture tour. Before Livvy's death, there's swift, tender idyll in Italy.

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The Best of the West!

JOEL McCREA · MAUREEN O'HARA · LINDA DARNELL
in

BUFFALO BILL

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with Thomas Mitchell · Edgar Buchanan · Anthony Quinn
Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN · Produced by
HARRY A. SHERMAN · Screen Play by AEneas MacKenzie, Clements Ripley and Cecile Kramer

---

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S PRODUCTION OF

THE PURPLE HEART

Yanks Bomb Tokyo!

Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE
with
DANA ANDREWS · RICHARD CONTE · FARLEY GRANGER · KEVIN O'SHEA · DONALD BARRY · TRUDY MARSHALL · SAM LEVENE
Written for the Screen by Jerome Cady · Technical Adviser Otto Tolischus

---

Hollywood goes "Over There"!

FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP

Featuring
Kay Francis · Carole Landis · Martha Raye
Mitzi Mayfair with Jimmy Dorsey and His Orchestra
John Harvey · Phil Silvers · DICK HAYMES
and the Guest Stars ALICE FAYE · BETTY GRABLE
CARMEN MIRANDA · GEORGE JESSEL

WATCH FOR THESE AND OTHER BIG HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX

Unbelievable

The mysteries of life and love—bared for a fleeting instant in the eyes of a beautiful woman! A truly unusual drama!

VERA HRUBA RALSTON
RICHARD ARLEN
ERICH VON STROHEIM
in THE Lady AND THE Monster
with
HELEN VINSON
SIDNEY BLACKMER
GEORGE SHERMAN Director
Based on the novel
"DONOVAN'S BRAIN" by CURT SIODMAK
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 6*)

The rest of the cast is spangled with names like Donald Crisp, Alan Hale, Walter Hampden and C. Aubrey Smith.

Did you ever wonder why Samuel Clemens chose the name of "Mark Twain" to write under? The answer goes back, like so much in his life, to his days on the Mississippi. Young Sam runs away from his brother's printing shop to answer the siren call of the river. He becomes a dashing, handsome, afraid-of-nothing pilot on a river steamer. In one of the most beautiful and stirring scenes in the picture, he pilots his boat through a reef-filled channel on a foggy night, into the safe water beyond. And safe water, to every river pilot, is known as "Mark Twain"—the words the negro boatmen call out as they take the depth soundings over the side of the boat.

Sam Clemens remembers those words later, when he is a newspaperman in Virginia City during the gold rush. He uses them as a "pen name" on a piece of humorous writing he is sending to an Eastern magazine. The sketch is called "The Jumping Frog" and is founded on a financially disastrous, but very funny, experience which Sam and his gold hunting partner, Steve (Alan Hale), had with Bret Harte (John Carradine).

Sam is ready to try anything these days to make money—even writing. He has left his beloved river and come West in the gold rush for just one reason. He has seen a picture carried by a young Easterner, Charles Langdon, of his sister Olivia. "That," says Sam firmly, "is the girl I'm going to marry." On the surface it looks impossible for a wild, penniless Westerner ever to win beautiful Olivia Langdon. But nothing is impossible to Sam Clemens —he is to prove that time and again in later life. The Civil War comes along now to interfere with his search for a fortune, and Sam joins a Southern regiment. When the war is over, he discovers to his utter astonishment that he is known throughout the country as "Mark Twain," the author of "The Jumping Frog."

He is asked to lecture in New York, and there luck steps in. For Olivia Langdon is in the audience, and Sam succeeds in meeting her after the lecture. He not only meets her, he goes right back to Buffalo with her and invites himself to stay at her home. Her stern, conservative father (Walter Hampden) promptly "uninvites" him, but Sam gets around that, too. By now Livvy has fallen in love with this dashing young man with the unexpected sense of humor, and they marry in spite of her father's disapproval. Eventually they have a son whom Sam adores. When the boy dies, he is inconsolable. Livvy, to distract his mind from his grief, persuades him to write the story of his adventures as a boy on the Mississippi. The result is "Tom Sawyer" and fame.

Sam turns out books thick and fast after that. Not the kind he would like to write —he'd love to do a serious novel that would be "worthy of Livvy." But his public wants humor, and Sam gives it to them. He *has* to. His investments are always disastrous, and he does absurdly altruistic things which keep him broke. Some of his most delightful books are written with bankruptcy staring over his shoulder. And in the end he realizes that the gift of laughter is worth all the "serious" books in the world!

You'll find that "The Adventures of Mark Twain" is a living, glowing picture completely dominated by the gallant, laughing figure of the man himself.—*War.*

P. S.

Title is result of Gallup poll. Majority of the people questioned said they would prefer to see the adventurous highlights of the Samuel Clemens career to some fiction-laced version of his life. . . . So Producer Jesse Lasky decided to call his film, simply, "The Adventures of Mark Twain." . . . Privileged visitors to the set were invited by Fredric March to inspect his built-on nose, most intricate part of a fabulous make-up that took sometimes as long as two hours to apply. Experts Perc Westmore and Gordon Bau had to make March look like Twain from his early 20's through to his death at 75. They worked from hundreds of available photographs plus 100 feet of film taken of Twain a few years before his death. March studied this film carefully, says it helped him perfect his characterization. . . . Warner Bros. research department had a stiff work-out on this one, compiled a 72-page Mark Twain bibliography listing its source material. 1750 books were used, 2345 photographs collected—originals or copies of every available portrait of Twain. Thousands of authentic props had to be gathered before production began, ranging from Mississippi River steamboats to jumping frogs. . . . Alexis Smith announced her engagement to Craig Stevens the day before she became "engaged" to Freddy March in the picture. . . . Importance of character, not length of space in the script, governed the choice of the other roles. . . . John Carradine was engaged to portray Bret Harte. C. Aubrey

(Continued on page 10)

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

It's awfully easy and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. But do keep score accurately if you want an idea of your Star Intelligence Quotient. The quiz offers three sets of clues, the first on this page, the second on page 24 and the third on page 74. If you can guess, on the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you get it on the second clue, give yourself 4. And if you must turn to the third clue before guessing the name, score yourself 3. For your total score add up all 20 individual scores. 70 or thereabouts is average, this month. For the answers, turn to page 113, but don't look before you're finished. Peeking spoils the fun.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Tyrone County ancestry
2. Oona's only
3. Battled with Bette
4. Bela Blasko: Born Lugos, Hungary
5. Snagged a guy named Joe
6. Picked Pickford
7. 20th Century Gabriel
8. Dithery dame
9. Mickey Mouse's mastiff
10. James H. Meador
11. Leslie Howard's Juliet
12. Ball of fire
13. Coogie
14. Dates Payne
15. Singing Sam
16. Miss Bishop
17. Strictly from Hungary
18. Rangy and raucous
19. Tugboat Annie
20. Lord Cavendish's brother-in-law

(Continued on page 24)

HERE'S WARNERS' DANDY STORY OF BROADWAY'S YANKEE DOODLE GAL!

ANN **SHERIDAN**

DENNIS **MORGAN**

JACK **CARSON**

IRENE **MANNING**

SHERIDANDY!! singing, dancing as wonderful as NORA BAYES!

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

A NEW HIGH IN THE ENTERTAINMENT SKY!

ALL THESE ALL-TIME FAVORITES!
'LOOKS LIKE A BIG NIGHT TONIGHT'
'APPLE BLOSSOM TIME IN NORMANDY'
'TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME'
'BREEZIN' ALONG WITH THE BREEZE'
'OH! YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL'

with S. Z. SAKALL • Directed by David Butler
Screen Play by Sam Hellman, Richard Weil, Francis Swann and James Kern • Based on Original Story by Richard Weil

JACK L. WARNER, *Executive Producer*
Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

They're all playing now— don't dare miss a single wonderful one!

HUMPHREY BOGART in 'PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE'
IDA LUPINO and PAUL HENREID in 'IN OUR TIME'
'THE DESERT SONG' in TECHNICOLOR
CARY GRANT and
JOHN GARFIELD in 'DESTINATION TOKYO'

3 ways to tell a Fib
(FROM ANY OTHER TAMPON)

Only FIBS*
of all tampons
give you all 3

1. Fibs are quilted

. . . for more comfort, greater safety in *internal* protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to any delicate membranes. And quilting *controls* expansion . . . so Fibs don't stretch out to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

THIS . . .
NOT THIS

2. Fibs have rounded ends

. . . smooth, gently tapered ends . . . for *easy insertion!* Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your eyes tell you that Fibs *must* be easier to use! You'll like the just-right size of Fibs . . . not too large, not too tiny.

FIBS THE KOTEX TAMPON ONLY 20¢

3. Fibs—the Kotex Tampon

. . . a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton,* the soft, *fast* absorbent used in Kotex* and demanded by many hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

Smith has just one scene—but an outstandingly important one—as Lord Curzon, chancellor of Oxford University. . . . Alan Hale, who plays Twain's mining partner, had a part in "Pudd'n Head Wilson," first Mark Twain story to be produced as a picture. Jesse Lasky made it in 1916. Hale made "The Covered Wagon" for Lasky in 1925, was told he did a good job and would be used again soon in a Lasky picture. This is it. . . . Because Twain loved cats, the sound recorder went mildly mad trying to keep the purrrrs of 21 assorted pussies out of the way of the dialogue. As often as possible during scenes the cats' little faces were pushed gently into saucers of milk to keep them silent. . . . Studio technicians had to create an authentic duplicate for picture purposes of Halley's Comet. Solved the problem by using a photograph published in 1910 as a model.

THE IMPOSTOR

Hollywood has finally done right by Jean Gabin. In "The Impostor" he has a role that suits him as well as those in his old French pictures. Jean is not a conventional hero type, but he is an actor of ability and charm. Both qualities are displayed to advantage in this part.

Fate plays crazy tricks sometimes. It plays one in Tours, France, in 1940. A man named Clement (Jean Gabin) is being led to the guillotine. He is to die for the murder of a policeman in a street brawl. But the Nazis pick that moment to bomb Tours, and it is the jailers and executioner who die, not Clement. He escapes and hitches a ride on a truck with some soldiers. Again fate plays a trick, for the truck is strafed by an airplane, and the soldiers are killed while Clement is untouched. This time he acquires a valuable possession—the identification papers of one of the soldiers.

So now Clement, the murderer, no longer exists. In his place is Sergeant LaFarge. The sergeant joins some soldiers bound for Africa on a freighter. One of them is an odd shy little farmer from Normandie, named Monge (John Qualen). He attaches himself to the sergeant like a stray puppy. LaFarge is at first annoyed, then curiously touched. He has never had a friend before, and he finds that it does unexpected things to his tough cynicism. Things like making him join the Fighting French in Africa, instead of stealing off into the interior as he had planned. They are assigned to building an airport in the jungle, and when the lieutenant in charge falls ill, LaFarge takes over responsibility. He does an outstanding job. By now he is a changed man. Friendship and a realization of what France means to them all have given him something to fight for. He is no longer an outcast. From now on he distinguishes himself in battle and becomes widely known as a hero. Too widely known, for two people turn up who have known the real LaFarge. One is a man who fought with him in France. The other is his fiancée—

It's a tense situation, and the denouement is excitingly handled. Richard

(*Continued on page 12*)

FREE OFFER!

We've still got a big fat stack of SCREEN ROMANCES—Dell's fascinating movie fictionization magazine! Want one? Just fill out the questionnaire below carefully, and mail it to us. First 500 early birds will get a free SCREEN ROMANCES. Get your coupon in by April 20th!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our May issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

The Man in Deanna's Life (Durbin) .... ☐
Half Pint, Jr. (Veronica Lake) . . . ☐
Bing on the Beam (Crosby) . . . . . . ☐
"It Happened Tomorrow" . . . . ☐
See Here, Mr. Walker . . . (Bob Walker) . . . . ☐
It Comes Up Marriage! (Donald O'Connor) . . . . ☐
Terrific Trio! (Lon McCallister) . . ☐
Does Hollywood Hate Frank Sinatra? . . . . ☐
The Littlest Ladd (Alan Ladd) . . ☐
Good News . . . . ☐
Meet Belita! . . . . ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? . . . .

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference . . . .

. . . .

. . . .

My name is . . . .

My address . . . . City . . . . State . . . .

I am . . . . years old.

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The Author of
"Of Human
Bondage" and
"The Letter"
Paints His Most
Savage Portrait
of a Dangerous
Woman!

She used his love to wreck his life . . . this dangerous, ruthless woman whose relentless will would stop at nothing! See VERONICA LAKE in a role that tops even her performance in "So Proudly We Hail"!

Paramount's

"The Hour Before the Dawn"

From the famous best-seller and Redbook sensation by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
starring
VERONICA LAKE · FRANCHOT TONE
with
JOHN SUTTON · BINNIE BARNES
Henry Stephenson · Philip Merivale · Nils Asther

Directed by Frank Tuttle • Screen Play by Michael Hogan • Adaptation by Lesser Samuels • A Paramount Picture

Whorf and Allan Joslyn are particularly effective as LaFarge's comrades at arms, and John Qualen plays the Normandie farmer with something approaching genius.—*Univ.*

P. S.

This story of the Free French was written from an original idea of Julien Duvivier's, director of the picture. The first draft was written entirely in French by Mr. Duvivier and translated into English by studio writers. . . . Script had been ready for three years, but producers refused to film it until Jean Gabin was available for the lead. . . . Jean left immediately after this role to join the Free French Navy as a Lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps. This was his third enlistment in the French armed forces. He was in the Army during the German invasion of France in both wars. When France signed an Armistice with Germany in this war, Mr. Gabin managed to get out of France and come to America to help fight for his country with the Allies. When General DeGaulle formed the new French Army and Navy he was one of the first to apply for enlistment.... Camp DeGaulle, the original Free French headquarters in the Congo Jungle, was duplicated at Sherwood Forest, California, and the cast and crew spent three weeks on location at this spot. Desert fighting scenes took place near Palm Springs. . . . First picture for Ellen Drew in eight months. She's been in England entertaining troops and selling British bonds. . . . Peter Van Eyck plays his first sympathetic role, that of a Frenchman fighting for his native land. A German, Mr. Van Eyck left Germany in 1933 because he didn't like Schicklegruber—and has played only Nazi parts in movies. . . . Jean Gabin, originally a song and dance man in Paris, France, sings for the first time in an American movie. He does an American version of an old French folk song, "In Sweet Cherry Time." . . . The Gabins have been vaudeville performers clear back to great, great grandfather Gabin who was the Barrymore of his day.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A friend of mine in the Army Air Corps recently visited the Hollywood Canteen and danced with a delightful, dark-haired girl whom he suspected was an actress. Still, he wasn't sure.

The soldier was a confirmed jitterbug. So when the music got hotter, he offered to show his lovely young partner the newest steps. She watched him intently and conscientiously followed his lead. Considerably later he was chagrined to learn that she was one of the screen's finest dancers—Ann Miller.

June Streibig,
Cincinnati, Ohio

SHOW BUSINESS

There isn't a better loved figure in show business than Eddie Cantor. Eddie started back in vaudeville, went on to the fabulous musicals of Ziegfeld and then to movies and radio. "Show Business" may not be exactly a biography of Eddie, but the resemblance is certainly more than coincidental. You'll see what I mean when I tell you the plot of the picture.

Eddie (Eddie Cantor) appears on amateur night at a burlesque show. The star of the show, a song and dance man named George (George Murphy), likes the little guy with the banjo eyes and gives him a helping hand. After the show they go out for a beer together and run into a sister act, Constance (Constance Moore) and Joan (Joan Davis). George falls in love with Connie, but he can't make anyone believe it's really love. He's been a wolf too long. Besides, there's the little matter of Georgia (Nancy Kelly), the burlesque queen, who considers that she took out an option on George some time ago.

Eventually, however, George, Eddie, Connie and Joan get together in a vaudeville act. The act does pretty well. In fact, the foursome manages to save up $5,000. So what happens? Georgia gets in an auto accident, needs five grand for plastic surgery, and George sends her their savings.

Connie takes that like a good sport. She even marries George right afterward. But a year later, on the night her baby is born dead, George is out with Georgia. Connie won't listen to any explanation. She leaves the act and goes off on her own. The first World War is in progress, and George enlists. Eddie, too, goes overseas as an entertainer. When they come back, the great Ziegfeld hires them for his new show. He includes Connie and Joan in the deal, too. But Georgia interferes again, and it takes a second World War to get the right people back together.

There's lots of nostalgia in "Show Business." Old songs like "It Had to Be You" and "Whoopee" brings the memories flocking. For the kids who are just making their memories now, there are a couple of shiny new hits—"You May Not Remember" and "All for The Love of You."
—*RKO.*

P. S.

Producer Eddie Cantor kept Actor Eddie

IRRESISTIBLE *as always!*

We dedicate to the

WAR WORKER

IRRESISTIBLE *air-whipt* FACE POWDER

Achieve that fresh, alive, out-of-the-clouds look with the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPT Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist by mighty whirlwinds of pure, filtered air, Irresistible is non-drying, color-true. Clings longer too, giving your skin that mat-smooth, wonderfully clear finish that is today's badge of beauty. Try Skintone, the new Air-Whipt powder shade.

10c—25c SIZES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
STAYS ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

Cantor's nose to the grindstone all during production, made him learn to dance, kept him working until nine o'clock some nights, excused him on Wednesdays so he could work on his radio show. . . . To those folks who seem to recall seeing Eddie dance, he explains, "I never really danced— You can't do everything so I concentrated on singing and comedy—all the dancing I've ever done has been kind of a shuffle." . . . Eddie was so thrilled about making this picture, he isn't back to normal yet. Did everything but record the sound—wrote, acted, produced, sang, sparked gags. Director Eddie Marin acted as a cool foil to Banjo-eye's excitability, was often pointed out to selected visitors as he sat toward the back of the theater set muttering, "It's a wonder they even let me in!" On stage, Cantor put the cast through its paces—Joan Davis and George Murphy and Connie Moore—rehearsed new breaks with dance director Nick Castle. . . . Because the picture is a glorified Cantor biography, five of the musical numbers are nostalgic—("Dinah," "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl, etc.," "Whoopee"). Three of the songs are brand new. . . . Halfway through production, the time of year rolled around for the annual March of Dimes. Cantor flew to San Francisco, did a 24-hour marathon broadcast, sold $37,000,000 worth of War Bonds, returned the next day and went right to work again. Day included a long, impromptu speech delivered ad lib at luncheon given him in RKO commissary. . . . Joan Davis was voted the nation's "Queen of Comedy" last year, rates tops as radio comedienne in every survey and poll yet taken. . . . Eddie's own choice for "the two best men I ever knew in show business" are Will Rogers and George M. Cohan, considers "Cohan" a synonym for "dynamo." Says there is no truth to the rumor that vitamins take him.

GREENWICH VILLAGE

Don't think for a minute that the battle between the "long hairs" and the "hep cats" began in the Benny Goodman era. It was going strong back in the Twenties, and for the purpose of this picture the battleground is Don Ameche—in Technicolor. Don plays a young composer from Kansas, Kenneth Harvey, who has written a Concerto. Don is strictly the Philharmonic type, but he wanders into a Greenwich Village speakeasy one night, and the groove boys catch up with him.

He has his fortune told by Querida (Carmen Miranda), who sees several hundred dollar bills in his wallet. She promptly introduces him to Danny (William Bendix) the proprietor of the place. "A millionaire sucker," thinks Danny, and tries to interest Ken in backing a show to be called the Greenwich Village Gaieties. Ken meanwhile has gotten a look at Danny's featured attraction, a young singer named Bonnie (Vivian Blaine). From then on he doesn't hear a word Danny's saying.

Bonnie persuades Ken to play his Concerto at a party that night. "The gang" are bored silly, but just the same the next day they find themselves humming passages from it. "We might use some of that in the Greenwich Gaieties," Danny suggests. Hofer (Felix Bressart), a former symphony violinist, pretends to be shocked by this. He "cons" Ken into thinking he can get the Concerto played at Carnegie Hall for the trifling sum of 4,000 smackers. That, by an odd coincidence, being all that Ken has.

Meanwhile, Bonnie is writing lyrics for those tuneful passages, hoping Ken will let them use the music in the show. Danny raises money for the Greenwich Gaieties by giving a huge costume ball. You'll

"I quit, Miss Jones— those girls burn me up!"

Amy: Of course I like the job, Miss Jones—but no matter how hard I try to be friendly, those girls snub me. I just *can't take it* any more!

Miss Jones: Amy, dear, we want you to be happy here. You're pretty and capable—you can be *popular*, too! And perhaps I can be of help to you . . .

Amy: Me—guilty of *underarm odor?* Why, I bathe every day!

Miss Jones: But a bath doesn't always last, Amy. Be smart—after baths, use MUM!

Amy: Jonesy was a darling to tip me off about Mum! After this, it's a bath for *past* perspiration, and Mum to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor.

KNITTING FOR THE BOYS IS FUN—WITH YOU TO HELP US, AMY!
(TO HERSELF) WE'RE REAL FRIENDS NOW—AND I CAN THANK MUM!

Mum has the advantages so many popular girls want in a deodorant!

It's quick—Half a minute with Mum prevents underarm odor all day or evening.

It's safe—Mum won't irritate skin—even after underarm shaving. Safe for clothes, says American Institute of Laundering.

It's sure—Mum works instantly! Keeps you bath-fresh for hours. Get Mum today!

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Gentle, safe, dependable Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose, too.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

love that—it's the whole spirit of the 1920's in one colorful scene.

You'll have to go and see the picture to find out who wins the battle for Don's music. But I'll give you a hint—you'll come out whistling "Whispering." "Greenwich Village" is a gay, sparkling show that dates back to the speakeasy era—and you don't have to "know Joe" to get in!—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Carmen Miranda was a sick chick when production began. She was still recuperating from a critical operation that had her just this side of death's door for many long weeks. . . . Bill Bendix managed somehow to squeeze this particular film into his frantically busy schedule because he felt he should make one frivolous picture to counterbalance the grim roles he's been playing. Sings "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody" and gets mixed up in a burlesqued adagio routine. . . . Femme singing star Vivian Blaine is the cream skimmed from the top of a list of 40 promising gals, all of whom were definitely candidates for the role. Vivian won only after she came out ahead of four other finalists in exhaustive and exacting Technicolor tests that lasted for hours. Each girl had to sing the same song, act out precisely the same scene. Their tests were voted on by a board of studio executives. . . . Alice Faye was originally scheduled to play the star role, had to withdraw when the stork was sighted winging over the horizon. . . . Newcomer to the comedian division is B. S. Pully. To those who don't know him, he's best described as having a voice that's a cross between Andy Devine's and Donald Duck's. And he looks just like he sounds. . . . Some of the sassier caricatures lining the walls of the sets are the work of Director Walter Lang, who studied art for years here in this country and abroad. . . . Lang whipped them up between scenes. . . . Dance scenes had to capture the spirit of the '20s, so the rug-cutters had to be watched to see that no jitterbugging slipped in. . . . Leo Robin and Nacio Herb Brown wrote ten new songs for this one, but the theme number is an oldie, "Whispering."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was invited to tag along with some newspapermen a while ago to a reception given in honor of Ernst Lubitsch. When the introductions were over, my friends parked me in a chair and went their rounds of picture-snapping, etc., while I, usually so at ease, sat there, conspicuously alone. A lovely-looking girl came into the room, waded through the mob to a vacant chair beside mine. "Are you saving this chair for someone?" she asked. "Nope," I said. "That's a serviceman's ring, isn't it," she asked, pointing to the Air Force ring on my finger. Warmed by her friendliness, I blurted out, "Yes, my fiancé. I was just sitting here thinking of these people cocktailing while he's on his way overseas." My new friend was completely sympathetic. "My husband's been overseas for months," she confided. "May I show you his picture?"

Later, when my friends returned, I asked, "Who is that girl. She was charming to me." "Oh, her . . ." they laughed. "She's nice to everyone. That's Carole Landis."

Jessyca Russell,
New York, N. Y.

JAM SESSION

When Columbia named this one "Jam Session," they weren't kidding. The 'gators will be hanging from the chandeliers when they dig the bands in it—Charlie Barnet, Louis Armstrong, Alvino Rey, Jan Garber, Glen Gray and Teddy Powell. Plus the Pied Pipers and Nan Wynn. It's solid jaboo and plenty of it.

Somewhere along in the picture a writer in search of a plot says triumphantly, "The Cinderella angle! It's been done a million times, but it's still good!" It must be good, because it's the basis for "Jam Session." It's what they hang the music onto. Little girl comes to Hollywood, gets kicked around, finally succeeds. Doesn't sound like much when you put it that way, does it? Let's dress it up a little . . .

A pretty tap dancer from Waterfall, Kansas (does anyone ever *stay* in Kansas?), comes to Hollywood to get in the movies. It ought to be easy—she has a letter from the movie critic of the "Waterfall Tribune" to Mr. Stuart head of Superba studios. The tap dancer's name is Terry, and she is played by Ann Miller. (See, it's getting better already!) Terry finds that she can't get within even carrier pigeon distance of Mr. Stuart—who doesn't see *anybody.* Every time she makes a try at getting into his office, she lands on some set and ruins the "take." She is soon the most unpopular girl in Hollywood. Only a kind old gentleman she meets in the park will have anything to do with her.

Then she gets a job as secretary to a writer, George Haven (Jess Barker). George has been hired by Superba to write a picture, but all he has so far is the title "Jam Session." He can't think of any plot—which is just as well from

"GOODBYE DANDRUFF"

YOU'LL WHISTLE too when you see how quickly the rich, abundant Fitch lather carries off the dandruff, dust and dirt. You'll be amazed at the way Fitch Shampoo brings out the sparkle and luster of immaculately clean hair. Remember—Fitch Shampoo is the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the *first application* bears the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms. Use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week for lovelier hair. . . . *Available in 10c, 25c and 59c sizes.*

After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day.

FITCH'S FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Everyone in the family should have a regular weekly Fitch Shampoo—yes, everyone from tiny baby up. Gentle, economical Fitch Shampoo gives hair that well-groomed look . . . makes the dullest, drabbest hair sparkle. Ask for Fitch Shampoo, the largest selling shampoo in the United States and Canada!

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. Soap Shampoo—Bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

2. Fitch Shampoo—All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

Fitch's
DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Fitch's Dandruff Remover SHAMPOO

REMOVES DANDRUFF WITH FIRST APPLICATION
GOOD FOR BLONDES, RED HEADS AND BRUNETTES
EFFECTIVE IN THE HARDEST WATER
NEEDS NO SPECIAL AFTER RINSE
RECONDITIONS HAIR AND SCALP
FITCH IS ANTISEPTIC

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Terry's point of view, since she can't even type. But eventually she weakens and suggests he write a story about a little dancer who tries to crash the movies. The story turns out fine. "Type it and send it to Mr. Stuart," George says proudly and goes out. Not knowing that Terry can't take dictation either, and that not a word he's given her has landed on paper. George gets fired by Superba, Terry lands in jail. But the old gentleman in the park intervenes at the right time, and the little girl from Waterfall gets not only a job, but a husband. No wonder nobody stays in Kansas!—*Col.*

P. S.

Jess Barker sets some new kind of record in films by doing a double double-take in one scene. As "George Carter Haven," he passes a motion picture theater that has a large 3-sheet featuring "Jess Barker in his Greatest Picture, coming to this theater soon." "Must be somebody I know," says Barker. "Must be," replies his picture in the lobby. Then both Barkers do double takes. . . . Some of the scenes for the picture were shot just outside the studio. Director Charles Barton tried to persuade "Cap," Taylor Duncan, to play himself as man-in-charge-of-admitting-people, but "Cap" refused, asked only that he be allowed to choose the actor who would impersonate him. "Cap" explained he liked his job too well, had been at it a long time and didn't want to change now at this late date. . . . Poor Director Barton had an accident that resulted in an eye infection, result being he had to work with one eye completely swathed in bandages, and the other aching sympathetically. . . . Ann Miller sent jigsaw puzzles of a picture of herself to the boys in service who wrote to her, now carries on a hilarious correspondence with some of them who complain they didn't get enough parts to make a complete picture. . . . For the band fans, "Jam Session" assembled Charlie Barnet, Louis Armstrong, Alvino Rey, Jan Garber, Glen Gray, Teddy Powell with their respective aggregations, worked them into the story and devoted 40 minutes of the entire film's running time to musical numbers. . . . Niftiest dance routine by Ann is called "The Victory Polka," shows the Miller gal at her fastest —which is faster than machine gun fire according to latest tap-versus-gun tests.

THE COWBOY AND THE SENORITA

You know what I'd like to hear? Roy Rogers serenading Trigger with a rendition of "Mairzy Doats." But Roy is not one to be serenading horses when there are lovely ladies around to sing to. In this case, the object of his songs is a fair señorita named Ysobel Martinez (Dale Evans). Ysobel owns the big Martinez ranch. She has a ward, a cute but troublesome youngster known as Chip (Mary Lee). As the picture opens, the whole countryside is engaged in a search for Chip, who has disappeared. Roy and his friend Teddy Bear (Guinn Williams) are returning from an unsuccessful gold hunting expedition, and they join in the search. Teddy Bear grabs a big roast chicken from the ranch house kitchen as they start out, and this acts as "bait" for Chip. She has run away, planning to search an old mine her father left her for buried treasure. But when she gets a whiff of the roast chicken, she walks right up to Roy and Teddy Bear and asks for white meat, please.

Chip has an idea that her new friends are trustworthy, so she confides that she is *sure* there is something valuable hidden in that mine. Ysobel thinks that's ridiculous, and tomorrow on Chip's sixteenth

Housework's the Only Job I Know

—what could I do in a war job?

"The More Women at War —The Sooner We'll Win!"

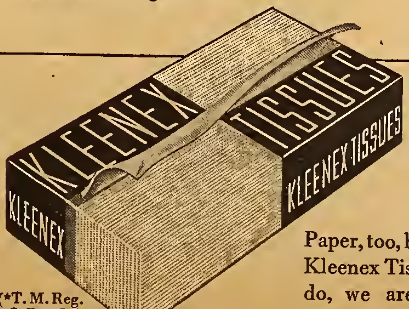
Harness that housework energy and skill to *any* home-front service! Every day, more and more women *must* help keep production moving! If your town needs workers, each day you delay means more men must die—Victory must be postponed. Below, see how many domestic duties can be applied to a war job!

Ever cook—serve meals? . . . a restaurant or hotel needs you! A real war job, if ever there was one—*vital* to civilian life! Full time, part time, there's a place for you, with pay. Read the classified ads in your home paper—for openings available *now.* Or get free advice from your Employment Service Office.

Ever wash and iron? . . . laundries need you! If you can run a washing machine, or do *anything* in the laundering line, here's a war job that will relieve your country of a serious problem! See the want ads. Also, your U. S. Employment Service Office will gladly give you free information.

Ever keep accounts? . . . manage household bills, budgets? The WACS, WAVES, SPARS and MARINES need women for many types of work. Jobs computing pay rolls, keeping records, etc. Serve in uniform—release a man to fight! Inquire at your nearest Army or Navy recruiting station.

Ever go marketing? . . . try selling! It's like shopping—in *reverse.* Drug store clerks are urgently needed to sell cosmetics and other items, to serve at fountains or as cashiers. A job in *any* store is *essential!* Inquire in your neighborhood—read those want ads! Start working *today!*



(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Published in the interest of the war effort by Kleenex Tissues*

Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex quality* in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

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birthday the mine is to be sold to a man named Allen. Roy has met Allen and doesn't think much of him. He agrees to help Chip in her search. Before they can begin, Allen and a posse ride up and accuse Roy and Teddy Bear of having kidnaped Chip.

Eventually they get that straightened out and go back to the Martinez ranch, where Ysobel gives them a job. Chip persuades them to go to the old mine with her, and there she finds a letter hidden in a box in the ground. The letter is from her dead father and says, "To be opened on your sixteenth birthday." So Chip decides to wait till next day.

But there are a lot of other people interested in getting that letter. And in getting Roy and Teddy Bear out of the way. The result is a false charge of robbery and a lot of highly suspicious activity around the old mine, culminating in a hell-for-leather ride to the county judge's office. Chip does all right, as a result, and when last seen, Roy was still singing songs to Ysobel.—*Rep.*

P. S.

First picture co-starring Roy with Dale Evans. They work so well together, studio hopes to do a series of movies with them. . . . Radio listeners know Dale from her work as vocalist on Edgar Bergen's weekly Java show. Gave up air-lane work temporarily to concentrate on a picture career. To servicemen, she's well known as a song writer, most popular of the many original songs she warbles for them at camp shows being "Will You Marry Me, Mr. Laramie?" As the señorita in this picture, she adds dancing to her list of entertaining talents, whirls through some fancy Spanish numbers with the greatest of ease. . . . Between scenes, Roy practiced on his gee-tar and read and reread Roy Rogers Comics, a brand new comic magazine featuring adventures of Roy and Trigger. He's mighty proud of the book. . . . Trigger took an instant liking to the new assistant director on the picture, refused to leave his side between scenes. . . . Much of the sound had to be re-done after the picture was finished. Mary Lee had a severe cold during production, and her voice, they discovered later, had changed in tone from one scene to the next as her cold had improved. . . . Roy is trying to figure out a logical way to get his racing pigeons into his next picture. He took 28 more prizes with them during production, puffs up like one of them when he tells other members of the cast how smart they are. . . . After seeing the rushes of the picture, Dale's friends tried to persuade her to dye her honey-blond hair to match the black wig she wears—it's so becoming. . . . Valley residents, used to seeing 'most anything with three motion picture studios in their back yards, still do double takes in Roy's direction when he zooms through town on his motorcycle dressed in those wild cowboy shirts, chaps, ten-gallon hat and, over it all, his raincoat. (Because of heavy dew, not rain!)

HOME IN INDIANA

"By popular demand" is a much abused phrase, but this is one time when it really applies. By popular demand, young Lon McCallister has been given the starring role in a picture, and it's a honey! You know about Lon. You saw him in "Stage Door Canteen," and it was love at first sight. Now you'll see him as a boy who is a natural handler of horses, in an absorbing story of trotting races and a "phantom filly."

The boy is Sparke Thornton, who, at 19, comes to live with his uncle, 'Thunder Bolt (Walter Brennan). Sparke is a surly, suspicious lad at first, but he is soon disarmed by the casual friendliness of Thunder and his sister, Penny (Charlotte Greenwood). He loves horses better than anything, and when he finds that only a high fence separates him from the luxurious paddocks and blooded trotters of Godaw Boole, he knows he is here to stay.

There is a feud of years' standing between Thunder and Boole (Charles Dingle). So Sparke can't just go calling. Instead he climbs over the high fence and comes down, to his appalled terror, in the stall of Hamilcar Chief, a man-killing stallion. There is a spine-chilling moment, with the stallion screaming and stomping. Then gradually as Sparks stands there, not moving a muscle, the horse relaxes. Sparke has proved he's a horse handler. As a result he gets a job exercising Boole's horses, unknown to Thunder. He meets Boole's daughter, Cri-Cri (June Haver) and the trainer's daughter, Char (Jeanne Craine), who become rivals for Sparke without his realizing it.

Soon he has another secret to keep. Because one dark night, Sparke has led Hamilcar Chief into the stable of Lady, Thunder's blind thoroughbred mare. The foal which is on the way will have one of the best blood lines in the state.

Maudeen IV arrives at last—as sweet a filly as you ever saw. Thunder knows the secret by now, of course, and has forgiven Sparke. He even teaches him, as Maudeen grows older, to drive her with the true science of trotting races. "Some day," says Sparke dreamily, "Maudeen and I will win the Hambletonian." "You've got a long way to go," Thunder tells him gruffly, and Sparke learns that he is right. The trotting races will pull you right out of your seat—don't miss "Home in Indiana."—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Picture marks Lon McCallister's last film before reporting for induction in the United States Army. During production, Lon tried hard to do a good job, so he'd be fixed in the public's mind for the duration. Saved every bit of his salary, outside of incidental expenses, so he could buy a home for his folks before he actually received his draft notice. . . . A

(Continued on page 20)

START PITCHIN', KITTEN!

Paper . . . tons of it . . . is needed as urgently as iron and steel. You can't run a war without it. Our fellows are wearing paper raincoats now across the English Channel. Food and equipment for living is being dropped by paper parachutes to the poor guys marooned in out-of-reach places. Yep, paper's needed all right. And you're needed to save and salvage it. Besides, you'll be paid handsomely for it. So digest the rules below and then hop to it.

1. *Save and salvage all paper. Get your family, your friends and club to do the same.*
2. *Fold newspapers flat and tie them in bundles 12 inches high. Tie magazines in bundles.*
3. *Flatten corrugated and cardboard boxes and cartons. Tie in 12 inch bundles.*
4. *Pack wrappers, envelopes, etc. in bags or boxes.*
5. *When you've accumulated sizeable amount, phone paper dealer, charity organization, local Boy Scouts or Salvage Committee to pick it up. They will pay you for it.*

FROM BURLESQUE TO BIG TIME!

Here it is from A to Z . . . Amateur Night to Ziegfeld! The romance of American Entertainment...as sung, danced and joked to fame by the folks who built it from the Bowery to Broadway Big Time!

"SHOW BUSINESS"

Eddie CANTOR George MURPHY Joan DAVIS
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with Don Douglas · Directed by Edwin L. Marin
plus dozens and dozens of gorgeous girls
Screen play by Joseph Quillen & Dorothy Bennett

SONGS YOU CAN'T FORGET!
"It Had to Be You," "Whoopee," "I Don't Want to Get Well," "Dinah," "I Want a Girl," "Alabamy Bound," "They're Wearing 'Em Higher in Hawaii" and that new hit! "You May Not Remember"

Another of the great
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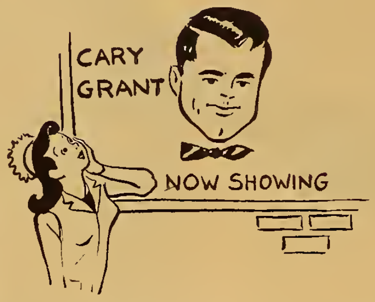
FREE CHARTS · SUPER COUPON

Check the boxes opposite any of the charts you'd like. New charts this month are starred.

FOR FANS



Super Star Information Chart (10c) .... ☐
32 pages on stars. Last pics, marriages, real names, reams of other data. Send 10c for this chart and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one. Free, just send a large, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk
Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See page 23 for details.

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

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Send a sample of your handwriting or your beau's written in ink (about 25 words). Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis.

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How to save and salvage clothes, shoes, furniture and assorted treasures. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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FOR ROMANCE

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Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. Send 5c for this chart and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Co-Ed Personal Advice
All your very own problems answered personally by our expert Jean Kinkead. How to make that PFC ask for a second date or when to let Jr. don long trousers. Every letter answered personally. See page 25 for details.

FOR GLAMOUR

***Spring Fashions** .... ☐
Newest in spring styles. What to wear and buy. How to dress up oldies for Easter. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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This is 'specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-dos for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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We think enough of your curls to get up this encyclopedia on hair care. How to make locks gleam. Hair-dos styled for *you*, with setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Exercises and diets for whittling or building weight. Food for beauty! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Easy to keep my hair clean and soft with Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo

says
Martha
Brosnan
Noted Aviatrix

Beauteous Martha Brosnan of Miami Beach, Florida, has been instructing Navy Cadets and is one of America's few women fliers holding an instructor and instrument rating as well as commercial pilot's license.

TODAY American women who are pressed for time because of war activities are finding the new Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo the perfect answer to their hair-cleansing problems. They appreciate the quick, lively action of this light oily foam, and they like the way it instantly removes dirt, loose dandruff and waste.

You, too, will find new shampooing pleasure in Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo—and you'll be amazed at how easily and completely it rinses out without the use of lemon or vinegar. It will leave your hair sparkling clean, soft, and easy to manage and when you use it the first time you'll understand why it is so popular with women in war work, as well as stage and screen stars. New Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil brings you many of the benefits of an Oil Shampoo with the added pleasure of abundant, billowy foam. Get a bottle today at your favorite beauty counter, or ask your hair-dresser for a professional Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo.

★NOTE—*If your hair is extremely dry, dull, and oil-starved, use Regular Mar-o-Oil Shampoo—world's largest selling oil shampoo.*

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NEW SUPER-FOAMY TYPE
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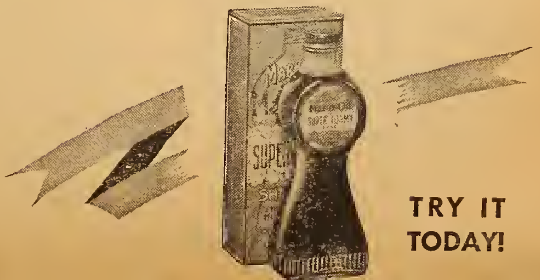

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HOLD-BOBS are the *only* bob pins with this patented "flexible-firm" construction. Ask for them by name, as you do other beauty accessories. Say "HOLD-BOB", for *better* Bob Pins. If your dealer is out of them temporarily, he will have some very soon.

FLEXIBLE FIRM

Tapered from tips to powerful round-wire head... with 5 crimps, HOLD-BOB Bob Pins go on easily and *stay in!* Satin-smooth enamel finish. Smooth round ends for protection.

HOLD·BOB *Bob Pins*
Are Better Bob Pins
THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO. CHICAGO

(*Continued from page 16*)

drama of the peace-time world, the government felt this film really presented an excellent view of the values our men are fighting for and rushed prints of the picture overseas long before it was released in this country. . . . Charlotte Greenwood gets a long-awaited chance to go dramatic. Spent her spare time between scenes teaching younger cast members new jitterbug steps for the ballroom scene. . . . Young Jeanne Crain is getting "the works" in publicity build-ups by 20th Century-Fox as a result of her ability in the drama department. Is set to be starred in her second picture. . . . Jeanne and Lon spent two weeks visiting a Santa Barbara ranch so they could learn the proper manner of driving trotting horses. . . . When the cast went on location—54 days were spent in the Midwest—all non-working days were spent drumming up trade at local War Bond rallies. Visits to Fremont and Marion, Ohio, and Lexington, Kentucky, boosted sales way over the local quota. One manufacturer pledged to buy $100,000 worth when Ward Bond auctioned off his coat. . . . Entire cast also visited military hospitals and war plants. . . . Nationally known horseman Paul E. MacPherson did a great deal of the technical advising—he's a specialist in every phase of racing. . . . Director Henry Hathaway put up a $1,000 purse for what he called the "Twentieth Century-Fox Stakes" and asked some of the drivers from the actual Grand Circuit to stay over a day to record a race sequence. The men gladly climbed back onto their "bikes" and gave out with a race that hasn't been equaled for realism since the chariot rush in "Ben Hur." Autumn came too soon to please the Technicolor experts. They had to send back to Hollywood for a couple of barrels of green paint, then spray the surrounding grass and trees back to their spring tones. . . . Maudeen Four, leading equine character, is really Miss Sarah Abbey, a 3-year-old trotter owned by Walter J. Michaels. Miss Sarah got a two-months' trip to Hollywood out of the deal, to complete added scenes, and was praised by one and all for her gentleness and fine temper.

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN

Franchot Tone is turning out to be a very versatile lad these days. It's quite a jump from the wolf he played in "True to Life" to a conscientious objector working on a farm in England. But that's his role in this new picture, and he handles it well. Veronica Lake plays a young German spy ensconced in an English household, with equal effectiveness.

The household is that of General Heatherton (Henry Stephenson) and his two sons, Jim (Franchot Tone) and Roger (John Sutton). The spy is Dora Bruckmann, who poses as a Nazi-hating refugee. She is secretary-companion to Roger's giddy wife, May (Binnie Barnes). May is romantically trying to promote a marriage between Jim and Dora. "They're so sweet together!" she sighs ecstatically. But Dora, for the present, isn't interested in marriage.

Jim has hated any sort of killing ever since, as a boy, he accidentally shot his dog. When war breaks out, he declares himself a conscientious objector to the horror of his military-minded family. He moves to a small cottage nearby and goes to work on a farm. His brother Roger becomes a flight commander in the R.A.F. in charge of a nearby secret airfield.

Dora's job is to tip off the Nazi fliers to the whereabouts of that field. But too soon for her plans, she is told that because she is classed as an enemy alien, she may be moved out of that district. Immediately, her attitude toward Jim's devotion changes. She becomes much more responsive than usual, and after a few meetings at his tiny cottage, they decide to be married. When the order comes for the evacuation of enemy aliens, Dora is safely Mrs. James Heatherton, British citizen.

But now odd things begin to happen. The headlights of May's car are mysteriously left burning during an air raid. Jim calls on a suspiciously Nazi-sounding "professor" and finds some of Dora's special pastries on the tea tray. So the tension mounts, slowly and tightly, to the violent explosion which forms the picture's climax.—*Par.*

P. S.

This is Veronica's first attempt at dialect. Speaks with a German accent in every scene. Dialect coach Lester Sharpe had Veronica read newspaper columns to him with a heavy German accent to train her for this. . . . Pay special attention to Veronica's hats—she designed them all herself, including making the wire forms for them. . . . While on location in Mesa, Arizona, she found her first pet: a stray Persian cat with seven toes which she brought home with her. . . . Desert climate was so hard on her delicate skin she had to change from make-up powder to baby talcum. . . . Binnie Barnes' fans will love this one. Binnie, once an English vaudeville singer, croons "The Beer-Barrel Polka." Miss Barnes confesses she was known as "Texas Binnie Barnes," twirled a rope and sang cowboy ballads on the London stage. . . . Little David Leland is introduced to movie-goers in "The Hour Before the Dawn." His English accent is natural although David has never been in England. Born in Italy he moved with his English mother and American father to France while still small. Picked up his accent from the English school children who were his classmates before the German invasion. . . . More than a thousand people had to be transported to and housed in Mesa during the four-week location trip. Transportation department finally got buses for the cast and crew, but it was more difficult to find sleeping accommodations. Problem was solved when the residents of Mesa offered to rent their spare rooms and extra beds to the studio. . . . Some of the Mesans were so interested in the shooting of the outdoor scenes, they brought pillows and blankets and stood watching far into the night while camera crews worked filming explosions and fires in the Arizona fields. . . . Neatest trick on location was making an English farmhouse out of a 'dobe cottage. This was done by making a thatched roof out of hay which was to be used in the fire scenes next day.

EVE OF ST. MARK

You know how soldiers gather on street corners in New York, discussing where to go next. Here are three of them. One, Mulveroy (Michael O'Shea) from Brooklyn, of course wants to see the Dodgers play. The tall Southerner, Marion (Vincent Price), who loves poetry and liquor, wants to head for the nearest bar. And Quizz West (William Eythe) would like to look over Radio City. So they head their separate ways, and when they get together again back at camp, Quizz is in love. "In love as none ever was before," he says and means it.

The girl is from his home town upstate, but he hadn't seen her for years. Ran into her on the tour of Radio City. So now she's in love, too. "Yes, but you'll be shipped overseas soon. What about that?"

Marion asks. "She'll wait." Quizz is sure about that. Just thinking about Janet does things to his breathing apparatus. He writes to her every day.

But you can't sit around camp, thinking and writing letters *every* night. Sometimes you have to go into town with the boys. Marion always heads for the nearest place where they make with the bottles. Mulveroy heads for the nearest babe. Blonde, brunette or redhead, it's all one to Mulveroy. Sometimes Quizz gets to wondering if Janet really loves him as much as he thinks. He momentarily considers trying Marion's system—or Mulveroy's. But he doesn't do it. And when he gets a final furlough before being shipped out, he's glad he hasn't. Because Janet *does* love him—just as deeply and passionately as he loves her.

Later, on that little island in the far Pacific, the memory of Janet seems extraordinarily real, even in the midst of Jap bombs and malaria. When there is at last a final, fatal decision to be made, Janet in some curious reverse fashion, teaches Quizz the way to make it.

Twentieth Century-Fox has given us a deeply moving war picture from the famous Maxwell Anderson drama. The whole cast gives a touchingly real interpretation, with Vincent Price particularly good as Private Marion.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Story behind the sale of this particular literary property is an interesting glimpse into studio negotiation routines. Author Maxwell Anderson wrote his play two years ago, sent it to 20th Century-Fox to see if they wanted to buy it for a movie. Darryl F. Zanuck offered to finance the play (if Anderson would take it to Broadway), paying $50,000 down and $3,000 for every week the play ran. Anderson thought carefully, reasoned the play must be better than he had realized, decided to finance it himself. When it proved to be a smash hit, Anderson was offered $300,000 for the movie rights by four different studios. Fox was one of them, and he sold it to 20th because they had been interested in it originally. . . . Producer William Perlberg assigned George Seaton (who scripted "Song of Bernadette") to do the writing of their screen version and then cast the picture with an eye to actors' ability rather than their box-office pull . . . . Heroine Anne Baxter passes along her recipe for adding inches to her height. Originally 5 feet 3 inches, she reaches for the molding above her bedroom door and hangs on daily from one to three minutes, now comes up to the 64 inch mark on the scale in the studio gym. . . . Bill Eythe has been turned down by every branch of service because of broken ear drums, originally shattered in a childhood accident and later aggravated by nightly beatings in the stage version of "The Moon Is Down." He was Lt. Tonder. . . . Vincent Price, now in service himself, found out all he could about things military during production, because he had a hunch he'd be called quite soon.

MAY 12!

Circle it on your calendar. It's the day you'll find the June issue of MODERN SCREEN on your newsstand. Better get your copy the day the magazine is out; otherwise, with paper shortages and such, you may have to do without it entirely.

TRUSHAY* . . . THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Smooth it on before you tackle daily soap-and-water jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously *different* idea in lotions! Trushay, used *before* you wash undies—*before* you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps *prevent* soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it *all* these ways. Ask for it today —at your favorite drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A different spelling —but the same wonderful "beforehand" lotion.

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

By Jean Kinkead

Co-ed

What's your problem? How to be smooth as a kitten's ear? How to land HIM? Army wife blues? V-mail complications? We've got the answer!

Gosh, it's a beautiful feeling to get lots and lots of mail, and don't think we aren't happy about all those letters you've written us. The cute, jivey scrawls from you school gals; the sweet, serious notes from service wives; the neatly-typed jobs from careerists . . . We love 'em all, so keep them coming and we'll keep answering.

Funny how many of you have the same problems. Men, babies, stuff. Some questions popped up in our mail so persistently that we decided to turn this "Co-Ed" into a question and answer session. Okay?

"I'm madly in love with a boy in my class, but he doesn't know I'm alive. I'm not beautiful, but I'm not bad. How can I get him to ask me out?" A. R., Pelham, N. Y.

It may be a long hard pull, but if you'll just polish up your perseverance, we'll bet you'll get that date. First of all stop whispering about him to the other girls. Let everyone forget you have a crush on him. Once *he* knows you're on his trail, you've practically struck out. Now let's take stock of yourself. Are you the cutest gal in the class? You can be if you work at it. How is your hair—clean and bright? So attractively arranged that the guys turn around and look and then look again? And your skin—is it petally? If you wear make-up, are you an artist at it? Then how's the figure? Too much in the wrong places? Uh uh. You'll never sell him a bill of goods if you're chubby. Exercise, chum. Then work on your clothes. Be sure they're spotless and well-fitting. Neither too short nor too long, too young nor too old. So far so swell. Now that you look smooth as a kitten's ear, turn on the charm. We know it's awfully hard to be casual with someone you like a lot, but you can do it with practice. Instead of flying past him in the hall, dropping books in your excitement, toss him a big grin and a "Hi, Bob." Have something interesting to say when you're asked to recite in classes you have with him. If he says anything the least bit praiseworthy in said classes, smile at him and tell him afterwards he was really mellow. If he's in the Dramatic Club, join it. If he's an athlete, go see him play. Ask him to your parties, but not as your date. Pursue him, but subtly, and not with a pack of equally smitten women at your heels. Above all, forget the gal you used to be. The tongue-tied one with the blah hair-do. Don't ever let *that* character cramp your style. You're the cutest gal in the class, remember? Now go get your man. P.S.—Send for our charts (see page 18) if you want some good substantial ammunition for the campaign. Then watch out. Lady, you'll be

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)
By Beverly Linet

Theresa Doherty, New York: WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THE PIANO CONCERTO PLAYED IN "PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"? THE AUTHOR? CAN I BUY IT IN EITHER SHEET MUSIC OR A RECORDING? The title is "Piano Concerto," based on "Lullaby of the Bells," which was sung by Miss Foster. The authors are Edward Ward and George Wagner, and neither sheet music nor a recording is available.

Pvt. Carlos Morales, Kentucky: WHO PLAYED THE BABY MARINE IN "GUADALCANAL DIARY"? SOME STATISTICS, PLEASE. Richard Hanley Jaeckel, born Oct. 10, 1926, in Long Beach, L. I. was "Johnny." He's 5' 8½", 145 lbs., has blond hair, blue eyes, is a fine all-around athlete from skiing on down. Was discovered while serving as messenger boy for Fox. Next pic, "Wing and a Prayer" and "Chips, the Dog Hero."

Robert Camp, Georgia: WHY HAS THERESA WRIGHT DISAPPEARED SO COMPLETELY FROM THE SCREEN? Theresa has been seriously ill these last few months. However, she is now completely recovered and will next be seen in "Casanova Brown" . . .

Wondering how to secure photographs of stars, how to address fan mail, who took the part of whom in the last picture you saw? Well, gosh, instead of racking your brain and probably coming up with the wrong answer, why don't you scribble your questions down on paper and let me answer them for you? You know my address: Miss Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

"this One Complete Cream is all you need"

Marjorie Reynolds
featured in
"MINISTRY OF FEAR"
a Paramount Picture

SO LITTLE TIME! So much to do! No wonder more and more Hollywood stars turn to Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. It does *everything* for skin beauty.

See it make your skin lovelier, lovable! Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream gives complete care: *Cleanses. Softens. Smooths. Gives a velvet finish for powder. Acts as a night cream. Helps smooth away dryness and tiny dry-skin lines.*

Four special softening, smoothing ingredients make this cream extra-beautifying. An exclusive ingredient, *Stericin*, works constantly in the jar to purify the cream, helping guard against blemish-causing germs. Get a jar *today*. 10¢ to $1.25.

EVERY NIGHT take the 3-minute Beauty Night Cap: Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Pat on more. Leave some on all night. Use it for daytime clean-ups.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. CLEANSES AS THOROUGHLY—*DOES SO MUCH MORE BESIDES!*

HE likes
LOVELY HAIR

Marie McDonald
One of Hollywood's Most Promising New Stars

keep it lovely for Him!

When your "Johnny" comes marching home, look your prettiest for *his* sake! And remember, your favorite hair-do can now have the *added* loveliness this old American beauty secret gives to *any* coiffure—hair so gorgeously soft and radiant that *he* will gasp with delight the next time he sees you!

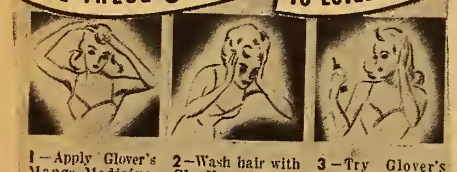
Just *try* Glover's *modern* 3-Way Medicinal Treatment and *see* how it can keep your hair lovelier for Victory Day. Use any ONE of these famous Glover's preparations separately, or ALL THREE in one complete treatment! Learn the secret of Marie McDonald and many other glamorous Hollywood stars—use Glover's Mange Medicine—Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo—and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Ask for all three at your neighborhood Drug store—or mail the coupon today!

You will receive the Complete Trial Application pictured below. Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton, with complete instructions and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

GLOVER'S
with massage for Dandruff, Annoying SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

TAKE THESE 3 EASY STEPS TO LOVELY HAIR



1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair. Feel the exhilarating effect, *instantly!*

2—Wash hair with Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water. Leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable—and the delicate scent lingers!

3—Try Glover's Imperial Hair Dress for scalp and hair. Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! For "Finger-tip" application at home.

Send for COMPLETE TRIAL APPLICATION

GLOVER'S, 101 West 31st St., Dept. 855, New York 1, N.Y.
Send "Complete Trial Application" package containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet. I enclose 25c.

Name________________________
Address______________________
City______________State__________
☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(*Continued from page 8*)

1. Power and glory
2. Ladies' man
3. Was Georgia belle
4. "Night Monster"
5. Married 1929: never divorced
6. Out of pics
7. Poppa-to-be
8. Pandemonium in pantomime
9. In the dog house
10. In "Human Comedy"
11. Mrs. Irving Thalberg
12. Night-clubby
13. Cartoonist and cook
14. Cried Havoc
15. And Time Went By
16. Schoolmarmish
17. Name rhymes with gory
18. Rudy's protegée
19. Deceased 1934
20. Makes with the feet

(*Continued on page 74*)

fighting them off—we positively guarantee it!

* * *

"How does one cope with mothers? Mine still considers me an infant, although I'm fifteen. She won't let me have dates, wear make-up or choose my own clothes. I'm slowly going mad. What do you suggest?" —Molly J., Ridgewood, N. J.

How about a conference between you and Mom at which you both air your views? Be sure you have yours all neatly arranged in your head so that when you sound off you make sense. Listen patiently to her side, then have her listen to yours. If, when you've finished, she's still unconvinced, at least get her to compromise a bit and tackle her again in a month or so. Some points for your side of the debate are these. Eventually you hope to get married, and even at this early age you should be gathering experience to help you know what sort of man you want. Settle for house dates or double dates or anything she'll agree to along these lines. About make-up. Her unfavorable reaction to it dates way back to an era when only the most tarnished ladies wielded a lipstick. In those days, you were terribly conspicuous if you even put a dab of rice powder on the old schnoz. Now quite the reverse is true. Subtle skillful make-up is as socially acceptable as a Mayflower descendant, and really, by the time you're in your middle teens, you're a bit conspicuous without it. Lipstick is the most important item, so get her to agree to a rosy pomade at first. Later, wheedle her into approving a good true-red lipstick. Now about selecting your own clothes. Let her see how smooth your taste is, first making sure it is. Show her clothes that you like in magazines and newspapers. Discuss the new spring things you'd like to have with her, and if your taste is as good as we think it is, we think she'll let you do your own selecting. If you want to please Mom—and incidentally, the rest of your public—steer clear of frills for school. Stick to good-looking sweaters and skirts and blouses, with an occasional tailored dress. For dates, avoid too-tight numbers, too-low ones and over-fussy jobs. In the coat line, go for the classics every time.

* * *

"For once, I'm completely stumped. My husband is in an Army camp, and I have a furnished room in the nearest town. Can you possibly suggest any arrangement at all whereby we can read or chat in the evening without disturbing our six-months-old baby?"—Jane, Trenton, N. J.

Your problem's a pretty universal one, Jane, and here's the way a lot of girls are working it out. Push the crib against the wall farthest from where you plan to sit. Then get two folding screens from a second hand store or by advertising for them in the local paper. Arrange them around the crib so that it is walled off completely. If the light that shines over the screens is disturbing, drape a large sheet over them, roof-wise. If you have time and inspiration, the screens can be made awfully attractive by pasting baby pictures all over them and shellacking them with colorless shellac. Naturally, you'll talk softly, and as an extra precaution you can put cotton in your baby's ears, if your doctor says okay.

* * *

"I've gone with a boy for ages, but he just never seems to get around to proposing. I imagine he considers us engaged, for he sees no other girls and I date no other boys, but the word marriage is never mentioned. He has a good job and no ties. How can I make him propose?"—J. B., Waterloo, Iowa.

Sounds like your little man is in a nice comfortable rut, and he needs a good jolt. Next time you see him, pepper your conversation with the name of an imaginary man your sister or crony has introduced you to. Discuss him sort of dreamily, laugh a little over funny things he said or did. Scare your Butch but good. It may take a week or two of this routine, but if his intentions are serious, by gad he'll make them known pretty soon. This is surefire stuff, and if it doesn't get a rise out of him, resign yourself to the knowledge that marriage isn't on his mind.

* * *

"I just got a letter from my favorite corporal, now in Italy, and it's kind of worried me. He says, 'A pal of mine who was practically engaged to a gal back home just married a WAC. The jilted dame, a cute bit of fluff according to her pictures, had been writing him silly, spineless letters for weeks, and he got fed and married this hard-boiled little sergeant. Says he's outgrown the ex-heart-throb. Gosh, darling, that couldn't happen to us, 'cause I'm so sure you're growing up as much as I am.' Oh, golly. I want to, but I'm not very sure what he means."—Betty W., Madison, Wis.

He's grown up, he says, and naturally you wonder how. Having talked to a number of World War II veterans, maybe we can shed some light. That corporal of yours cares less about superficialities, more

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last summer when Sammy Kaye was in New York, he devoted part of his program to a contest called, "So You Want to Lead a Band!" I was chosen with three others to conduct the orchestra and, probably with the help of my Navy uniform, snagged first prize consisting of five dollars, an autographed baton and a pass to the theater. Well, this winter my ship was torpedoed during the North African campaign, and I lost the autographed baton. Afterwards, when I returned home on leave, Sammy Kaye was playing at the Essex House. I visited him one evening and told him how disappointed I was in losing the baton. He promptly gave me another and, later in the evening, came over to our table to chat with my friends and me. He sure is one swell guy!

William F. Vesely,
Phm 3/c, U.S.N.R.

We're Upping the Ante from $1.00 to $5.00

Frankly we love gossip. With greatest relish we dive into the mail each day, pore over your intimate little stories of stars and finally settle on the best four or five to be printed in MODERN SCREEN each month. We think these true experiences with Hollywood people are bright spots in the magazine. And, too, we think that perhaps you ought to be rewarded a little more generously for them. So, instead of sending you $1 for your letter if we use it, we're mailing you $5, beginning with this issue. (Unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed we cannot return your letter.) Do write us. It's such a heck of a lot of fun hearing about the stars on Bond tours and vacation jaunts and other off-screen moments.

Below is one of this month's prize-winners.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

This scene, starring Mickey Rooney, took place in New York at 6th Ave. and 57th St. I saw a large mob of boys and girls running after a small but very agile figure as fast as their legs could carry them.

They were almost upon him when he made a sudden dash into a drugstore, sat down at the fountain and pretended he was one of the customers, but his trick was quickly discovered. He then ducked behind the counter and, on his hands and knees, crawled around to the back exit and made a leap for a taxi parked there. The fans saw him . . . . screamed "Hey, Mickey Rooney . . . wait!" . . . and the chase continued.

Mrs. M. Rubenstein,
Oakland, Cal.

about essentials, and that goes for everything from women to a way of life. Sheer beauty of puss with nothing behind it, no longer cuts any ice with him. Give him a bright-eyed, shining-haired little riveter in a pair of overalls, or a freckle-faced lady Marine with a smudge of jeep grease on her nose. He wants, in words of one syllable, his girl to have helped him win the war. Take your cue from that. He also wants one who can talk to him about it when he gets back. Oh, maybe not right away. But some day when the pair of you are relaxed and close—sitting on the beach maybe or walking home from the movies —he'll begin to talk, and if you can answer him intelligently, really interestingly, he'll be so grateful. Get an atlas. Read the papers. Have a daily date with your favorite news commentator. Know what cooks and where and why. He wants a girl who is tender and sincere and capable. Courageous and unselfish. He wants a paragon, and boy he deserves one. Don't forget, he's seen gals cook and give transfusions and grin 200 yards back of the front lines. He's seen 'em putting on lipstick by the light of shell fire. He doesn't want to come back to a girl who can't boil an egg or darn a sock. That's your answer, Betty, now get busy and grow.

* * *

And the rest of you co-eds, get busy and write. No problems too big for us or too tiny. Want to know how not to get stuck at dances? How to write a love letter? When to let a boy kiss you good night. How to get a war job? We know the answers on account of we're so smart. Fire away to Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Are You in the Know?

Could be they're doing—
☐ A Square Dance
☐ The Conga
☐ A Rhumba

Maybe you're remembering *your* first Conga Line. Drums and maraccas! Sizzling rhythm! It was out of this world! But it's something some girls *still* haven't known—because they're out of the fun. Girls who haven't learned how to sidestep calendar cares—haven't discovered how *confidence* follows the comfort of Kotex sanitary napkins!

What is it?
☐ A Sniper's Suit
☐ A Paratrooper's Uniform
☐ A Commando Outfit

Meet the little man who isn't there! His safety depends on *concealment.* So this soldier blends with desert sands and shrubs in his burlap Sniper's Suit. It's an art—camouflage. Useful at home, too. For it's sharp strategy to hide your feelings at times . . . "certain" times, especially. Then, be gay! "Dress to kill" in your fetchingest frock! And let Kotex help to hoodwink your public—with those concealing, flat pressed ends that show no outlines, tell no tales.

You hear it on which radio program?
☐ Beat the Band
☐ Red Skelton
☐ Fibber McGee and Molly

You ought to "det a whippin' " if you don't guess this! Yes, it's the Red Skelton program. And for you, perhaps the fun takes on a special glow, tonight. Because the crowd's at *your* house and the party's been swell. Games, gags, "eats" and all. You're thankful you didn't call things off . . . on account of the time of the month. You found you *needn't,* for Kotex *stays soft while wearing* . . . and that special Kotex safety center never betrays a girl's confidence!

Girls in the know choose KOTEX

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.*

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest* Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest *destroys* odors. It's unscented, safe, *sure* protection.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

☐ Check here if you're teen age and want *free* the newly-edited booklet "As One Girl To Another." Discusses do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . grooming, sports, social contacts.

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want *free* the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting —how to stay on the job, even on "problem days."

ADDRESS: Post Office Box 3434, Chicago 54, Ill.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES NO. 15

"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW"

WIN A FUR COAT!

1ST PRIZE: This silver-tipped, let-out raccoon coat with flattering tuxedo front.

1ST PRIZE.................I. J. FOX FUR COAT

2ND PRIZE..............$200 IN WAR BONDS*

Try and try again prizes**

1,350 Prizes of $1.00 in War Stamps

*All Bonds and Stamps donated by Arnold Pressburger Productions.

**If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

HERE'S HOW: Here's a game everyone can play. All you have to do is think up words, phrases or exclamations that have something to do with Linda Darnell—words that in some way remind you of Linda or describe her; one for each letter in her name.

Here's what we mean. We're going to play the same game using Dick Powell. But you play it with Linda Darnell's name.

D is for Dashing
I is for "It Happened Tomorrow"
C is for Cockeyed reporter
K is for Knowing the future

P is for Personality plus
O is for "Out of this world"
W is for Wow! What a Voice
E is for Eye-catching fellow
L is for Luscious smile
L is for Looney grandpa

Be sure to read the story of "It Happened Tomorrow" on page 44. It'll help like anything in thinking up words for Linda Darnell.

RULES:

1. Select words, phrases or exclamations that seem to fit Linda Darnell—a word or phrase for each letter in her name. Fill in your selections on the coupon.
2. Fill in your FULL NAME and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss, or Mrs. (If Mrs. give your own first name, not your husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families and those who have already won *big* prizes in MODERN SCREEN'S 1944 contest series.
5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than June 10, 1944.
6. Neatness will count, but *do not* send in elaborate entries as they will receive no preference.
7. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
8. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES
No. 15—"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW"
Please Print or Type

Full Name..

Street...................... City.............. State.........

Coat Size..

L is for____________________

I is for____________________

N is for____________________

D is for____________________

A is for____________________

D is for____________________

A is for____________________

R is for____________________

N is for____________________

E is for____________________

L is for____________________

L is for____________________

Mail this coupon to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Clipper Ship bedspread with ready-to-hang matching draperies shown in blue. Other choice colors are rose, green or gray backgrounds.

Notes on Boats by Paulette Goddard

Whether you prefer Flying boats or ocean going boats you will be able to see the world tomorrow with the money you invest in War Bonds today, says **PAULETTE GODDARD**, star of **"STANDING ROOM ONLY"**, a Paramount Picture. Those who want a touch of tomorrow in their homes are selecting Bates bedspreads designed to provide warmth and beauty... they see in Bates spreads with matching draperies tomorrow's answer to decoration.

Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

"Betcha my Socks it was *my* secret made Peg prettier!"

1

PEG IS MOMMY'S BEST FRIEND. Mine, too, I guess—she always brings me nice squashy animal toys. So one day I gave *her* a present—I plopped my pretty white cake of Ivory Soap smack into her hand. Mommy chuckled: "Maybe baby's trying to tip you off that her pure, mild Ivory is best for *big* girls' complexions, too!"

2

SO-O-O, PEG MET ANOTHER FRIEND OF MINE. My doctor. And what do you know! . . . He said: "Change to regular, *gentle* cleansings with pure, mild Ivory." 'Cause he knows you can't beat Ivory for purity! No wonder more doctors—like mine—advise Ivory Soap than all other brands together! . . .

3

THEN PEG GOT ANOTHER FRIEND! He's *all hers!* Just can't keep his eyes off her radiant new "Ivory Look." Golly, how he *went* for her soon after she switched to pure, mild Ivory cleansings. She's going to be Mrs. Lieutenant *soon!* Happy-making stuff, Ivory. For *all* us gals—from the romper to the rhumba set!

99 44/100 % pure . . . It floats.

Look lovelier with Ivory . . . the soap more Doctors advise than all other brands together!

SAVE SOAPS! THEY USE VITAL WAR MATERIALS!

★ ★ ★

1. DON'T LEAVE SOAP IN WATER when you're through lathering yourself. Put the bar in a soap-dish when not in use.
2. BE SURE YOUR SOAP-DISH IS DRY before you put your bar back. Keep a cloth handy to keep your soap-dish dry.
3. USE UP SOAP SCRAPS in wire shaker or tied in cloth. Or make soap jelly by dissolving scraps in boiling water.

Sylvia Katz catches a flying salami fragment in her eye, and Ann (Service Department) Ward operates right on the scene. Sylvia regained partial use of the eye after brief rest.

To the stately strains of Glenn Miller's lovely "It Must Be Jelly," Sylvia Katz and Bill Weinberger prepare to beat hell out of the rug!

To our Readers...

The gang at Modern Screen has itself a party . . . and quietly proceeds to tear the editor's house down.

Awful moment in an editor's life. Al Delacorte with the weight of the world (Bill) on his shoulders and plenty of trouble (Henry Malmgreen) on his hands.

Annette tells Bev (Information Desk) Linet's fortune. Handsome man in her life turns out to be merely a postman with flat feet from carrying all her mail.

At the height of the fracas, Al Jr., sits up in bed with a pistol-packin' look and says "Murder" he says!

Bill's old lady dropped him on his head when he was an itty bitty boy. Good old Bill. He hasn't changed a bit, has he?

By Ida Zeitlin

Does

Knocked chip off H'wood's shoulder by ready ability to laugh at their pranks on him. Thinks Willie Howard's impersonations are screaming. Roars at Hope's cracks!

Parcel from Nancy on fifth anniversary held record of Frank, Jr.'s howl. Commented Pop, "I don't know what it would do to the bobby sox, but it sure sends me!"

Boys at Canteen couldn't get enough of him. Soon after Swoonatra fever swept Coast, a phony Sinatra appeared in town, enjoyed gay whirl with lesser film actresses. Hoax wasn't unearthed until Barbara Hale, who had played opposite genuine article in "Higher and Higher," discovered his identity!

Hollywood Hate FRANK SINATRA?

Yep, they hate the guy the way you hate Porterhouse steaks, 2 inches thick, nylon stockings and a 10-day furlough for your private!

■ Want to go along to a broadcast of Frankie's, kids? Okay, don't knock me down. MODERN SCREEN has room for a million or so. All this and Frankie, too—for 15 cents.

That's CBS over there—with Bobby-sockers stretching from the door halfway round the block. They've had a long wait, some of 'em —camping since morning with their lunches and radios. But boy! what a claim they've staked out—seats in the first couple of rows —so close you can almost touch him—

"I'm so nervous," one sighs.

"What're you nervous about? You'll be the first one in."

"Oh, it isn't that. I'm always nervous Wednesday and Saturday."

The other nods an understanding head. "Who isn't?"

In Hollywood the first Hit Parade broadcast goes on at 6. The doors of Studio B are opened at 5:15. There's a mad scramble, but positively no squabbling. The kids play fair. They try for the best, and if they lose out, settle for what they can get. After all, they're sisters under the skin, and Frankie's the tie that binds them for the next 90 minutes—45 of anticipation, 45 of concentrated bliss. Bits of news comment fly back and forth—

"Last time he sang 'Night and Day' for an extra, and this great huge sigh went up, and he flapped his hand and said, 'Aaaw, shuddup—' He said it so *dar*ling—"

"You know that scar on his forehead? I read he got it when he was eight and another kid hit him with a milk bottle—"

"Oh, *thank* you. I've been *dying* to know the story behind that scar."

In back *(Continued on following page)*

On radio show, he shared swoons with Cecil B. DeMille, who mowed 'em down by singing nursery rhyme in boogie woogie! Tie Frank wore in "Higher" brought 50 grand at war bond rally!

Grossing over a million a year, he's setting up half million trust fund for his two kids! Fans range from bobbies to bus driver who points out Frank's street in awed voice to passengers. Happens several times daily as he drives past. Above, on radio broadcast with Judy Garland.

of the gray curtain they're rehearsing. Axel Stordahl leads the band. He's a Norseman and looks it. He's also Frankie's arranger and one of his closest friends.

Frank's at the mike—gray suit, gray sweater, black tie, white handkerchief, a tiny rose in his buttonhole. He looks fine and gay—always *was* a happy guy, even when he didn't have a swooner to his name.

The rehearsal's mostly for timing, so he doesn't give out with the voice. Right there on the stage you can hardly hear him, but all of a sudden there's that squeal from outside. They've caught a whisper. His shoulders hunch to his ears, and he tunes himself down. All through the rehearsal, he's clowning—can't keep his knees from jiggling or his shoulders from swinging to the beat—takes a couple of dance-steps, pops a stick of gum into his mouth (that's to keep his throat moist), wads up the paper and snaps it at Axel's bald spot. Axel's the tranquil type, goes right on conducting . . .

Five of six. The producer's outside, (*Continued on page 112*)

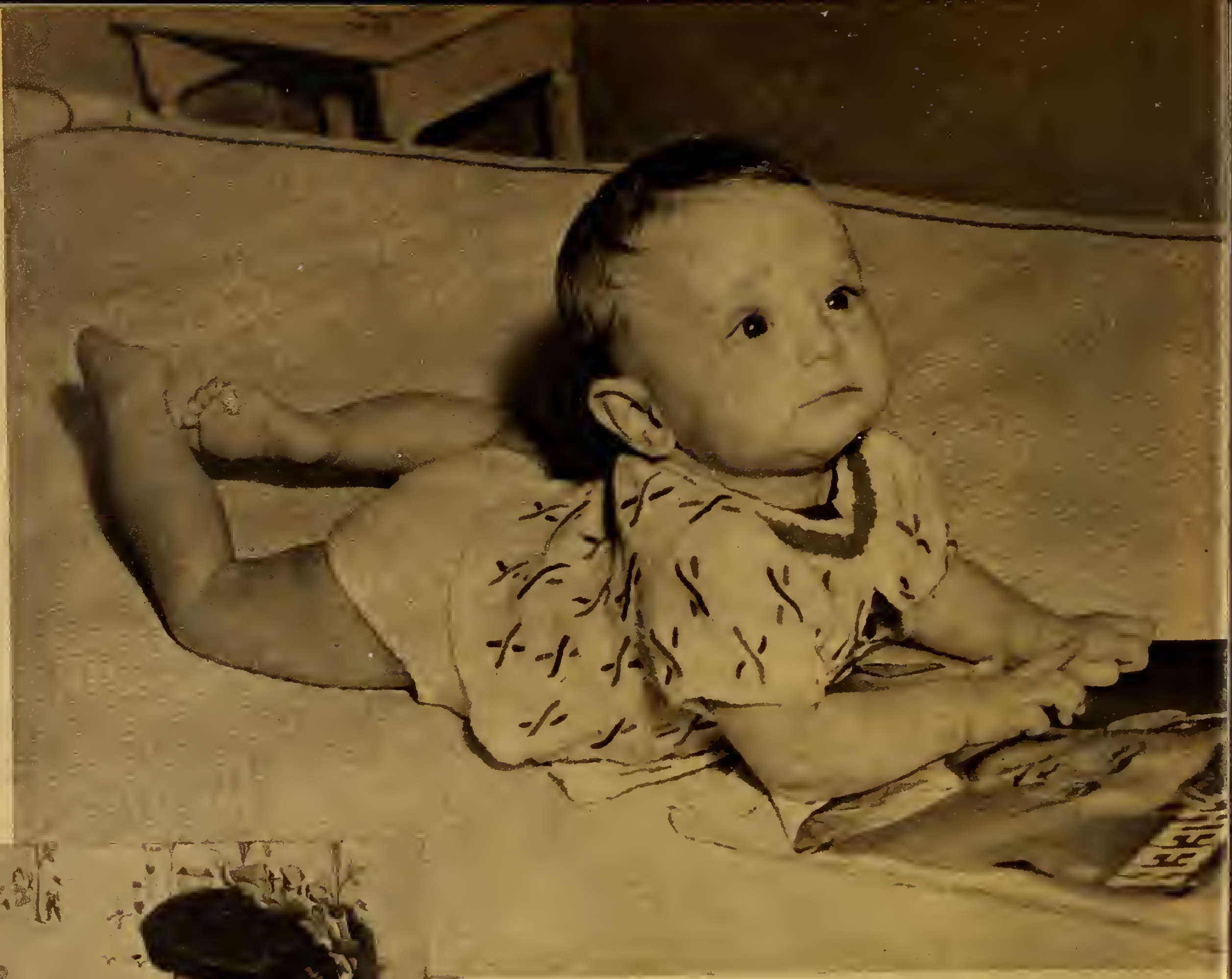
Sensational rumors hint The Voice will kiss his leading lady in "Manhattan Serenade." They also whisper he'll dance. Above, with Geo. Murphy.

Secretary is envy of Brigade. Works with him from 9:30 to 8 daily, and *gets paid for it!* Sinatra, shorter than she, nicknames her "Baby."

Does Hollywood Hate FRANK SINATRA?

Frank was first in line at Connie Haines' opening at Clover Club. They used to sing together with T. Dorsey. Whenever he cooks meals in apt., does own shopping!

No idle gossip in stories of staunch camaraderie between Crosby and Sinatra. There's not a speck of professional jealousy between them, and they've been practically inseparable ever since Frank's arrival in H'wood!



Alana Ladd, at 6 months, pulled 2500 fan letters a week! Like Pop, has murderous time bottling cold germs, recently had severe intestinal flu. Ladds report her down with the sniffles again.

When Laddie blondly announced that cook's tot had mumps, whole Paramount lot was thrown into jitters, afraid Alan might be spreading the germ. Sue and Alana remained unconcerned.

Careful count has Laddie's fan mail at 70,425 letters a month which is absolutely tops in movie history. When old stills of Ladd in "The Black Cat" were found, studio considered reissuing pic.

THE LITTLEST LADD

Sue calls her chubby young 'un Little-Gun-for-Hire, she's so like her Pop; same clear blue eyes, blonde hair, same level stare.

By Rosemary Layng

■ Alana Ladd's no dope. Her pop's the only person she'll kiss.

Her pop and her white felt kitten and herself in the mirror. Nothing and nobody else. She's on friendly terms with men, women and dogs, handing out an amiable, four-toothed grin to all comers. But ask for a kiss, and she'll shake her head. Persist, and you'll find a small hand shoved into your face. Even her well-beloved mum-mah gets the brushoff. On the principle, obviously, that where's the fun in kissing another girl?

But let Alan appear, and the lady's ready and willing. Tight round his neck go the arms—smack to the middle of his cheek goes the soft mouth. Then she draws back her head and crows, as though she'd done something truly remarkable. From the look in his eyes, her dad seems to agree with her.

This love affair started when (*Continued on page 107*)

Bendix rides pal mercilessly since day Laddie was trailed by bobby-sock crowd à la Sinatra. Bill, a fixture in Ladd pictures, will not appear in next.

Alan says minute he met Sue, work stopped being painful grind, started being fun. "And Now Tomorrow" was rolling smoothly until Laddie's recent illness.

At local radio station, Laddie used to rate $20 a week for 19 shows. Took all parts, from fish-peddler on down. Threw newscast into bargain. Summers, when radio was slow, Alan would shoulder a pick.

By **Marcia Daughtrey**

TERRIFIC TRIO!

They talk the same language, Lon and his buddies swallowing 3 lemon pies whole, harmoniously dating same girl, same night!

First night newly-inducted Lon was permitted to call home, he stood 70 minutes in downpour waiting his turn in phone booth. Mom read his mail over phone, upped his morale for days after.

The conveyance was a rather battered Buick coupe. In the front seat sat a chipper middle-aged man beside a pretty young woman. In the rumble seat sat a small, freckled-faced boy and a pretty bird-like middle-aged woman. The back seat was full of song. All the way across the United States and into Canada, dulcet notes were cast upon the summer air. Perhaps they weren't the hep stuff of the moment, but they had rhythm and melodic passages, and they were rendered with such zest as few songs are accorded. There was "After The Ball Is Over" and "Redwing." There was the Alphabet Song which is used in every nursery to teach future government employees their letters. There was "Frere Jacques" and "I Dreamt That I Dwelt In Marble Halls."

The singers were Lon McCallister and his grandmother, Mrs. Mary Goldia Hocking. The occupants of the front seat were Lon's mother, Mrs. Mary Madaline McCallister, and Lon's grandfather, Mr. Hocking.

That summer instituted a clanship between the four that is as strong and important today as the blood brothership between political bosses during an election year. But the purpose of the Hocking-McCallister machine are entirely benevolent . . . and musical.

With such a tuneful beginning, it was only natural that the partnership between Lon and the little woman he calls "Granny" should continue musically. When Lon decided that he wanted to learn to play the piano, Granny volunteered to give him his basic training. She used to be a Sunday School teacher, so she struck out with a fine ecclesiastical repertoire; first she taught Lon to play "Rock of Ages." That mastered, they moved on to "That Old Rugged Cross," then progressed to "Onward, Christian Soldiers." "You'd now be a credit to any Sunday School," complimented Granny. "And now you need greater scope."

So she taught him Chopin's "Minuet" and proceded to flabbergast the family by topping off this classic with an impressive playing of "Blue Moon." Lon, his hazel eyes

(*Continued on page 72*)

On induction eve, Lon and closest crony Bill Eythe held their own private farewell party, were out till the tiny hours visiting every night spot within a 20-mile radius of Beverly Hills. Above, in smile contest with Eythe, John Harvey.

Granny constantly stuffed his pockets with food, trying to get his 5' 6¼" frame above the 132-lb. mark. Last pic, "Home in Indiana."

One of toughest moments of parting was toking leave of Mac. When his bulldog Pat died, Lon and Mac held funeral ceremony, buried him on hillside overlooking the Pocific. Great Dane stood watch over grave of his friend for hours.

HALF PINT, JR.

By Cynthia Miller

They agree on clothes, men, books! But no two women see eye to eye on everything—not even Veronica and her tiny tyke!

■ Miss Elaine Detlie was having her breakfast. She had reached that stage of development in which a junior citizen loiters from one delay to another. Having postponed each spoonful of cereal as long as possible, she suddenly thought of a new dodge—when her small mouth was full, she released the contents into her bowl.

Her mother removed the bowl and considered the situation. Then she telephoned the pediatrician who has cared for Elaine since her birth in August, 1941. "Thank you so much," she said at the end of her conversation, "I'll try that. I want to handle Elaine intelligently."

The next morning the cereal was placed before Elaine. She tried a few bites, then decided to play, so the bowl was removed. At luncheon, the selfsame gruel, warmed, was offered to her again. Somewhat nonplused, she took several bites, then spat it out. Veronica removed the dish, undressed the (*Continued on page 85*)

Since divorce, string of suitors trailing Veronica included Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Howard Hughes, super-smooth Jean Negulesco who popped up one day with $5000 diamond and ruby wristwatch.

Veronica, who nixed piano lessons when she was a kid, is beginning to brush up on scales again. (Above with Carol Ann Beery.) Upped weight to 106, gain of 24 lbs. in yr.

Veronica, currently in "The Hour Before Dawn," says, "John and I parted amicably. He's a fine fellow but we just don't think alike." Freak of the week: Allergy to orris root, which is base of theatrical make-up.

About Veronica, who once sold lock of hair on bond tour for $186,000, Frank Tuttle says, "She has temperament, a lovely face, and she's lazy —a female Bing Crosby." (Here with Rita Beery, whom she lives with.)

When Lake hair-do swept defense plants, managers feared dangling forelock would get enmeshed in machinery. War Production Board asked her to endorse safer pompadour.

Veronica hopes history won't be just so much castor oil to little Elaine when she's old enough to study it. Thinks maybe her breath-catching collection of historic dolls will bring textbooks alive.

After romancing with Bob in dramatic school's "Barretts of Wimpole Street," Jennifer suffered setback when another gal was cast as Juliet to his Romeo. K.P.'s his interest in "See Here, Pvt. Hargrove"!

See here, Mr. Walker...

Nobody could understand you as a kid, going AWOL from kindergarten, hopping freight cars out of town. But all you needed was a stage, lights, music!

Bob feels right at home in Private Hargrove's shoes. In fact, he was born to 'em. And it's not so long since he outgrew them that he can't still wriggle his toes comfortably within their familiar depths.

When "Bataan" was released, Salt Lake City and Ogden staged a hair-pulling match over whose local boy he was. The marquees read BOB WALKER and BOB TAYLOR in "Bataan." Mom and Dad were overwhelmed with attentions, and Dad had to take bows at the Rotary Club. Behind the glow of pride ran the bewildering vision of a skinny kid whose middle name was Trouble.

Aunt Tenny saw the picture in New York. Bob's Aunt Tenny is Mrs. Hortense Odlum of Bonwit Teller's. What Bette Davis is to pictures, that's what Mrs. Odlum is to department stores. With the strangers around her, she laughed and wept over the gangling sailor, *(Continued on page 98)*

As kid, Bob devoured adventure yarns, vowed he'd go to sea and live 'em! But summer aboard freighter in two gales made him glad to be landlubber when ship docked!

Walkers' home life seemed ideal. Spurned night clubs to stay home with kids, study scripts together and hash over his amateur writing. Had mutual adoration for books, sports, their record collection

Jennifer was smitten first time she saw Bob at Academy of Dramatic Arts. Thought, "He's handsome. He's got Jimmy Stewart's charm and Fonda's comic flair, only more so!"

By Kaaren Pieck

It Comes Up Marriage!

It was like being slapped on a merry-go-round that wouldn't stop.

So many things happened to Don in those three whirly days . . .

■ One recent Monday morning a puzzled gas station greaseball near Ventura, California, shook his head sadly as a skinny, dreamy-eyed young man whirled his car around and roared out of the drive.

"Look at that nutty Los Angeles kid," he confided to a customer. "He says, 'Is Fort MacArthur near here?' and already he's 40 miles out of his way and heading for San Francisco. The dope don't know which way is south!"

Later the same Monday a drill sergeant at Fort MacArthur had approximately the same idea about the same skinny, dreamy-eyed kid. The sarge was marching a bunch of rookies across the post, and when he called "Halt!" one rookie stopped two yards out ahead of the rest. "Right dress!" barked the (*Continued on page 89*)

Don has three women waiting back home: wife Gwen, grandma Mrs. Wm. Yast, mom Mrs. Effie O'Cannor (above). End of first week, superior officers reported he took to Army like a vet, was "just one of the kids."

K.P. was one of his first details in Army. Opening night broke into a Shorty Gearge, was stopped dead in his tracks by buddy gravely painting to giant sign on wall nixing all dancing!

Wedding ring was $4 job bought en route to Tia Juana, Mex. Both agree on family of five, three boys, two girls. Kids should be veritable maestros with Don for pop and ork leader Porter Kelsey for a grandpap!

In his first letter to Gwen, he enthusiastically wrote (quoting title of new pic), "This is the life," but she didn't believe a word of it! Sgt. Ross taught O'Connor saluting, first day at Ft. MacArthur.

By Kirtley Baskette

On Larry (Dick Powell) and Sylvia Stevens' (Linda Darnell) golden wedding anniversary, they argue about a story she has made him keep secret for 50 years. It all happened this way—

It's the 1890's, and Larry is feting his cronies in celebration of his promotion to full-fledged "Evening News" reporter. Party winds up at tavern.

Entertainers are clairvoyant Cigolini (Jack Oakie) and his "medium" Sylvia, who are predicting future. Larry falls for Sylvia, interrupts act to wangle date for next afternoon.

It was incredible; it sounded as if they were arguing. Downstairs, in the large, gracious reception hall, the family looked at one another uncomfortably. They could hear the raised voices. Arguing. Grandma and Grandpa arguing? On their golden anniversary?

They weren't really arguing. After 50 years, they were too much in love for that. But she was saying: "Better not tell them. They won't believe it anyway."

"Won't believe it? But I tell you it happened. You know it happened."

"They won't believe you, Larry. No one believes in miracles any more."

"But it did happen," the old man said vehemently.

Later that night, newspaper veteran Pop Benson (John Philliber) appears in mist, hands Larry newspaper carrying stories of next day's events. He reads of opera house hold-up.

Snatching opportunity to cash in on advance news, he and Sylvia make beeline for opera house, arrive just as holdup comes off. He hands already written news item to his bewildered editor (Geo. Cleveland).

By Maris MacCullers

"It Happened Tomorrow"

Dick Powell found it tough, keeping up with tomorrow's headlines today . . . especially his own murder screamed across the front page!

"Don't you remember? Don't you remember, Sylvia?"

It wasn't hard to remember, not even though it had happened 50 years ago. Of course things were different then; the clothes they wore were different and the streets looked different; there were still horses and cabs clopping down the cobblestoned gutters, and gas lights flared on the street corners. Things were different in the 1890's . . .

They were drinking beer in the city room of "The Evening News," drinking beer and singing. Larry Stevens swung his glass in a high arc and toasted News—Today's, Tomorrow's, Yesterday's. Pop Benson, librarian, keeper of the "morgue," shuffled (*Continued on page 93*)

Disappointed bookie grabs wallet. Wild chase ensues, and afternoon papers run story of Larry's murder. Catch: identification papers found on thief's body belonged to Larry!

After reading second phantom edition, Larry leads police to bandits, then rescues Sylvia. When his own murder is headlined, he hurriedly weds Sylvia, piles up fortune at racetrack.

Two minutes later, police inspector (Edgar Kennedy) blusters into office, pinches Larry as accomplice in crime, jails him!

Sylvia claims she's "seer" who told him of robbery. Jumps in river to prove her supernatural powers!

By Jack Carson

Bing's swinging into 13th year at Par. with new 7-year contract that will rake in about $3,000,000 for him. In Dakar, his and Harry James' disks sell for $4 apiece.

Crew of "Crosby's Curse" (bomber) gave Bing copy of plane's log book. Captain who delivered it bunked with Crosbys over Xmas. Bing did recording of 7th Air Force Bomber Command Song but says lyrics are too virile to repeat!

Nobody ever got Bing to knock himself out working—not when he could play golf or clock bangtails. But, heck, you should see him now . . .

BING ON THE BEAM

• Bing Crosby was singing for the boys at the San Diego Naval Hospital when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw them wheel this wounded sailor out on a balcony.

He looked like a white mummy. He was petrified in a plaster cast from his hips to his eyes, and he was flat on his back all through the show. The sailor could hear Bing's melodies, but he couldn't see anything except the blue sky above. Bing Crosby took all this in, but he never said a thing until his act was over.

Then he picked up the mike and climbed to where the sailor was. "Maybe I don't improve the view," cracked Bing. "But anyway I can keep the sun out of your eyes. What'd you like to hear?" The sailor named a song and Bing sang it. "This one's for Johnny So-and-so"—naming the sailor—he told the crowd. He grinned down at the rigid gob.

"Say," Bing drawled, in that easy way of his and with those big, blue eyes wide and innocent, "How'd you like to step out and go dancing tonight—hey? Maybe I can line up a couple of babes. What you say we do the clip joints, kick up our heels—hey?"

That was just what the invalid sailor needed. Wrapped up in cold storage, he'd had enough tongue clucking and sympathy. He wanted a good old American good-natured razz, and nobody handed him one. He almost cracked his cast laughing, and Bing climbed down feeling happy as a lark with that laugh ringing for days in his wind-wing ears.

The Old Groaner has had plenty of thrills in his day. He's seen and done just about everything, when you look back. After all, Bing's raised a generation of young Americans on his croons, and he's still, as Dinah Shore states emphatically, "the singer than which there is nothing whicher!" Bing's a prize family man with a slew of husky offshoots— *(Continued on page 79)*

Bing returned from Nevada ranch vacation with month-old chin-tickler for part in "Road to Utopia." Studio switched sequence, started shooting him clean-shaven. Bing grins, says he grew it as dare to Sinatra.

Gypsum and cornflakes (cinema snow) snow-blinded Bing while working in "Utopia." Named nag on his Nevada ranch "Going My Way" after new pic. Hopes both will grab the purse. (Here with Ed Gardner.)

Marguerite Chapman

Tyrone Power

The Man in Deannas

It's strictly a case of leap year, the way she showers tiny Dickie with presents, flies out of the studio each night to steal a moment with him!

Before divorce, there was rumor floating around that Deanna had date with stork. Deanna received friends' queries wide-eyed, said story must have been started by shopping jaunts in baby depts. to pick up small items for nephew Dickie.

The chief man in Deanna Durbin's life at present is a personable gentleman named Dickie. He is three years old, chubby, curly-haired and inclined to refer to the love of his life as Aunty May Pole.

For his birthday, Aunty May Pole gave Dickie an athletic slide and a playhouse large enough for him to play commando in, around and about. It was set up in an unpainted condition. The intention was that Dickie and Deanna were to paint it on Sunday. When Sunday rolled around, however, Dickie had a cold, so had to remain indoors. The following Sunday it rained all day.

"While we're waiting for the weather to improve," Deanna told him, "we should decide what color to paint it."

Dickie is just learning the names of colors. He is fairly sure of red, and he appears to like yellow very well. "Red and yellow," he said, being prodigal with his knowledge.

"My favorite color for playhouses is white," admitted Aunty May Pole, being diplomatic.

"Then we'll paint it white," said her gallant nephew.

In addition to their exterior decorating conspiracy, Dickie and Deanna share an interest in music. When Deanna was working as an adolescent years ago, in a picture with Walter Pidgeon, he taught her a lullaby, a soft and lilting refrain which Deanna has now taught Dickie. He calls it the "Boo" song and demands a duet with Deanna the instant she steps into the house. His voice is true and his sense of rhythm and phrasing so developed that Deanna has already made arrangements with her own vocal teacher to give Dickie instruction as soon as he is old enough to understand written music. Meanwhile, Deanna is teaching him tune- (*Continued on page 76*)

Life

Riveting scene in "Hers to Hold" was shot at Vega plant on Sunday. Deanna's stand-in came in for kleig-light attention in own right, and D. did her own standing-in during film. During lunch tries to shut camera business out of mind, but Frank Ryan, Universal's writer and director, constantly heckles.

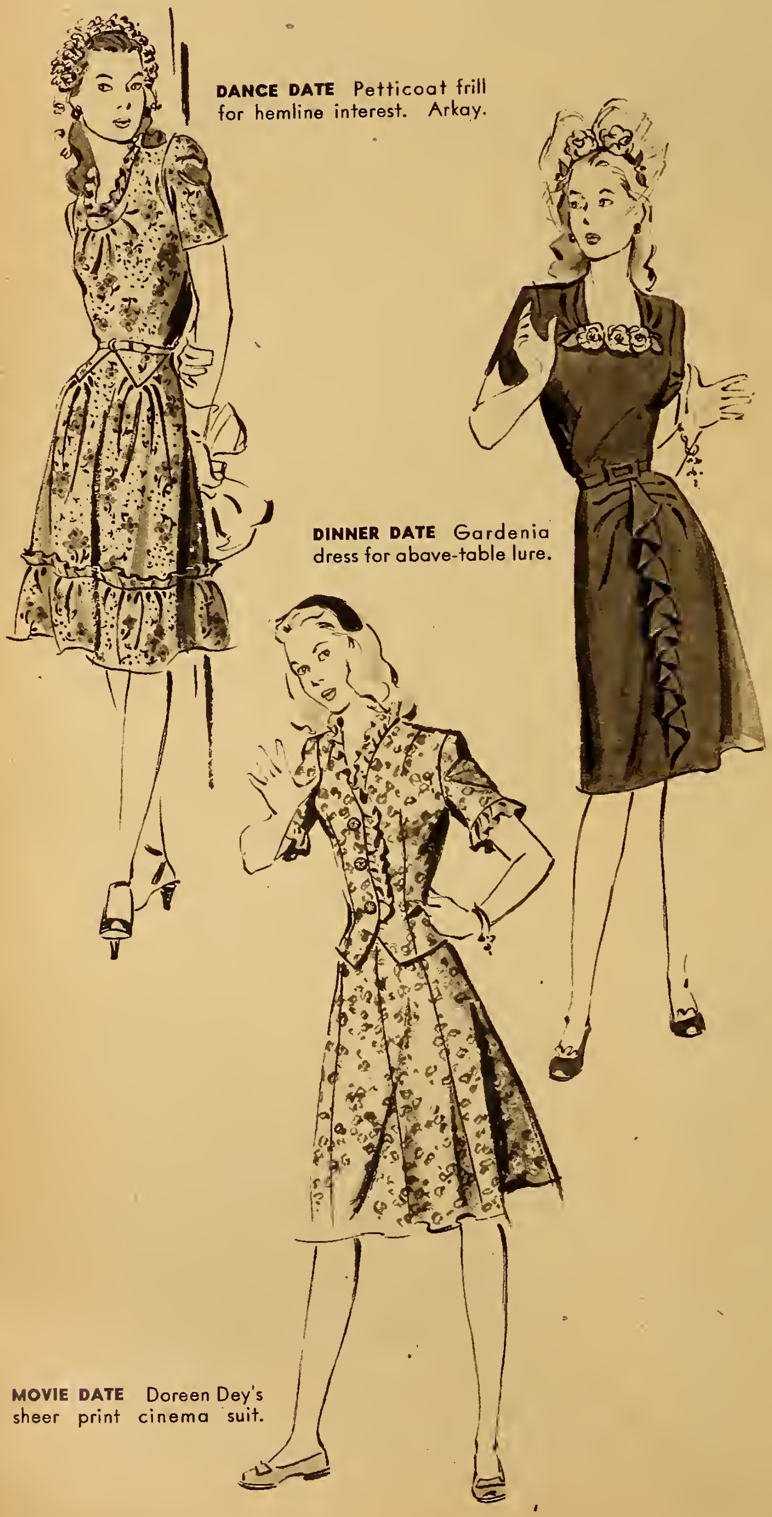
Three days before filing suit for divorce, Deanna denied split with Vaughn. Paul (Lieut., j.g.), assistant director of her first picture, was also her first beau. Gave her their new house in out-of-court agreement.

During "Christmas Holiday," with Gene Kelly, Gale Sondergaard took script too seriously, slapped D. so hard, close-ups that day were taboo.

By Jeanne Karr

by Marjorie Bailey

Modern Screen's



DANCE DATE Petticoat frill for hemline interest. Arkay.

DINNER DATE Gardenia dress for above-table lure.

MOVIE DATE Doreen Dey's sheer print cinema suit.

■ Of course I know about you and your dates. You see, I thought you and I ought to be acquainted if I'm to give you pointers on clothes. So I asked Al Delacorte what you were like. Hmmm! You know how Al is when he gets going on one of his pet subjects. And it seems you're it. I came out hours later with a whirring in my ears. But now I know. You're the one who's got a certain lad looking so misty-eyed these days. The gal who has him counting minutes 'til his next leave or furlough. So-o-o . . .

With date nights so precious, every one's got to be *good*. First off, when he comes barging in singing about a "paper doll that he can call his own," don't believe a word of it. Actually, he'd find her pretty flat. He wants someone with a lot more substance. Your cue to look plenty inviting—BUT there's a limit!

Judy Garland has this down pat. The clothes she wears when she entertains at camps are "feminine but *not female*." The difference? There's a future in femininity. The other rates only a two-tone whistle. Perish forbid!

Key your duds to the date, and you'll put yourself over better. F'rinstance, if it's dinner, you'll want to keep most of the lure above the table. There are lots of new ways. With gardenias set in a row across your square neckline 'stead of just being parked on your shoulder (dress sketched). New draped sleeves, scooped-out U necks if this section of you warrants showing off. Otherwise, choose the kind that are filled in with frothy sheers. If your hat sports a veil, don't let it be too much of a one. They've been known to get entangled with the soup spoon.

But maybe you and he won't waste time over food if there's jive in the offing. In this case, switch the interest to your hemline. The dress I like is the print with the petticoat frill. To gain height, take your ruffles in the form of lengthwise cascades like the ones on the gardenia dress, or fishtail-fashion in back.

If it's movies, be sure to remember what a

Fashion Guide

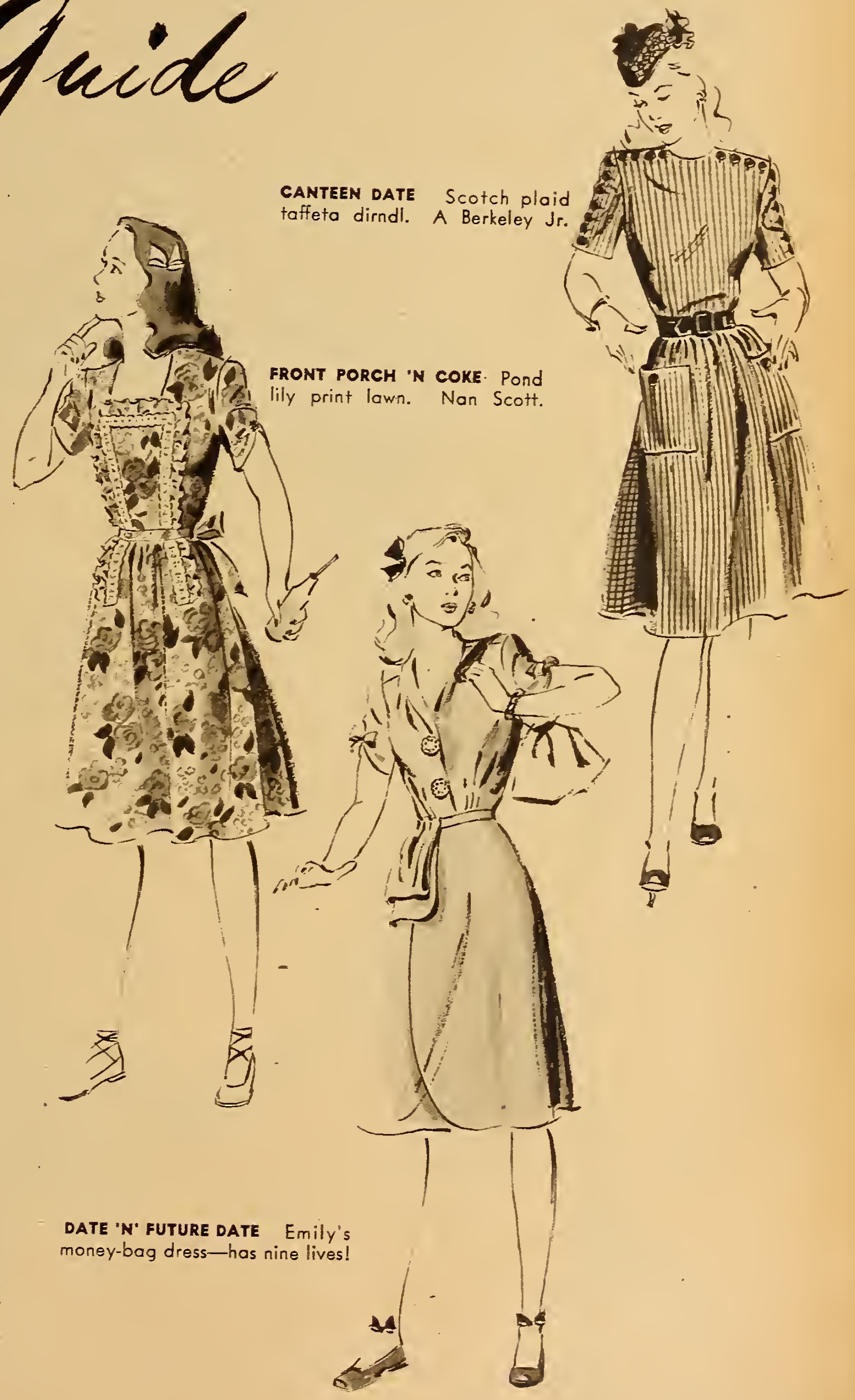
double feature can do to the seat of a dress. Your best bet is the two-piece cinema suit of printed, crush-resistant Bemberg sheer. Mouth-watering in color combinations like pink, gray and white. Very hush-hush about any bulges you might have. Be a *lady* in the dark and wear a close-fitting half-hat.

For an at-home date, don't lay the garb on too thick. Be dewey-fresh 'n' pretty. Wear a sheer printed cotton. Looks new and Shirley Temple-ish when frosted with eyelet embroidery. Learn to read tags when you shop for cottons. The "soap 'n' water" kind won't fade or shrink. Keep their sparkly finish, too.

In between times with *him*, you'll be helping at the canteen (in a purely platonic way, according to Jean Kinkead). Here, you'll want to look kind of crisp and impersonal. The plaid taffeta dirndl does it. Anybody can tell by that innocent round neck that you're not "come-hithering" the wolves. The button parade gives you shoulder width, makes your waistline look Grable-slim in contrast.

Sure, your head's in the clouds. But I know those Cinderella feet are on the ground solid, high heels 'n' all. Maybe you'd like a dress to stick by you for a long time to come. In this case, pin your hopes on the basic crepe with the dagger neckline and money bag drape. The side trick helps conceal any tummy bulge. What next? You slim down your mid-section, take off the money-bags, do a double-take on the sleeve bows and replace the cloisonette buttons with tailored ones. Suddenly you've a new casual shirt frock. This honey-for-your-money comes in "cosmetic" pastels as well as black and navy.

This is fun—but we can't sit around chattering all day. You've got a date coming up. If you want to know where to find these dresses and how very little they cost, or if you've got a special clothes problem bothering you, you know my address now: Marjorie Bailey, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. G'bye 'til next time.



CANTEEN DATE Scotch plaid taffeta dirndl. A Berkeley Jr.

FRONT PORCH 'N COKE Pond lily print lawn. Nan Scott.

DATE 'N' FUTURE DATE Emily's money-bag dress—has nine lives!

Here are the clothes you'll slither into when your warrior lands in Town.

Linda Darnell

Cadet Nurse Engaged

DOROTHY M. FORRESTER of the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps to Charles C. Carmichael, an officer in the U.S. Army Air Corps.

ENLISTED IN A PROUD PROFESSION—Her nurse's "white" lends a special glamour to Dorothy's exquisitely smooth skin. "It would be wonderful," she says, "if high school graduates who see this would enlist as Cadet Nurses. We need more nurses so." As a Cadet Nurse *you* would be given *free training*, a monthly allowance. Write to U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, New York, N. Y.

FROM "HIM"! "Charles is as glad as I am that I'm one of the Cadet Nurse Corps," Dorothy says. Dorothy is wearing the official Cadet Nurse suit of gray wool. It has red epaulets and sleeve insignia. The beret matches the uniform and looks adorable with her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

CADET DOROTHY FORRESTER is studying at the California School of Nursing in Los Angeles, not far from her home town in Vista.

Her smooth, capable hands are learning to bring comfort at a touch. Eyes smile gratefully after her trim young figure in its white on-duty uniform—especially becoming with her glorious, dark hair and the soft, fresh-as-a-new-day look of her lovely complexion.

"I'm a Pond's Cold Cream girl—always." Dorothy says, "I think there's nothing half as nice as Pond's for making your skin *feel soft* and *clean*."

Dorothy believes in a twice-over creaming with Pond's—this way:

1. She *smooths* Pond's fragrant soft-smooth Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats it on briskly but gently to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off thoroughly.

2. She *rinses* now with *more* snowy-soft Pond's, working its softening creaminess round her face with little spiral whirls of her finger tips—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off again well.

* * *

Give your face this soft-smooth Pond's complexion care that Dorothy loves. You'll see that it's no accident engaged girls like Dorothy, noted society beauties like Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor, Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., and Britain's Lady Morris use Pond's Cold Cream.

Ask for a luxurious *big* jar of Pond's today. Use it every night and every morning—and for in-between beauty clean-ups! You'll *love* Pond's, too!

ASK FOR A BIG LUXURY JAR! Save glass and man-power! And it's so *quick* to dip finger tips of both hands into the lovely wide jar!

POND'S
COLD CREAM
Cleansing
Softens – Cleans – Smooths
POND'S EXTRACT CO. New York NET WT 10 OZS

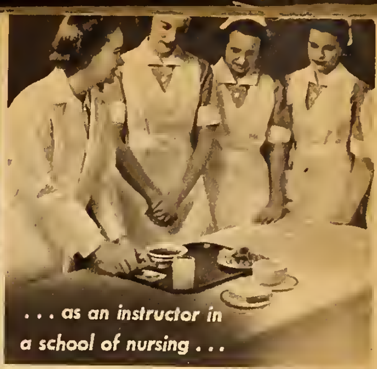
Today many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

Joseph Cotten

As a graduate registered nurse, you may serve with the Army or Navy . . .

. . . as a public health nurse, or an industrial health nurse . . .

. . . as a director of nurses . . .


. . . as an instructor in a school of nursing . . .

. . . you may become a private-duty nurse . . .

. . . you may specialize in child health . . .

. . . in x-ray, orthopedics, or many other fields.

"The free education and the monthly allowance are wonderful . . .

but it's the future that decided me!"

IF YOU can qualify as a U. S. Cadet Nurse, you can look forward to a professional life that gives you a wide choice of interesting work.

As a graduate nurse, you may serve in the Army or Navy, or as a public health nurse or an industrial health nurse. You may become an instructor in a school of nursing, a director of hospital nursing service, or director of a nursing school. You may choose to work in vacation camps, or as an airline hostess. You may specialize in child care, in orthopedics, in psychiatric nursing, or in many other fields . . .

What of Marriage? An increasing number of schools admit and retain married students. Many essential services, including the Army Nurse Corps, are open to married nurses. As a matter of fact, the marriage rate among nurses is unusually high.

The Free Education includes tuition and fees, board and room—and you get a monthly allowance of $15, $20, or $30, as training proceeds. Free, too, are the indoor and outdoor uniforms. The wearing of the outdoor uniform is optional; a Cadet Nurse dresses as she likes on her time off.

Can You Qualify? Are you between 17* and 35? Are you a high school graduate or a college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Mail the coupon for copy of U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps booklet . . . and list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

**Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.*

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giving information about the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps . . . and a list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

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Please send free booklet and list of approved schools.

Age________High school graduate?________

High school senior?________Graduation date________

Present occupation, if any________

Name________

Address________

City________

State________

55-C

ONE OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PREPARED AND SPONSORED BY EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

By Fredda Dudley

Ronnie Reagan, who's been doing terrific job recruiting women for service, spent last couple of days off scouring golf course for wife's diamond ring. Janie, formerly top amateur woman golfer in H'wood, just started brushing up on game.

The Laders (John and Hedy) planned shindig at Hollywood Canteen to mark day they'd met there, just one year before. John had portered that night while Hedy poured Java.

Good News

All stars turn out for MODERN SCREEN party! Milland on overseas camp tour. John Payne to go on bond tour of nation!

■ Undoubtedly the most photogenic event to take place during the month was the gala cocktail party given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Delacorte, Jr. Mr. Delacorte is Ye Editor's father (and looks like his slightly older brother) and the publisher of all Dell Publishing Company's magazines.

Mrs. Delacorte is a regal and beautiful woman who becomes instantly popular with the wives of celebrities, because she is genuinely interested in them and their families. Having six children of her own and one lusty grandson (whose picture appears on the editorial page of this issue of MODERN SCREEN), she is by way of being an authority on youngsters. During the party, Mrs. Delacorte had long chats with Ruth Hussey Longnecker, whose first child is due in May; with Mrs. Barry Sullivan, whose second baby is due in June, and with Mrs. Jim Brown, whose second is due late in the summer.

Lana and Steve Crane were there, talking about Cherry and about the fact that Steve had just signed a long-termer with Columbia Studios. This department is happy to predict that Steve Crane, at this time next year, will be considered one of the most exciting leading men in Hollywood.

John Harvey, under contract to 20th Century-Fox, was talking enthusiastically about his young daughter who had just come home from the hospital with her mother. John professed himself to be an expert on the problems incident to the well-being of a debutante of 14 days; when John was nine, he became the owner of a baby sister. His mother had been seriously ill, and a nurse had been unobtainable, so John attended to the triangular slacks situation, the sterilizing of bottles and the preparation of formulae. Thus initiated at an early age, he is now a tried-and-true veteran.

Alan and Sue Ladd came with Bill and Tess Bendix and convulsed the group by telling about their telephone troubles. It seems that Sue Ladd's daughter, Carol Lee, was asked—at school—to supply her home address and telephone number. Innocently, she complied. The following night the telephone sounded like an electric alarm clock gone crazy: It rang steadily from six o'clock until midnight. The following night, much the same record was established. In desperation, Alan went to the telephone company and begged them to change his number. The company is very busy these days. It looks upon number changing as frivolous nonsense. Finally, after a company representative had checked the Ladd line, it agreed solemnly that something had to be done. The Ladds have a new listing.

Paul Henreid spent some time in a far corner, talking very seriously about the war, with MODERN SCREEN's Ida Zeitlin, while Ida's artist husband—who is Russian—twinkled happily over Tamara Toumanova's description of her first picture soon to be released by RKO.

June Vincent came to the party with her great friend, Edgar Bergen, all unaware of the fact that less than a week later she would be in Jamaica, Long Island, where she flew to be at the bedside of her fiancé, Ensign William Sterling, who underwent emergency surgery.

Handsome men anywhere have become such premium personalities that it was orchids on the eyelids to stand in the same room to view Walter Pidgeon, John Hodiak with the white-lightning smile, Dane Clark (who is soon to answer those "Greetings"), Jess Barker, Alan Curtis, James Craig, Sonny Tufts (whose wife is as beautifully brunette as Sonny is blond), Neil Hamilton, Robert Paige, who is to be Deanna Durbin's next leading man, and Dana Andrews helping his wife to appetizers.

Roy Rogers was one of the first guests to arrive and supplied an authentic motion picture atmosphere by coming direct from the studio wearing make-up, Stetson, plaid shirt, jumper and levis. Someone asked an observer facetiously if Roy had brought his horse, Trigger. "No," was the deadpan answer, "Trigger is coming later with Lassie from Metro."

Deanna Durbin was wearing a hat that looked like a giant black tulip pulled rakishly over her sleek hair; Laraine Day wore clusters of shocking pink flowers amid her updo, and further glamour was furnished by cute Peggy Ryan (with her palsy-walsy Patty Boniface), Janet Blair, Dale Evans and Ella Raines.

MOMENTS WITH MINIATURES: Captain Ronald Reagan is having a little domestic trouble with a subordinate. When he was at home on a recent leave, his young daughter, snowball-blonde Maureen, was trying to get his attention at luncheon. Ronnie was busy talking with a friend and failed to turn around when Maureen tugged at his coat-tail. She tried with a more definite force, then said in a loud, clear treble, "Listen to me or I'm going to give you a poke in the nose." That she had learned in nursery school.

Her mother, in addition to Maureen's deportment problems, has troubles of her own. While she was playing golf recently, she removed her wedding ring, fastened it to her slackbelt and merrily covered the course. Later when she changed clothes, she noticed that the belt clasp had slipped its moorings and had dumped her watch and ring somewhere on the last green. The club employees went over the grass with rakes. They located the watch and several coins, but no ring.

Incidentally, Jane is now working in "Doughgirls" with Ann Sheridan and Alexis Smith. Director James Kern looked over his beautiful cast on the first day of shooting and announced that there was going to be enough mischief afoot to make him a candidate for a by-hourly benzedrine tablet. The girls decided forthwith to employ a maid for the three of them, not only to take care of the ordinary maid chores on the set, but to help them perpetrate the gags dearly beloved by all three.

They couldn't find a maid—not for love, money nor a screen test.

* * *

When Dennis Morgan returned from his recent Bond Tour, he delighted his youngsters (Stan, 10, and Kris, 6,) with a description of

Why Judy Garland wears Woodbury Windsor Rose

JUDY GARLAND, APPEARING IN "MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS"
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

✓ it gives a dazzling warm tone ...lends such clear, fresh beauty—and such smoothness!

Girls! The look in *his* eyes will tell you—*your* Woodbury shade makes you lovelier than ever! . . . Hollywood film directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for each skin-type . . . The Color Control blending process makes Woodbury Powder color-even, color-fresh *always* on your skin . . . gives it smooth, clinging texture that veils tiny blemishes. Choose *now* from the 8 exquisite Woodbury shades!

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! . . . Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost . . . All 3 for only $1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢

VIRGINIA GREY
APPEARING IN
20th CENTURY-FOX
FILM "SWEET
ROSIE O'GRADY"

"HERE'S A Hollywood Tip on DRY SKIN" says VIRGINIA GREY

"This Rich Cream with Olive Oil Works Wonders!"

Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil is Exquisitely Fine and Pure . . . Accepted for Advertising by the AMERICAN MEDICAL A'SSN

"One of the greatest beauty problems that a star can have is *dry skin*," says beautiful Virginia Grey.

"And I've found nothing that gives me such marvelous help as Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil.

"The first touch of this soothing, rich cream relieves that hateful drawn feeling. It smooths away tiny dry lines and flakiness so that my skin *feels* and *looks* baby-soft, fresh and radiant."

Why don't you, too, try this olive oil "wonder"? Lander's Creams are at all 10¢ stores in 10¢, 25¢ and 50¢ sizes. Big jars give excellent value. Get some *today*.

LANDER'S COLD CREAM WITH Olive Oil 10¢ AND 25¢

To help boost husband's branch of service, Ginger (with Calman at NBC airing) will recruit women Marines for "Ginger Rogers Squadron."

Por. dreams of entire Crosby clan in epic called "Greot American Family." But Bing hates publicizing family. Below, with Dale Evans.

Good News

Continued

a snow storm. As all three of the Morgan children were born in California and have never seen snow except in newsreels and photographs, they were fascinated. He told them about bob sledding and skiing. He gave them directions for constructing a sizable snowman and designated icicles as frozen fringe.

Several days later Mrs. Morgan was readying her ingredients for a casserole dish and noted that a box of soda crackers had disappeared. Seeking to check this mysterious fact, she went to the back porch in search of Stan and Kris, who had been playing in the back yard. She found them hilariously pelting each other with handfuls of flaked crackers. "Look, Mommy," explained Stan, "it's snowing like crazy."

BIRTHDAY BUSINESS: Dizzying fame hasn't turned her lovely head. It simply didn't occur to Lana Turner that anyone except the members of her immediate family would remember her birthday. Yet, in her characteristic way, she wanted to celebrate. Her notion of a proper celebration was to order a gigantic cake to be brought on the set of "Marriage Is a Private Affair," and be served to the cast and crew with Lana's greetings!

It was the first time Lana's birthday has ever occurred when she was working on a picture, yet her personal crew (hairdresser, wardrobe mistress, make-up man, maid and secretary) knew the date. Their idea of a pleasant way to commemorate the event was to order a huge cake and have it delivered to the set.

James Craig, Lana's leading man in the picture, wanted in some way to wish the little lady well. He thought it over carefully and decided that a birthday cake, complete with candles and enough servings to stuff everyone, would be just the ticket.

Director Robert Z. Leonard, happy over the progress of his picture, decided that a few hours off—plus a colossal cake—would be a splendid way to felicitate his star.

So now everyone connected with the picture is calling everyone else "Marie Antoinette," the original perpetrator of that celebrated line, "Let them eat cake."

In addition to the pastry, Lana received a beautiful frame for the picture of herself and Cherry which has been stuck in the mirror of her dressing room. Second gift was a gag package containing chewing gum, cleaning tissues and soap flakes . . . and don't write in, asking this department where same were obtained. This department would regard such information as a prime military secret.

* * *

When Ann Sheridan left New York City, Steve Hannagan gave her a birthday package with the stern admonition that she wasn't to open it (1) until the proper date, and (2) at any rate until she reached Hollywood.

Annie managed to control herself until she reached Kansas City, but there feminine endurance melted. She snatched open the jeweler's velvet box to stagger her eyesight with the dazzle of a pair of emerald-cut ruby earrings, nestled beside three matching clips. Kinda pretty (gulp).

* * *

For two years the school teacher at Warner Brothers has cultivated Dolores Moran's history, mathematics, English grammar and general philosophy. She has worked with

Dolores on the set and has spent luncheon hours with her in the commissary. As you know, studio teachers are benevolent watch dogs, charged with maintaining a select finishing school atmosphere despite the exotic aspects of studio life.

Yet even these serious-minded and responsible women relent with a sigh when a charge reaches the age of 18. Dolores' teacher gave her, in celebration of her newly adult status when she celebrated her 18th birthday, a tucked and beruffled black chiffon nightgown.

Dolores, in turn, gave Jerry Asher—local wit and Warner publicist—a glamour portrait of herself clad in a diaphanous black harem outfit, doubtless dreamed up by the wardrobe department after a dinner of lobster thermidor, warm beer and a basket of chocolate eclairs. Across the lower edge of the portrait Dolores wrote, "To Jerry from Whistler's 'new' mother."

* * *

On the day Bonita Granville became 21, her attorney arrived with a bulging briefcase and began to spread acres of legal documents before that startled citizen. In answer to Bonita's puzzled question, he explained that Bonita's mother had now ceased to be her guardian, and that Bonita was to take over the management of her own affairs. Then he settled down to a description of this trust fund and that; of income taxes under this bracket, and deductions allowed under that category. Next he launched into an analysis of her insurance program, and from that decimaled his way through the purchase of Bonds throughout their various series.

Bonita moistened her lips. "Isn't there some simpler way for me to handle this?" she asked weakly. The attorney said certainly, that Bonita could simply give her mother Power of Attorney, and she could continue to handle Bonita's business affairs.

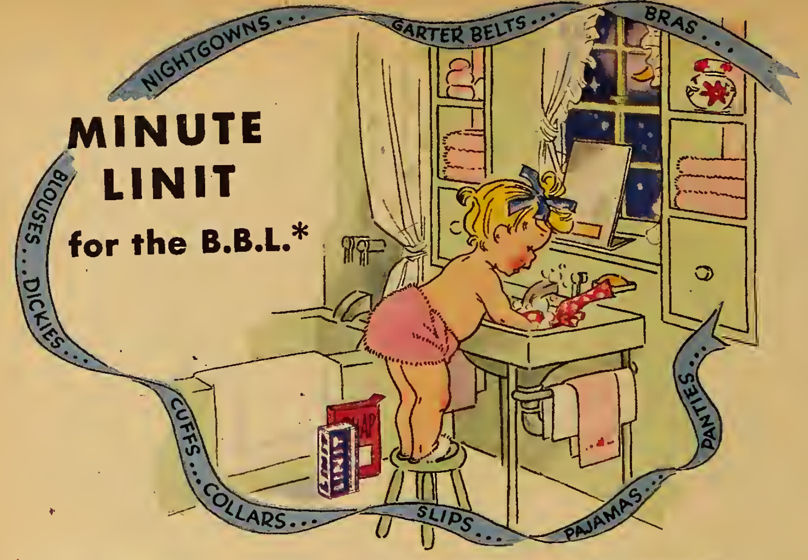
No finer fit at any price

Bestform Brassieres
79¢
Bestform Foundations
$2.50 to $6.50

BESTFORM
means "best form"

Brief confab with Sgt. Dave Rose resulted in Judy's decision to file divorce suit. Bobby Stock's currently topping date list. (Here, Mocamboing with D. Loper.)

Neatest trick of the month: Cornering, for one shot, such H'wood royalty as Lt. Com. Bob Montgomery, Capt. Clark Gable, Spence Tracy, Lt. j/g Bob Taylor.


NIGHTGOWNS...
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SOAP

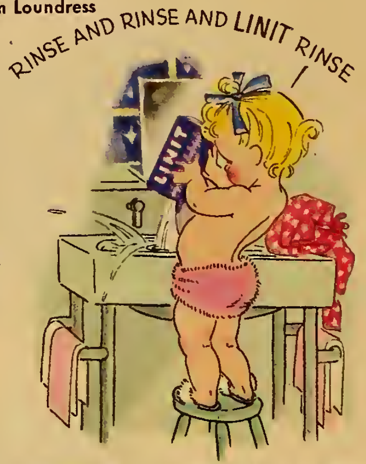
MINUTE LINIT for the B.B.L.*

OFFICE GIRLS and war workers (busy housewives, too) know **LINIT** helps them look attractive. Lingerie and fine accessories are easily "refinished" with a quick **LINIT** rinse. **LINIT** keeps dainty underthings smooth and lovely—helps them wear longer because **LINIT** penetrates and protects the fabrics.

* Busy Bathroom Laundress

DUNK IN THE BATHROOM WASHBOWL

WASH as usual in mild soap and luke warm water. Don't rub — just squeeze suds gently through the fabric.


RINSE AND RINSE AND LINIT RINSE
LINIT

RINSE very thoroughly. Be sure to remove every bit of soap. Add light **LINIT** solution to final rinse. (Directions on every **LINIT** box.)

ROLL IN A TOWEL ... NOT TOO TIGHTLY

ROLL up in soft dry towel until ready to iron. You'll find **LINIT** makes your lingerie look crisp as celery, feel cool as a cucumber.

IRON at low heat. Iron satin on wrong side. Iron double thicknesses on both sides. **LINIT**-starched lingerie takes on new life and luxury.

© Corn Products Sales Co.

Good News Continued

So Bonita signed one small, delightful paper and recovered her pleasure in being grown-up.

Later that week, when she was packing preparatory to making a personal appearance tour through the Northwest, she noticed that her mother hadn't even dragged out her travel-worn cases. Upon inquiry, Mrs. Granville explained that a 21-year-old daughter was certainly able to travel alone. She was a woman now.

But from a small town only 200 miles away, Mrs. Granville received a wistful telegram after Bonita had been gone two days. "Tired of being twenty-one," it read. "Please meet me in Portland."

THAT LIQUID SUNSHINE: As you may have heard over your radio or read in your daily paper, Hollywood occasionally suffers from an attack of moisture. Natives are likely to toss this off with a glub and a pair of water wings; only saboteurs admit that they have had to comb fallen palm trees out of their attics, or have had to strain their victory gardens out of Los Angeles harbor.

Tenny rate, during the recent dampness, falling trees interfered with power lines in the valley to the extent that Ann Sheridan's electric eye motor gates were totally incapacitated. She couldn't get out, nor could guests, nor delivery trucks get in. She had no lights, no heat and no cooking facilities, so she boiled up a bit of soup over the fireplace.

Deanna Durbin's sister was in the same dilemma, but she had the added problem of a hungry four months' old baby, Lois Elaine, whose bottles had to be sterilized and whose formula had to be warmed, rain or no rain. So Mrs. Heckman, with Lois Elaine (the baby) and three-year-old Dickie, moved into Universal Studios where they occupied Deanna's permanent dressing room.

Hedy Lamarr reported to Warner Brothers, where she was working in "The Conspirators" in a drenched condition. Popping into the publicity department, she closed up her stolid black Chamberlain-type umbrella (someone asked her why she was carrying such an unglamourous article, and she answered, "Don't believe all the fancy things you read about me")—and proceeded to take off her dripping shoes and stockings. A messenger boy, seeing this ingratiating sight, spread the tidings and abruptly half the studio had urgent business in the office in which Hedy was twiddling her toes. Yes, they have Davis, Sheridan, de Havilland, Wyman, Alexis Smith, Dolores Moran and Joan Crawford around all the time. But this was Hedy—without shoes and stockings.

And down in Texas, which caught all the storm California couldn't absorb, Lieutenant Tyrone Power was roundly cursing the weather, too. It was making it very difficult for him to get his qualifying flying hours in.

NEWCOMERS YOU SHOULD KNOW: When you saw "What a Woman" starring Rosalind Russell, you probably began to feel spring in the air when Willard Parker leapt across the silver screen. To bolster this seasonal surge and to prove that Mr. Parker is not only intriguing but a regular guy as well, we offer this anecdote.

Willard Parker knocked around Hollywood for a long time, working in quickies and Westerns. He had one genuine friend, a chap named Max Arno, who was working at Warner Brothers. "Get out of this town," Mr. Arno counseled the blond viking, "and go to New York. If you can secure a good stage part, Hollywood (*Continued on page 103*)

By Sylvia Katz

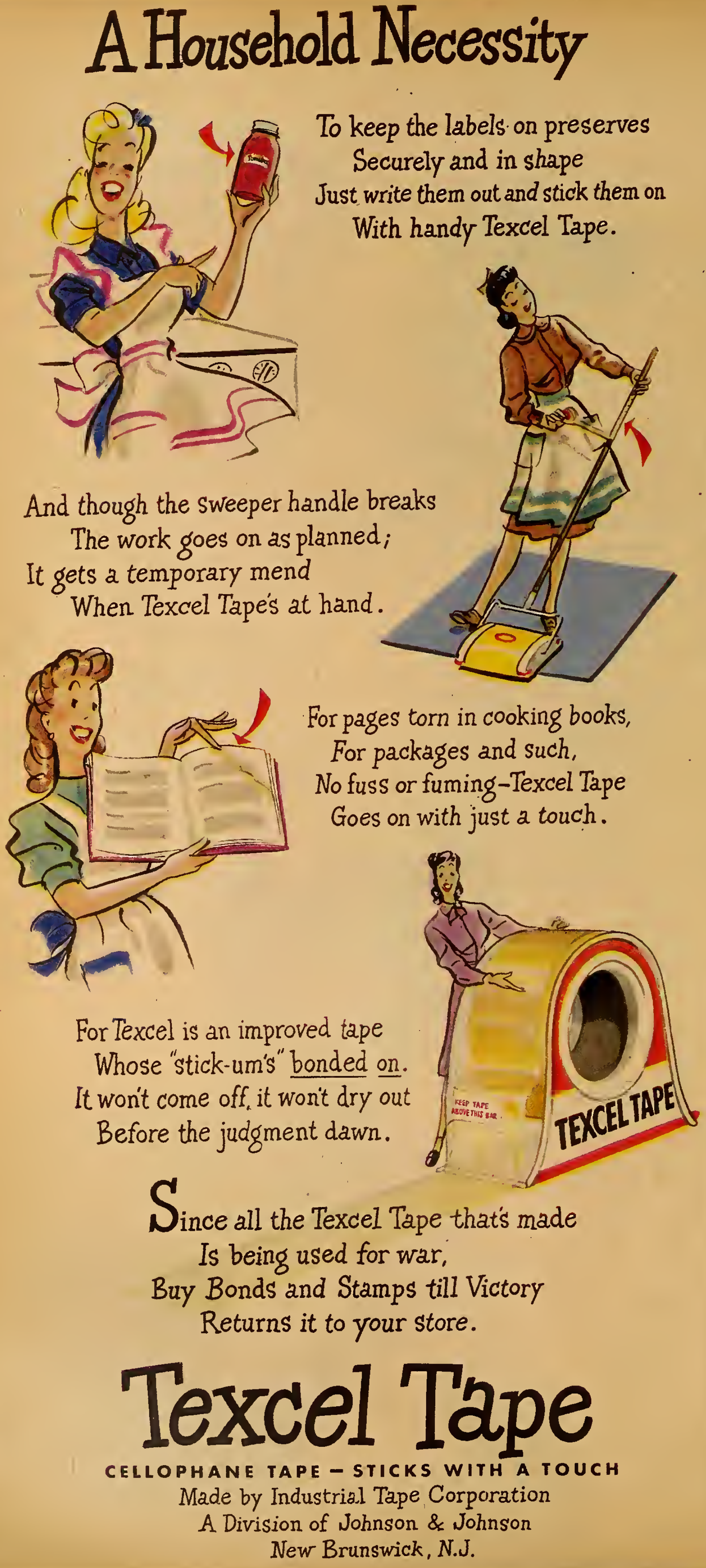
Meet Belita!

A guy just doesn't kiss his girl in a theater lobby with a million people milling around . . . and the lights of the marquee shining in their eyes. Guys just don't act that way at all. And if they did, they'd get slapped. Even if the guy's 14 years old and his girl is 10. All the worse. When you're 10, you can blush harder than when you're 20. And getting kissed is no fun anyway. So Belita slapped him. But the incident left its scar.

If she'd been smart, she'd have forgotten about men right then, because the next thing that happened was really a fiasco. You know how you feel about your first real date. The long gloves and the tulle way down to your heels and the smidgin of perfume behind the ear . . . just to make things authentic. Well, it was like that . . . only worse because the date was for a ballet, not just a movie around the corner. Only thing was, Johnny (we'll call him that) was the kind of a fellow you'd ask for dinner at 7, and he'd pop in at 9:30 because things were always turning up. Unexpected things . . . and, "Gosh, I'm sorry I'm late but you see . . ." Always. You could count on it. Johnny'd given Belita her ticket and said to meet him at the Covent Garden Opera House. Knowing Johnny, it sounded risky.

Risky, nothing. It was brutal! Belita had done enough dancing and skating in London so that almost everybody knew her on sight. If she could just have stood quietly behind a door of the lobby and waited, it mightn't have been so bad. But here was everybody she knew stopping to ask did she get stood up, or didn't she think she was a little young to be getting around to places stag? As the curtain went up, she squeezed her way through the crowd thinking that if she slid deep down in her seat nobody would notice. But try being inconspicuous in the front seat of the very front box, when everybody in the (*Continued on following page*)

Belita's always wanted role in horror film; thinks they're most fun to do. Meanwhile is doing, "Lady, Let's Dance."


KEEP TAPE ABOVE THIS BAR
TEXCEL TAPE

A Household Necessity

To keep the labels on preserves
Securely and in shape
Just write them out and stick them on
With handy Texcel Tape.

And though the sweeper handle breaks
The work goes on as planned;
It gets a temporary mend
When Texcel Tape's at hand.

For pages torn in cooking books,
For packages and such,
No fuss or fuming—Texcel Tape
Goes on with just a touch.

For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out
Before the judgment dawn.

Since all the Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps till Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape
CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH
Made by Industrial Tape Corporation
A Division of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.

Continued

whole darn theater is peering up to count the diamond tiaras. Or nudging each other—"That's Lady Twickington up there, you know. Of the Twickingtons-on-the-Bias."

You could either sit quietly staring at your shoes or get up and leave. It was easier to just sit. Through the first act . . . and intermission . . . and the second act . . . and another intermission . . . and finally, during the third act, in bounces Johnny. "Gosh, I'm sorry I'm late but—" You couldn't stand up right in the middle of the third act and tell him to go jump in the lake. But you could breeze out in a huff and never talk to him again as long as you lived. And never accept another date for months and months and months.

The trouble was, men were so different from Laurence Olivier. Remember "Romeo and Juliet"? He was absolutely as wonderful as Noel Coward, and handsomer. Though you didn't have to be handsome when you said things like Mr. Coward did. Once, when she'd danced for some people at a party, Mr. Coward had accompanied her, and when it was over, he'd said, "I thought I was to play for a little girl. If I realized I was to play for an artist, I'd have practiced." Just like that he said it . . . and she'll never forget it. Absolutely never.

People don't say things like that every day. Even when you've danced in Paris and London and Washington and skated

IN THE V-MAIL BAG

Hiyah Gang:

Thanks for your long, thin envelope postmarked Dec. 14, which arrived along with a bunch of belated Christmas cards that had apparently missed the boat.

The Overseas Edition of Modern Screen, *you'll no doubt be delighted to hear, is the only movie mag which reaches us regularly via Special Service. The G.I. joes over here are all-out for your pin-up girls, since so many of them are practically all-out for us. You should see the mad scramble when a new Overseas Edition arrives. It soon looks like something you could play on a player piano, with wide open spaces where the pix were!*

The films which Special Service gets for us have included "Hello, Frisco," "Coney Island," and more recently, "This Is the Army" and "So Proudly We Hail."

By the way, I think the producers should be told that scenes showing luscious banquets with steaks and such are unpopular with G.I.'s who have become hardened to the "C"-ration—pork sausage—canned meat routine. You asked how last Thanksgiving was—believe it or Ripley, but we had real turkey with all the fixin's!

Best wishes from some censored place in North Africa.

Buell R. Snyder (Tech. Sgt.)

NO ROOM FOR TROUBLES IN THE NEW KIT BAG . . .

But plenty of room for magazines and note paper, cigarettes, sewing kits, razor blades . . . shall we go on? Or is it enough to say that all the small essentials servicemen keep writing home for are being packed in Red Cross kits and sent overseas. Trouble is, somebody's got to do the packing. Somebody's also got to make the thousands of surgical dressings . . . and the layettes for servicemen's babies . . . and sweaters and endless other items. Does a finger seem to point to you? Well, swell. Stop by at your local Red Cross and get the dope on their Production Corps. You know, if you're too tied up to come downtown, there's work you can do at home . . . with patterns, material and instruction furnished by the Red Cross. And if your club just happens to be casting around for a project, what nobler one than this? There've been lots of surgical dressing contests in high schools through the Junior Red Cross. And, boy, you should have seen that white gauze fly.

your way half around the world, really sincere compliments are rare. Like the time a fellow in Wichita wrote, "You're no Lamarr. Your smile's luke-warmish, and you could do more with your hair. Also, your figure's nothing to start a G.I. moaning low. But, holy cow, can you skate! How do you do it? Where'd you learn? And what do you have to have, to begin with?"

Well, for one thing, you've got to get the feel of things early. You've got to start ballet lessons practically before you can walk. And ice skating lessons shortly after. Then, what you try to do is not fall on your face more often than you have to. Of course, sometimes there's nothing you can do about it. When you're a year old, and you can hardly toddle a straight line let alone point your toe, you're bound to fall on your face. And when you're two and they dress you up like a crumby old doll or something and tie you to a branch of a Christmas tree, what can you expect? Bad habit, though. Sort of sticks with you.

Belita was opening an ice show in Washington when it happened again. The place was jammed to the seams. The spotlight flooded the crystal rink. Belita glided out swiftly, lightly, hardly touching the ice at all; cutting smoothly into the center of the rink; stopping sharply, so lithe and cool and poised that, watching her, you had to marvel. It was her night! You could tell it by the stillness of the place . . . and then by the terrific applause. Belita arched her body for another long, slow sweep. And then it happened! The scraping of skates in the ice . . . the thud . . . and suddenly, her fanny where her head should have been and her face where her feet should have been . . . and, Lord in heaven, where *were* her feet?

That's how you get to be a skater and probably an actress, too. And, *holy cow,* isn't it awful?

New-type ink protects pens against breakdowns !

Solv-x in Parker Quink safeguards metal and rubber . . . helps keep pens out of the repair shop!

Here is the writing fluid that proves most pen failures can be avoided. For remarkable Parker Quink contains *solv-x* that protects all makes of pens in 4 ways:

1. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.

2. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.

3. Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.

4. Cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.

Only Parker Quink contains *solv-x* yet Quink actually costs no more than ordinary, high-acid inks. So empty your pen today and fill it with famous Parker Quink. Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying . . . you'll find Quink is ideal for steel pens, too. Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

* * *

"MICRO-FILM BLACK", the all-purpose black ink. *Writes black, stays black. Ideal for V-Mail; photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size 25¢. Other sizes 15¢ and up.*

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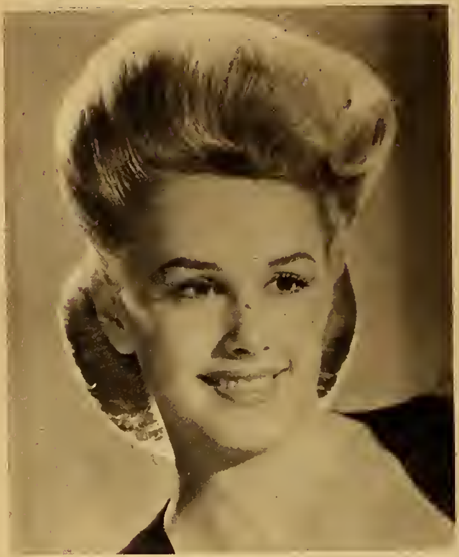
MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

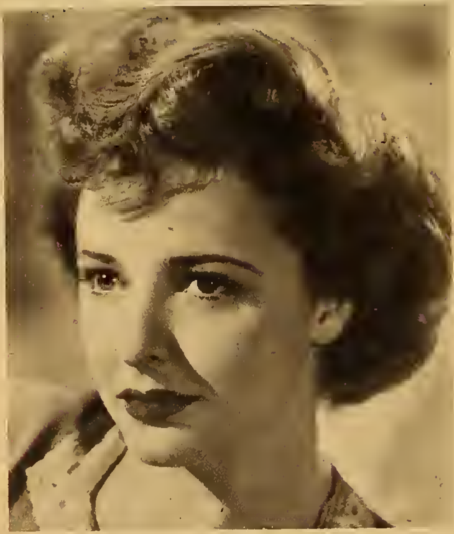
PARKER Quink the only ink containing solv-x

HE NOTICES YOUR HAIR

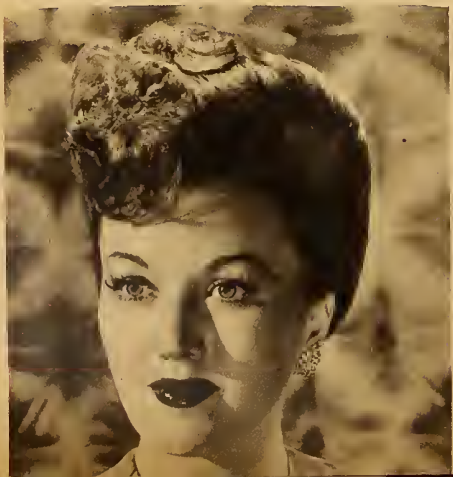
Blonde Bonnie Edwards favors a zooming pomp.



Laraine Day wears her hair short and curly.



Pert Ginny Simms wears her hair high and neat.



If you want the man in your life to be pleased with your coif, follow these Hollywood hints for coif styling!

■ That all-important *he* notices how your tresses look . . . so, ask you, how to design a fetching top-knot? Well, you've come to the right place, 'cause we know. We've been speaking to Nancy Walker, that female Rooney, about the curls and ringlets of Ginny Simms and Bonnie Edwards, her co-stars of "Broadway Rhythm" and, too, we've been chatting with Laraine Day (nice chatting). She has some bright ideas for your ringlets.

■ Here's the sum of all this talk about tresses. We'll assume for the moment that your hair is in condition, that you've been quite fussy about shampoos and that you brush said hair every day . . . you can learn ways and means of hair care by consulting "Curl-Cues from Vera" on p. 68. Still, the way you arrange your locks, leaves something to be desired. Instead of putting up with them as is, check on your hairdressing skill.

■ First, check on your equipment. The kind of comb frequently used in Hollywood studios (half teeth and half handle to grab on'ter) may suit you better than the usual straight comb. The weensy, cheap number you carry in your purse for hasty regrooming is not sufficient for full-time use. Get an efficient one. Then there are the small combs for holding coifs in place. Get good ones if you want them to stay put. There are those with teeth that poosh apart as you set the comb in, and then spring back together again. They're fine.

■ Try using plastic curlers. Try rolling wool over a curler and then rolling your hair over the two. A girl that Laraine Day knows whose hair is fine as silk and so unmanageable, does her curls up at the back in small strands, very flat and without dampening the hair at all. She secures each flat curl with two bobbie pins and then she sprays the whole thing with a little wave setting lotion which she keeps in an old perfume atomizer. That's a hint for the girl with hair like a baby's to whom the word "curl" is a red flag.

■ Don't overlook the male viewpoint, we repeat. Most men are taller than you, but how much thought do you give to the picture of the top of your head? Not enough, we'll bet! Hair parts are pretty when neat and sharply defined . . . but a menace if crooked and straggly. Be sure that yours travels in a straight line and that it's scrupulously clean (cotton wound on an orange stick and moistened with hair tonic will attend to that). To complete the pleasant scene for your he-man, see that the hair on your crown lies smooth and untangled.

■ Only last week one male, with an air of speaking for his entire sex, asked us, "Why don't you tell girls about the backs of

By Carol Carter

their heads?" Far be it from us to disregard the masculine opinion on beauty, so we're passing this on to you. If you're not sure that every little strand is at its well-groomed best, why not make a spring resolution to use a hand mirror every day? And this habit will suggest brushing and using brilliantine, lacquer, pins and all those other gadgets which make your back locks live up to those that frame your pretty face.

Now that you're all convinced of the need of a new male and male-pleasing hair-do, which will it be? We'll admit right off that we can't tell you in detail (though our Super Coupon chart, "How to Have Beautiful Hair," can). But what Aunty Carter can do right now is give you general rules to follow for your particular type that we filched from Hollywood, city of magic lanterns . . . and smart hair-do's.

Choose your hair style, suggests Ginny Simms, in front of a full-view mirror. If you're tall and slender, don't make yourself into a bean pole with a pompadour set on top of your head. If you're small, don't cut your height by hair flat on top and fluffed out at the sides. Add several inches to your five-feet-or-so by piling your hair high and by holding your head like a swan.

If you have a practically oval face with even features, you can take liberties that less-flawless mortals have no right to consider. You can wear your hair up, down or sidewise and still look like an angel . . . though you're really smartest if you stick to smooth, clear, classical coifs that frame your Lamarr-like face and do not distract attention from it.

On the other hand (or should we say head?) if your face has irregularities—which, by the by, can be made just as endearing as the handsomest features ever molded—then you can have the fun of adapting your coif to tone down your bad (*Continued on page 102*)

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT! PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM...
PUT FRESH, THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM, UNDER THIS ARM! SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION-PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!

Use FRESH *and stay fresher!*

• See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly — vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

Pert Vera Hruba Ralston is in "Lady and the Monster."

CURL-CUES FROM VERA

By Carol Carter

Vera helps her pomp shine with brilliantine.

A hundred brush strokes a night is a must.

A beauteous blonde with brains! What charm, what loveliness! What an assignment! We stumbled from lunch at the Stork Club muttering pretty compliments all about Vera Hruba Ralston. At 22, Vera's life has been a series of adventures starting with an escape from Czechoslovakia and culminating in a starring role in Republic's "Lady and the Monster." Why that gal has already received three thousand proposals by mail. Gol-ly!

Vera skated plunk . . . right through the golden door of Hollywood. From the Ice-Capades to stardom in one easy, icy pirouette. A gal on blades, with bright spotlights shining on her, has to learn to outglisten the ice, La Ralston noted. "I learned to shine from my head to the tips of my figure skates. And the shining hair business I learned, I've remembered."

TO THE CLEANERS. "The essence of a beautiful topknot," Vera confided, "can almost be summed up in three words: spanking clean hair." You just can't do justice to any glamorous hair-do unless that hair is immaculate. Vera, like other movie folk, goes through the shampoo routine almost every night when she's emoting under hot camera lights. Her normal, not-working beauty routine includes a shampoo every eighth day. First she brushes her hair, but thoroughly, bending from the waist. This combination brushing and bending loosens dandruff, stimulates the scalp and keeps her waistline down to minute proportions. She dunks her head in warm water; pours over a bit of her favorite shampoo and vigorously rubs it up to a sudsy lather. (*Continued on page 111*)

"8 out of 10" know a secret—do you?

Keeping at it with a smile—whether it's school work or war work—is a "must" these days. And millions of women have found one sure help—safer Modess! "*Extra protection under the strain of long hours!*" *writes Miss M.C., school teacher.* The triple, full-length safety shield at the back of every Modess napkin assures *full-way* protection—not just part-way, as in some napkins.

Gardening, extra housework, volunteer jobs—no matter what you're doing, you want to be completely at ease—and Modess is the answer! As Miss N.G.F., points out: "*I wear slacks on my job; and with Modess' famous fit I'm completely protected but never betrayed!*" Gently, unobtrusively, downy-soft Modess moulds itself to fit *you*. No hard tab ends. No embarrassing outlines.

Discover the Difference! Switch to

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS

Modess Regular is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **Modess Junior** is for those who prefer a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent, napkin. In boxes of 12.

From Maine to California, women write frank, intimate letters—telling why they switched to Modess: "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!" say 8 out of 10!

Something's really going on when so many women write—of their own free will—on such a personal matter.

Recently, 10,086 women in virtually every kind of job (school girls and mothers, too) told *why* they're glad they switched to Modess. And when their letters were tabulated, just look . . .

8 out of 10 gave as their reasons Modess' wonderful softness, its comfort, or its dependable protection.

Doesn't that put a bee in *your* bonnet? These women had been users of just about every other type and brand of sanitary napkin—yet they liked Modess better! Doesn't it make you wonder if *you're* getting all the comfort and protection you *could be getting?*

Revel in the difference! Get softer, safer Modess today—it doesn't cost a penny more!

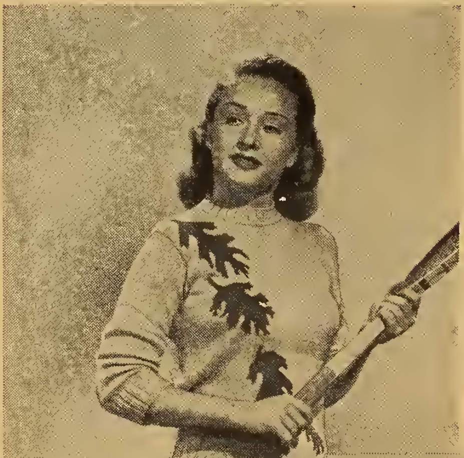
Off-duty hours are scarce, but even when you're having fun you appreciate the extra comfort of softer Modess! You see, Modess is made with a special softspun filler—totally different from close-packed, layer-type pads. Thousands of women echo the opinion of Miss A.I.B. who says: "*I never dreamed a napkin could be so wonderfully soft!*"

FREE Send today for lively, picture-packed booklet—"Growing Up and Liking It!". . . Tells more about the "why" of menstruation than any booklet of this kind ever published. Shows any girl from 11 to 18 how to wear a bigger smile! For mothers, daughters, teachers. Simply mail name and address *today* to Martha Steele, Box 344, Milltown, New Jersey.

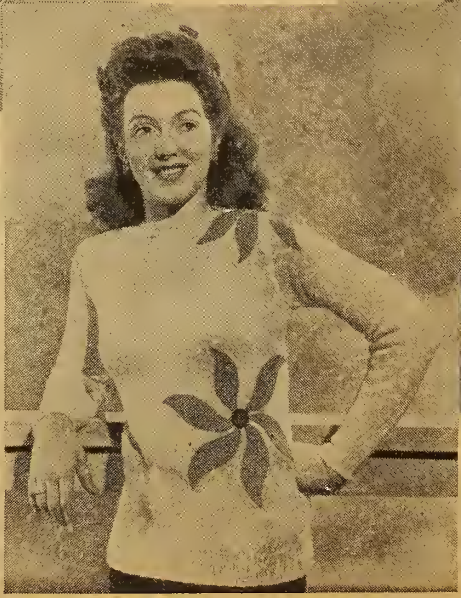
"SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD" FASHIONS

You start with an old dress or a starkly plain one and add a flower cluster to the neckline. Or a cascade of leaves down the bodice. It's terrific . . . and sew-easy. These felt appliques by Ruzak come cut-out and with complete instructions. If you can thread a needle, you can't go far wrong. There are handfuls of sprightly ideas in the booklet by Ruzak offered on pg. 72. (Better get that coupon in the mail today.) Ideas like half-hats freighted with daisies, a sudden shower of confetti on a black sweater, a belt of, say, shocking pink encrusted with flowers and a choker to match.

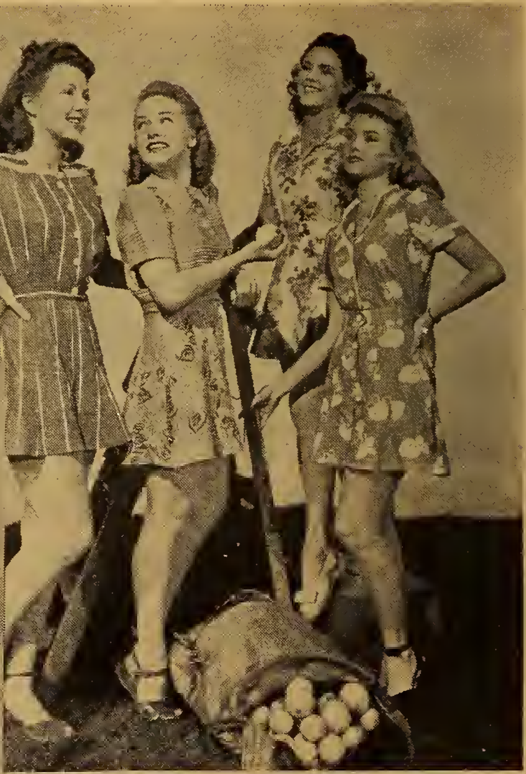
Designers of Freshy Playclothes sailed into problem of playtags for "Song of the Open Road." Came up with exclusive collection for Bun Granville and starlets. Film stars Bonita, with hi-jinks by Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, W. C. Fields, Sammy Kaye and orchestra.



Between takes of "Song of the Open Road," Bonita Granville tacked leaf appliqué by Ruzak on classic slip-on sweater.



Peggy O'Neil, one of the "Road" kids, planted gigantic sun-flowers by Ruzak on sweater. Also stitched felt braid on gloves to tie in color of pet date dress. More strategy in flowers sewn on bag or caping tiny sleeves of sleek black basic dress. Leading chain and department stores throughout country are spotlighting all of these "Redy-Cut" appliqués for Spring.



Goldman Co., makers of Freshy Playclothes, have concentrated on Sanforized cotton, rayon cotton, chintz. Leading department stores throughout country have reported original rickrack print to left a "natural."

Fun filled clothes for your sun-filled hours. Gay, becoming and tailored for figure flattery. Shown here is "Peggy" named for pretty starlet, Peggy O'Neil, who poses in it. Of fine Sanforized cotton in an exclusive Ameritex ric rac print. Red or aviation blue in sizes 10 to 18. About 6.50 at better stores everywhere. All the lovely starlets in "The Song of the Open Road" wear Freshy Playclothes designed and made by the Goldman Co., 1410 Broadway, New York.

Charles R. Rogers presents

"The Song of the Open Road"

released through United Artists

featuring Peggy O'Neil.

TERRIFIC TRIO

(*Continued from page 37*)

glinting, promptly sat beside Granny and worked out a division of labor to create a wonderful duet.

Currently, Lon has two favorite songs, "Easy To Love" by Cole Porter, and a nostalgic song called "I'll Be Seeing You." He and his two buddies, Bill Eythe and Ray Sperry, devoted several weeks of intensive research to finding a recording of the song. At last they found a band record made by Henry King, a vocal on another disc by Tony Martin and Frances Langford, and a third recording made by the brilliant Hildegarde, something about "I'll Be Looking at The Moon but I'll Be Seeing You."

The Terrific Triumvirate memorized the words and melody, tried a little close harmony and found the result good. The instant they set foot in the McCallister house, they played the recordings and commented anew on the perfection of each.

In the midst of this jubilation over a swoony song, Lon received those celebrated "greetings." He was to be inducted, the little draft board said, late in February.

Granny, on hearing the news, went on stirring up a cake. For a long time she made no comment. Finally, as if it summed up all the clutching things having to do with her heart, she said, "I'll be looking at the moon, but I'll be seeing you." And then, after an interval of quiet, she added, "I'll never be able to look at the moon until Lon comes home when the war is over."

Lon's mother, whom he called—as a very small boy—"doll-mother," was even more terse and to the point. "When you leave," she announced with carefully controlled accents, "I think I'll break that record."

That first day was the bad one. After each of the women in Lon's life had allowed herself one emotional comment, they steadied down to a more humorous view of the situation. But the menus, oddly enough, began to consist entirely of Lon's favorite dishes. There was as much ground round steak as the McCallister points would permit—always with plenty of catsup poured over both steak and bun. Night after night the table boasted a big casserole of potatoes au gratin, and there was no sparing of cheese. Granny labored mightily in front of the oven, producing regiments of lemon pies—on one occasion Bill, Lon and Ray finished off three pies at a sitting. And when Granny wasn't making lemon pies, she was whipping up a three-storey chocolate cake veneered with yummy white icing. "You," accused Bill Eythe, poking his buddy's ribs, "are getting positively fat."

weighty problems . . .

"When they remake 'The Invisible Man', they won't exactly scream for you," observed Mr. McCallister.

To compensate for Granny's luscious cooking, The Terrific Triumvirate ambled down to Chinatown one night each week for a Chinese dinner. Whereas chicken chow mein, almond duck, fried shrimps and egg foo young are filling and delicious and crammed with vitality-producing elements, they have a very low caloric value.

One night shortly before Lon was inducted, Ray had a date, so Bill Eythe and Lon went out to dinner in duo instead of the usual triplicate. Offhandedly, Bill produced a small box. "Here's something to remember me by," he said. "Aw, nuts, don't look at me like that—this isn't anything much. It'll turn green in ten days unless you paint it with your mother's fingernail polish."

The box contained a friendship ring—a wide gold, very masculine band. "I'll wish it on," Bill said gruffly as he pushed it into place on Lon's finger. "Don't take it off until you get to your basic training camp. And—er—when you take it off, well *then* you can read the inscription on the inside."

Lon looked hard at the handsome ring. Then he shook hands with Bill. "Gosh, the things you do find in dime stores," he kidded, but there was no kidding and no superficiality in the long, steady look he exchanged with the man who has been his fellow-dramatic struggler and fellow prankster for many precious years.

Between them it wasn't necessary to talk about the things in both minds: Bill would like to be going off to camp with Lon; he would like to make Lon's try for the Air Corps, but he has two punctured eardrums, so has been classified 4F. On the other hand—and there is no derogatory shading in the comment because it is the habit of American men to give up reluctantly their hard-won toeholds in any business when faced with war, but to give every ounce of determination and devotion to the task at hand when fighting is necessary—Lon

Bonita Granville appearing in SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD. A Charles R. Rogers Production. Released thru United Artists.

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RATE RAVES FROM MOVIE STARS!

You'll love 'em too — these ready-cut-out, ready-to-sew-on appliques. Of colorful felt in divine designs . . . flowers, fruits, animals.

Such easy fun — to glamorize your pet sweaters with these cute, colorful appliques. See how they "cheer up" your dresses, jumpers, suits, and accessories too!

Get Redy-Cut Appliques at your favorite store—get yourself some glamour . . . at a tiny price.

Peggy O'Neill and Pat Starling, seen in "Song of the Open Road," a Charles R. Rogers Production, released thru United Artists.

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has just begun to catch on in pictures. He and Bill had talked about working in a picture together at some time. To give up such dreams and the first small aura of success is not easy, either.

curator of goose flesh . . .

Incidentally, Lon returned from location in Kentucky only a week before he was inducted. He had been East with a company making "Home in Indiana." (Don't be perplexed by a motion picture about Indiana being shot in Kentucky—it's the picture business.) While there, the cast rolled out into the frigid dawn without benefit of hot shower or steaming coffee. And, because the scenes being shot during many of the sequences were presumed to have occurred during summer months, the boys were working in slacks and sneakers, their upper torsos bravely bare. To commemorate this rugged situation, Lon and Hal Roach, Jr., formed "The Brave New World Athletic Club." Lon was made Curator of Goose Flesh, and Hal was Vice President in Charge of Frost Bite. Had there been sufficient snow at Lake Arrowhead or Big Bear, nearby mountain settlements, Lon intended to initiate Ray Sperry and Bill in this quaking organization before he left, but the weather was uncooperative—too warm for shivering ceremonial rites.

Lake Arrowhead has been the scene of a great many McCallister-Sperry-Eythe conclaves. The lake is large and deep enough to allow a great display of seamanship, and the trio are thataway about boats of all kinds. Last summer, Ray Sperry and Lon were maneuvering a dinghy against a stiff breeze; a dinghy, as any sailor will assure you, is a craft as unreliable of balance as a tipsy tightrope walker. Suddenly it tossed its sail like a mettlesome horse, and rolled over; Lon, who is a competent swimmer, fell to one side and Ray, who can't swim at all, dived into the blue on the other. He bobbed to the surface and clung to the bottom of the boat.

There was only one other boat on the lake that day, so Lon yelled at Ray to hang on, and he struck out like mad for the other craft. He is still a little exasperated at this burst of heroics, because he decided on sober second thought—three days later—that it would have been more efficient to have crawled up beside Ray and joined voices in an attracting war whoop.

Although Lon has won no medals for lifesaving, he does cherish three trophies won in school. One season he was the anchor man on their relay race which placed first in the interscholastic track meet. Each member of the team received a ribbon. He also won his basketball letter, and once won third ribbon for exhibition riding. Know how you win ribbons for such equestrianship? Well, you have to know your Dobbin so well that you can induce from him the three conventional gaits (walk, trot and canter) at hand signals. If he happens to be what is described as a High School horse, the rider must also be able to secure a pace and a rack (which is also called a single-foot) on signal. In case Lon had not been interested in the Air Corps, he would have made an excellent cavalry officer.

Aside from his family, his two pals and water jeeps, Lon's chief enthusiasm is his Great Dane dog, McDanois. Mac is a fragile creature of 153 pounds with a bark like the detonation of a 90 millimeter gun, and the soft soul of a Siamese kitten. He is now nearly four years old. His predecessor in Lon's affection was Pat, a Boston Bull whom Lon owned and operated as a pet for 15 years. Lon can't remember a time when Pat wasn't part of his life.

He was on the set of "Home in Indiana" when his mother telephoned Lon to say that Pat had died. "Thanks for calling

CAROLE LANDIS IN "FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP," A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION

A Love Match in Carole Landis' Hands

Such smooth feminine hands easily win a love match. You can prove it for yourself.

Just use Jergens Lotion regularly. And your hands benefit from 2 ingredients that are specially suited to help coarsened skin to the "youth look", the softness that holds hearts; in fact, many doctors prescribe them.

"Like professional care for my hands", you'll realize using Jergens Lotion. Sticky? Never! Simple and easy. 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle. Only—be sure and use this famous Jergens Lotion.

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Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
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6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

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CRAMPS—Midol contains an *exclusive* ingredient to relax muscles, relieve the typical spasmodic pain.

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QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(*Continued from page 24*)

1. Marine sharpshooter
2. Trademark: cane and derby
3. Old acquaintance
4. Ghoulish-looking
5. Ladylike and lovely
6. All-around musician
7. Young Man with a Horn
8. Time out for Broadway
9. Droopy-eared
10. Old cowhand
11. Mrs. Marty Arrouge
12. Dear to Desi
13. Rumba king
14. Gypsy's sister
15. Dusky pianist
16. Arrived in "Our Town"
17. Pint-sized bad man
18. Dancing fool
19. High, wide and handsome
20. Partnered Leslie

(*Answers on page 113*)

me," Lon managed to say. He thought he was going to be able to control himself, but the realization of his loss was too much. Before the rest of the cast and the crew, Lon broke down and cried.

The director patted his shoulder and said he knew how it was, but would Lon mind standing in the scene just long enough to get the lights adjusted? Lon shook his head and took his place. There he stood facing the lights and camera and trying to get hold of himself. He didn't know until several days later that the canny director had taken advantage of the moment by shooting the one scene in the picture which required a great show of emotion on Lon's part. When you see the picture, watch for that sequence and remember that it was genuine sorrow that prompted the tears, not over the picture situation, but over the lost life of a lovable Boston Bull.

On Lon's upper lip are two fine lines no more than pencil mark scars. Both mementos were secured in the same way, although several years apart. When Lon was still a pantywaist he was holding Pat on his lap one day, blowing softly in her face. Abruptly, Pat leaped forward and fastened on Lon's upper lip, inflicting a cut as neatly delicate as a surgeon could have done. Mrs. McCallister phoned for a doctor, crying and insisting that Lon would have a hair lip. The doctor, a competent needleman, inserted a few stitches and said the laceration would leave only a hair line. He was right.

double rip . . .

Time passed and the scion of the McCallisters acquired Mac, the Great Dane. Mac was a humorous puppy who rolled and laughed when teased. One day Lon was holding the playful Mac in his arms and blowing softly upon his nose. Return to the paragraph above and reread.

"Gosh, I should think you would have learned," observed Ray Sperry upon learning these details.

With great dignity Lon responded, "I never make the same mistake *three* times, bub."

As one might expect, Lon's favorite comic strip is "Napoleon and Uncle Elby." Next comes "Barnaby" which is published locally in the "Hollywood Citizen-News"; the McCallisters subscribe to this paper principally because Lon considers that day lost on which he hasn't carefully checked the doings of Barnaby, a precocious kindergarten undergraduate who has a fabulous fairy godfather wearing a derby, topcoat and wings that any aeronautical expert will insist are too short to levitate his fuselage. However, the fairy godfather does fly. And disappear. And materialize certain animals such as a talking dog. It's all very quaint and wonderful and very, very McCallister.

After having read "Napoleon" and "Barnaby," Lon turns to "Blondie" (he thinks Dagwood one of civilization's great contributors because of the well-known sandwich), then reads "Terry and The Pirates." Then he turns to the front page and studies the world headlines. After that the sports pages and the ads.

Although Lon, in anticipation of a khaki wardrobe, has bought no new clothes for eight months, he would be a handy man with a hundred hangers if the situation warranted. He goes for shaggy tweeds, plaid shirts and argyle sox. Any tie with a design smaller than a goose egg would be considered primly Bostonian in the McCallister press. His favorite basic color for accessories is dubonnet.

Lon's mother busied herself for months, knitting a colorful sox assortment for her Technicolor-footed son; then she had to give up the painter's pallet yarn and convert to khaki. "There's one thing about it, Doll-mother," Lon grinned, returning for the occasion to his junior title for her, "when I make one of those celebrated 25-mile marches without blisters, your sox are going to become famous."

In times past, the Terrific Triumvirate have frequently dated one girl simultaneously. It has been Marjorie Riordan, who had a part in "Song of Bernadette," or Nancy Walker, who is under contract to M-G-M, or Jean Crane, under contract to 20th Century-Fox. The dates have consisted of beach parties or dancing at Lon's or a movie terminated at a drive-in by a Pepsi and a sandwich.

glowing dream girl . . .

Of the current crop of Hollywood dream men (Alan Ladd, Ronald Reagan, Sonny Tufts, Barry Sullivan, Donald O'Connor, James Craig, Jean Pierre Aumont, Glenn Ford, Tyrone Power and Clark Gable), only Captain Gable and Lon McCallister are singletons.

Lon has never been in love, but he has his dream-girl ideal, to wit: She should be petite, between 4' 10" and 5' 2". He doesn't care whether she's blonde, brunette or redhead, as it isn't coloring but personality that seems important to Lon. She should be sincere and natural. She should be a brain but not show-offish about it. She shouldn't be infallible; she shouldn't know it all. Her mistakes and her occasional reliance upon Lon's judgment would only endear her to him. But most of all she should have a certain inner glow, something shining and colorful—as if she had swallowed an Arizona sunset.

If you wonder what kind of a soldier Lon will make, hang on because comes now a chronicle of his first G.I. experience. The day he was sworn in and told to report one week later, he was sent up to the fourth floor of the building and ordered to scrub the floor. He set to work, giving the planks a water massage to restore that forest complexion.

One of the WAC's, around whose feet the scrubbing was being done, recognized Lon. "Weren't you in 'Stage Door Canteen'?" she wanted to know.

Lon said yes.

"What are you going to do in the Army?" she pursued.

"As soon as I'm an initiated G.I.," Lon said firmly, "I'm going to visit the nearest Canteen, either Hollywood or Stage Door, and find out how it really feels to be on the inside looking out, instead of being an outsider trying to get a look in."

On this and other activities of Pvt. McCallister, you may expect exciting reports.

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HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

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There's no need to ration yourself ...on LOVELINESS. Choose the glorious Tangee shade that suits you best . . . Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural ...And be sure to wear it together with its matching rouge...and your own right shade of the new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder.

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with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE *Face Powder*
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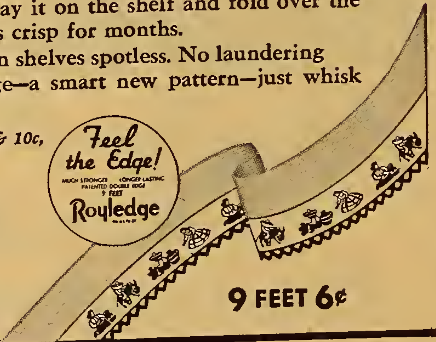
Royledge makes it easy to keep kitchen shelves spotless. No laundering—no ironing. When you want a change—a smart new pattern—just whisk off the old and put on the new.

The cost is trifling—6c buys 9 full feet at any 5c & 10c, neighborhood or department store.



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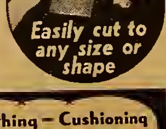


Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX Soothing – Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

THE MAN IN DEANNA'S LIFE

(*Continued from page 51*)

plugging in her own inimitable way.

Deanna and Dickie share one additional secret: Dickie may be, according to years, a mere youngster, but in mind he is a little old man. He is a little old man because he has a bushy white mustache! This fantastic fact is the result of Deanna's puckish sense of humor. After Dickie has drunk a glass of milk, Deanna always lifts him up to a mirror where he can see the milk-foam line on his upper lip.

The first time he saw a picture of Santa Claus, he shook his head as Deanna does when she disapproves of some action of his. "You've been careless with your milk," he told Santa Claus.

Dickie takes up a great deal of Deanna's leisure time, of course, and his kid sister (born October 20) is another hour-user-upper. Deanna's third hobby is the Hollywood Canteen.

No matter how weary she is, she always manages to appear every Tuesday night. One evening she arrived in an exhausted condition and made her way to the table at which she is hostess. There was a lone sailor seated there. Everyone else was dancing or assaulting the snack bar or kibitzing the orchestra. Deanna looked at him and smiled. Then she tried to think of something constructive to say. She asked where his home was, and whether he had ever been in Hollywood before.

Apparently the seaman sensed her effort because he grinned at her suddenly and said, "You don't have to talk to me, Miss Durbin. I'm happy just to be sitting here looking at you."

So, in comradely silence, they sat together, watching other couples dance and afterward listening to the hour-long show put on by other motion picture celebrities. The next day, in telling friends about it, Deanna said, "Isn't that a reversal for you? I was supposed to be entertaining him, yet the way it worked out, he was really helping me to relax. It was just as cosy and comfortable as sitting in front of the fireplace with someone you know so well that you don't have to say a thing."

mail call . . .

On another occasion she spent a hectic evening giving autographs. Every time she looked up, there were five more notebooks or hats or belts or letter-backs to be signed. She worked and she worked until midnight, then—a fugitive from writer's cramp—she hurried home and went to sleep.

The following morning she was on the set when a telephone call came in from her cousin, a seaman in the Navy. "If you aren't surrounded by G.I.'s" he said, "I certainly would like to see you. I visited the canteen last night, but it was too much for me—I couldn't get through the mob surrounding you. I decided to announce myself when you would have time to look me in the eye instead of the fountain pen."

A good deal of Deanna's mail is now from earnest G.I.'s. She recently received notice from a parachute battalion in Italy that she had been voted the girl with whom they would most like to make a double jump.

In a later mail delivery she had a letter from a chap in a post in the South Pacific. He explained that he and a group of his buddies had been yarning one night about the activities of stars who made Army camp tours. From that topic, the conversation moved on to the general subject of the attitude of famous persons toward the general public or the private soldier. "Most of those dames wouldn't even give a guy a nickel bag of peanuts," summed up one disillusioned pfc.

A second soldier begged to differ. He said he would wager a fancy sum in the coin of the realm that Deanna Durbin WOULD send him a nickel bag of peanuts. He had a flock of takers in less time than it takes a pair of ivory conga cubes to wipe out a pay day.

So he wrote to Deanna, using pencil and paper and a slight flavoring of fox-hole mud. She promptly sent him a five cent bag of peanuts so that the terms of his bet would be fulfilled. Then she had a king-size carton of peanuts forwarded for the benefit of the soldier and the entire enrollment of his platoon.

The long arm of coincidence reached out to bless one of Deanna's canteen friendships recently. Some months ago she had spent an evening dancing with and talking to a personable Marine. He had been interested before induction in little theater groups, and so was able to discuss plays and pictures with wit and understanding. He knew at the time that he was on his way overseas, so—in the months that followed—Deanna thought of him occasionally and wafted a wish heavenward for his well being.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A few weeks ago my buddy and I were strolling gloomily down Hollywood Blvd. . . . feeling pretty lonesome. Everybody but us seemed to be having such a good time. At a red traffic signal a big car pulled up along side of us with Eddie Cantor at the wheel.

Without thinking I waved and said, "Hi, Eddie." He grinned and motioned to us, "Come on, boys, get in." We were driven to a drive-in where the three of us had a coke and a long chat. Eddie was so congenial and interested in us, we forgot we were friendless in a busy town. When he left us, my buddy turned to me and said, "Boy, there goes a white guy!"

Corp. Darrell Roberts,
Arcadia, Cal.

fortunes of war . .. .

Recently she received a friendly note from him saying that he had been honorably discharged after his overseas experiences and that he had been signed to a long term contract by RKO. His name is Chris Drake, and Deanna—pondering the intricacy of human affairs—has observed that it would be a neat summing up of things if she and Chris could one day work in a picture together.

In other ways Deanna's life and her work are touched by the war. Recently she received a letter from a girl who had been engaged to be married to an Air Corps pilot. They had set their wedding day, but he received orders which moved him abruptly out of the country before the nuptial arrangements could be completed. His subsequent letters indicated that he was in England and that he was participating in the heavy raids over Germany.

On the very day upon which the girl had planned to be a bride, she received the heartbreaking telegram from the War Department telling her that her fiancé had been killed in action. The shock was so great that the girl went into a mental state describable only as emotional coma. She couldn't cry, she couldn't think, she seemed to be completely cut off from life.

See Bonita Granville in "SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD"
A Charles R. Rogers Production for United Artists

"Royal Crown Cola's Really grand! It tastes best— My favorite brand!"

says

BONITA GRANVILLE

"I'd like to tell you about the famous cola taste-test I took recently," says Bonita. "I tried leading colas in paper cups and picked the one that tasted best. My choice was Royal Crown Cola. So you can see why Royal Crown Cola is my favorite 'quick-up'!"

ROYAL CROWN COLA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Best by Taste-Test!

BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

Beech-Nut BEECHIES . . . candy-coated gum in three delicious varieties . . . Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin . . . bring you today the same fine quality and delightful flavor for which "Beech-Nut" has been famous for many years.

BEECHIES are made by the makers of popular BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM . . . and BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT GUM in stick form.

BEECH-NUT BRAND

She had to give up her job. She felt that she had lost all contact with the world forever.

One night she and a friend went to see "Hers To Hold." During the scene in which one of Deanna's fellow workers in an aircraft plant learns of her husband's death overseas, the girl suddenly burst into frenzied tears. She wept so tragically that she had to leave the movie, of course, but afterward she seemed to be able to reason with herself. She went back to work, crushed and wretched of course, but still able somehow to carry on. She had written to thank Deanna for having made the picture.

Deanna's next picture, by the way, is "Christmas Holiday," a film version of the distinguished book by Somerset Maugham. It was a Maugham vehicle, "Of Human Bondage," that launched Bette Davis as a dramatic actress, and the same may be true of Deanna.

Heretofore, Deanna's screen parts have held a close likeness to her own personality development. She has been sweet, wholesome, blossoming. In "Christmas Holiday" she has her first opportunity to portray a difficult role, totally foreign to her own character. The casting of the picture was an aspirin special at the studio. A good deal of thought was given to the change in Deanna's screen career. Would she be able to get her teeth into the part and extract the juice from it? Would the far-flung and highly voluble Durbin fans approve?

Deanna, who is as bright as Babson beneath that sugar-coated exterior, gave the entire problem a good deal of personal skull scrimmage. She read the book carefully, re-reading those passages dealing with the character and behavior of the girl she was to portray. Then, when the shooting script came through, she decided that she was a big girl now, and there was no reason for her to forego the dramatic challenge of "Christmas Holiday."

When she is working, Deanna sets the alarm for 5:45 A.M. She awakens instantly to that clarion voice, shuts it off, closes the window and turns on the heat. Then she snuggles back into the dream sack for another 15 minutes. That means that she has to be a small tornado of speed when she does arise formally and officially, because breakfast is ready at 6:30—too early an hour for anyone to be able to look a bowl of cereal in the face without cringing. She forces herself to eat something because noon is a long way down a corridor of busy hours, and her appetite, unless appeased in the morning, begins to kick up about 10:30.

From breakfast, she makes a beeline for the studio. While she is working in a picture, she has her hair shampooed twice a week, but it has to be set *every* morning. When she isn't working, a shampoo and wave once a week are sufficient.

She reports to the set in costume and make-up at 9. After luncheon each day she takes a 30-minute vocal lesson. Between takes, while the lights or camera are being adjusted, Deanna knits in her dressing room. She is now champion purler of the bobby sox brigade, having made several non-dropped-stitch pairs for herself.

extra curricular activities . . .

She tried, some time ago, to read between takes, but she found that she became so interested in the dialogue and the situations in the book that when she returned to her own cinematic troubles they didn't seem half so vivid or interesting as the fictional fiascos she had just put aside.

Deanna occasionally brings recordings to the studio and plays them. This happens only between the time she completes production on her left sock and casts on stitches for the right.

At six, when shooting for the day is usually finished, Deanna sometimes rushes over to her sister's home for dinner without stopping to remove the make-up. Dickie has been known to be found—after a vociferous kiss—wearing almost as much grease paint as Aunty May Pole.

On other evenings, Deanna meets Anne Shirley—who lives just across the street from Deanna—and they have dinner together. If the points are plentiful they eat at home; if the paper shortage has caught them with no reds, they eat out.

Highlights in the Durbin experience at present are such social functions as the birthday party that was given for her on the set. Every year the studio presents her with a birthday cake, the proportions of which have expanded as Deanna herself has grown up. This year, because Deanna is now a senior citizen of 22, the local bakers did themselves proud. The skyscraper cake that was wheeled onto the stage—where all work instantly ceased—looked like Hansel and Gretel's dream of a merry-go-round.

"Line up, everybody," Deanna called, arming herself with a long-bladed knife. She carved and she carved. At first the wedges she cut were three or four inches wide. After she had served several dozen members of the crew, Deanna glanced down in consternation along the queue still waiting for a slice of cake. The portions became smaller. And smaller.

Her last guest had to eat his share in a hurry or it would have been wafted away, as light as a feather on the breeze. Deanna didn't get so much as a crumb of the cake. She made up for the lack that night, however, when her sister served a chocolate cake sporting 22 candles.

fragile cargo . . .

The publicity department, which claims Deanna as its baby and woe to anyone who harms a hair of her dearly loved head, chipped in and bought her a treasure in the form of a Dresden figurine. Dan Thomas, head of the department, purchased it on behalf of his co-workers while he was in New York. He brought it back swathed in cotton, protected by paper shredding, and transported in a perfectly huge carton.

The figurine is approximately ten inches long and six inches high, a ceramic masterpiece in the form of a sofa on which are seated three exquisite ladies of fashion.

Deanna hasn't decided (1) exactly which nook in her house is to be graced by this beauty or (2) how to get it home without accident. She thinks now that she will persuade some very steady and reliable member of the department to nestle it fondly in his arms while she drives her car home.

And most assuredly she will wear her lucky jacket while on this short journey. The lucky jacket is a blue herringbone affair that Deanna wears over white blouse and blue slacks when she has to remove her picture wardrobe while she has luncheon in the commissary.

The jacket is currently distinguished by a wide daub of green paint that she annexed while her dressing room was being redecorated. Around the collar there is a slight but unmistakable stain of grease paint. But Deanna loves it with a great and unchanging devotion.

The lucky jacket is probably just a good-natured gesture of homage to the gods because anyone as genuinely sweet and talented as Deanna Durbin is going to spend years and years winning the worthwhile end of the wishbone

BING ON THE BEAM

(*Continued from page 47*)

he's made his family happy. He's tasted the glories of golf championships; he's tingled to the kick of seeing his own racing colors come pounding down the stretch. He's dabbled in the big business of sports promotion. He's made his millions, collected more honors than a dog has fleas. He's still the juke box king, radio rajah, box-office champ. But outside of possibly having his own kids, he has never had thrills like he's collecting these days—bringing tuneful joy to the hearts of Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors.

For instance, there are some colored doughboys in Arizona who don't rate Bing Crosby's efforts particularly pint-sized—and they don't know half the story, either, of how Bing came to brighten their weary barracks load, and what a scuffing around that night cost him after he left their camp.

Bing and his constant camp tour companions, song-writers Johnny Burke and Jimmy van Heusen, were waiting for a train in Phoenix, Arizona, after a big air training base show. As a passenger, Bing can take airplanes or leave them, and the gas shortage has made auto travel tough out West, so he used the cinder circuit while doing something for the boys.

Anyway, there were a couple of hours to fiddle around that afternoon in Phoenix, and Bing heard about this camp for colored soldiers, only a few miles away. So far, nobody from Hollywood or anywhere else had ever showed up to give them a show. "What're we sticking here for then?" asked Bing. He figured they could whiz over, sing a few numbers and get back in time for the West-bound rattler.

But when Bing showed up in the camp, he found it gathered round to a man in a little hollow waiting him, with big white smiles that just ate your heart right out like a watermelon. So, instead of crooning an hour he sang four hours until he couldn't squeeze another note out of his limp larynx and until the purple dusk was inky black, and all you could see on the hills were those white smiles.

But when Bing got back to Phoenix—no train! Some miracle had made it actually on time and so Bing and Johnny and Jimmy grabbed a taxi and chased it to the next stop—in time to sniff the departing dust. They careened in their car to the next, and finally at a third town, the flying cinders mocked them for keeps. It was midnight then and no more trains West. Bing and the boys trooped into a dinky, wooden station and parked on the rugged benches while the telegraph keys ticked away.

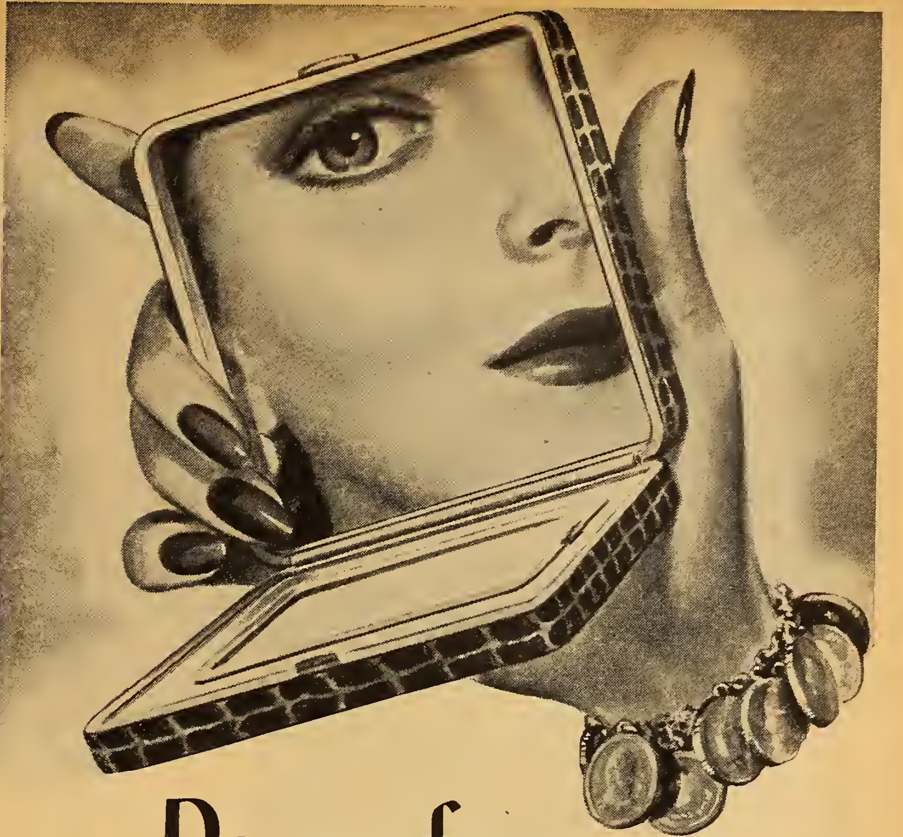
sittin' on a log . . .

And to top it all off, Bing cut a gash in his leg and a rip in his favorite pastel slacks (he got it tumbling from autos to chase trains). But he even got a kick out of the wound, the ripped trousers and the restless night. In fact, he tags it the highlight so far in his entertainment career.

There's not really anything to stop the presses in all of this—except that for years and years around Hollywood Mister Bing Crosby has been notoriously tagged as the laziest man in town.

But the Great Transformation took place not long after Pearl Harbor. First came the Hollywood Victory Caravan, and then when Bing was returning to Hollywood from a trip to Mexico, he docked at New Orleans, traveled through Louisiana and Texas on the way home and impulsively stopped off at the brand new Army stations dotting those states. Unannounced, Bing just dropped in on the boys and, of course,

(*Continued on page 82*)



Do you fear the "Compact Close-up" in the noon-day sun?

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SOFT light is fairy-kind to your skin . . . hiding all its faults . . . giving it dreamy, mystic softness. But lady, most of the time your skin has to face the hard revealing light of sunshine or electric glare. And this harsh light, as well you know, can make your skin look coarse, lined and oldish.

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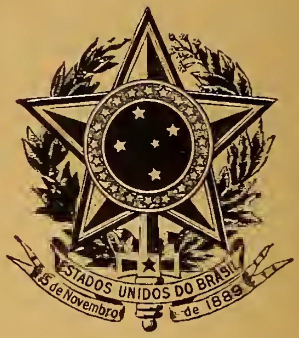
The twelfth in our series on THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES

"I taste eet, then I season eet!" says Carmen Miranda, famous samba specialist of screen and stage. She loves good food and favors dishes prepared at home in the Brazilian manner.

"Where did you get that hat?" It's an old native costume in Bahia, laughs Carmen, who introduced her version in Rio, then added more ornaments for a towering Hollywood success.



BRAZIL

The coat of arms of the Brazilian Republic, illustrated above, is outstandingly appropriate. Each ray of the five-pointed star is half-green, half-yellow—these being the national colors, chosen to symbolize the country's forests and its gold—with a spray of coffee on the left and one of tobacco on the right, representing two of its most important crops. Within the star is a double circle in blue; the outer circle containing twenty stars, one for each of the twenty States, the inner circle featuring the five stars of the Southern Cross. Across the handle of the vertical sword appear the words: "The United States of Brazil," while under this is the date of the establishment of this vast, rich republic.

■ Singing sensation of many a musical movie and currently starring with Don Ameche in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor film, "Greenwich Village," Carmen Miranda has been variously described in such colorful terms as *vivid, exotic, torrid* and even *barbaric!* But the description we favor, at this particular time, is "The Brazilian Bombshell." For it is as the vivacious representative of this imagination-stirring country that she appears here—to help us wind up our series on "The Foods of our Allies" in "The *Sous* American Way!"

Fortunately for us, and for this story, Miranda "luffs to eet!" Stated—in that rapid-fire way she has of talking—that "What's cookin'?" was one of the first American slang phrases she ever used, "maybe because I always hoped the answer it would really interest me!" Spoke of native Brazilian dishes with enthusiasm; mentioned by name the ones she likes best and—with the help of sister Aurora—gave us directions for making some of these Miranda favorites. Told us that in Brazil, as in so many South and Central American countries, rice is the outstanding food staple—always on the table at both lunch and dinner, "to eet it or not, as you choose." Mentioned beans, prepared in many an interesting fashion, as also rating high in popular esteem. So necessary, it seems, are rice and beans to all Brazilians that a native is said to "earn his *feijoa e arroz,*"—meaning beans and rice—instead of his "bread and butter!"

Our star also spoke of avocados, and explained they never appear in the form of a salad, but turn up instead in main course and dessert dishes. And, as was to be expected, since Brazil is the leading coffee producing country of the world, Carmen went on at length about this beverage which Brazilians—starting from childhood!—drink with a degree of enthusiasm perhaps unequalled anywhere else in the world. In fact, we learned, it is common for a Brazilian to consume from one to two dozen cups of coffee a day; in the morning as *cafe con leite* (coffee with milk) but, during the rest of the day, with sugar but without cream.

Coffee, to them, is not only the symbol of hospitality, but the necessary, the perfect accompaniment to all social and business discourse, whether it's a diplomatic or commercial call, a visit to a friend's house, or a stopover at one of the sidewalk cafés they love to frequent—where coffee is sipped at small, marble-topped tables in true continental style. No wonder, therefore, that although there are no special Brazilian decorations in Carmen Miranda's Beverly Hills home, to "set the scene" for her, there is always a filled coffee pot on the back of the stove; so that the family, and members of her *Banda Da Lua* (Band of the Moon) who wander in at odd hours, may always feel free to help themselves to any number of small cups of their favorite beverage.

And what of the Brazilian-style dishes we are featuring in this month's attractive little leaflet? Well, you'll find that they're the type that are "in season" the year around and will be welcome at your own dinner table. And our recipes for these food favorites of this South American good neighbor have been carefully tested and *double-checked* for accuracy.

For, not content with accepting one person's opinion on the subject of Brazilian foods—even though that person is a native of the country as well as a screen star—we went direct to the charming wife of Eurico Penteado, Financial Counselor of the Brazilian Embassy and representatives of Brazil on the Pan-American Coffee Bureau, UNRA, and other committees of international importance.

Senhora Filoca Penteado is a hostess famous in diplomatic circles, and among her friends, for the Brazilian specialties she herself knows how to prepare. We therefore consider ourselves fortunate indeed in having been able to go over with her the Miranda recipes we are offering you this month.

You'll find in the leaflet a recipe for *Picadinho*—Carmen's tasty version of hash, highlighted with further suggestions from Senhora Penteado. And *Feijoada,* a combination of *feijao preto* (black beans) and meat—several kinds of meat, it seems, and all of it either of the low-point or no-point variety. There's *Camaroesa Bahiana*—a colorful blend of pink shrimp and green okra—to be served with the inevitable rice, with directions for cooking the rice included. There's an avocado suggestion which we think perfect as a party main-dish. And finally there's Miranda's favorite, *Creme de Abacate*—avocado dessert "that ees out of thees world."

THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York 16, New York

Please send me—absolutely free—recipes for Carmen Miranda's Brazilian dishes.

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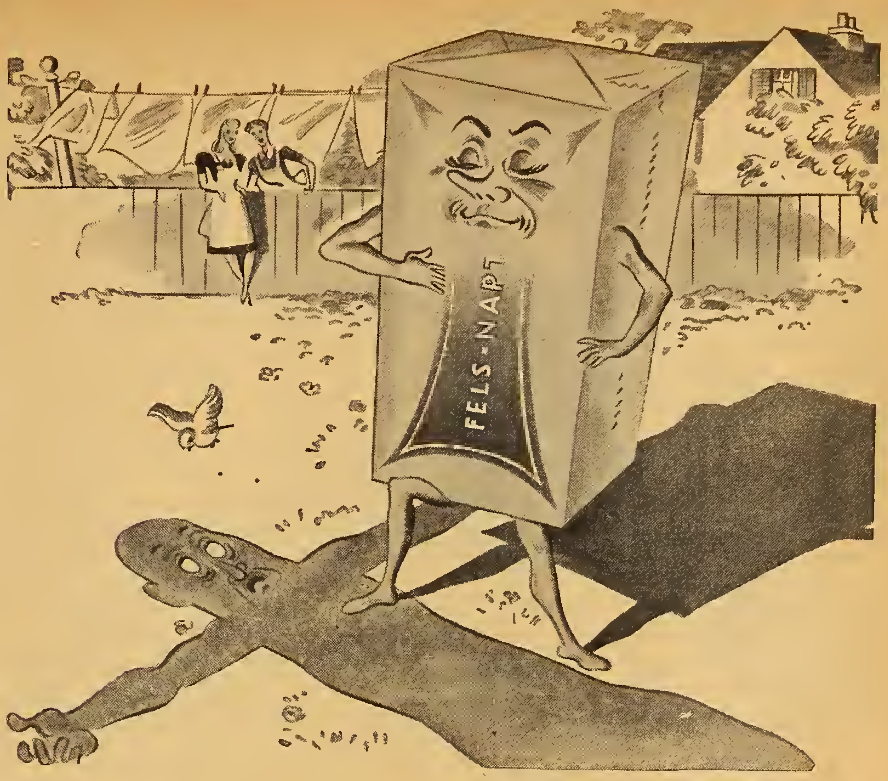

"Unconditional Surrender!"

To the woman who uses Fels-Naptha Soap there is nothing vague about Unconditional Surrender. She sees it happen every wash day.

Like all housekeepers, Dirt is her arch enemy—an invader and a despoiler. She uses Fels-Naptha Soap because she has no patience with half-measures. Or, to put it more plainly, with half-clean clothes.

When she tosses the family wash into a tubful of Fels-Naptha Suds, the issue is decided, then and there. Those two inseparable allies—Soap and Naptha—drive Dirt from every seam and fibre. They 'liquidate' the invader without injury to fine fabrics or dainty garments.

In the conflict with Dirt, you can't afford to be unprepared—or 'neutral.' Fels-Naptha Soap is made for, and used by, women whose only terms with the enemy are—Unconditional Surrender!

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

In every family there is usually somebody who wants to change and somebody who wants to "stay put" . . . New methods, new products, new habits—they all meet resistance at first, but nevertheless *improvements will happen!*

TAKE THE CASE OF TAMPAX (an internal method for monthly sanitary protection) . . . Nobody has taken it up more quickly than the students in the big women's colleges. Then *they* in turn have told their mothers and friends back home—how Tampax needs no belts, pins or external pads, how it can cause no bulges or ridges.

PERFECTED BY A DOCTOR, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into dainty, ingenious individual applicators. No odor. No chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of. Ask for Tampax at your regular drug or notion counter. *Note the 3 sizes* to suit early days and waning days—also different *individual* needs. Introductory box for 20¢. Economy package for 98¢ lasts about 4 months . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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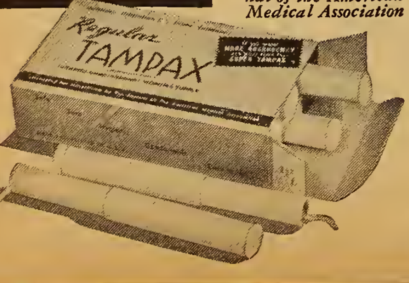

(Continued from page 79)

he sang. By the time he got back to Hollywood, he could hardly put his attention to his radio show and the Paramount picture coming up.

army clambakes . . .

Soon as he hit town, too, something else happened. An Army lieutenant showed up in Hollywood one day. He came from the Muroc Dry Lake air base up north of town, and he was A. W. O. L. He'd practically hitched his way south with a purpose. He showed up at the Hollywood U.S.O. with a story that hit Crosby and Company right over the ticker.

Up there at the air base there was nothing for his pilots and ground crew to see or do. No towns near, no nothing, except a vast expanse of alkali dust and dismal stretches of bare sun-baked hills. There weren't even any barracks, just tents and revetments and a wind that never let up. But at that same place, Air Corps patrol bombers were taking off every few minutes and winging their way out over the Pacific Ocean. Those boys were pitching for defense when the pitching was plenty tough, when Jap subs were off the coast blowing up ships and shelling the shore.

Well, when Bing and his brother Larry heard about that, they got going pronto. They got together a gang of stars, took it up to Muroc the next day, and turned a revetment into the Roxy to chase the motor drones out of those hero guys' ears. That cinched it. From that day on Bing and the Crosby clan have been on an all-out soldier entertainment basis. Larry does most of the management work, getting up professional vaudeville and movie talent, expertly rehearsed shows—no pickup stuff. "These guys are hep," warned Bing at the start, "nothing but the best." And that's the way it has been. Bing can't always make the shows himself, because there are still pictures to make, his radio program, a dozen benefits and small-time war chores here and there about Hollywood. But they go out regularly like Phil Silvers, Rags Ragland, Faye Mackenzie, John Scott Trotter's band, all Bing's Paramount and radio star pals. Bing has diverted all the proceeds from his biggest selling record, "Silent Night," to help pay expenses for this good work. But he still has to dig down in his own pocket now and then when the going gets rough.

Bing's Crosbyettes—his sons—have had a little trouble in their war efforts. The spirit is mighty willing—but in the case of Gary, the flesh sags sometimes. Bing started cutting in the youngsters on his Army clambakes one Sunday when he was sitting around the house with nothing to do and got to feeling guilty about it. So he hopped in the car with Gary and Linny and ran over to the Hollywood Turf Club, where his own sugar-footed nags used to circle the track. Today it's another Army post, and that Sunday Bing turned it into a circus. The kids came through with impersonations and a skit they'd worked up on "The Seven Dwarfs." After that Bing told them they were on the team, and the next time he made a camp trip, he packed them along.

When Bing finished his songs before the big audience, he said, "I'm running out of voice, but here's a little gravel-throat who wants to take a crack at this crowd." Gary was ushered up to the mike, but got stage fright and couldn't make his legs move. The soldiers roared, but Bing wasn't caught short. He summoned Linny, hardly more than a tot. "Never mind," said Bing, "we got a mob of show-offs at our house." Linny never batted an eye but came through right away with his version of "Pop Eye the Sailor Man," whistle effects and all. He brought down the house, too.

Well, that episode almost caused a family schism at the Crosbys. Because when Bing got home, he cluck-clucked severely and sighed, "Well, I guess Gary can't make the team on any more camp shows. He won't work. Have to leave all excess baggage at home these war days, you know. Linny did a great job. He's in solid."

Of course, such ignominy was not to be borne by anyone, let alone a Crosby with some Irish in him. Pretty soon Gary was begging his dad to please give him another chance. "I'll sing this time," he promised. "I'll work up a real routine." Which he did—spent a week on it, in fact. The act was take-offs on Papa Bing's singing tricks, and Gary covered everything from "I Surrender Dear" on up to date. But when the fatal camp appearance arrived, Gary gazed into the soldier mob and—again his knees wilted. Just the same Gary gritted through it, but he got all mixed up and boobed his cues. So he turned to Jimmy van Heusen at the piano and letting himself off the hook, barked crossly, "What's the matter? Can't you get it right?"

the inner man . . .

Bing rehearses a camp show twice as long as he does his radio program. He always insists that a Paramount gag writer friend of his, Barney Dean, go along with his outfit to nose around among the soldiers beforehand and find out what G. I. dropped the tray of dishes on K.P. or who is having love trouble with a local blonde babe or something. Then he whips up some gags tailored to the camp, and Bing gets everybody happy right at the start. Bing has always made a point never to talk down to his Army audiences. He knows they're as sharp on the uptake as they can be. "They're hep" he's always repeating. For instance, at a camp show the other day Bing was introducing Faye Mackenzie, and the boys were giving her a real noisy welcome. When the roar died down, Bing complained, "Now what's Faye got that I haven't got?"

"Hair!" yelled back a soldier almost before Bing got the words out of his mouth.

Bing has even gone so far in his consideration for Army audiences as to tidy himself sartorially for his camp shows. That's sensational if you know Bing, who usually prefers to work dressed something like the Northern Lights going South with a gaudy sport shirt and outfits built for comfort, not style. One day coming into an Army camp town he was strolling down the main drag with his suit looking like an old pair of wet-wash pajamas, his hat on the back of his head and a day or so's crop of blond whiskers on his cheeks. Crowds who'd heard the news of Bing's arrival ran up the streets looking for him, but they all passed right on by without suspecting that the disheveled fellow ambling along was the mighty Bingo himself. One citizen even came up to him—

"Say, Bud," he asked, "have you seen Bing Crosby around? They say he's in town."

on the nose . . .

Bing laughed and gave him the old Hollywood thriller chase line, "He went that way." And darned if the guy didn't run off where Bing had pointed!

Since then Bing has started slicking his sparse locks and wearing ties and pressed suits, when he goes out among 'em. He has even dolled himself up in a white coat, tux pants and patent-leather shoes a few times, at big Army camp shindigs.

Probably the thing that's most surprising of all about Bing's reformation, though, is his fussy concern with time. Bing used to have small regard for the ticking of clocks. In fact, he never wore a watch, always said, "Why? There's always someone around who can tell you the time." But he's extra fussy about keeping soldiers waiting around. He knows spare time in an Army camp is *precious*.

Besides his camp appearances, Bing has taken it on himself to become a handy man for the soldiers overseas, boys he can't reach with his gravel notes. They're always writing him letters and requesting the darndest things—but Bing manages to come up with the answer somehow.

There was the bunch in the Aleutians who needed a trunk full of sound effects for their local radio shows—car-honks, train toots, auto smashes and even screams. They could have written any number of Hollywood radio people—but somehow they picked on Bing. So he and Larry went around to the radio stations in Hollywood and got together the darndest collection of gruesome sounds you ever heard and shipped them right out. He got a request a while back for a flock of his own records, preferably autographed. Well, Bing lost most of his own platters when his house burned down, and as anybody knows most of the numbers are as rare in music stores as nylons at a hosiery counter. Just the same Bing put the bite on his friends, relatives and even himself and shipped them off as near a complete selection as he could find.

Just about the fastest writing and recording of a song that ever took place in Hollywood can be hung up to the credit of Bing and those song writers of his, Burke and van Heusen, when the Seventh Air Force in New Guinea gave them a buzz. It was 7:30 one recent morning when Bing's phone jingled and the operator said "New Guinea calling." Captain Charlie Erb, a former USC All-American footballer, was on the wire. He said the Seventh Air Force simply had to have a song of its own pronto —and they wanted one by Bing. Bing doesn't write 'em, but he did the next best thing—turned it over to Burke and van Heusen, who came up with a special anthem by 12 o'clock noon. Bing recorded the tune during his lunch hour, and the master record sailed away by bomber that afternoon to the South Pacific!

Those are the kind of war pitches you seldom hear about around Hollywood but which stars, not only Bing, but a lot of others, too, are always coming up with. Bing hasn't had a placid lunch hour for weeks. There's usually a Bond rally short to be made or a war song to be recorded somewhere around the lot, or a bunch of Army visitors who want autographed records or a personal earful of Bing's up-and-down notes. Bing was going over some songs on the set of "The Road to Utopia" the other day when a messenger came on the set and handed him a note. "From the O.W.I." he said.

o.w.i.'s left-hand man . . .

Everybody wanted to know then what Bing had to do with the O.W.I. Turned out, he'd been special consultant to the O.W.I. on camp shows for the past eight months, but he'd never got around to mentioning it! Bing has even busted some rules of his for his private war effort. He posed the other day for a cigarette advertisement—which he'd always refused to do before—so the boys overseas would get a million smokes. And he gave his precious throat a beating at a big Hollywood service benefit show the other night when the flu bugs had it sore and husky, and Bing registered a temp of a hundred and something. But he sang just the same.

One thing that fascinates Bing particularly about any element of life he gets interested in is the lingo. Bing's talented in the word department—just naturally. That mixture of deep erudition and station-house slang that he sends out over the air is not written for him. That's the way

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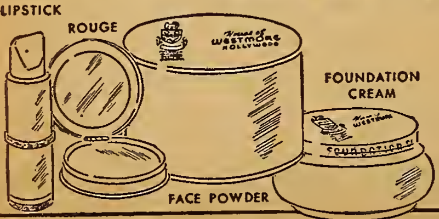

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Bing talks. His pals have always been amazed to accompany Bing about the stalls and paddocks of race tracks and hear him chatter with the grooms, jockeys and touts in the fantastic language they use. Bing's really a great mimic and impersonator and authority on all kinds of slang, from Deep Brooklyn to Mid-Texas and back again. Right now he's got G.I. Joe's lingo down so pat that no matter what they toss at him, he can toss it right back. It's this burning curiosity that makes him always pick the enlisted men's messes to eat in and their recreation halls and barracks to bum around in when he's on tour. But he gets along with the gold-braid every bit as cozily.

hero's hero . . .

In fact, Bing's most rabid fan is an Air Corps lieutenant who announced himself as such, some time ago when he came to Hollywood on the way to the battle fronts. At the time Bing was shooting "The Road to Morocco," and when he heard about this flyer-admirer, he had him come on the set, as he always does whenever a soldier on leave arrives in Hollywood and manages to contact Bing. There Johnny Burke, Jimmy van Heusen and Bing were smoothing out the rough edges of "Moonlight Becomes You"—so they ran over it for this chap before the public ever got an earful of it.

Well, this officer was so hopped up over it that he promised Bing to bag four Jap planes especially for him. Then he left, and Bing never heard much about it for awhile until he read that this pilot really *had* bagged four Jap planes and dedicated them to Bing. He'd called his killer machine "Bing Crosby's Curse." That thrilled Bing to the core, but guess what thrilled the aviator—the victories? Well—later Bing was beaming one of those short-wave overseas broadcasts to the boys, and he happened to sing "Moonlight Becomes You."

He got a V-mail letter pronto.

"I had the most amazing experience in the jungle the other night," it read. Bing thought some tingling tangle with the Jap Zeros was what he meant. But the letter went on, "I was sitting deep in the bush and out of my radio came your voice singing 'Moonlight Becomes You'! I could hardly believe it. To think that I, way out in that jungle, heard you sing that song before anybody else in the world!"

That's what thrilled him—more than bagging the four planes! And things like that thrill Bing, too—to know that a throaty old thrush like himself isn't ready for the glue pot yet and doesn't exist just to make teen-age tootsies sigh into their chocolate malts. The respect that a lot of red-blooded guys hold for him is a very solid article, whether he knows it or not. That was proved a bit back when Bing and Larry put on a show at a desert camp near Hollywood.

There they met a general in command who struck them as just about the highest type of soldier they'd ever run into. A man of rare personal charm and power, he was loved and respected by all his men to the point of worship. Yet he was tough, a strict disciplinarian and a harder worker than any five men in his command.

It seems this general hadn't had one day's leave in two years since the war started—not an hour. He was devoted to duty and didn't dare have one tiny thing go wrong with his camp—so he never left for a minute and worked all hours. The Crosbys fell for him just like the soldiers, got to talking and discovered that the general's son was due to graduate from West Point in a week or two.

"I'd sure like to see that," said the general. "But," he laughed, "I haven't got a decent uniform to wear. Haven't been away long enough to buy myself a suit of clothes, and the desert's ruined the ones I have."

That set Larry and Bing to thinking, so they put a proposition up to him. If they got a pledge from his men that they'd be on their honor to keep things at the camp ticking like clockwork, would the general come over to Hollywood and get himself outfitted and let them show him around? The general laughed "Okay" so they buzzed around, got the pledge from the men—no job at all. And the general took a trip to the tailor's in Hollywood, where Bing entertained him. He got his new duds and later on a long overdue leave to see his boy graduated at West Point! Needless to say, the men at that camp lived up to their end, too. Not one G.I. was out of line a minute while the general was away.

Bing's biggest ambition these days is to take a trip overseas to the battle fronts and bring his brand of melody up where the slugging is going on. Especially since his pal, Bob Hope, got back to Hollywood with heart warming tales galore of his North African tour. So far radio, movie and local camp programs have kept Bing rooted to his home shores, but he's getting pretty impatient, and right now he's working on a deal to make a salty expedition possible.

g. i. double . . .

He doesn't care where he goes—but if it's to the Mediterranean sector, he's likely to run right into himself. Other day he got a letter from a soldier there, Private Lee Jones of Illinois.

"I was driving up to a British refueling station in our jeep," wrote Jonesie, "when four little Arab kids ran out and wanted to know if I was Bing Crosby. Of course I said 'no,' but because I do look like you and have always been kidded about it, my buddies in the jeep with me said that's *just* who I was. So these Arab kids, in perfect English, break into a solid quartet rendition of 'When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day'!

"That got such a howl out of my buddies that they've kept on insisting that I'm you, ever since. So if the story gets around that you're in North Africa—I want you to know how it started."

That letter didn't make Bing Crosby a bit mad—he thought a dough-boy-double was a swell idea. At this point his staggering daily schedule could do with a couple dozen extra Bing Crosbys. And so could the boys in uniform, from all reports.

HALF PINT, JR.

(*Continued from page 39*)

young lady, and tucked her in for her nap. That night the identical dish of cereal was again presented to a pout-mouthed, arch-eyebrowed young lady. Hunger won, and with that capitulation, little Miss Detlie learned one of her first bits of philosophy: Take advantage of what you have while you can.

One of the next lessons that Veronica Lake taught her intelligent infant was the right of ownership. Around her house Veronica had placed several valuable specimens of bric-a-brac, and she had no intention of removing them because of the clutching hands of a small daughter. "No, no," she said quietly when Elaine made a pass at a blown-glass pigeon, "that is Mommy's. *This* is Elaine's." And she handed the young lady a Raggedy Ann doll.

smooth, shining and tabu . . .

Elaine sat back and thought this over.

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Raggedy Ann lost the decision to the pigeon, and a chubby hand moved toward the table with determination while a pair of China-blue eyes turned toward Mommy. Mommy shook her head. "I told you that birdie belonged to Mommy. If you touch it, I'll spank the baby's hands."

Elaine stared at her mother for several seconds while she weighed the chances of the threat being carried out. In the past she had discovered that when Mommy said she was going to spank, zowie! she did just that. Just enough to make a chubby hand sting, you understand, but quite sufficient to joggle an infant's dignity.

Elaine glanced quickly from her mother's serious face to the pigeon. Such a lovely pigeon, shining and smooth and tabu. Elaine grabbed it and jerked it onto the carpet. The guardian angel of pigeons and small girl's fingers must have been on the job because the glass didn't break.

Mommy arose to her full five feet one and advanced upon the culprit. "I said that I'd spank you if you touched that—remember?" she remarked. Then, deliberately and with a measured pressure, she spanked Miss Elaine's hands.

The little lady yowled with rage. "Raggedy Ann is yours," said Mommy Veronica, setting the doll beside Elaine.

"I want my pillow," said Elaine between sobs. So Veronica got the pillow and handed it to her daughter. This pillow has a history. It was one of the first things Veronica made during Elaine's pre-stork days, and it matched the blue bassinet. As Elaine emerged from babyhood, the one possession to which she clung on every possible occasion was her pillow. To this day, when she is tucked in at night, she cuddles this pillow. There may be a panda, a teddy bear or a doll in her trundle bed, but the roll call isn't complete until she has her pillow.

The pillow naturally represented Veronica's Sunday punch. She decided that, the next time the little lady appropriated something that didn't belong to her, Mommy would lay possessive hands on the pillow, thus bringing the problem home in terms the juvenile could understand. However, this wasn't necessary. Little Miss Detlie got the idea after one positive treatment.

Sometimes this portion of her ethical training has funny results. She is the soul of generosity, so when she goes calling on some of the neighborhood children, she always carries along several of her most treasured toys. "This is for you," she will say with a cherubic smile. "And this is for you, and you, to play with." But when she is called for, at the end of the visit, she solemnly gathers up her belongings—sometimes over the protest of recipients who don't understand the Detlie logic—and takes them home.

The acid test of a little girl's viewpoint on possessions is applied by Veronica's collection of dolls. Not yet have glass cases been made to house the 50 different representatives of doll craft that Veronica started to assemble when Elaine was born. Eventually the collection will belong to The Fair, The Lovable when she has reached an age of appreciation. Among the dolls is an Indian with a crumpled face made from a prehistoric McIntosh or maybe a Delicious apple. There are a number of stocking-faced dolls typical of different peasant types. At present, in a shop in New Orleans which specializes in such manufacturing, a complete set of presidential dolls and their wives is being constructed.

Once that array from Washington, George—complete with powdered wig—to Roosevelt, Franklin Delano—complete with cigarette holder—is completed, Veronica wants to start a collection of European historical dolls.

Another collection currently fascinating to Veronica, which will be passed on eventually to Elaine, is a gold charm bracelet. So far it consists of a gold jeep, a perfect miniature reproduction of the Air Corps' B-19 (complete with insignia), a hula dancer wearing a fine gold chain skirt, a hurdy-gurdy man with a tiny monkey at the end of an equally delicate chain, a St. Christopher medal, a four-leaf clover, a wishbone, a pirate's chest, a champagne bucket, an ice-cream freezer, a cross and heart-shaped locket that belonged to Veronica as a child, a book that opens into a locket, a covered wagon and an 8-ball. Elaine's favorite—there's no accounting for a sub-deb's taste—is the 8-ball. Veronica trusts that this is no forecast of the young lady's future.

Incidentally, Elaine now wears her first article of jewelry, a slim gold band in which is set a tiny chip diamond. She had admired Veronica's jewelry for so long that Veronica decided to test her daughter's ability to take care of fine things. The ring was not expensive in view of the danger of its being lost. However, that danger now seems remote. Elaine treats the ring in the manner of a trainer caring for the favorite on Derby Eve.

When Veronica is going out in the evening, Elaine is allowed to remain up long enough to watch the preparation. She is feminine incarnate in her love of pretty clothes. She tries on her mother's gloves, her shoes and her tiny hats. Her eyes are moons of wonder as she observes the dress Veronica is wearing.

"Mommy's dress sooooo pretty," she breathes. "Mommy's hair sooooo pretty. *Mommy* so pretty."

pint-sized pretties . . .

Elaine is now getting large enough to wear half of the mother-daughter clothing sets that have become so popular. Currently the two lovelies each own a brown tweed suit with matching topcoat and a white wool suit with a series of bright blouses.

When Elaine first tried on her suit, she gazed at her mother in rapt admiration. "Mommy's pretty suit," she said in her accustomed refrain. Then she marched to the full length mirror and scanned her diminutive self. She turned 'round and 'round. Then she nodded. "Me pretty, too," she announced with critical satisfaction.

Their slack suits are currently identical, and those who have seen half-pint Veronica and gill-sized Elaine strolling along hand in hand, wearing their sport togs, recommend the sight.

One Sunday they were driving the short distance from Grandmother Keane's to the house which Veronica and Elaine share with Carol Ann and Rita Beery, when Elaine spied a pony driving ring and demanded a ride. As she was too small to be trusted on the pony alone, Veronica climbed into the saddle and held her daughter on her lap. Around and around they went, the fat pony loping along beneath two laughing riders.

After the ride, Veronica passed a small knot of observers. One high school kid said to the other loitering nearby, "You're right—she's just a kid. I thought at first I'd seen her around school or somewhere. Gosh, her little sister sure looks like her, doesn't she?"

Of her mother's considerable status as a celebrity, Elaine is completely oblivious. Veronica has always kept movie magazines around the house in profusion, and Elaine goes through them with the same enthusiasm with which she attacks her comic books. "Picture of Mommy," she croons to herself. "'Nother picture of Mommy. Pretty Mommy."

repeat performance . . .

She has been a frequent and very welcome studio visitor, and she has never yet spoiled a take by pouring a treble ad lib into a horrified microphone. "When the bell rings, you must be very quiet. You mustn't cough, nor chuckle nor speak a word," Veronica had warned her.

"Okay, Mommy," said Elaine. Several evenings later, Veronica overheard the small trouper going over the instructions to her dolls. Silence having been achieved among the ranks of Raggedy Anns and pandas, Miss Elaine went through a brisk drama of her own authorship.

She is a great mimic, and she wants no interference. One night Veronica was waltzing around the house singing one of Elaine's specials: "Shoo-Shoo Baby . . ."

Elaine listened as long as she could, then took a fistful of her mother's skirts and jerked. "You not sing, Mommy," she ordered. "Baby sing."

Aside from "Shoo-Shoo, Baby," Elaine's repertoire contains a song called "Piston-Packin' Mama." (Mr. Linotyper, please don't change that word. Elaine doesn't say "pistol." She insists that it's "piston.")

The radio is one of her great sources of amusement. She can turn it on and tune it in to the program of her choice, which is always jive. As soon as the program changes, she finds another swing session.

She has never been really ill. But, having observed the signs of illness in others, she occasionally turns the knowledge to good advantage. Veronica asked the young lady to pick up her toys and put them away one evening, whereupon Elaine looked as piteous as possible and explained in a funereal voice, "No, Mommy, can't. Baby got tummy ache." (Groan.) "Baby got headache." (Groan.)

And in other ways she is exhibiting the arch beginning of feminine wiles. When Veronica came in from the studio one afternoon, Elaine met her with a rush of affection. The Mommy-pretty routine was gone over thoroughly. The Mommy-so-feet (which is Elaine's version of sweet) routine also got a workout. Then, after the briefest pause appropriate, The Diplomat added, "Mommy give Elaine candy?"

Her spurts of affection have to be allowed to arise without encouragement from Veronica, and in this respect she is her mother's own daughter. Veronica told Rita Beery one day, "I understand Elaine because she is exactly as I was. In hundreds of small ways she shows it."

If Elaine feels affectionate, she will caress her mother with great concentration for a few moments, then walk away without a backward glance to become engrossed in something else. If Veronica tries to instigate an emotional passage with her daughter, if she catches the baby at play and swoops her up, Elaine's expression is one of passive forbearance. She doesn't like it, but she tries to be polite about the interruption.

Unlike some children, Elaine has never been afraid of animals. She will make friends with the mangiest cur or the most moth-eaten cat alive; placing two dimpled hands on her knees, she will bend over to dog's-eye level and carry on an involved conversation in that language held secret between small children and friendly animals. So specific has her observation been that she became the life of one of her embarrassed mother's parties.

Elaine, dressed in organdy, ribbons and ruffles, had been allowed to make an appearance and conducted herself with great charm. Relaxing, Veronica turned to the group with which she had been talking, after noting that Elaine was making up to

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a celebrated male guest who had just asked her if she had a dog of her own.

A few seconds later Veronica heard a burst of hilarious laughter. Turning around she discovered her dainty daughter crawling along the floor on all fours. Occasionally she stopped at a chair and sniffed the leg in innocent mimicry of canine behavior. "Me a doggy!"

bogie sweeper . . .

Of one thing she was, for a long period, violently afraid. Veronica thinks that someone in the household in Seattle must have run a vacuum sweeper at Elaine when she was a crawling infant. At any rate, she used to scream and tremble every time the machine was turned on. Veronica thought it over, then perfected a stratagem. She brought the sweeper into her bedroom and left it there, instead of storing it in the closet. Occasionally, after Elaine stopped shying away from it, Veronica took her for rides around the house, without turning on the power. Then came the day when the power button was pushed, and the vacuum bag shwooshed out as the brushes began to worry the carpet.

Elaine must have felt much as Dr. Jekyll's wife did upon her first sight of Mr. Hyde. Here was a dear and familiar thing turned into a vivid monster. She opened her small mouth and uttered a large bellow, so Veronica pushed the switch to turn off the power. Then she showed Elaine how to control the panting beast. That did it. Elaine laughed. But she still doesn't like it.

Veronica's small daughter has been a great influence upon Veronica's choice of friends. Elaine is usually an excellent conversationalist, replete with anecdotes about birdies, horsies and other fascinating fauna. This evening, Veronica's tilted ear could catch no glib soprano despite the bass attempts to chat.

As she entered the room, Veronica was astonished to see her daughter rise from the floor where she had been studying a book, glower at the visitor and say, "Men!" closing the epithet with the emphatic hissing sound of a small, very disgusted cat. Veronica hasn't been out with the man since.

On the other hand, one chap whom Veronica has known for a long time is looked upon as Elaine's prized possession. The instant he arrives she deposits herself in his lap with the observation that he is so pretty. He also smells nice. And his watch has a most entrancing tick.

Sometimes Elaine's devotion results in highly intimate disclosures. Her apple-of-eye gentleman excused himself after dinner one evening and proceeded to a small room at the end of a corridor. Elaine followed him to the landing and waited. The general conversation paused when someone asked where the gentleman had gone. "He has gone," called Elaine in clarion tones, "to the bathroom." When one is 30 months old, normal conduct is treated without the inhibitions of 30 years.

And so, at the end of the day, a very small, very busy young woman gets buttoned into sleepers. She kneels at the side of her bed and says, "Now I lay me" to the last amen without a falter. "God bless Aunty Rila" (she has never called Mrs. Beery 'Rita'), "God bless Cara Ann, God bless Mommy and God bless Daddy."

Pointing to the picture of John Detlie which stands on her dresser, she says proudly, "There's Daddy."

Then she kisses Veronica rapturously, clutches her pillow tightly in small, round arms and goes off to sleep. Veronica, kissing the bronze curly head, breathes that sigh which every mother will understand. Out of a world filled with bewilderment, chaos and heartbreak, there is still one perfect thing—a sleeping child.

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Edna Wallace HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK

IT COMES UP MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 43)

sarge. The kid stuck out his arm, failed to find a shoulder to stop it and fell right over on his face!

"Wake up, soldier," snapped the sergeant. "This ain't Dreamland. This is the Army!"

Well, to be fair, it was kind of tough for Donald O'Connor to get himself strictly on the beam that Monday morning, his very first as a soldier for Uncle Sam. Small Fry had had himself a man-sized week-end—yes indeed! Even a sharp show business kid who has done and seen about everything in his 18 years and knows all the answers, like Don, had to admit that for three dizzy days life had slapped him on a merry-go-round—a very pleasant one, sure enough—but guaranteed to make anybody stumble and stutter. Because, look what had happened:—

In three short days Don O'Connor had: One, finished up "The Merry Monahans," his last jumpin', jivin' Universal picture for the duration. Two, he'd knocked off a knockout farewell broadcast with Bing Crosby. Three, he'd signed a brand new studio contract guaranteeing him full salary every week he's in the Army. Four, he'd married the most wonderful girl in the whole world. Five, he'd joined the Army of the United States; and six, he'd finally passed his exams for what he wanted to be more than anything else in the book—A U.S. Air Corps flying cadet.

No wonder Don got his time signals all mixed and had to wait in the dawn's early light for the California-Mexico border to open so he could get married in Tia Juana. No wonder he found himself on his honeymoon without a pair of pajamas to his name, and had to use a pair of his bride's fancy chiffon numbers. No wonder—well, leave us face it—Small Fry—with love and the rush of events, was all mixed up like a chef's salad. And to avoid that chaotic condition ourselves, let's start at the beginning of what's the most thrilling event in Donald O'Connor's already thrill-packed young life (or at least a toss-up with becoming a flyer-cadet)—his marriage to pretty little Gwen Carter.

Don's heart went into a tailspin the moment he laid eyes on Gwen, and it has stayed that way, flopping around helplessly for over a year now. If you could see Gwen, you'd understand why. She's a little dream dish, sweet 17, with skin like the cream you used to get, eyes black as jet beads, real golden red hair and a young Venus figure that Don swoons is "out of this world." It really comes as close to a young edition of a Petty girl drawing as anything I can think of. She has a low, musical voice, a wonderful smile, and—well—one look and listen would melt a banker's heart.

hollywood at vine . . .

That was about a year ago and Cupid picked—of all places—the El Capitan theater on Vine Street, right above Hollywood Boulevard, to draw a bead with his bow and arrow. It was at a tryout for some new acts in Ken Murray's "Blackouts" that Don first saw Gwen and started breathing irregularly. He was there to help with the audition of an old vaudeville pal of his family's, and Gwen's stepfather, Carleton Kelsey, led the band in the pit. Gwen herself was sitting with a girl friend of hers, Joyce Elaine—who did a specialty in "Blackouts"—watching the tryouts. Don knew the girl friend, Joyce Elaine, so he got an introduction.

At that time, Don O'Connor was strictly

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fickle in the heart department. He'd had a girl on the string, of course, ever since he was able to toddle around. The gals had always tumbled for Don's glamour, good humor and worldly charms.

Anyway, they all vanished like a dream when he saw Gwendolyn Joyce Carter. And for the first time in his life, Don O'Connor was too knocked out to turn on the charm. He was even too upset to ask Gwen for a date. Instead he croaked to his friend, Joyce Elaine,

"Get me her phone number!"

Joyce shook her head. "I couldn't do that without asking Gwen."

"Then," gasped Don, "give her MY phone number. Tell her to call me."

"She wouldn't do that. You don't know Gwen."

Don didn't know Gwen, not at all. He had always been independent himself with girls, but he forgot that girls can be independent with boys, too. Gwen had plenty of beaux at Los Angeles High where she went to school. Her best boy friend at the time was Tommy Breen, son of the Hays office boss, Joe Breen. When Don finally traced down Gwen's phone number that afternoon and called that night for a date, Gwen wasn't impressed.

"Yes, I remember you," said Gwen sweetly. "No, I'm sorry I have a date tonight." That was a fib. Gwen didn't have a date because her mother didn't let her have dates except on Saturdays and Sundays. But she knew about Don O'Connor, and her private opinion was that he was a stuck-up young movie star.

Don called the next night and the next and the next. Every time, Gwen said sweetly, "I'm sorry, but I'm busy." By then Don was fit to be roped and tied and tossed in a padded cell. And only when he got a little humble and desperate did Gwen give in.

two strikes . . .

They went out to dinner on their first date, a Saturday night. Don arrived slicked and combed and dressed in his Sunday best, and he brought along a soldier friend of his for moral support. They drove down to Chinatown and half way down—boom—it happened. A tire went flat as a Brown Derby pancake. The soldier pal offered to change it, but that would show up Don as a sissy so he wrestled with the tire himself and ended up looking like a garage mechanic in the rush hour. When they finally ate dinner, everybody was starved, and Don's coat was ripped, his shirt streaked with grease, and all in all he was a mess. It was a very bad start. He drove home with an empty feeling that he'd fumbled the ball. Instead of impressing the lady with his grandeur as a movie star, he'd ended up looking and acting like a greaseball. But at home Gwen chuckled as she told her mother about the big evening. "He's cute," she said.

But girls are funny—as everyone knows—and maybe that's why Gwen and Don hit it off from the start. Don never got a chance to be a movie star with Gwen. Something always seemed to go wrong. Take the time he planned a big ski trip to the mountains. Don had been working day and night for months, but finally they told him a two-day breather was coming up. He planned to take Gwen on a trip to Lake Arrowhead for snow sports.

Well, there had to be a chaperone. First, it was Brownie, Don's stand-in, and his wife. But then Brownie's wife got sick. Then Jack, Don's brother, and his wife Millie said they'd chaperone the kids. But at the last minute Jack had to work in a picture. Don was frantic. Finally Don's mother, Mrs. O'Connor, volunteered and off they went. But the minute Don and Gwen and Mrs. O'Connor arrived at Arrowhead, Don's car broke down. He had to spend all day Sunday working on it so they could come back Sunday night—no skiis, no nothin'—and again the big event was fritzed.

What Don didn't realize until he knew Gwen better was that she didn't give a whoop about glamour or movie stars or the high life. All that counted with Gwen was what people were like. She's a sensible young lady. Gwen was born in Miami, Florida, and she's been educated in private schools in New York, Chicago, Atlanta and California. When she was nine, she took a trip to Europe. At times in her childhood she has been used to plenty of money, and that sort of thing doesn't bother her a bit. In fact, in spite of her dreamy looks, Gwen has never had a speck of movie ambition with it all around her in Hollywood.

Gwen's mother, Lillian Kelsey (who looks like Gwen's sister), works at Twentieth Century-Fox, and when Gwen and Don got a little too serious too early, she thought it might be good medicine to get Gwen a screen test at the studio and take her mind off marriage. The test was fine, and the studio said they'd give Gwen a stock contract. But Gwen just never got around to coming back out to the studio.

glitter for gwen . . .

Don asked Gwen to "go steady" on their fifth date. They were really engaged then, as far as Gwen and Don were concerned, but neither Mrs. O'Connor nor Mrs. Kelsey were taking them seriously. That didn't happen until about four months ago when Don put the bite on his mother for $700.

"What for?" she asked.

"I want to buy an engagement ring," said Don. That's the first Mrs. O'Connor knew about how serious her son was about his girl friend. He got the $700 by the way, and Gwen got the ring.

But long before that they saw each other with the regularity of formal fiancés and acted that way, too. At first Mrs. Kelsey laid down the law: Saturdays and Sundays were "date nights." School nights Gwen had to stay in. She is a senior at Los Angeles High, and the home work in the last year is tough. Gwen has always had excellent health and a strong body (she's an expert swimmer, horseback rider, and she once won a prize at a diving match in England)—but Mrs. K. wasn't taking any chances. As for Don—he was tearing himself to pieces on the set almost six days of every week and tearing one of his three hopped-up cars apart with a wrench when he wasn't making faces. But in spite of that killer-diller schedule, he couldn't bear to see Gwen only on weekends. They finally high-pressured Lillian Kelsey into Wednesdays, too.

But as for fancy courtin'—that never did enter the picture. For one thing, neither Don nor Gwen smoke or drink. And by the way, that's one Mother-knows-best advice that paid off for Gwennie! Most of her high-school girl friends puff cigarettes, but when that problem came up on Gwen's 12th birthday, Mrs. Kelsey asked her to leave them alone. "How do you know?" she argued shrewdly. "Maybe the boy you fall in love with won't want you to smoke. There are boys like that, you know." Funny part is, Don O'Connor was one *just* like that. He hates to see a girl smoke or drink!

But with no vices like that, Don and Gwen were a cinch to stay away from the hot stuff hangouts and juke-heavens. Oddly enough, too, Don O'Connor never wanted to go dancing. Gwen's a good dancer, but Don, after jitterbugging around on the set all day, was just too tired to swing it for fun when it wasn't fun. So their dates, by most standards, were tame affairs—only they weren't tame to Don and Gwen. They took in movies and went to parties with Gwen's high-school set and Don's movie set. They ate in drive-ins and cooed over cokes at drug stores and malt shops. They made the beach fun-piers and tried out some of Don's hopped-up jalopy triumphs.

lovers' knot . . .

Naturally the course of true love never runs smooth, as the poet gent said. Don and Gwen had a few spats. Mrs. Kelsey could always tell when she came in on them in the front room of her apartment. If everything was rosy-dosy, Don would be slumped on the floor looking up at Gwen with a mesmerized, idolatrous stare. If they'd quarrelled, they'd be sitting on opposite sides of the sofa, quiet and miserable looking. There were romantic tragedies, too. For instance, the time that Gwen rashly stated that she could cook.

That harked back to once when Gwen was a little girl and her mother let her "bake a cake." The cake was pretty awful unless you planned to use it for a cornerstone, but the family bravely ate it up. They said it was swell. Remembering this, in a soft, domestic mood Gwen told Don she'd bake him a cake. And she did. The result was exactly the same. Mrs. O'Connor, Junior, has a lot to learn about cooking and sewing and such, and when Don arrived he had to tell the same kind of flattering fibs while he bravely tried to swallow Gwen's brick.

"Gwen," Don finally cracked, "Can I take the rest of this swell cake home? I want to show it to Mother."

"You don't want the whole cake, do you?" asked Gwen suspiciously. "Why not just take a piece?"

"No!" protested Don wildly, "the whole cake!"

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So he took it and then made a hurried exit, and after he was out the door, Gwen burst into tears. She told her mother that she knew Don wanted the whole cake because he wanted to destroy it!

Don and Gwen wanted to get married long before they did—in fact, ever since they decided to "go steady." But they had both their families working against anything as hasty as that. Really, neither Mrs. O'Connor nor Mrs. Kelsey had much of a position to stand on in that respect. Don's mother had got married when she was 14, and Gwen's only a little later in life. People think she's Gwen's sister today, and they wear each other's clothes.

Mrs. Kelsey stalled Don and Gwen along with promises of "in a few months," and both she and Mrs. O'Connor knew they were safe from an elopement, because at the tender ages of Don and Gwen, their parents' consent is what counts. But there were signs that things were getting serious, and both mothers knew darned well if it came to a showdown, they'd never have the heart to spoil their kids' happiness. First Gwen started collecting herself a trousseau in a small way, and at Christmas Don helped out with a wonderful lush fur coat. Then, only a few days before they ran away, he drove up with a Ford car for Gwen. Everybody knew anything could happen soon. But they didn't know everything would happen all at once.

Then Don got his induction orders. He finished his picture, and the studio came through with a surprise. They told him they were going to write a contract that paid him his regular salary of $350 a week all the time he was under contract to Uncle Sam.

It was only fair. After all, Donald O'Connor has made Universal millions of bucks and worked his head off turning out pictures to beat the band. He went into the Army with a backlog of four unreleased hits. But the only way Universal could reward him heretofore was with bonuses. The government, you know, said studios couldn't raise salaries of movie stars. Anyway, Don found himself down at Superior Court one day hearing Judge Emmett Wilson tell him it was all very legal for him to cash a $350 check every week from now on until the war is over—whether he worked or not.

small fry . . .

Before he went to court, Don had rehearsed with Bing Crosby for the Kraft Music Hall, and after court he went on to do the "Small Fry" number with Bing—which was where Don came in. Because that was the number in "Sing You Sinners" that first made Don O'Connor a Hollywood star—away back when he was in knee pants. All in all, events were tying themselves up neatly.

It was Saturday evening when Don tried to act nonchalant as he told his mother, "I think I'll get married." He'd said it before, but this time Mrs. O'Con-

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nor had a suspicion or two. She smelled a mouse when she had heard the judge advise Don to tie up some of his studio salary and put it away.

"Oh," replied Don. "Mother's expenses go on just the same, you know." Mrs. O'Connor (who handles Don's salary checks until he's 21) knew her expenses never reached anything like $350 a week. Don had already bought her the house. She wondered what he would be needing money for. Then she knew. And now she said:

"You know I've devoted my life to your happiness. If marrying Gwen will make you happy, then I'm for it. But my advice as a mother is to wait until you're 21. You have lots of time—and remember you're going away to war."

Don didn't say anything. He went over to Gwen's house. There Don blurted right out, "Mrs. Kelsey, Gwen and I are going to get married—see?"

Gwen's mother tossed his words right back at him.

"Oh, so you're going to get married—see?"

Don blushed and said, "I mean, with your permission, of course." Well, what could she do? Fate, circumstances and war and the Army and all of it were stronger arguments than any that either cautious mama could put up. "We're going to keep it a secret," added Don.

"Oh, no you aren't," replied Mrs. Kelsey. "You can get married, but none of this secret stuff. That's not fair to Gwen." Don went on to explain to Mrs. Kelsey what she already understood—that the reason they wanted to marry in such a hurry was that he was going into the Army and he wanted Gwen to stay true to him. He felt, he said, he couldn't ask this unless they were married. He made a pretty good talk about it, and it made sense. They left the house with Gwen's mother's blessings, although by that time it was one o'clock Sunday morning—cold and windy. The last maternal act Mrs. Kelsey took care of was to see that Gwen was bundled up good and warm with a new gray slack suit under her new coat Don had given her. With Alan Kirk, an actor chum of Don's, for best man, they headed South.

It wasn't a very exciting elopement, since nobody was chasing anybody. But at that Don and Gwen felt their hearts flop when they arrived at the border station between San Diego and Tia Juana. The gates were locked. The guard said, "The border's closed." All their plans seemed to fade into the black night. Then the guard explained, "It's only four o'clock. You can't cross until six."

"Is that all? Why didn't you say so?" yelled Don. "Gosh—waiting's a pleasure!" So they crossed at six o'clock on the dot and found a Mexican justice of the peace who spoke English and proved that a Mexican marriage was all on the up and up with all kinds of official seals and letters and government decrees.

They left Mexico at 8 that morning, after a wedding breakfast at a lunch stand, and drove back home. At Del Mar, Don's luck caught up with him. His car broke down. He called his mother. But he didn't say what went on, only that he would be home soon. Mrs. O'Connor never knew Don was married until he walked in the house where a bunch of neighbors were visiting. But she had her suspicions. When Gwen walked in, she reached over at the coffee table. "Oh," she said, "let me see this book." And there flashing all over the room on her outstretched finger was that wedding ring.

the groom wore pink . . .

The happy bride and groom finally got a wink of sleep Sunday night at the Kelsey's (they couldn't find a hotel room in all Los Angeles), and it was only when he got ready for bed that Don found he didn't have any pajamas! Early in the morning, Mrs. Kelsey saw an apparition tip-toe out of the bedroom. It was Don in Gwen's nicest pink chiffon pajamas, peeping out from under Gwen's very best silk housecoat. He looked like a cross between a harem beauty and a misplaced mandarin. "I'm after some water," croaked Don. "My wife's thirsty!"

And then, after he'd run home to tell his mother good-by before he left for Fort MacArthur, Don came by his bride's house again. She was asleep. So he left her a *note*, telling her he was leaving.

The very first day, the Army took him off to Camp Haan for a big Army camp show that very night. On the way, coming through Los Angeles, Don again dropped by his bride's. He was lonesome already and wanted her to come along.

"I can't," wailed Mrs. O'Connor.

"Why not?" pressed Mr. O'Connor.

"I've got to go to *school!*" wailed Gwen.

Gwen will finish up high school this spring. She's going to stay with her folks until graduation.

no time for comedy . . .

As for Donald O'Connor, he won't be worrying much about his schedule from now on. The Army will take care of that. Don didn't get off to a very auspicious military start, I'll admit. First of all, he missed the bus at the Los Angeles interurban station the night after he got married and had to drive down to Fort MacArthur—and you know what his blissful coma did to him then—headed him up the coast toward San Francisco instead! But in spite of that and his awful drill errors and the sulfanilamide tablets he chewed all day and the serum shots they poured into him and his struggles with making a bed—in spite of all these early Army tragedies that beset every rookie—still Don managed to take and pass the Air Corps cadet exam that he'd flunked weeks before when he was trying to get in.

What Don flunked before, of all things, was "current events." Which is understandable, the way they've had him salted away from the great outside world on those Universal sound stages. But he caught up on his newspaper reading after that and went to town. Now he'll be a fighter pilot (he hopes).

So when he'll ever get to see his sweet, blushing bride and ever-loving wife, Gwen, the Lord only knows—that is for more than a quick "hello" and a "good-by."

When he got back home after his wedding, his older brother Jack, who is Patsy O'Connor's dad, started kidding him.

"Well, Don," he said, "I guess now that you're a married man, you'll start raising a family—eh?"

Don came right back.

"Sure," he said. "Isn't that what you get married for?"

That handed all the O'Connors a laugh—and they really like to laugh, even when their baby brother, the last one, too, gets married and goes off to war. It made Don's mother remember a jingle her husband, big Irish John O'Connor, used to hum when he felt all right with the world.

"Faith and begorra—when I'm dead
and gone,
There'll be another O'Connor a-trottin'
along!"

Well, and why not?

Editor's Note: *Don O'Connor's marriage and Army induction caught us and almost all H'wood vacantly staring the wrong way. In order to give you the news while it is news, we're postponing Part II of his life story till our June issue.*

"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW"

(Continued from page 45)

through the room, stacking files.

"Pop," Larry said. "Drink to the new reporter. Larry Stevens is back from the dead. No more obits for me, Pop. No more dead news—"

"Dead news?" Pop said. "What's dead news? Here's my file for 1845. For us it's dead news. But for the people who lived in 1844, it was the future. All news is like that. It's all there, stacked up waiting. Do you want next year's file, Larry?"

"Always kidding, eh, Pop? Next year's? I'll settle for tomorrow's paper, Pop. Twenty-four hours, what do you say?"

"I say," someone remarked, "that we're running out of beer. Let's get some more."

The street stretched like a dim lit ribbon into the night, and they linked arms, singing down the street. The stores lay dark and shuttered; the gas lights flickered fitfully. Down the street, near the corner, lights blazed on a gaudy hand-painted sign: EDEN GARDENS. And, under it, even more gaudy, a poster dangled against the wall: NOW—PROF. CIGOLINI AND SYLVIA—NOW! THE FUTURE REVEALED! THE PROFESSOR KNOWS ALL, SEES ALL, TELLS ALL!

The Professor was in the midst of his spiel when they entered. He was on the stage jabbering in the queer gibberish of the fortune tellers, while his assistant, Sylvia, stood immobile in a supposed trance, responding to his directions, answering his questions in a queer, dream-like voice. She was dressed in a soft, white, flowing gown, and the light seemed to melt over her. Larry stared at her.

And, still staring, he stumbled between her outstretched arms. He blushed violently. "I beg your pardon," he said.

From the stage, Cigolini said pompously: "Miss Sylvia accepts the apology. Of course, she is not even aware of your presence. Everything but my will does not exist for her at this moment."

lady in a trance . . .

Still staring at her, Larry said: "Then ask her—"

"About an affair of the heart?" Cigolini said slyly. "About a young lady?"

"Yes," Larry said slowly: "Whether a lady will lunch with me tomorrow?"

"Sylvia!" said Cigolini. "Answer!"

"Yes," said the girl. "Yes, she will . . ."

"Will she meet me at 'The Evening News' office?"

"Yes . . . she will . . ."

"And what time?"

"Ah!" cried Cigolini, "that is for the young man to decide with the young girl."

"I'd like to," Larry said. "Only I can't. The girl I'm inviting to lunch, you see, is in a trance just now!"

The cabaret exploded into laughter. Cigolini came roaring down from the stage to lead Sylvia off. But, standing close to her, so close that his lips almost brushed the curve of her cheek, he saw her mouth curl into a faint smile, and her head nodded slightly, and he called after her: "My name is Stevens. Lawrence Stevens. Ask for Larry!"

After that, the night exploded into song and raised steins of beer and the confused images of people shouting in his ear. They roistered about the town, and somewhere he lost the rest of them, and he found himself walking down the street, alone and in the darkness. Suddenly, he heard the voice calling: "Larry . . . Larry . . ."

He whirled. He saw then that it was Pop Benson, and he grinned. "You gave me a turn, Pop," he said. "What in the

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world are you doing around here so late?"

"Didn't you ask me for a paper?" Pop said. "Here. I saved one for you."

He watched Pop amble off into the night, and then he turned away, too, heading for his room. The newspaper flapped in his pocket, and he jammed it deeper in. "Good old Pop! Quite a character!"

It caught his eye the next morning. It wasn't the paper itself. It was his name, the neat by-line on the front page: "By Lawrence Stevens." He hadn't written anything for the front page yesterday! What was this? Sleepily he opened the paper. It looked somehow strange, different: It wasn't last night's "Evening News" at all. His eye caught the headline over his name: "Bandits Steal Cash at Opera House While Melba Sings." A chill ran down his spine as the idea formed hazily in his mind. This was today's paper! This was about news that was going to happen!

shadow of events . . .

For a moment he couldn't think. His story! And he hadn't even written it yet! Why, Melba's concert wasn't even on yet! He didn't know why or how, but somehow, somehow what he was holding in his hand was tomorrow's newspaper, with tomorrow's news today. In a frenzy, he climbed into his clothes and rushed down to "The Evening News" office. Outside, he remembered a line from the paper: "Today at eight-thirty in the morning, the city suffered an unseasonal snowstorm." He looked up to the sky.

It was beginning to snow!

At the offices of "The Evening News," Gordon, the editor, saw him come dashing in. Gordon stepped to the front of his office and roared: "Stevens!"

He came over breathlessly: "Have you seen Pop?" he said. "Anywhere?"

Gordon said icily: "Stevens, you're late. I hate reporters who are late."

"Sure," Larry said. "Where's Pop?"

Gordon's voice was frigid: "Stevens, are you drunk?"

"Drunk? Of course not. You'll see. Wait until I do my front page story on the Melba concert."

Gordon roared: "You're not going to the Melba concert. You're fired!"

"Fired?" Larry said. "I quit. Besides, you'll give me a raise. You'll see—"

The door slammed shut in his face. Quickly he went to his desk. He slipped the paper out of his pocket. Working hurriedly, he began to copy the story, writing it out swiftly. He was still bent over his work when Sylvia came in. "Mr. Stevens?"

He turned then and saw her, and for a moment he forgot about the story. She was beautiful, even more beautiful than he had remembered. He glanced up at the big clock. Melba's concert. He took her arm and hurried her out. "Listen to me: At the concert this afternoon, something is going to happen—"

"How do you know?"

"I know," he said.

She smiled: "Do you read the future, too?"

He looked across at her: "I can read one part of it. I'm going to see more of you."

At two o'clock Melba began to sing. One minute later Larry edged out into the lobby. At two minutes after two, three armed men ran in. They worked swiftly. A cop wandered in. A shot rang out. The three men began to run toward the exit. Larry grabbed Sylvia's arm and was out of the lobby almost with them. At two fifteen, he gave Gordon the story, all written, all ready for the press. At two seventeen, the police came roaring into "The Evening News" offices. They had a few questions for Larry Stevens.

How did he know a robbery was going to take place? Who were the men? Where were they now? What was his cut? Who was the brains of the outfit?

"What are you talking about?"

Inspector Mulrooney, his face like a bulldog's, grunted: "Who you trying to fool, sonny? You're in this up to your neck. How did you know about that robbery unless you were a part of it?"

"I just knew, I tell you."

"Well, just tell us how."

"I can't. You wouldn't believe it."

"That's a bright answer, sonny. You bet I wouldn't. Because there's only one answer. You set that job up yourself."

brig-time . . .

Three policemen closed in on Larry.

Sylvia said suddenly: "Wait a minute. I told him. I saw it. I'm clairvoyant sometimes. Working with Professor Cigolini—"

Inspector Mulrooney wavered: "You told him?"

"Yes," Sylvia said quickly.

"Don't believe her," Larry shouted. "She didn't have anything to do with it."

The inspector shook his head. "We'll take you both down," he said.

Larry looked out of the narrow cell window into the night.

"Larry . . . Larry . . ."

It was old Pop Benson. He smiled gently at Larry through the barred window.

"Well, Larry," he said. "You wanted the paper. Do you want tomorrow's, too?"

"Sure," Larry said. "Confessions of a jailbird—"

"It's all about how you were a hero, pulling an unknown woman out of the river. See, it's all here right next to the story about the arrest of those bandits . . ."

"Bandits?" Larry shouted. "Arrest? Where?"

"At the Union Bank. It says so here—"

Larry dashed to the door and began to hammer on it frantically. Inspector Mulrooney peeked in.

"Well?" he said.

"Will you let me out if I tell you where you can get those bandits?"

"Sure," Mulrooney said. "That's what I been telling you. This ain't no gag, is it? I almost believed that gal Sylvia. That girl can see things. She said she saw a woman jumping into the river tonight—"

"What?" Larry yelled. "She said that?"

He began to run. Mulrooney put out one surprised hand, but he brushed it aside, and he ran out into the street. He headed for the river. Sylvia! Crazy kid! Making that prediction. He could add it up. She was going to jump in herself.

He heard the sharp cry coming from the bridge while he was still a block away. There was a knot of people gathered about the center of the railing. He pushed through. Swiftly he climbed to the railing, swung himself over and off into space.

talking pidgeon . . .

He hit the water with a shock and clawed his way to the surface again. Something was moving there, a little off to the right. He could make out a woman's hair, vaguely familiar. Sylvia! He pulled up alongside of her, and then together, they swam to the small, dark wharf under the pilings of the bridge.

"You little fool," he said. "Why did you do it?"

"I had to," she said. "Otherwise they would never have believed me and you—"

"You were worried about me?" he said.

She nodded.

He said softly, again: "You little fool."

And then he kissed her.

At "The Evening News" office the boys were ragging Larry. They fired questions at him: How did he know about the robbery? How come he was at the bridge ready to dive in? Who was tipping him off to those things?

"Do you believe in miracles?"

They groaned: "Sure. You know a talking pigeon."

Larry said cheerfully: "Well, me and my pigeon are going to hit the old man for an advance."

One of the men grinned: "Not thinking of getting married, are you, Larry?"

"Could be."

The reporters exploded into jeers. "You know everything, Larry. Why bother the old man about a paltry hundred. Just get this pigeon to pick the five winners at the races tomorrow. That's all you need. Ought to be simple."

For a moment Larry stood tense: "Of course," he said in a low voice. "Why didn't I think of that?"

Then he was out of the office, looking for Pop Benson. Pop wasn't anywhere. He searched all over town. It was no use, and he dragged back to "The Evening News" offices late that night. He walked out into the dimly lit alley that led back to the street. Someone was there . . .

"Pop!"

The figure turned.

"Pop. I've been looking all over for you. I've got to get tomorrow's paper. It's the last time I'll ever ask for it."

"It won't do you any good, Larry."

"It's my whole future, Pop. I've got to get it."

"It won't do you any good . . ."

But he was holding the paper in his hand. Larry laughed aloud and snatched it from his hand. He thrust it deep into his pocket. He called gaily: "Thanks, Pop. Thanks a million."

"Remember," Pop said. "You wanted it. You took it."

"Sure. Take it easy, Pop. So long."

There was still time to catch Sylvia at the Eden Gardens. He waited in the wings, watching her. She was breathtakingly beautiful. She started to come off. And then as she passed him, he reached out and took her hand. She saw him then and for a moment they stood there in the reflected light of the stage, and he knew he loved her and always would.

staging a proposal . . .

"Darling," he said happily. "Will you marry me? I know this is a crazy time to ask and a crazy place to do the asking. But everything is crazy. I'm just a broke reporter now, and tomorrow I'll be a millionaire. Marry me, Sylvia—"

She hesitated just for a moment, and then she said: "I shouldn't answer this quickly, should I? It isn't proper. But—"

"You will!" Larry shouted. "You will. Darling, I'll give you anything you want. The world on a silver platter, the moon."

"Just give me a minute now," Sylvia said "to change."

He paced excitedly up and down in front of her dressing room. The paper! Of course. He should know the names of the horses. He'd write them down now. He opened it feverishly to the sports page. His eye ran down to the racing news. There they were. The winners. The winners of tomorrow's races! And he knew them now, long before the races were due to be run. Lamplighter . . . Mud Lark . . . Lightning . . . Ramona . . . Black Flash . . . He was made! He snapped the paper shut. The front page stared up at him. A headline caught his eye. For a moment it didn't make sense.

LARRY STEVENS, EVENING NEWS REPORTER, SHOT TO DEATH IN LOBBY OF ST. GEORGE HOTEL

Someone was poking a finger at his chest. Cigolini. What was he saying? Cigolini's face was wavering before his eyes. He realized that he was shoving the paper back into his pocket. That headline:

"I'll never go back to him ... *never!*"

Mother: There, there, what's Fred done to my little girl?

Wife: *Nothing*—that's the worst of it. He ignores me—treats me as if I weren't his wife—as if we'd never been in love. I can't stand it another day!

Mother: My darling, from all you've told me, I think it's *my* fault. There's something I should have explained. You know, a wife can often lose her husband's love because of one neglect. Most men can't forgive carelessness—or ignorance—about feminine hygiene.

Wife: You mean—I could have avoided all this?

Mother: Yes, dear. Now listen to me. My doctor always advises Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. It cleanses so thoroughly, and deodorizes. It won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues, either—just follow the directions. You'll find Lysol is easy and inexpensive to use.

Husband (sometime later): How's about a kiss, dream girl . . .

Wife (to herself): Umm, everything's wonderful again—thanks to Mother's advice. She was right about Lysol—I use it *always* now!

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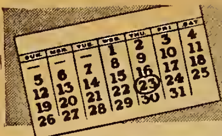

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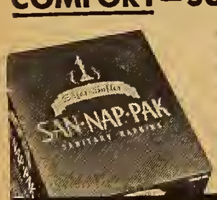

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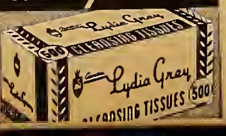

SHOT TO DEATH . . . ST. GEORGE HOTEL . . . *6:25 P.M.*

Cigolini was still talking to him. The manager of the Eden Gardens was pumping his hand. What were they saying?

"So you're going to marry Sylvia," the manager beamed.

"Sure is," Cigolini said.

"Come on out on stage" the manager said. "Let the crowd see you."

Where were they now? On stage? There were lights in his eyes . . . everyone applauding . . . what was the manager saying: "—the star reporter of 'The Evening News'—" "The Evening News"! That headline! SHOT TO DEATH . . .

The star reporter of "The Evening News," like a drunken man, walked straight to the footlights and then, without pause, kept right on walking, poised gracefully in midair for a moment, dropped five feet into the orchestra pit and made a huge thumping sound as he dropped through the taut skin of the bass drum . . .

wedding licenses and wills . . .

Twenty-four hours. That was all he had left in this world. Not even 24, really. But there was enough time left for a man to get married and provide for his—widow. He still knew the winners of the horse races. He'd make his million. What difference if he wasn't around to enjoy it? Sylvia would have it. SHOT TO DEATH . . . He shivered.

And so they were married. The bride was a vision of happiness. The groom? The groom looked just a little white around the gills. The preacher who was a man of wide experience thought Larry looked just a little peaked for a man about to become a happy groom. He thought it a little strange when Larry asked him how to draw up a will.

And Cigolini thought it a little strange when, after the ceremony, Larry bundled them all into a hansom bound for the race track. Didn't seem right for a fellow just married to be thinking of horses . . .

They reached the race track a little late.

"A hundred on Mud Lark," Larry said.

"Hey," Cigolini said. "That's a lot of dough. Takes a long time to spend a hundred bucks in singles."

"A lot of time . . ." Larry said wistfully.

"Take it easy. You're a married man."

Mud Lark paid 20 to one.

"The works on Lightning," Larry said.

Cigolini began to chatter: "Put some of it away," he said. "Save it for a rainy day."

"Let it ride," Larry said.

Lightning paid five to one.

Ramona? Won. Three to one.

Black Flash. By a nose. Even money.

The bookie paid them off in big bills. Sixty thousand dollars. He eyed Larry suspiciously. Larry took the money as if he didn't care about it at all. Just shoved it into his wallet, all that nice long green. The bookie winked to a friend; the friend began to move as soon as Larry started out of the tent.

The late afternoon sun smiled down benignly as they drove back to town. The trees were green and the flowers were blooming laughter in the fields. Larry sat slumped in the back. He kept seeing a headline: SHOT . . . SHOT . . . SHOT . . He held the wallet limply in one hand, the green of the bills showed through the top.

Behind them something clattered. A carriage swept even. A quick, grasping hand reached across. The wallet disappeared from his limp hand, and then there was only a whirlpool of dust to show where the other carriage had been. Cigolini shouted. The cab driver whipped at his horses with the shout. The other carriage careened far down the road. Larry was

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on his feet, staring curiously ahead.

A shot rang out; it nicked the wood behind Larry's head.

Cigolini yelled: "Get down. They're shooting."

"It's all right," Larry said. "This isn't the St. George Hotel."

Once in the city they almost lost the man as his carriage doubled around corners. The thief suddenly jumped. Larry was after him in a moment. Then it was a nightmare of alleys and doorways. In one, out the other; always that fleeing figure in front of him. Up stairs. Out to a roof. Then across the roofs of the city in a wild dash. Down a fire-escape. Then up to the roof again. The thief disappeared down a skylight. Larry followed, jumping. Locked in each other's arms, they dropped down a long sloping chute.

stalking death . . .

The fall jarred him. The thief was loose again. Larry, dazed, looked around him. A large room. The thief was running toward the door, a gun out in his free hand. Larry started for him. A shot. Wild. Larry ducked, still running. He ran full into someone in uniform. He rolled to his knees, completely dazed. He heard more shots. He saw someone in blue go by. The police. At the end of the long lobby there was a clock on the wall. Fascinated, Larry watched the hands drop a notch: 6:25. Then his eyes suddenly riveted on something on the floor beside him: a hat. A doorman's hat. Embroidered on it in gold thread was ST. GEORGE HOTEL.

A shot rang out.

Someone said: "That got him."

Then there were voices. Still dazed, Larry heard them: "Search the guy. Find anything? His wallet? Let's take a look at it . . ." Larry sat up shaking his head. He felt his body carefully. No. They weren't talking about him. They must have shot the thief. Still the paper said . . .

Someone was talking excitedly into the phone. He could hear the man's voice clearly: " 'Evening News'? Get this. Shot. Six twenty-five. Who? His name was in his wallet. Lawrence Stevens. Right . . ."

Very slowly Larry Stevens stood up. Because a thief had stolen his wallet and was later shot and because an excited man phoned the story into "The Evening News" without checking on it first, the headline would come out: LARRY STEVENS . . . SHOT TO DEATH . . . He began to laugh. He couldn't stop.

And so 50 years passed, and the whole family was downstairs waiting for them to come down to their Golden Anniversary, Old Larry and Old Sylvia now.

"Why shouldn't I tell them?" Larry said. "That's the way it happened."

"But how did those papers get printed . . . before there was anything to print?"

"I don't know."

"Why didn't you ask Pop?"

"Because," Larry said slowly, "Pop was dead. They found him dead in his room. Just an old man, dead of old age. Just an old man who didn't believe in time . . ."

CAST

Larry Stevens	*Dick Powell*
Sylvia	*Linda Darnell*
Cigolini	*Jack Oakie*
Inspector Mulrooney	*Edgar Kennedy*
Pop Benson	*John Philliber*
Jake Schomberg	*Edward Brophy*
Mr. Gordon	*George Cleveland*
Mr. Beckstein	*Sig Ruman*
Shep	*Paul Guilfoyle*
Bob	*George Chandler*
Jim	*Eddie Acuff*

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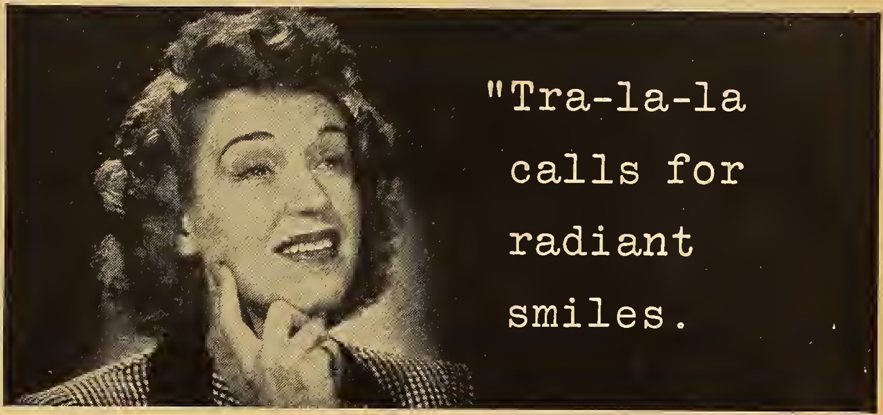

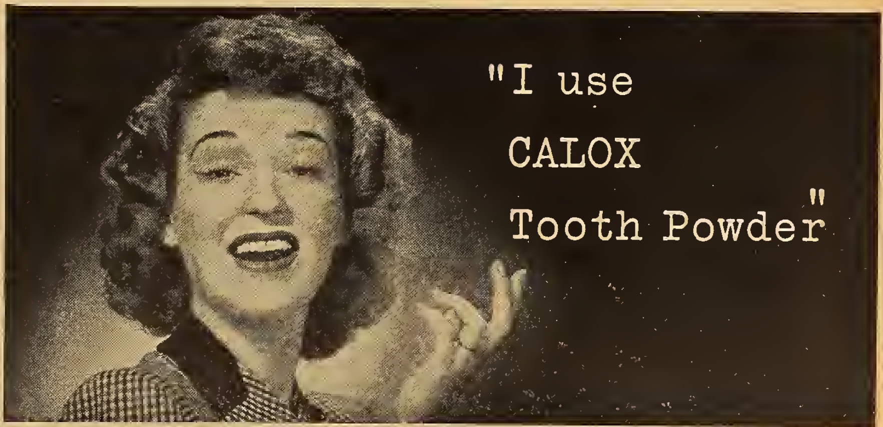

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SEE HERE, MR. WALKER . . .

(*Continued from page 41*)

and thought of the day she'd turned him adrift to shift for himself. "And boy, did he shift!" murmurs Aunt Tenny. "*My* nephew."

He was never the hellion type, far from it. A misunderstood yearling is what he thought he was. Youngest and skinniest of four brothers, he had no one to heckle, since he was also the skinniest kid on the block. Only when there was a gap in the team would the guys let him play.

"Aw, he's no good."

"Better'n nothin'."

"Yeah, but not much."

Bob thinks that's why he got such a terrific boot out of his own son's feat. Last winter he took Bobby, the elder boy, to visit his parents in Ogden. It was coasting weather, and the hardier kids used a drive so steep that when you reached the bottom, you went skimming four blocks on momentum. Bob took his youngster down that drive and hauled him back again. At the top, Bobby looked his father in the eye. "I want to go down by myself." He was three and a half.

"You can't."

"I can, Daddy."

What got Bob was the way he said it—no cockiness, just a quiet confidence that infected the parent in spite of himself. He told Bobby to wait, posted a couple of older kids at strategic points, and himself took a spot halfway down the hill.

Heart thumping against his ribs, calling himself all kinds of a fool, he yelled, "Okay!" Down came Bobby, steering like a veteran, past his Dad, past the other outposts, straight as an arrow to the bottom of the hill and beyond. Apprehension gave way to a surge of such exultant pride as Bob had never known—not even when Bobby and Michael were born. Going down to meet his son who came trudging up toward him, he thought: "He's the youngest kid ever to take this hill, and he wasn't scared. I'm his father. But he's more than just my kid. He's a person."

That's when the ghost voices sounded. "Better'n nothin'."

"Yeah, but not much." And that's when Bob laughed out loud.

At his son's age, he was a person, too—which was maybe the root of his trouble. He got kicked out of kindergarten—for what heinous sin he doesn't recall—but brother! when you get kicked out of kindergarten, you're an individualist. He played hookey from school. His folks couldn't understand why his grades were so poor, and he couldn't understand what was so important about it. It wasn't important to him. Nor to Adrian, his boon companion, who was also misunderstood and played hookey with him. When the family moved to Ogden from Salt Lake, he missed Adrian but continued to play hookey by himself. He and Adrian were just marking time anyway, till they could run away. The thing was to get out on your own. Free of pestering elders, the world was a wide and beautiful place.

jr. stumblebums . . .

They found it was wide, anyway, when they hopped a freight from Salt Lake—where Bob was visiting—and got thrown off with the rest of the stumblebums at Las Vegas.

"Let's hike out to the middle of the desert," said Bob.

"What for?"

"They'll say, 'Look at those poor little children' an' give us a lift.'"

People were allergic to poor little chil-

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dren that day. Nobody gave them a lift. So they hiked back to Las Vegas, by which time home with its regular meals didn't look so bad. But Bob had set out for adventure, and adventure he meant to have.

In his shoe was a silver dollar which even the pal of his bosom didn't know about. "Let's go in this store and grab a couple of Baby Ruths and run."

"We'll get arrested."

"They wouldn't arrest a couple of poor little children." Bob liked that line.

Ashen-faced, Adrian grabbed and ran—straight into Bob's arms. "Whatcha runnin' for? I got money to pay for a million Baby Ruths."

Drunk with freedom, Bob reached home to find his mother sick over his disappearance. He got mad at her for being sick. Then he got mad at his father. There was a good 20-buck car on the market, and he'd saved 20 bucks, delivering papers. Dad said he was too young for a car. Bob decided this was a kind of disease with parents, butting into their kids' affairs. He got a job, left home and boarded out. The elder Walker threw up his hands and called on a psychologist friend for help. That guy must have known his business. In no time at all, he had Bob home, bawling his eyes out.

But by now the family was walking on eggs. Aunt Tenny was drawn into their counsels and offered to send her maverick nephew to the military school her own boys attended—the San Diego Army and Navy Academy at Carlsbad. At first it was just a change of battling locale. Bob continued to skin his knuckles and crack his head against a world he'd never made and didn't like. Meantime, Virginia Atkinson, who taught dramatics, watched him with an understanding eye. And one day she said: "How would you like to read for a part in a play?"

the saving grace . . .

It was like sulfa drugs to fever, and a bottle to a famished babe. Six months later Bob didn't know himself. His grades had picked up, the chips were gone from his shoulders, the sun was out, he loved his fellow-man and worshipped Mrs. Atkinson. The whole thing looked like magic, but was perfectly simple. He'd found in self-expression the freedom his nature craved.

He stayed at Carlsbad five years and in interstate dramatic contests won best-actor award twice in a row. There was no doubt in his mind about what he wanted to do. But he was diffident, and Mrs. Atkinson was his oracle. He couldn't ask for the go-sign, he waited for her to give it.

She gave it one night when he drove her home from a performance. "*You*'ve got to decide if you're willing to face the heartbreak. All *I* can say is, I think you're good enough to be an actor."

Bob's reactions are quiet. "That's good enough for me," he said, and you couldn't have told that his heart was doing handsprings up in the sky.

The Pasadena Playhouse offered him a scholarship. Aunt Tenny offered him a two-year course at the American Academy in New York. He'd have liked to take both, but when you're 18 and New York beckons, you don't give her the air—not if you're in your right mind, you don't.

There was a girl in Tulsa named Jennifer Jones who wanted to be an actress. Her folks happened to send her to the Academy that same year. She and Bob met, attended classes together, fell in love, finished their first year and went hunting for summer jobs. Jennifer found one with a tent show in the Midwest. Bob was still luckier. He tried out for and copped the part of a skinny boy in a Broadway play. Jennifer was sick over missing the opening. They said good-by reluctantly and made a date for the fall. Three days later the Broadway producer said, "I'm sorry, Bob. We're changing this skinny boy to a fat boy."

Something happened then that hadn't happened since Bob was 13. He got sore at the world, marched out of the theater, down 44th to the Hudson. Nuts to the stage! He'd get on a steamer and go around the world. The steamer happened to be a United Fruit liner that didn't go round the world, just hauled bananas back and forth from Central America. By summer's end he'd sweated the peeve out of his system. Magnanimous, that was Bob. Ready to forgive. American Academy, here I come!

He'd reckoned without Aunt Tenny, whose word was her bond and who expected the same of others. By her standards, Bob had walked out on their deal, quit under his first blow. That made the deal invalid. He was on his own.

He had no squawk, thought she was perfectly right. American Academy, here I don't come. Jennifer decided not to go either. Practical experience, that was better than any old school. They got Paul Gilmore to let them put on "Springtime for Henry" down at the Provincetown. Boy, was that fun! Money? Don't be silly. Who makes money at the Provincetown? Besides, they didn't need any. Jennifer ate on what the family sent her. Bob lived at a Yonkers co-op and slung hash for his room and some of his meals. His good brother Walter, practicing law in New York, gave him ten bucks a week.

Then came the wire. Tulsa was opening a new radio station. Would Jennifer come

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an officer and a gentleman if I ever seen one."

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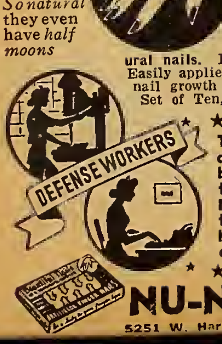

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back to star in a series of dramatic shows? Fourteen weeks at 25 a week. Bob thought it was wonderful and tried not to think what New York would be like without Jennifer. "Of course you must go."

"Maybe I must," she said, looking thoughtful. "But come on in here first."

In here was Western Union. She didn't write yes, and she didn't write no. What she wrote was, "Can you use a leading man?"

It turned out they could. Fourteen weeks later, with money in the bank, Bob and Jennifer were married in Tulsa and spent their honeymoon trying to crash Hollywood. Hollywood didn't know they were alive.

"I *love* New York," said Jennifer finally. "New York's got snow." So back they went.

Being poor didn't matter. Living in one room that cost 18 a month didn't matter. They were young and in love and all their beautiful life lay ahead. Daytimes Bob looked for work. Jennifer couldn't, because a baby was on the way. At night he synopsized movie scripts at six dollars a script. Jennifer helped.

One unforgettable day came an emergency call from a radio agent. Bob tore up and tore back with a check for 21 dollars. Five words he'd said. They figured it out on the back of an envelope. Four dollars and twenty cents a word—

"One word for a hat," said Bob. "We're going to buy you the best hat in New York for four dollars and twenty cents."

They took the bus uptown. The hat was blue with white ribbons. It cost four dollars, and the face underneath it made it look like a million.

lucky in love . . .

Radio began breaking. The day Bobby was born, his dad got three jobs, and they called him their good luck. By the time Michael came 11 months later, Bob was an established radio actor with five regular programs. In addition to youth and love, they now had two kids and a car and a house at Sands Point.

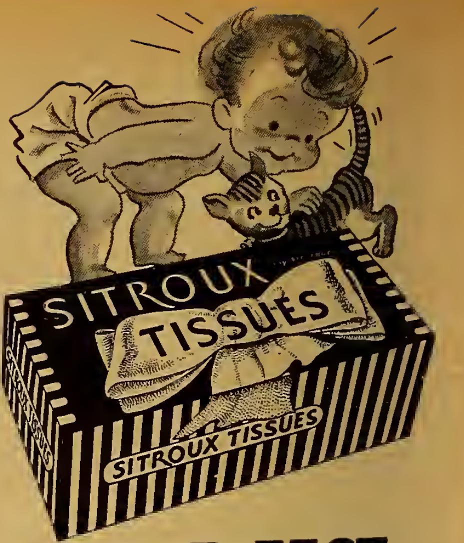
But Jennifer's craving to act was as strong as Bob's, and he had every sympathy with it. When Michael was old enough, she began trotting round to the agents again. One job she applied for was in the road company of "Claudia."

"Road company nothing!" said the agent, grabbing his hat. "Mr. Selznick's in town. Let's go see him about the picture."

Mr. Selznick grabbed Jennifer almost as fast as the agent had grabbed his hat. "Claudia?" Never mind "Claudia." Make a test of Miss Jones. Run the test of Miss Jones. Have Miss Jones come right up. Mr. Selznick wants to put you under personal contract, Miss Jones. "Under personal contract, Miss Jones." Those were the words, and the tune didn't matter, as Miss Jones and Mr. Walker waltzed round and round, to the wonder and admiration of their children.

When Jennifer was called to the coast to test for Twentieth Century's "Song of Bernadette," she took the kids along. If she got the part, Bob would close the house, store the furniture and try for radio work in California. Before Bernadette was settled, M-G-M's New York scouts had asked Bob to make a test. Not being the hero type, he thought his chances were slim. Besides, as a movie beginner, he'd get only a fraction of his radio earnings. But when M-G-M offers you a test, you make it. And when M-G-M offers you a contract, you may fall flat on your astonished face but you take it, and to heck with the dough.

He didn't let Jennifer know he was coming, wanted to surprise her. She practically fainted. "Bob! Where have you *been?* I've been trying to call you, Bob.



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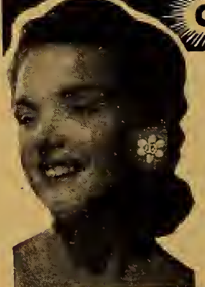

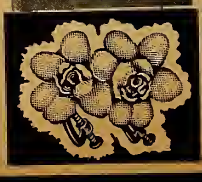

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LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

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I got the part, darling! I'm Bernadette."

"And I'm under contract to M-G-M." So they fainted into each other's arms.

He got really steamed up when they gave him the script of "Bataan" at the studio next day. That night he read it aloud to Jennifer. Baby, what a part! He almost didn't get it, too. Played it too old when he tested. But Tay Garnett, the director, called him to the office and watched him as he talked. "You don't have to test again," he said at last. "The part's yours."

"Tay Garnett, that's my pappy," says Bob, and the way he says it, you can positively see the halo round Garnett's head.

storm in heaven . . .

Everything was happy and exciting then. Everything was perfect. A few years back Hollywood couldn't see either of them. Now the movie plum of plums lay in Jennifer's hands. "Bataan," introducing Bob Walker, was finished and about to be sneaked.

Sneak previews are just what their name implies. They're run for audience reaction. Players are supposed to stay away from their door. But information leaks out. In this case it leaked out to Bob Taylor, who took pity on the other Bob. "Come on, you can go along." Only the other Bob wanted Miss Jones along, too, so he hid her in the back seat of the car where Taylor found her.

"I thought a sneak preview meant you could sneak in," said Jennier meekly.

I don't have to tell you what the sailor did to that audience. If you saw the picture, he did it to you, too. M-G-M promptly cast him as Private Hargrove. Everyone said, how wonderful. Everyone said, those lucky lucky kids—they've got everything. Then the heavens split with one of those lightning bolts Hollywood never gets used to, though they're frequent enough, more's the pity. Bob and Jennifer separated.

Only they know why. We know only that few separations have saddened the town more. It's none of the town's business, but nobody who's seen them together can squelch the feeling that they belong together.

Of them, the old cliché is literally true. They remain friends. When Bob finished "Hargrove" and "Mme. Curie," he moved over to Selznick's to play opposite Jennifer in "Since You Went Away." He's a stickler for promptness. If he says he'll meet you at two, he'll meet you or break a leg. One day he came in 15 minutes late, and terribly upset. He was late because he'd stopped in to see Jennifer. He was terribly upset because she had a cold.

His Sundays are devoted to the boys. They're three and four now, but Michael's the same height and weight as Bobby, so they look like twins, and they're the twin apples of his eye. When Michael was named Michael, his parents vowed he'd never be called Mike. So he's called Mike. Of the two, he's rather more introspective. Music sends him off into daydreams, and he's got those bedroom eyes that say come-and-get-me. Bobby doesn't wait to be got. He goes after what he wants and what he seems to want most is people. Traveling to and from Ogden, he collected every heart on the train.

Bob's been kept too busy for much social life. By the end of the day he's generally too pooped for more than dinner and a book. When he can, he plays tennis with Peter Lawford or Cornell Wilde. Loves all forms of exercise, including walking, but finds walking in California a snare and delusion. It lacks the New York tingle.

He's a friend of Keenan Wynn's, and

Will HITLER SURRENDER In 1944?

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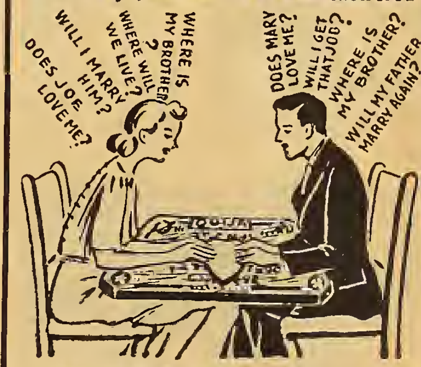
DOES JOE LOVE ME?
WILL I MARRY HIM?
WHERE WILL WE LIVE?
WHERE IS MY BROTHER?
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WHERE IS MY BROTHER?
WILL MY FATHER MARRY AGAIN?

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It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that's *too strong* can often leave you feeling worse than before!

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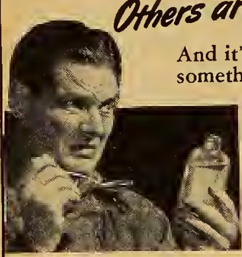

And it's unwise to take something that's *too mild* to give you the relief you need! A good laxative should be gentle, yet should work thoroughly!

But— EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

Try the

"HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives you a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time! And remember, Ex-Lax *tastes good*—just like fine chocolate! It's as good for women and children as it is for the men-folks. 10c and 25c.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX The Original Chocolated Laxative

sooner or later any friend of Keenan Wynn gets the motorcycle bug. A car ran into Bob's bike while he was on it, and he got his head cracked and was laid up for three weeks. "Keep off it," the studio ordered. He said he would if they'd buy it. They said they needed it like they needed a bullet in the brain. "Then I'll be awfully tempted to ride it," said Bob. So they bought it.

He loves the piano and wants to take lessons, so he can play swing and more swing. His favorite writers are Saroyan and Warwick Deeping—even if they are sentimental—and Nancy Hale, because she's sophisticated. He goes for anything Brooksy in clothes, plain colors in ties and heavy wool socks all year round. Jewelry leaves him cold, except he thinks it would be classy to own a pair of nut-and-bolt cuff-links. All he owns now is a watch that he never wears.

He eats like a wolf, drinks two quarts of milk a day and cream when he can get it, but doesn't gain weight. He likes pie for breakfast, and the only thing he hates worse than cabbage is gossip.

He's in Florida at the moment, on location for "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." Their friends can't down the hope that whatever went wrong between him and Miss Jones may yet be mended somehow by them. They want boy and girl together again, under the sign of a blue hat with white ribbons. See here, Mr. Walker, that's not mere idle gossip. That's just the good old American prayer for a happy ending to stories of youth and love and dreams.

HE NOTICES YOUR HAIR

(Continued from page 67)

points and high light your good ones.

Suppose, for example, that yours is a round, fullblown sort of face. What to do? Simply wear your hair high on top and close to the side. Steer clear of fussy, fancy or frilly entanglements. Any upswept, sleek, sculptured coif is safe.

Perhaps you want to soften a long face. Wear your hair full above the ears and avoid stiff, evenly balanced lines. Try softly irregular, slanting lines like side parts and loose waves.

How now, you demand of ye Beauty Ed., to achieve this dazzling coif, once decided upon? A good first step is to comb a wave set through your hair while it is still damp (but not wringing wet).

To achieve pin curls, begin at your part, separating your hair into triangular sections about a half-inch wide. Comb each strand out smoothly, place your finger halfway up its length (you are holding it straight out from your head), then stretch and wind it, not too tightly, around your finger. Pull the ringlet off with the thumb and finger of your other hand and roll it down to your head. Next, anchor the curl with two hairpins or bob pins, one from each side, letting them cross in the hollow center. When this handiwork atop your head is dry, comb each ringlet out carefully and glamorize it with brilliantine. If you hanker for the sleek effect, spray your hair with lacquer to hold each strand in place as part of one smooth surface.

Speaking of men as our title does, married femmes should remember that a colorful bandanna or snood hides a multitude of sins. Don't forego your at-home fixin' just because you don't want the old man to see you in curlers. Incidentally, all of you, married gals and spinsters, follow these Hollywood hair-cues, and your pet man will notice your bright curls. We promise it!

HAIRTAINER TIMES
CHANGE NURSERY RHYMES

Mistress Mary, hair-contrary—
Always in a flurry!
Too bad HAIRTAINERS were unknown;
They hold hair—save time—end worry!

GRIP-TUTH
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Successor to the Comb!
SECURITY FOR EVERY HAIRSTYLE
25¢
THE SPRING-TOOTH GRIP • HOLDS EVERY COIFFURE FIRM

Today, Modern Marys *can* end hair-worry and save time—by getting GRIP-TUTH HAIRTAINERS* to keep hair-dos secure. For whatever the hair-style or season, HAIRTAINERS' spring-tooth action g-r-i-p-s and holds *every* hair-strand. Ask for GRIP-TUTH HAIRTAINERS (formerly hair retainers) at beauty salons, department and chain stores. Card of two (or one extra length) 25c.

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Don't let tired, burning sensitive feet steal energy and make the hours seem longer. Just massage frosty white Ice-Mint on your feet and ankles *before* work to help keep them cool and comfortable . . . and *after* work to help perk them up for an evening of fun. No greasy feeling—won't stain socks or stockings. Grand, too, to help soften corns and callouses. Get Ice-Mint from your druggist today and get foot happy this easy way.

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● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

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YOU CAN TOO with this POWDER or PASTE

If your mirror says ugly smudges—perhaps smoke-smudge—have dimmed the natural luster of your teeth, use Iodent No. 2 paste or powder twice daily and see the smudges vanish and your smile regain its sparkle.

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ENTER OUR 1944 Miss Stardust CONTEST

Pictured is lovely Taffy Miller, Stardust Girl of '43. Maybe YOU will be our lucky new beauty and talent winner . . . 28 awards, including $650 in War Bonds and chance to become famous! Contest closes May 1st, 1944. Nothing to buy . . . just send for detailed entry blank. Industrial Undergarment Corp., P. O. Box 65, Station F, New York.

By the makers of Stardust Products

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 62)

will not only lick all the paint off your front door, but will gladly eat your doormat as well."

So Willard Parker went to New York and got himself a job as the matinee idol in "Lady in the Dark" with Gertrude Lawrence. (The same part, incidentally, which gave gorgeous Hunk O' Mature to Hollywood.) The road show played to the aristocracy of motion pictures when it reached Hollywood, and before his alarm clock could burble the following morning, Mr. Parker was the recipient of SEVEN motion picture offers.

By that time Max Arno had moved to Columbia, so Willard Parker looked up his old friend and told him how good his advice had been. Somewhat diffidently he mentioned his covey of offers, adding that if Max Arno wanted him to sign with Columbia, Max had first choice.

And that, chums, is an example of loyalty seldom found anywhere.

THE LOOEY'S CUTIE:

They were making a training film at the First Motion Picture Unit of the Army Air Corps, which is domiciled in Culver City. The extras needed for the particular street scene (being shot at night) had been supplied from the ranks of the families and friends of the men stationed at "Fort Roach."

One of the G.I.'s said to another, "Look over there and you'll see the smoothest babe you've feasted eyes on for a long time. Mmm, what a number!"

The second khaki took a long, fur-bearing look, then corrected the connotation of his glance. "Jiggers," he said, "that's the lieutenant's wife."

Brenda Marshall, knowing that Bill Holden was soon to be transferred, had been spending as much time with him as possible, even working until four in the morning as an unpaid extra in a training film.

FAN BAN:

On the set of "And Now Tomorrow" Loretta Young was showing Alan Ladd a letter she had just received from an irate fan, to wit: "Apparently you misread my letter. I asked for a photograph of you with your hair cut short, not hanging around your shoulders like unmown hay. I can't understand why you can't give me the kind of picture I want. I am returning this photograph because I am entirely dissatisfied with it."

If you know anyone who would write such a letter, how about giving him or her a brief chat on Manners Among Movie Fans?

MATTERS DOMESTIC:

When Bob Hutton and Natalie Thompson were married, they received such a glitter of wedding gifts that Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant decided to withhold their present until Bob and Natalie could take inventory and decide what they needed to complete their housekeeping equipment.

Recently Cary said to Bob (of whom he had grown very fond while they were working together in "Destination Tokyo"), "Have you and Natalie decided what you need yet?"

Bob nodded. "Natalie thinks she'd like a pressure cooker," he confided in all the innocence of the non-shopping newlywed.

Mrs. Grant, with a patrol of friends who glory in a handicapped hunt, is still searching the local scene diligently—including all secondhand stores.

* * *

Until recently, the romance between Captain Clark Gable and lovely Kay Williams has progressed only through the good offices

Smoke DOES Smudge YOUR TEETH

BRYTEN UP with this POWDER or PASTE

Use Iodent No. 2 and watch that ugly, dingy smoke smudge quickly disappear.

Iodent is made by a Dentist and guaranteed safe.

"BUY WAR BONDS TO SHORTEN THE WAR"

IODENT TOOTH POWDER • PASTE

FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN

FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

America's Favorite

GIVES YOU Lovelier Waves!

Dr. Ellis' Wave Set is *first in America*, because it's quicker, easier, more effective. Quality carries-through also in Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish and other fine Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids. At 5 and 10s and drugstores everywhere!

10¢ PLUS TAX

Dr. Ellis' WAVE SET NAIL POLISH

POLISH REMOVER . . . SHAMPOO
BRILLIANTINE . . . HAIR OIL

"problem" hair

MADE LOVELY AGAIN

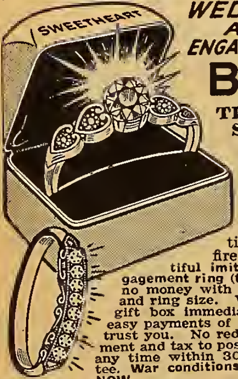
Dulled and dingy hair needn't cause despair. One refreshing shampoo with Admiracion makes a thrilling difference. It floats away dirt . . . loose dandruff . . . soap film. Lets *natural* loveliness of hair shine through. TWO TYPES—"no lather" in red carton or "foamy" in green carton. At your Beauty Shop ask for an Admiracion Shampoo.

ADMIRACIÓN
OIL SHAMPOOS

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RING BARGAIN

TEN DAYS' TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY



Introductory offer: With every order for smart, new, Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge exquisite wedding ring set with eight imitation diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful imitation Diamond solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair). Send no money with order. Just name, address and ring size. We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of $2 each, total only $4. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment and tax to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money-back guarantee. **War conditions make supply limited. Act NOW.**

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. ST-135, Jefferson, Iowa

"Stocking Stick"

The Sensationally Different

LEG MAKE-UP

No Muss
No Fuss
as with
Liquids

"Easier to put on than Stockings"

Mrs. D. E. N.
Estherville, Iowa

★ GUARANTEED EASIEST TO APPLY OR YOUR MONEY BACK

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

of one of Kay's neighbors. She has been unable to secure a telephone, so Clark—in calling her—had to dial the number of an M-G-M employee, who would then have Clark hold the wire while the neighbor or his wife rushed around the corner to fetch Kay to answer.

* * *

The moving van drew up before the low rambling bungalow, and a bright-haired girl came running out to welcome her delivery of furniture: one stove and one bed.

To date, these two items represent the total purchases of George Montgomery and Dinah Shore. As George is away on training film assignments most of the time, Dinah has remained in the apartment she has long shared with her girl friends. When she has a spare moment, she rushes out and shops for household fixtures, but TAWGO,* you know. There is very little to be had.

*There's A War Going On.

A SHOT OF B & B:

(Brief dialogues on the "Road to Utopia" set: The scene is one in which Crosby is making his usual brand of lackadaisical love to Dorothy Lamour. During a kiss, Captain Howard arrives as a set visitor.)

Hope: Jiggers, Crosby, here comes the Captain.

Crosby: Oh, the guy with *TWO* chips on his shoulders.

(Scene in which Bob Hope is feeding a large sheep dog originally named Curly.)

Hope: Look, Veronica, when you come to an elbow, it's mine.

(Scene in which Hope and Crosby, stripped to the waist and covered with grime, are stoking a boiler on a freighter in northern waters. Suddenly a door opens, and a character in white tie, tails, top hat and cane strolls through the stoke hole.)

The stranger: Could I trouble one of you for a light?

Hope: Sure, sure. (He lights the cigarette for the guy, then does a double take.) Say, where do you think you're going?

The stranger: Just taking a shortcut through here to my own set.

FURTHER REVELATIONS ABOUT A PAIR OF WONDERFUL GUYS:

Because of the gradually increasing number of servicemen who were visiting the "Road to Utopia" set, and because neither Bob nor Bing could be persuaded to resist ad libs toward their khaki audience—which promptly responded with laughter so deafening that production was being held up day after day—Paramount had to close the set, i.e., forbid any visitors whatsoever.

This ban had been in effect for several days when Bob, in passing through the main gate, noticed that a little cluster of G.I.'s had just been turned away by the gateman.

"Say, how about it?" he asked. "Why can't these guys go through the studio at least?"

"Orders from the front office," said the officer.

"Have you ever had orders to hold a foxhole, no matter what happened?" Bob asked.

The G.I.'s followed Bob through the gates.

AND BING:

The Crosby kid has always refused to lend his name to advertising tie-ups, but Bob caught him posing for a series of national cigarette ads. "All your old modesty gone up in smoke, huh!" he cracked.

Of course Bing doesn't need or want the publicity, but he really wanted the deal he got out of posing—One million smokes to be sent free to the troops serving overseas.

When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS

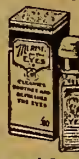
Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients — safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • REFRESHES



★ *Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★

One Best Home Way To BUILD UP RED BLOOD

To Get More Strength If You Lack Blood Iron!

You girls who suffer from simple anemia or who lose so much during monthly periods that you are pale, feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—due to low blood-iron—try Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS *at once!*

Pinkham's Tablets are one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy to help build up red blood to give more strength and energy — in such cases.

Just try them for 30 days—then see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit. Follow label directions. *Well worth trying!*

Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

EVERY BOND YOU BUY IS A BLAST AGAINST BERLIN. KEEP ON BUYING TO HELP DEFEAT HITLER IN 1944!

Have you heard Hollywood's secret for lips that whisper.

LOVE ME!

Now revealed for the first time, the intimate secrets of filmland's most famous make-up artists. Now you can use the same type "Movie Lips" Make Up Brush that bestows glamorous stars with lips that excite and entice . . . with thrilling new Brush 'n' Blend Cream Lipstick . . . the nearest thing to everlasting lip beauty. A single application often lasts all day long.

Brush 'n' Blend

CREAM LIPSTICK and MAKE-UP BRUSH

At Most 5¢ and 10¢ Stores

Or send 25¢ plus 5¢ for tax and postage. State color of hair. Natone Co., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

BOTH ONLY 25¢

JIM, I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE, GET PAZO!
LATER
SMART WIFE, PAZO RELIEVED THOSE SIMPLE PILES

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

Do You Want LONGER HAIR

Just try this **system** on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of **attractive** hair that so often captures love and romance.

HAIR MAY GET LONGER when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. **Just try** the **JUELENE SYSTEM** 7 days, let your mirror prove results. Send $1.00. (If C. O. D. postage extra). Fully guaranteed. Money back if you're not delighted.

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Rd., Dept. A-603, Chicago 13, Ill.

LUCKY in NUMBERS LUCKY IN LOVE

Stop worrying and wondering. Get the facts according to numbers. Send me your complete birth date. Get your new personalized forecast on **Love, Business, Finances, Travel, Pleasure, Health, Home, Responsibility**, friends and associates. I send you your *PERSONAL NUMBERS* forecast taken from your full birth date. Formerly a $5.00 service. All for only 25c. Rush birth date, a 3c stamp and 25c in coin. FREE---Mail your order promptly and get a dictionary of 300 **Common Dreams.** Satisfaction guaranteed.

APPLIED NUMBERS, Dept. 145
3833 Applegate, Cincinnati 11, Ohio

Earn $30 a week

AS A TRAINED

PRACTICAL NURSE!

Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women—18 to 60 years of age—have done through Chicago School of Nursing. Easy-to-understand lessons, endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Nurse Cromer, of Iowa, runs her own nursing home. Others earn $2.50 to $5.00 a day in private practice.

YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!

Mrs. B. C., of Texas earned $474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Easy payments. Equipment included. 45th year. Send coupon now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 235, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name________________________Age________
City_________________________State________

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

OPPORTUNE TUNE:

Panting, this department rushes forward with an answer to the burning question, "How did 'Shoo-Shoo Baby' happen to be written?"

It seems that Lena Horne was working at the Hollywood Canteen one night and became somewhat bored by the attitude of some of the players who were maneuvering for position on the program. One man didn't want to follow a certain girl because their patter was too similar; another girl didn't want to follow so-and-so, because both of them were blondes, and each felt that a brunette interspersed would enhance the attractions of all. All in all the broken field running was pretty grim.

As Miss Horne was leaving the Canteen with Phil Moore, she mentioned her weariness at such goings-on. "Shoosh, Baby," said Phil, "it's all part of the war effort. The soldiers see only the finished production, which looks smooth. I guess everybody gets a little rough behind scenes because it's in the air. Just shoosh, Baby."

And that, kiddies, is how popular songs are born.

TEASE & REPARTEES:

Luscious Maria Montez, beautifully gowned as usual, and wearing on her ears a pair of tiny solid gold bees sent to her from overseas by husband Jean Pierre Aumont, stepped onto the platform at the National Press Club in Washington. From the appreciative male audience arose a series of two-toned whistles.

When a measure of silence had been regained, Maria said softly into the microphone, "In my country, when a man whistles at a girl it is an insult."

The silence deepened into abashed gloom. "But," continued Maria, "I am not in my country."

Residents of Atlanta, hundreds of miles away, are still wondering what that explosive noise could have been.

BAG GAG:

A friend of Ray Milland's dropped in, several months ago, to tell that charming Welsh gentleman and his wife good-by. The Milland's were leaving for a brief New York vacation, so Mrs. Milland was packing. Ray, contrariwise, had been reading, his neck sunk into the back of a lounge, his feet propped on an ottoman. "Pack?" he said in answer to the visitor's question. "Sure, I'm going to pack later on. I know exactly what I need, and it will take me just 20 minutes to stow it in a bag." This comment was typical.

Mr. Milland, world traveler, learned the "travel light" slogan early in life and has always abided by it. When his wife, who is expected to carry on the star-wife tradition, takes a hat bag, jewel box, make-up kit and two large cases, Ray is astounded. When his male friends show up at the station with a Gladstone and two wardrobe cases, he is amazed. "What on earth do you think you can't buy, instead of taking it along with you?" he likes to ask.

Sooo . . . when the troupe with whom he was going overseas, gathered at the station, Ray—as usual—had two small bags. One of the girls arrived with three bags, a hat-carrier and a small trunk made necessary because of her dancing costumes and shoe changes. Another girl arrived with several week-end cases and a fortnighter in which her evening gowns (to delight the troops) were tissue-wrapped. Another had all the usual bags, plus an accordion.

The tour arranger looked over the situation, then turned to Mr. Milland. "One person in

Your Birthstone* tells the Month
*MAY
EMERALD
Don't let your Hands tell Your Years

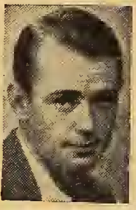
May—the month when gardens burst into bloom. Whether or not you are gardening you will want your hands petal-smooth, soft and pliable. Use Sofskin, the rich, velvety cream to make useful hands lovelier. Takes only a moment to apply. Be convinced. Ask for the Sofskin courtesy application at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter.

SOFSKIN

for lovely hands and skin

in the Black and Gold Jars
35¢, 60¢, $1.00 Sizes

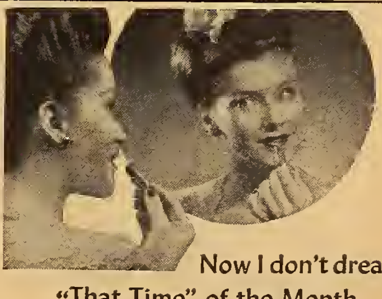
SOFSKIN COMPANY, FINDLAY, OHIO



FREE PORTRAIT or PIN UP of your favorite MOVIE STAR

REAL PHOTOGRAPHS
All the latest Stars and Poses
List mailed with each photo
Send 10 cents to cover handling and mailing

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
BOX 1150—DEPT. C
HOLLYWOOD, 28, CALIF., U. S. A.



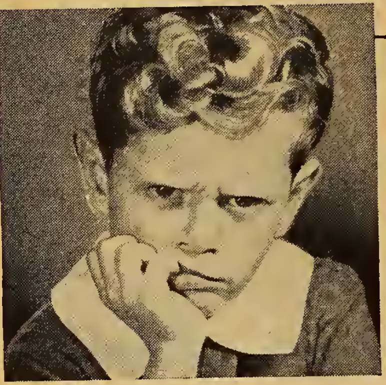
Now I don't dread "That Time" of the Month

Periodic functional pains don't worry me now. Thanks to those grand *new* Chi-Ches-Ters Pills! My druggist tells me the reason they're so effective is because of a special ingredient which is intended to help relieve the tension that causes functional distress. It works by helping to relax the affected part—not merely by deadening pain. The *new* Chi-Ches-Ters contain an added iron factor, too, intended to act as a tonic on your blood. Try the *new* Chi-Ches-Ters Pills on your "difficult days." Ask your druggist tomorrow for a 50c size and follow directions on the package.

CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

If Your Child
HATES VEGETABLES



try giving him Ovaltine

SCIENCE has proved there are certain food elements everyone needs for health. If there aren't enough of them in a child's food, serious things happen, such as *poor appetite*—faulty nerves, bad teeth—perhaps worse! Stunted growth, soft bones, defective eyesight.

Ovaltine supplies food elements frequently deficient in ordinary diets. Three glasses daily, made with milk as directed, provide a child's full minimum requirement of appetite Vitamin B₁, Vitamins A, D and G, and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron—also supply niacin, pantothenic acid, pyridoxine. In addition it provides the *basic* food substances —complete proteins to build muscle, nerve and body cells—high-energy foods for vitality and endurance. It thus acts as an insurance against food deficiencies that retard appetite and normal growth.

So—if your child eats poorly, hates vegetables, or is thin and nervous, turn to Ovaltine.

OVALTINE

REDUCE!

THOUSANDS LOSE 3 to 5 LBS. A WEEK, YET EAT PLENTY!

Remarkable results reported with new ***Kel-Ray*** method. You **DON'T CUT OUT** starchy, fatty foods, you merely **CUT DOWN** on them. Take half teaspoonful Kel-Ray (a purely vegetable product) daily, follow easy, lazy plan, and fat vanishes.

That's all there is to it!

NO EXERCISE
NO REDUCING DRUGS
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY $1.00

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

McRAE HEALTH PRODUCTS CO.
1457 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

I enclose $1.00 for Kel-Ray method of reducing and Month's supply of Kel-Ray to be sent postage paid. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be refunded. (C.O.D. orders accepted. Same guarantee.)

12

Name..

Address..

City............

MAIL COUPON

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

each group is always appointed to look after the baggage throughout the trip," he told the man who hates baggage. "Since you are the only man in this troupe, I presume that duty falls to you."

BOGEY BACK:

Humphrey Bogart, having returned from his overseas jaunt, is currently at work at Warners' in "To Have and Have Not," in which Dolores Moran is his leading lady.

Reporting on his experiences, he says that troops asked three questions: 1) Are we going to get back to The States, only to find that they've foisted prohibition on us? 2) Can you encourage the folks at home to send us books, letters and chocolate bars? 3) When is Annie Sheridan coming over here?

Bogart's answers were 1) I don't think so. 2) Books and letters, yes—but is that a gag about chocolate bars? 3) Annie has had all her inoculatory shots and has been fingerprinted, cross-examined and entirely identified so that she is entirely ready to make the trip as soon as so ordered. And, in accordance with Mayo Methot's suggestion, Annie has collected umptee-sirteen gadgets to wear on her head. From the time the girls leave New York until they return to The States, it is practically impossible to get a shampoo, so seasoned entertainers take bandanas, snoods, clusters of flowers and collections of bows to gussy up their weary hair.

POSTAL PATENT PAPA:

Each Sunday, after Walter Pidgeon completed his radio broadcast, he returned to his car only to find the front seat littered with letters from fans. There were requests for photographs, for autographs, even for some of Mr. Pidgeon's cast-off haberdashery.

One Sunday recently, however, Mr. Pidgeon returned to find absolutely no mail of any sort in his car. Running his finger around his collar, he thought with a grin, "Hmm—I must be slipping." But, as he backed out, the station attendant came running over.

"Did you see my invention?" he asked with a grin. And he pointed to the small, neat mail box attached to the Pidgeon car door. Lettered on the device was the admonition, "Deposit Fan Mail Here."

QUICKIES:

When Sonny Tufts started "So Proudly We Hail"—his first movie—he was given a set of soldier's dog tags (identification discs, as if you didn't know). As a G.I. he had to wear them in every scene—Army regulation. That picture made Sonny a star, so now he has a sentimental feeling about his dog tags. He wore them during the civilian picture "Government Girl" and, as a military man, he is again wearing them in "I Love a Soldier." Stamped on the tags is: "Paramount Property Department, Hollywood, California."

* * *

One of his fellow inductees nudged the slim guy with the ingratiating freckles and the dimples. "Hi, California," he said. "The last time I saw you, you were having yourself a time at the 'Stage Door Canteen.' Whatcha doing here?"

"Being inducted," said Lon McCallister, trying on another blouse at Fort MacArthur.

* * *

Did you know that John Payne has been transferred to the Special Service Unit of the Army Air Corps and has been ordered on a Bond tour?

* * *

Did you know that Helmut Dantine has been taking Judy Garland dancing?

And did you know that Betty Grable couldn't find a bassinet for her baby, so Lana Turner has loaned her Cherry's crib?

New 3 in 1 Policy
Only $1 A MONTH
SICKNESS ACCIDENT HOSPITALIZATION
All three in one

REAL PROTECTION

Policy Pays Benefits Up To:

ACCIDENT Benefits	**$5,000.00** Accumulated Cash for Accidental Loss of Life, Limbs or Sight
LOSS of TIME Benefits	**$150.00** A month for Accident Disability
SICKNESS Benefits	**$100.00** A month for Loss of Time
Benefits while in HOSPITAL	**$7.50 EACH DAY**

Don't take dangerous chances! Why risk your savings, perhaps your future, when just a few pennies a day pays for real protection? 3-in-1 policy pays liberal benefits from FIRST DAY! Even covers common sicknesses and ordinary accidents. No agents, no red tape, no medical examination. Mail-plan cuts expenses, gives you greater insurance value. Investigate at once. No obligation. Write for FREE details today.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK CASUALTY CO.
Dept. 62-E • Rockford, Ill.

Hair OFF
Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040 Merchandise Mart, Dept. Y-21, Chicago.

ITCH
CHECKED *In A Jiffy*

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

JAMMED HEAD?

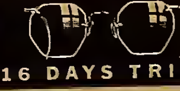
FREE CHART

When your head feels "all jammed up" due to nasal congestion—remember HALL'S TWO-METHOD TREATMENT loosens and helps clear up phlegm-filled throat and nasal congestion or money back! Ask your druggist! Write for FREE Health Chart TODAY!

F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 45, Toledo, Ohio

BUY FROM THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED FIRM IN THE UNITED STATES SELLING EYE GLASSES BY MAIL

GLASSES as LOW as $1.95 PAIR



16 DAYS TRIAL

Choice of the LATEST STYLES—remarkably LOW PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or your money back. If you are not satisfied—they will not cost you a cent.

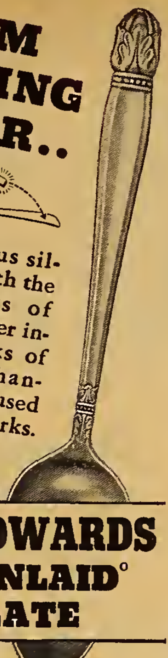
SEND NO MONEY Write for FREE catalog today showing all of our many styles and LOW PRICES!

BROKEN GLASSES REPAIRED AT LOW COST

ADVANCE SPECTACLE CO.
537 S. Dearborn St. Dept. MM-5 Chicago, Ill.

THE SAFEST PLACE IS WAR BONDS

I'M SAVING FOR..



The famous silverplate with the two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID°
SILVERPLATE

Copyright 1944, International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. In Canada: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. °Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Makes All-Day Standing Easy On Your Feet

If you are on your feet all day — walking the floor or standing in front of a machine — just sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease on your feet and into your shoes. This soothing powder brings quick relief to tired, burning feet. When shoes pinch and torture you from all-day standing — Allen's Foot-Ease is what you want. Acts instantly to absorb excessive perspiration and prevents foot odors. So, be sure to ask for Allen's Foot-Ease — the easy, simple way to all-day standing and walking comfort. Get it today at all druggists.

MOVIE STARS' PICTURES

Hundreds of beautifully posed pictures of your favorite movie stars. Full 8 x 10 size . . . only 15c each.

FREE! Catalog of over 200 stars' pictures with each order of 30c or more.

ALPHA PHOTO SERVICE 1235 SIXTH AVENUE, DEPT. B-5
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Let Nadinola's 4-way action help you

CLEAR UP EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES
GENTLY LOOSEN BLACKHEADS
LIGHTEN, BRIGHTEN DULL, DARK SKIN

Don't give in to unlovely skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a *4-way treatment cream* that acts to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen and remove blackheads. Used as directed, its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—make it creamy-white, satin-smooth. Start today to improve your complexion—buy Nadinola Cream! Just *one* treatment-size jar usually works wonders and costs only 55¢—with money-back guarantee—trial size 10¢. Also—

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

NADINOLA, Dept. 30, Paris, Tennessee
Send me free and postpaid your new deluxe edition Beauty Booklet, richly printed in full color, with actual photographs and sworn proof of the wonderful results from just *one jar* of Nadinola.

Name..
Address..
City............................State..............

THE LITTLEST LADD

(Continued from page 35)

Alana was four months old. (On her part, that is. The guy fell in love at sight). And in true movie style, it blossomed out of an initial misunderstanding.

Alan, in the service then, had just returned from duty in Walla Walla. First thing, he raced up to see his kid who lay in her crib, minding her own business. A voice shattered the peace. She wasn't used to the sound of male voices, and Alan's is particularly deep. The fact that it was saying "Hello, honey" didn't register. All she heard were the unfamiliar vibrations, and they terrified her. So she screamed. The closer he came, the louder she screamed. Mr. Ladd can take a hint. He backed away, and his stricken look is something Sue will never forget.

"My baby doesn't like me," said the tough guy. Sue didn't know which of the two to comfort first.

love affair . . .

Once they'd both recovered from the shock, Alan planned his campaign. He'd go up and stand beside her without talking—sort of sending out beams of good will in the hope they might penetrate. He'd hand her toys she was fond of. The time she grabbed his finger, his heart turned over. But by now she had him so bulldozed that when he opened his mouth, the voice came out strangled. So she screamed again—

It took him about a week to make the grade. In another week she was falling all over him. He also became her favorite pin-up boy. At sight of his picture, she starts yelling "Da-da" and strains out of Rinsje's arms to kiss it.

Like sensible parents, Sue and Alan try to be objective about their child. Rinsje holds with no such nonsense. Alana's the best, the most brilliant and beautiful of babies, and that settles that. Her parents point out that she's small for her age. "Look at those legs!" snaps Rinsje. "Like two little trees." They bemoan her indifference to food. "She eats fine," declares Rinsje. "Maybe a little slow. All good people eat slow."

Rinsje's from Holland, blonde and laughing and comfortable. Technically, she's the cook. But no nurse engaged by the Ladds ever had Rinsje's magical way with a baby. She wouldn't of course interfere with a nurse. All she'd do was look scornful at them. If the nurse couldn't get Alana to eat, Rinsje would pick her up and sing her a song. "I have such a voice," she explains, "that when I sing, everybody runs away. Except the baby. She listens to all my Holland songs, she understands and she eats."

Alan swears that his daughter thinks in a Dutch accent. "Call her sweetheart, and she won't give you a tumble. But say 'svithheart' and she's jelly in your hands."

So at last Sue got someone in to help with the cooking, leaving Rinsje free to look after her lamb.

The lamb takes after her father. She has his blue eyes, his blonde hair, his direct glance. (On the last point, there's a family difference of opinion. Alan calls it her mother's determined look. Sue calls it Little-Gun-for-Hire). Alan's face is long now, but baby pictures show a round little puss like his daughter's. He hates confusion and uproar. Loud voices are among the few things that make Alana whimper. And whatever Rinsje may protest to the contrary, their eating habits are cut from the same pattern.

Alan's breakfast used to be coffee. To please Sue, he now drinks a glass of milk

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with two eggs beaten up in it. For lunch he'll take anything, provided it isn't much. To make sure he gets food in him, Sue sends a turkey sandwich over to the set where he's making "And Now Tomorrow." She bribes one of the boys to get him a bottle of milk. The reason she has to bribe 'em is because Alan scowls at the milk.

"I can scowl blacker," she assures them.

So they stick the bottle and straw under his nose. "Drink up, or I'll tell Susie."

All of which made her feel he was adding insult to injury when he said one day: "It's awful, the way you can't make that baby eat."

"You make her eat," she suggested sweetly.

da-da goes bah-bah . . .

Caught unaware, he proved himself equal to the occasion. Jumped up and down like a yo-yo, making idiotic noises, which so astonished the baby that her mouth popped open, and Sue popped the spoon in.

There was another time when he really went to town. Alana wouldn't drink her orange juice. Even Rinsje couldn't make her.

"That's bad," said Alan, who never touches citrus. "That's very bad. We'll have to do something about it."

He wrapped her in a blanket and carried her out to the porch. Sue and Rinsje laid bets on the event. Half an hour later he reappeared with a sleeping baby and an empty bottle.

"*How* did you do it?"

He shrugged. "Just told her to drink it."

"And she just drank it. Scared of the Killer, I suppose."

If anyone's scared, it's Alan. Sue flips and swings and turns her upside down. Alan handles her like eggs at a diamond a dozen.

"What's the matter?" scoffs Rinsje. "You think she breaks?"

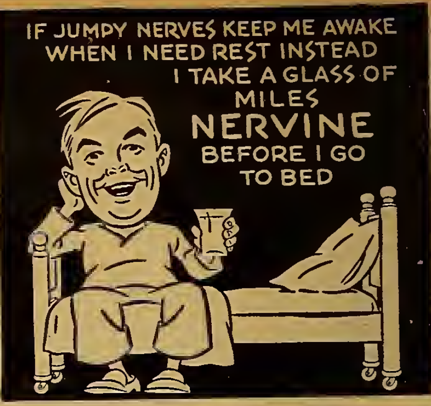
But they can't laugh him out of it. "She's such a *little* girl," he says.

One thing she didn't get from him. Alan hates having his picture taken. Movies would be heaven if he didn't have to make stills. The sight of a camera enchants his daughter. Flash a flashlight under her nose, and up goes the chin, out comes the grin, and she's posing, the ham. As a rib, Buddy de Sylva sent the Ladds a wire at her birth, offering her a 21-year contract. "She must have read the wire," says her dad.

She loves to watch him shave. Mornings, he takes her out of her crib and sits her up among the pillows of his bed, where she can get a grandstand view of the bathroom. Her fascinated eyes follow his every move, but she doesn't make a sound till he gets up a stiff lather, turns around and winks. That sets her gurgling like a runaway brook. Her father's soapy face as he gives her the eye is the world's best side show. It breaks her up. Next best, she likes to pull the hair on his chest. If that's covered, she drags his nose down so she can get at his forelock.

In Sue's arms, she waves good-by from the window till he's well out of sight. Then she'll spend the next half hour informing her mother or Rinsje or anyone hanging around that dada went bah-bah. If their interest wanes on the fifth or sixth repetition, that's okay with Alana. She goes right on broadcasting the news to herself.

Frank Freeman, head of Paramount, gave Alan a Boxer last Christmas, whom he named Jezebel because she's a little devil. Still in the puppy stage, she's under the illusion that people were made to be walked on. All but Alana. She skirts Alana carefully, growls at strangers who come too close and ducks her big head, to



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be patted by the tiny fingers. Jezebel's on Alan's side. You can all but hear her say, "She's such a *little* girl."

Her favorite spectator sport is a roughhouse between Alan and the dog. But what she'd rather do than anything else is dance with her dad. Rhythm's her middle name. The minute he starts singing, her legs start kicking in perfect time to the beat. He's careful to keep her abreast of the Hit Parade. It used to be "Pistol-Packin' Mamma," then "Shoo Shoo, Baby." Now it's "Mairzy Doats." The first time he sang it, she not only kicked, she squealed. "As I live and breathe," he marveled, "—a Bobby-sock!"

The Ladds are hospitable folk. Their friends come and go. Sue and Alan think kids should be neither too shy nor too bold, and the best way to achieve a happy medium is to get them used to people. Alana meets the public. She's not put on parade, but neither is she ignored. Pick her up, and she'll smile. Put her down, and she'll amuse herself. Give her a salty cracker, and she'll munch blissfully, making no bid for further attention.

As you know by now, Alan's a quiet guy, reticent about his emotions, not given to many words. So his love for his daughter finds expression in what he does rather than in what he says. The way he'll disappear, for instance, and Sue'll find him in the baby's room, drawing the covers round her or just looking at her maybe. His slow grin on being caught, and the way he'll try to wriggle out of it by pretending to be critical. "When's she going to have more hair?" or "Don't you think her chin's too short?"

The way his eyes go soft when she calls him Da-Da. The excitement in his voice one day when he yelled for Sue, and she went running because Alan so rarely betrays excitement. The baby had climbed up on top of the huge brown teddy bear Al Delacorte gave her and, hanging on to the bars of her kiddy coop, was standing for the first time. "Look!" said Alan, like Balboa sighting the Pacific. "Look at that little weeny standing up!"

Where his own health's concerned, he has no sense. He'll ignore a cold. He'll go out in the rain without a coat. He hates being fussed over. But, boy! does he die when the baby's sick.

One night he and Sue got in late and went to the nursery as they always do. Alan took one look. "There's something wrong with the kid."

It was the start of a pretty sharp case of flu. The worst of it was that she didn't fuss or cry. The worst of it was that she lay so still. "It's not fair," Alan broke out, "for a baby to suffer when she can't tell you what she needs."

"She can't and you won't. *I* get it coming and going," moaned Sue.

lucre for alana . . .

For four days he hardly left the house. The morning her temperature returned to normal, he went out and bought her two pair of sleepers, one blue, one white. (He doesn't like pink). Sue found them across the foot of the crib with a card. "For my good girl. Because she looks so darn cute in 'em."

He loves buying her things. Once he appeared with two doll-beds under his arm. Not till Alana tried to stick them into her mouth did he realize that he'd been somewhat premature. Sue wanted to get the baby a locket. It's not Alan's way to insist on trifles, so when he said, "I'd like a locket from me around her neck," she knew it was no trifle to him.

On the other hand, he's against extravagance—especially in wartime. He's proud of Alana's being a Victory baby. He likes it that her shoes are felt instead of leather, that her kiddy-cart rolls on wood instead

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of rubber, that her bassinet was one Sue gave the eldest Crosby boy. Dixie redecorated it and sent it back to Sue.

Of all Alana's Christmas gifts, there were two he went mad over. Because of the thoughtfulness they represented. Because his friends had made them for his baby with their own hands. One was from Isabel Gray, who used to be his teacher—a beautiful satin coverlet. The second was from Lou Gould, formerly of the art department at Paramount, now master sergeant in the Army. It's a clipping album. The title sheet reads: "MY LIFE WITH ALANA—A Ladd Production —Directed by Sue and Alan Ladd—An Original by Sue and Alan Ladd—Any Similarity between this Baby and any Other is Strictly Impossible."

He spent Christmas Day with the coverlet over one arm and the album under the other. He called people up to come over and take a look. He still hauls them out every chance he gets and is no whit abashed when friends say: "It's a dilly, Alan. I said so the last ten times and I still say so."

He gets a terrific kick from Alana's fan mail. Most of them ask for pictures of the three Ladds together. It bothers him that the pictures can't be sent. To send them all would be just impossible.

beamish baby . . .

He gets his biggest boot, though, from his daughter's disposition. Alan, the toughie, loves kindliness in people. Alana's a sunny baby. She wakes with a smile and goes to bed without a murmur. She's glad to see you and, when you go, she waves a cheerful bah-bah and starts talking to herself. Take her ball away, and she doesn't bat an eyelash.

"We're keeping our fingers crossed," says Sue. "Maybe she'll grow up to be a little heller."

"Not a chance," says her dad.

He leaves her upbringing to Sue, but he's got certain theories. Hates to see a kid messy. Sue thinks it's kind of cute to see the baby with cereal smeared all over her face. Alan can't stand it.

He believes in public schools. He thinks kids should be given small responsibilities early. Spoil a child, and you're doing her a grave injustice, letting her think she's the center of the world.

The baby was born with a tiny white spot on her gum. "Maybe a tooth," said the nurse. Later it turned out to be a little blister. But meantime Alan had been going around bragging about his newborn infant's tooth.

"That practically makes her a genius," somebody told him.

This he didn't like. "Genius, my foot! She's a plain American girl."

That embraces his ambition for her. He wants her to be a plain American girl—honest, capable of doing for herself and others. The less she gets hurt, the happier he'll be. But he knows she has to get hurt—everyone does—so he and Sue try to equip her to face her hurts and build them into strength and courage.

As for a career, that's up to her. She'll know how to make beds and cook and wash dishes. If she wants to be an actress and shows talent, fine. But they're certainly not going to groom her for it.

"What she'll probably want to be," says Alan, surveying her 15 pounds, "is a vet."

They have a date every Sunday. Alan's building a fence round the fishpond. Under a big sycamore stands the kiddy-coop, with Jezebel guarding it. Sue, coming out, sees a small face peering in admiration through the bars.

"Da-da," she hears.

Alan catches her eye. Comes that grin. "Remarkable child you've got there, Mrs. Ladd. She likes me."

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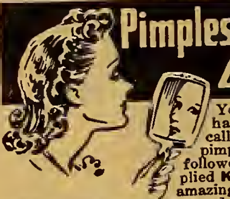

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CURL-CUES FROM VERA

(Continued from page 68)

No Soap! Vera is Miss Caution herself about rubbing a cake of toilet soap directly on her lovely hair. "Not for me" she insists. Ordinary cake soap leaves a thin film over each hair that dulls locks and makes Hollywood hair styling impossible. 'Nother thing: Miss Ralston practically admits ownership of the brisk massage technique of shampooing.

Gleam Routine. Next on the hair-beautiful routine is a color rinse. Try the very special cake shampoo that tints as it washes. Or else run down the block and buy a packet of separate color rinse. Now easy as that, dissolve the tinting rinse in warm water and either brush or wash through your hair.

Blonde Trouble. Your problem, miss? Oh, yes! How to keep your hair from losing its lively color: If it's a Betty Grable-ish type of golden blonde, the right rinse for you is the light golden blonde.

Red Lights. Hey Red! You've a lot in common with Greer Garson, Ann Sheridan and Lucille Ball. A henna rinse will make your locks look redder. If it's just natural highlights and sparks you're set on bringing out, try the auburn rinse.

Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair. You feel you're stuck with being, quote, the typical American girl, unquote. And you really long for honest-to-goodness glamour? Take heart, lady! A warm chestnut brown rinse will add a coppery lustre to your hair and have the boys whistling.

Note the Raven. You're a reasonable facsimile of Hedy Lamarr and you wish to play up your long, black, silky tresses? Use a blue-black rinse!

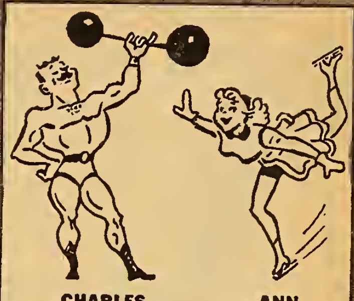
Silver Threads. We've the neatest beauty aid of the year if your hair is an uninteresting grey, streaked or faded. It's a jumbo pencil put out by a sister firm of hair specialists. You pencil your own color right back onto your greying hair. This pencil isn't a dye at all; it will wash out with your next shampoo. Fast drying time makes this jumbo pencil ideal for last minute grooming touches.

Oily Head? We've been told on the QT that dark hair often hides a multitude of sins. Feel your topknot. Is it oily? You've been cheating on your shampoos because you thought no one would notice. If you want to get your hair back to normal, try shampooing it twice a week for a while. Between shampoos, an astringent or drying tonic will help to keep hair free of oil. Cut down on fatty, heavy foods.

Permanently Curled. This is the season for new permanent waves. Ocean and lake bathing stare you in the face, and who wants to be caught with limp hair by a best beau. Not you! For handy home use, try one of the home permanent wave kits. You can treat your hair to a permanent as easily as you set it. It's economical and beautifully effective. You might try a regular machine permanent that is controlled to fit your hair type, or try a new cool wave this summer.

Shine and Reign. Yup! You can be queen of them all if you follow Vera's favorite hair routines down to the last bob pin. With a bit of persistence, a stock of hair prettifiers and the proper procedure down pat, (the through-the-keyhole, very latest lowdown on Hollywood hair styles is on p. 66) you, too, can sprout hair as gleamful and dreamful as Hollywood's prettiest lassies

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



CHARLES
means "of great strength"

ANN
means "grace"

You'll be surprised at the meanings of some of your friends' names. Have fun looking them up in "WHAT'S IN A NAME?" — the new cartoon-illustrated book that everybody's talking about.

The Ethyl Corporation would like to send you this fascinating booklet *free* because we think it will help you to remember *our* name and what it means:

"ETHYL is a *trade mark* name. It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Our war job is manufacturing this fluid for improving fighting gasoline."

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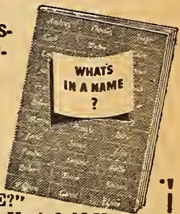

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"
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Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

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(PLEASE PRINT)

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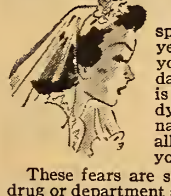
GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE



You know that gray hair spells the end of romance . . . yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

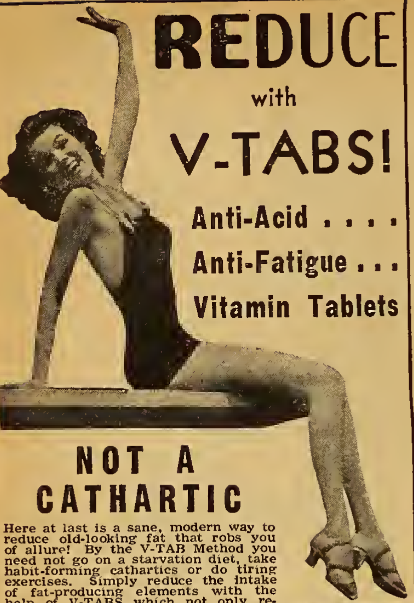
These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comh your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit—so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 15 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

Name.................................

Address..............................

City.......................*State*..............



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Here at last is a sane, modern way to reduce old-looking fat that robs you of allure! By the V-TAB Method you need not go on a starvation diet, take habit-forming cathartics or do tiring exercises. Simply reduce the intake of fat-producing elements with the help of V-TABS which not only reduce your appetite so that you don't want to eat excessively, but also take the place of many fat-producing foods by fortifying your diet with needed minerals and vitamins.

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V-TABS are anti-acid in effect, as well as marvelous for overcoming daily fatigue. Are YOU always tired, full of acid, unenergetic . . . as well as too fat? Then V-TABS are especially fine for you. As fatigue and acidity disappear the abnormal appetite will decrease, causing your fat to disappear as pep and energy increase.

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With intake curtailed, the body feeds on its own surplus, fat and weight goes down. Don't wait any longer! Mail the coupon today with $1.98 or order C.O.D. plus postage. Take the full month's supply according to directions in the booklet. Then if not completely satisfied, we will refund your money. For new health and beauty, mail the coupon TODAY!

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Read this new book about Plastic Reconstruction. Tells how easy it is for noses to be shaped—protruding ears, thick lips wrinkles, and signs of age corrected. Also cleft palate, hare-lip and pendulous breasts. Plastic Surgery explained. Elaborate illustrations.

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NEED TELL NO TALES!

If that tell-tale "painted" look is giving away your Gray Hair "secret" . . . if you feel broken-hearted and humiliated by the streaks and discolorations often caused by inferior tints—do this today! Insist on Rap-I-Dol—the Perfected Shampoo Tint—a Four Star Beauty Aid. Rap-I-Dol's sparkling, highlighted color will match your hair and give you a NATURAL looking appearance! Rap-I-Dol is quickly applied—can't rub off—will not affect your "permanent"!

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151 West 46th Street, Dept. 235, New York 19, N. Y.

DOES HOLLYWOOD HATE FRANK SINATRA?

(*Continued from page 32*)

giving the kids instructions, chiefly about that squealing. You've heard all sorts of rumors on the subject—how it's artificially induced, how they turn a record on and off. It's no record, and they turn it off all right, but never on. That's spontaneous combustion.

Why do they have to squeal? Let one of them tell it. "When I used to hear it on the radio, I thought how can anyone act so silly? Then I came myself. Well, you know in 'Speak Low When You Speak Love'?—how he makes it go funny at the end?—kind of drops it way down?—well, the scream came right out of me—his voice *pulled* it out—I just couldn't stop it—"

"Okay, if you have to squeal," the producer says, "but *not* till the end of the song. And if you're good, Frankie'll sing you some extras."

"We'll be good. We'll be very good. Bring him on—"

The curtains part, and Frank stands there grinning at them. They adore him, but they don't stand in awe of him. That's *his* doing. His manner's friendly, casual, matter-of-fact. They might all be his kid sisters. He likes and understands them. It's not so long since he was their age, pasting up a scrapbook on Bing Crosby that would have knocked your eye out. They feel he's their friend as they're his, that they have a part not only in him but in Nancy and the kids. They ask for the latest family news and get it. He talked to Nancy in New Jersey yesterday. No, the baby's not singing yet, but brother, does he squeal! That goes over big. Someone sent him a box of candy. Thanks, and he'll start on it after the show. "And, may I add, the boys in the band'll help me." Someone else wants to know what color socks he's wearing. He pulls up a trouser leg and makes like he's coy—

"Now that's enough foolishness." He calls on producer and assistant to take a bow. "And last but not least, Sibelius himself." That's Axel. "Here we go, and I hope you like the show."

for whom the belles fold . . .

If you want to get the measure of what these kids are like, watch them while he sings. The upturned young faces are rapt, but there's nothing hysterical about them. They're lit by a kind of soft wonder, fresh and sweet and moving in its starry innocence. Okay, they've got a crush on him, so what? Where's the healthy adolescent who doesn't go through some such phase of calf-love? Five years hence they'll be smiling over it with maybe a touch of rue. Meantime, praise the Lord that they're swooning with Sinatra, not heiling some Hitler.

After each song, a little bow of thanks. Between Hit Parade tunes, three or four extras. "Anything special you'd like to hear?" he asks and ducks under the bombardment. They don't pester him for more than he feels he can do. If he touches his throat, that means he's saving his voice, and they subside like angels. He goes over to talk to Axel or one of the boys. "Even from the back he looks cute," sighs a little blonde.

Sometimes a kid tries to pass up an autograph book. "You know that's against the rules. Catch me after the show."

"We can't get near you then."

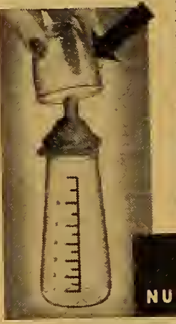
"Sure you can. Everyone does," he grins.

He's never been known to turn down

BABY COMING?

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY. Ask him about the advantages of improved Hygeia Nursing Bottle with easy-to-clean wide mouth, wide base to prevent tipping, scale applied in color for easy reading. Famous breast-shaped Nipple has patented air-vent to reduce "wind-sucking".

HYGEIA "STERI-SEAL" CAP—Another important improvement. Prepare formula and fill bottles for day's feeding. Then attach Hygeia "Steri-Seal" Cap (see arrow in picture) and nipples and formula are kept germproof until feeding time.



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HELP WIN THE WAR by conserving rubber. Use a separate nipple for each feeding. Clean immediately after use. Avoid excessive boiling.

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Women War Workers!

Be clean, be sweet, be dainty with BORO-PHENO-FORM vaginal suppositories. What could be more convenient? Known and used by thousands of particular women for more than 50 years. Soothing-deodorizing. Make BORO-PHENO-FORM your choice for FEMININE HYGIENE

Write for informative booklet—FREE

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Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad. (10c for handling and return mailing appreciated.) Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

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DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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an autograph request. If he doesn't have time for them all, he takes the books along, and somebody sees that the kids get them back.

That he talks their language became eminently clear one Wednesday when history was made on his own CBS program. On the Hit Parade broadcast, the squealing doesn't matter so much. Coming at the song's end, most of it can be tuned out. On the Vimms broadcast, it throws the performers off, interferes with the lines. This particular Wednesday, Frankie came down to the footlights, and he wasn't smiling at all.

"I've talked to you kids about this before," he said. "I've asked you to confine your—sounds of appreciation to the end of the song. These broadcasts are being shortwaved overseas. It's tough enough to get them in a foxhole without interference by a lot of noise.

"I know you've got to applaud and, believe me, your applause is music to my ears. The screaming isn't. I've asked you many times to cut it out. Now they're getting mad at me, and I don't blame them. They tell me that unless the screaming stops, there'll be no studio audience for this program. I won't like that, and I don't suppose you will either. But it's up to you."

They sat like mice.

"Will you co-operate? Will you wait till the end of the song to applaud? Will you do this for me?"

Came a subdued chorus. "Yes, Frankie, we will."

The show went on. There wasn't a sound till the finish. Then penitence, enthusiasm, and all were released in a burst of wild clapping. Best of all, Frankie was smiling again. They were forgiven.

hollywood's from missouri . . .

We doubt if he ever read Dale Carnegie's book. He doesn't have to. He wins friends by being himself, even when the cards are stacked against him—as they're sometimes bound to be, with human nature the way it is. In the face of a Sinatra phenomenon, human nature tends to rear its bristles. Who *is* this guy? What's he got? Let him show me. I dare him.

That was Hollywood when Frank came out to do "Higher and Higher" for RKO. That ain't Hollywood no more. "The great man's coming," they sniffed before ever laying eyes on him. "Frankie's comin' back," they grinned, when he returned for "Manhattan Serenade."

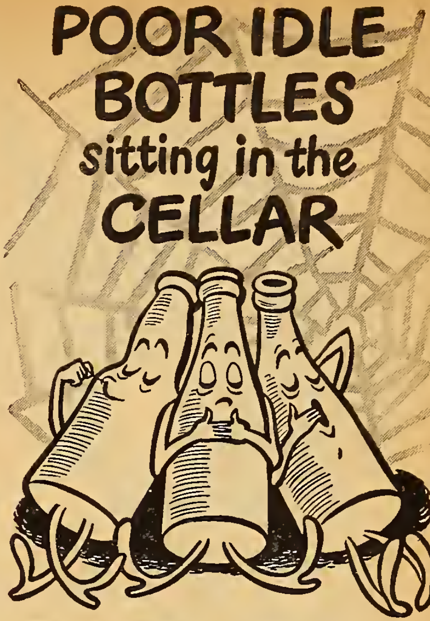
He didn't set out to woo anyone. His philosophy's simple. He likes most people,

QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Continued from page 74*)

1. Tyrone Power
2. Charlie Chaplin
3. Miriam Hopkins
4. Bela Lugosi
5. Irene Dunne
6. Buddy Rogers
7. Harry James
8. Zasu Pitts
9. Pluto
10. James Craig
11. Norma Shearer
12. Lucille Ball
13. Xavier Cugat
14. June Havoc
15. Dooley Wilson
16. Martha Scott
17. Peter Lorre
18. Joan Davis
19. Marie Dressler
20. Fred Astaire

POOR IDLE BOTTLES sitting in the CELLAR



WITH A WAR ON, returnable bottles and cases don't like loafing in the cellar any more than you would. Because they know that today bottlers need *every* beverage bottle.

You can help out. Please return your beer and soft drink bottles to your regular dealer just as soon as you empty them. Both your dealer and your bottler will be grateful. And besides you will get back your bottle deposit.

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"What can I do ABOUT MY SKIN?"

TROUBLED by itchy roughness, blackheads and pimples, externally caused? Do this! Wash *daily* with a warm lather of Resinol Soap. It's so soft, fluffy, refreshing — unusually kind to sensitive skin. Rinse off and dry gently but *well.* Now spread soothing, medicated Resinol over the itchy, pimply spots, letting it remain as long as possible. In due time, pleasing results should be yours!

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For enclosed 10c please send me a sample each of Resinol Soap and Ointment, *also* one of those handy little Hollywood Stop-Run Menders.

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A true emblem of love, friendship and good luck wishes. A beautiful, genuine solid Sterling Silver, Clasped Hands design Ring that becomes more attractive as it is worn. Hands actually clasp and unclasp as illustrated.

New **2 in 1 RING**

SEND NO MONEY now, just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only $1.95 and few cents mailing cost and tax on arrival. Wear ten days on money back guarantee. Supply limited. Write today.

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Step Right Out Of Foot Misery

Now, when your feet cry out for relief, sprinkle them with Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. Also dust it into your shoes and stockings. Presto! Your feet feel grand—soothed, refreshed, rested. You'll marvel how the foot powder formulated by this famous foot authority relieves your hot, perspiring, tender or odorous feet . . . how comfortable it makes new or tight shoes feel. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot by keeping feet dry. Be foot-happy from now on by daily using Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. At your Drug, Shoe, Department Store or Toilet Goods Counter. Costs but a trifle.

most people like him. If you don't like him, well, what the heck, you can't like everyone, he'll live.

Big shot or small his manner's the same—simple, offhand, unselfconscious. First day on the set, he sat bug-eyed through other people's scenes. "Gee, this is marvelous. I can watch these guys and learn." He broke himself up over Leon Errol. He's God's gift to comics anyway—starts laughing first, and when everyone else is through, you can still hear Frank chortling.

The first day they reserved judgment, the second day they warmed up, before the third day ended he was one of the boys. Not till the fourth day did he find out he had a portable dressing room.

"Is your dressing room handy?" the assistant director asked. "Would you like to have it moved?"

"Can you move 'em? I thought they stayed put."

"I mean the portable—right here on the stage. Don't tell me you haven't used it yet."

"I thought that was a place for props. What would I use it for?"

"Resting between scenes—"

"Are *you* kidding? When would I hang around and gab with the guys—"

He and Marcy McGuire were talking one morning, when she broke off in the middle of a sentence, eyes widening in dismay.

"What's the matter?"

"It's my mother's birthday, and I forgot it this morning—"

"That's bad. What'll you do?"

"What *can* I do? Call her up now. But it won't be the same."

"Want me to sing her 'Happy Birthday'?"

"Oh, *would* you, Frank? That way I can fix it up fine." They both ran for the phone. "It's a special day, Mother," chirped Marcy, "so I've got something special whipped up for you. Introducing Frank Sinatra—"

"—Happy birthday, dear Anona, happy birthday to you." Frank gave it the works, then handed the phone back to Marcy.

"That was awfully sweet, dear," said her mother. "Now tell me who was *really* singing."

The story was too good to keep. Frank told it around, and they've never let him live it down.

In the final analysis, the test of a star's popularity rests with the crew—those anonymous experts who do their jobs, think their thoughts and remain unimpressed by names, having seen too many flare and burn out.

One morning they were found huddled over a newspaper column that had taken a crack at Frank.

"Let's go pop the guy in the jaw!"

"Where would that get you? No, let's write a petition."

They drew it up themselves, refusing all aid lest it smell of publicity. They petitioned the guy to kindly refrain from taking any more cracks at Mr. Sinatra without checking up, because they the undersigned hereby informed him that what he put in the column about Mr. Sinatra today, Friday the 18th, was strictly eyewash, and seeing they worked with Frank every day, if they didn't know, who would?

anti-swoon brigade . . .

The petition was never sent. Frank got wind of it and, if he'd been a girl, he'd have bawled. "Look, fellas, if the guy wants to needle me, he'll needle me regardless. Why waste this on him? I'd like to have it. There's nothing I'd rather have. Some day I'll show it to my kids."

Some ABC stuff about E

E IS A VERY impotant letter in this war.

It's the name of the War Bonds you buy—"War Savings Bond Series E."

As you know, a Series E. Bond will work for you for ten full years, piling up interest, till finally you get $4 for every $3. Pretty nice.

There'll come a day when you'll bless these Bonds—when they may help you over a tough spot.

That's why you should make up your mind to hang on to every Bond you buy. You can, of course, cash in your Bonds any time after you've held them for 60 days. You get all your money back, and, after one year, all your money plus interest.

But when you cash in a Bond, you end its life before its full job is done. You don't give it its chance to help you and the country in the years ahead. You kill off its $4-for-every-$3 earning power.

This is good to remember when you might be tempted to cash in War Bonds. They are yours, to do what you want with.

But . . . it's ABC sense that . . .

NIX CREAM DEODORANT STOPS BODY ODOR IN 1 MINUTE!

FOR 1 TO 3 DAYS . . . THOUSANDS USE NIX

AT 10c STORES LARGE JAR 10¢

Don't Let Surface PIMPLES Get You Down! JUST DO THIS...

Use Poslam, as thousands do, it's a concentrated ointment that starts to work right away, no long waiting for results. Apply Poslam Ointment tonight—wash face with pure Poslam Soap—the price is small—the relief great! All druggists.

FREE: Ointment sample, write to Poslam, Dept. 5M, 254 W. 54 St., New York 19, N. Y.

POSLAM SOAP & OINTMENT

DID GRAY HAIR
Rob them of $95 a Week?

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

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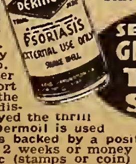

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He reached for a laugh to cover up. "'You weren't such a bad guy, after all, were you, pop?'" he bleated.

ready, aim, fire! . . .

Maybe the toughest nut he had to crack was his first appearance at the Hollywood Canteen. What bunch of American males would pass up a chance to heckle the idol of the bobbies? Their guns were primed and their ammunition ready. You could feel it in the air—

Frank was introduced. "Hiya, fellas." For a moment he stood there, looking them over. "There's one thing I can see about this audience," he drawled. "And that is, nobody's going to swoon." That gave him a bridgehead, which was strengthened by his first song. They didn't swoon, but they liked the way he sang. He asked what they wanted and gave it to them if he could. If he couldn't—"You want to get me run out of here on a rail?" or "Think I'm Caruso? All together— NOoooo!" He got them to sing along, and before the evening was over, a crowd was up front, close harmonizing all the old sentimental pushovers with him, while the rest sang from the floor.

How he feels about servicemen was made clear at Brittingham's one day. He'd run in for a bowl of soup between rehearsals. A sailor asked for his autograph and thanked him. Frank winced. "I'm the one that's honored," he said.

His appearance at the Shrine netted a million in bonds—most of them sold by the bobbies to parents and friends. At the Lakeside Country Club he and Crosby and Hope auctioned off miscellaneous treasures for bonds—a pound of meat, Marlene Dietrich's garters, Dotty Lamour's sarong. One man, who bid on a model airplane, gave it to Frank. "For your kid."

"Mind if his papa plays with it first?"

The largest single bond—$20,000—was bought for the pleasure of hearing Bing and Frank sing "People Will Say We're in Love," while they leered at each other.

Frankie's still nuts about Bing. According to him, "Crosby's in a class by himself, and the rest of us are fighting it out down below someplace." He knows nobody takes their make-believe feud seriously, still he's happier when a Crosby-Sinatra gag is turned against himself.

"I'm making a picture," says Hope, "with Frank Sinatra's father—Bing Crosby."

"Where *is* Frank?" Bing wants to know. "Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought that was the mike."

Frank doubles up. He's rehearsed the gag, he knows it's coming, but he doubles up just the same. It slays him.

long-distance lullaby . . .

The baby played him a rascally trick. He was expected about the middle of December, and Frank arranged his dates so that Nancy'd be well on the road to recovery before he had to leave. But young Sinatra dallied, and his pop had to go.

He did his pacing on the train. No news. He jumped out at Pasadena, rarin' to get to a phone, but reporters blocked him. "Try to get the hospital from that booth over there," he told his cousin Frank. "I'll stand where I can see you."

He answered questions with one eye on the booth. The other Frank gestured, and our Frank ran like hell. Only to be told, nothing doing.

Frank was at CBS on January 10th when the news came through. A boy! "How's Nancy?" Fine. That was when his knees gave and he had to sit down quick. The kid's a whopper. Eight pounds, 13 ounces. Born at six o'clock. "He couldn't have been. It's only four-thirty now." Not in New York it isn't. "What

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"a dope!" he moaned.

He'd said all along it would be a boy. Half an hour after he got the news, the AP boys showed him wire-photos of his son. "Hey, look at his hand!" One of them was spread out like a starfish. "Knuckly, like mine. "Looks cuter than I thought. Little Nancy was more wrinkled up. This guy looks like he'd been around a couple of weeks." Then he came to, and his grin was shy. "Makin' noises like a poppa, huh?"

And why not? All the world knows how he feels about his wife and kids. Reading a letter from Nancy on the RKO set, he let out a whoop that brought people running. "Look! Little Nancy dictated it. 'Papa, come home soon—' "

When he's at home, he sings her to sleep every night. The new baby got his first lullaby over the air. It was strictly against the rules, but nobody seemed to mind when Frankie said: "I'd like to sing one of my favorite songs to my little son in New Jersey. So pull up a chair, Nancy, and bring the baby with you. I want him really to hear this—

"Sweetest little fella,
Everybody knows,
Doan' know what to call him,
But he's mighty lak a rose—"

It was his own father who gave Frank one of his biggest, if quietest thrills. Dad Sinatra's a fireman, proud of the big red truck he drives. But he'd had his heart set on sending his only son to college, hoping he'd decide to be an engineer. When Frank made his own decision, there was no heavy-father stuff pulled, but the old man did go around looking pretty glum. Even Frank's success on the radio didn't reconcile him to the loss of his dream.

In New York Frank took him to a showing of "Higher and Higher" in an RKO projection room. That must have been when the whole thing came real to Pop—seeing his kid up there on the screen, center of big-time Hollywood names, he must have realized for the first time what Frank had wrought. Because when his son turned to see whether Pop was enjoying it, there he sat with the tears in his eyes.

sniff, 1, 2, sniff, 1, 2 . . .

In Hollywood, he's living at the Sunset Towers this trip. The only personal touches around the living room are a lovely picture of the two Nancies, a lot of sheet music and a grand piano, on which he and Axel try out songs. Through the years he's increased his breath capacity by a series of self-invented sniffing exercises—like sniffing a flower. Started with 12 sniffs, and built up to 40. Used to wear a 14 collar, now it's 15½.

He thinks it's funny when they call him the hepcat's boy. He's a singer of romantic ballads—the kind of animal no jivin' slick chick wants any part of. He can't read a note. All he's got is a good ear—sez *he*. That's why he gets a bang out of the classics—they're so full of pretty melodies to pick out and remember. He collects symphonic records and goes to symphony concerts every chance he gets.

Between radio and movies, bond rallies and command performances, he hasn't much time for social life. Get's to an occasional ice hockey game, but prefers to relax at home with the boys—Axel, Phil Silvers, Sammy Kahn and two or three others. Has them to dinner and fusses over the table himself. The food's always prepared Italian style, and there's always spaghetti. He can tuck away plenty when he's not working—otherwise, he's too nervous to eat much—orders eggs or soup or a custard—anything you can gobble down in a hurry.

He's got a yen for good clothes—prefers three-button, single-breasted jobs—still wears bow ties, but not as much as he used to—likes wide-mouthed collars that leave plenty of space for a Windsor knot. Picks quiet colors except for an occasional sweater. Owns one that's orange.

After the war he hopes to build in California. Not that he won't always be crazy about New York. But from all indications most of his work will be here, and besides it's a great place for kids. He wants a big backyard for them, and he'd like to rig up a little gym where he can teach little Frankie to box. If he's anything like his sister, he'll be a scrapper. Frank himself's a handy man. He's going to hack him off a slice of garage, turn it into a workshop and fix everything that breaks.

He's got a temper—oh, definitely—but keeps it under pretty steady control. Being ribbed doesn't bother him. He howls at imitations of himself and would sooner miss his breakfast than Al Capp's "Li'l Abner." The day Abner signed a song-by-song contract because he might not survive to sing the next, they found Frank hysterical. In Boston Al Kapp called and took away a month's material.

Frankie's good-natured. Some of the jabs aren't. He still refuses to let them get under his skin. "Better people than I'll ever be get fun poked at them. If they can take it, what have I got to yap about?"

One thing does burn him up. He can't stand having the bobbies panned. That's come to be quite a peeve with Frank. They're swell kids from nice families. They've got growing pains, that's all, and if growing pains make you a moron, then aren't we all?

The kids are less articulate about their feeling for him. All they know is, they're mad about him—because he's cute and darling—because his eyes are like two blue spotlights that go right through you—because his voice sounds like a marvelous clarinet, and he can hit a riff with it, same as Harry James does with his horn—because sometimes he's like a little boy and you want to take care of him, and sometimes he makes you swoon.

One of them hit the nail pretty straight on the head. Her father expressed a certain disappointment that a daughter of his should have come down with Sinatritis. "I thought you had more sense—"

"Daddy, how old are you?"

"Thirty-eight."

"Well, that explains it. You're just too old to understand. That's why you think I'm purely out of my mind. If you were younger, you'd be glad I adore Frankie. Because all it proves is I'm normal."

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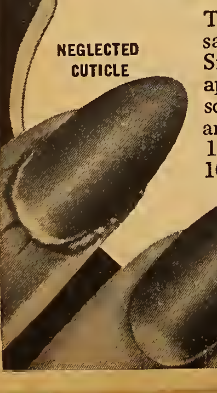

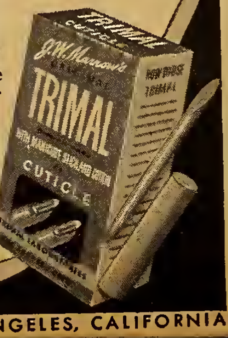

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Modern Screen

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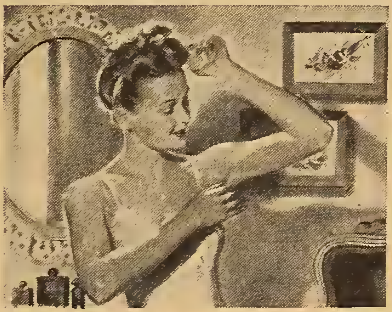

You want to stay appealing—thrillingly nice to be near—so use Mum after every bath. Takes only 30 seconds, yet keeps you flower-fresh all evening long. Without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin, or harming clothes, Mum guards charm—faithfully!

Make sure of your Charm. Every day, after every bath, use quick, dependable Mum!

YOUR loveliness can' make that furlough a never-to-be-forgotten thrill. But loveliness isn't looks alone—it's also the magic a girl uses to keep herself sweet and appealing —to guard charm. Be sure your charm is safe —don't give underarm odor a chance. Every day, after every bath, use Mum!

You see, a bath only washes away *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. Mum is so easy to use . . . so quick! Smooth it on each underarm and your daintiness is sure all day or evening. Get Mum today!

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★ ★ ★ ★

This is magnificent MGM entertainment—but it is also a contribution to the hope of the future in the partnership of nations, especially those which share a common language.

★ ★ ★ ★

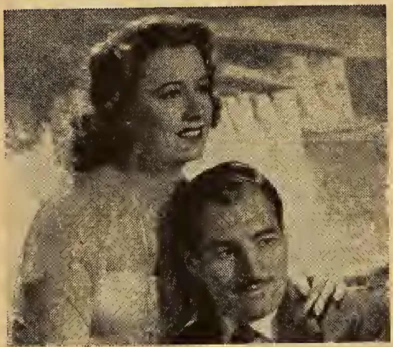
For it is a story of a way of life and shows how that way of life dovetails with the American Way.

★ ★ ★ ★

The canvas is large—the story is simple and personal. Centering around an American girl—played by the charming Irene Dunne—and the love she finds among the stately homes of Britain, in the person of Alan Marshal.

★ ★ ★ ★

Adventure, excitement, bravery, action and infinite tenderness are all woven into "The White Cliffs of Dover"...in the screen play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel.



The cast of supporting players contains names that in themselves deserve supporting casts. Among them are...Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper.

★ ★ ★ ★

Primary credit should go to Clarence Brown who gratified a strong ambition in planning and directing this production. He was admirably spurred on by the able cooperation of a man who has emerged as the screen's greatest producer, Sidney Franklin.

★ ★ ★ ★

Together, they have showered loving care on this new, momentous MGM enterprise.

★ ★ ★ ★

Just as "Mrs. Miniver" moved us, so will "The White Cliffs of Dover". A heart-warming reception is its sincere due.

Paws across the sea —Leo

modern screen

STORIES

WHO SHOT LON McCALLISTER?
We did! . . . but not to kill! Just to bring him back alive for you on page 30

"THE FILTHY FOUR"
Bogie's 35000-mile visit with your fellas overseas complete with Mussolini maternity medals, mud . . . and lice powder! 34

VICTORIA THE QUEEN
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A man can feel so many different kinds of love. A quiet, steadfast devotion to his country. A quick, searing love for a slip of a girl 40

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COVER: Hedy Lamarr in M-G-M's "The Heavenly Body"

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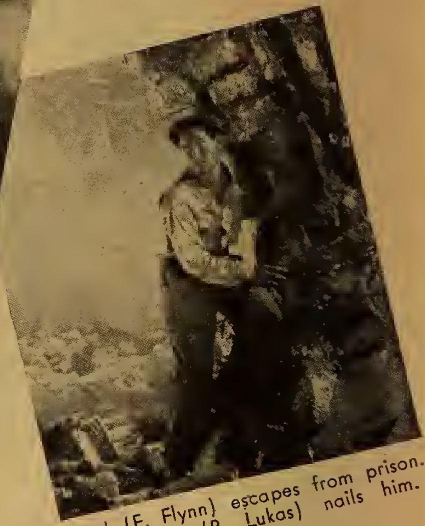
★VIRGINIA O'BRIEN ★ WILDE TWINS

Original Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Directed by RICHARD THORPE
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK

By Virginia Wilson

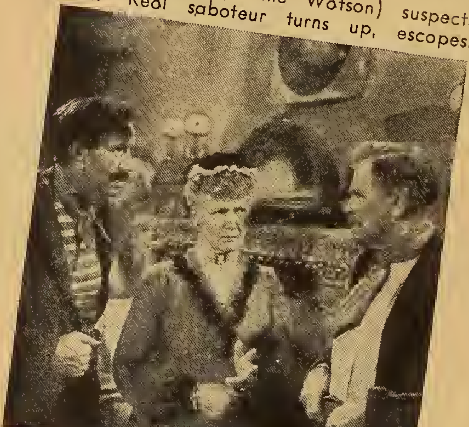
Bonet consents when Picard suggests giving himself up as saboteur, saving 100 hostages.

They go to scene of sabatage for info. Picard falls for Marianne (Jean Sullivan).



Picard (E. Flynn) escapes from prison. Sleuth Bonet (P. Lukas) nails him.

Her employer (Lucille Watson) suspects him. Real saboteur turns up, escapes.



Time is nearing for execution. Bonet falls ill. Fate of hostages is in Picard's hands.

MOVIE REVIEWS

UNCERTAIN GLORY

■ Errol Flynn! Paul Lukas! Can you imagine two more different types? But what a combination they make in "Uncertain Glory"! One—the reckless, bitter young criminal. The other—the shrewd detective who has followed him, hounded him, from his first petty burglary to murder and the guillotine he now faces. However, Jean Picard is not destined to die so unromantically. The prison is demolished during an air raid, and he escapes, escapes to Bordeaux, but not for long. The matter-of-fact, middle-aged detective, Bonet, knows his prey's habits and friends too well. A couple of days, and Inspector Bonet is placidly reading a newspaper in a Paris-bound train, Jean's wrist handcuffed to his.

Then along comes a twist of fate that no one could foresee. They are forced to change trains because a bridge ahead has been blown up by a saboteur. The Gestapo has (*Continued on page 12*)

THIS IS THE LOVE STORY OF G.I. JOE!

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VINCENT PRICE · RUTH NELSON · RAY COLLINS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG • Screen Play by George Seaton

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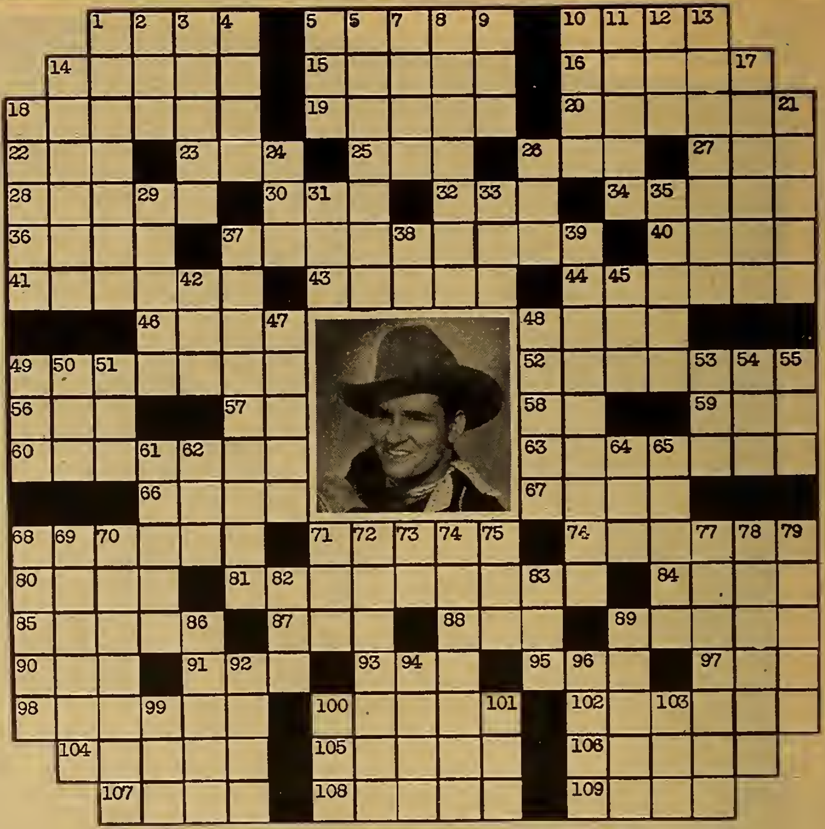
OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 112

ACROSS

1. Orson's wife
5. Discomfit
10 & 14. Western star in khaki
15. Viennese actress
16. Old-womanish
18. Freddie's aunt
19. Reverie
20. Lead in "Song of Russia"
22. "- - - ignment in Brittany"
23. Cameramen's organization: abbr.
25. Reginald - - - diner
26. Pat Morison's birthplace: abbr.
27. Exist
28. Beg
30. Goal
32. Hawaiian wreath
34. Respect
36. Depend
37. Tied to Ty
40. Outside: Fr.
41. Sloping
43. Beautiful blonde ingenue
44. Describes Bergen's hair
46. What 1-Down is noted for
48. Employer
49. Actor in "Thunder Birds"
52. Thrush in "Greenwich Village"
56. Veronica L - - -
57. Concerning
58. Mrs. Robert
59. 10 Across is in the Army - - - Corps
60. Comic in "Ice-Capades Revue"
63. Colorless, gaseous compounds
66. Femme in "Eyes In The Night"
67. Rant
68. Grand actor in "The Invaders"
71. She's in "Thousands Cheer"
76. Star of "The Chocolate Soldier"
80. Medley
81. Emotional judgment
84. John Payne's ex
85. Star of "Blondie for Victory"
87. Girl in our star's films
88. Holland town
89. Spicy, aromatic plant
90. Unit of work
91. Genevieve T - - - n
93. Entire
95. Femme lead in "The Story Dr. Wassell"
97. Ate
98. Adhesive
100. Foreign
102. Trades
104. Gibe
105. "Incendiary Blonde"
106. Parts of boots
107. Adorn
108. Wipe off
109. Producer: Sol

DOWN

1. "What a Woman"
2. "- - - A Date"
3. Group of three
4. Affirmative votes
5. Sum up
6. Maria
7. On the deep
8. Budding femme player
9. Edge
10. Star of "For Whom The Bell Tolls"
11. Masculine name
12. Pen point
13. Mrs. Glenn Ford
14. Theater passages
17. Mistakes
18. Famous director
21. Concise
24. Container for film
26. Nothing
29. Far Eastern native nurses
31. Wife of our star
33. B - - - Lugosi
35. Beauty in "The Fallen Sparrow"
37. Lawyers
38. Two: prefix
39. Helper
42. Ambulance driver in "Dr. Gillespie" series
45. Through
47. Golfer often in newsreels
48. European grayling
49. Moccasin
50. Studio that made "Days of Glory"
51. Slippery fish
53. Miss Wynn
54. Perish
55. "- - - Gratia Artis"
61. Rochester in "Jane Eyre"
62. Born
64. Hasten
65. Lead in "When Johnny Comes Home"
68. Acts spiritless
69. Air raid warnings
70. Highlight of our star's films
71. Scotch for "one"
72. Thief
73. March of - - me
74. Egg dishes
75. Male lead of "Whistling in Brooklyn"
77. Whimper
78. Assaults
79. Requires
82. Yale
83. Boy's nickname
86. "- - - - - Boy"
89. Actor in Army Medical Corps
92. An actor and explorer have this name
94. Skater: Be - - - -
96. Pain
99. "- - - ling Zero" starred Cagney
100. A Fonda characterization
101. Pheasant's brood
103. Roman

So big and so wonderful

that as we go to press, in the 200 cities known as the nation's principal amusement centers, theatre programs have been switched to make way for immediate special limited engagements *ahead of the regular runs later in the season!*

So Lovable and So LAUGHTER-filled

that when it comes your way you'll cherish it in your memory along with 'Sergeant York' and 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' as one of the very, very best of all WARNER BROS. entertainments!

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN

The gol-darndest American!

Starring
FREDRIC MARCH
ALEXIS SMITH
with
DONALD CRISP • ALAN HALE
C. AUBREY SMITH • JOHN CARRADINE
BILL HENRY • ROBERT BARRAT
WALTER HAMPDEN • JOYCE REYNOLDS
Directed by IRVING RAPPER

JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer
Produced by
JESSE L. LASKY

Screen Play by Alan LeMay • Adaptation by Alan LeMay and Harold M. Sherman • Additional Dialogue by Harry Chandlee • All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by the Mark Twain Company, and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman • Music by Max Steiner

This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

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Hollywood Film Favorite

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Six Lovely Shades
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Tayton HOLLYWOOD • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

115 pictures rated this month

We're listing just the very topnotch films that we think ought to be on your "must" list. Ratings are gleaned from our critic and newspaper critics the country over. 4★ means unsurpassed excellence, 3½★, very good, and 3★, good. C denotes that the picture's recommended for children.

Movie	Rating
Action in the North Atlantic (Warners)	3½★
Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (Universal)	C 3★
Around the World (RKO)	3★
Background to Danger (Warners)	3★
Bataan (M-G-M)	3½★
Battle of Russia (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Behind the Rising Sun (RKO)	3★
Best Foot Forward (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Bombers' Moon (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Bridge of San Luis Rey, The (United Artists)	3★
California Joe (Republic)	3★
Chip Off the Old Block (Universal)	C 3½★
Claudia (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Constant Nymph, The (Warners)	4★
Corvette K-225 (Universal)	4★
Cover Girl (Columbia)	4★
Crazy House (Universal)	C 3½★
Cross of Lorraine, The (M-G-M)	3★
Cry Havoc (M-G-M)	3★
Dancing Masters, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Desert Song, The (Warners)	C 3★
Destination Tokyo (Warners)	4★
Dixie (Paramount)	C 3★
Escape to Danger (RKO)	3★
Falcon in Danger (RKO)	3★
Fighting Seabees, The (Republic)	3★
Fired Wife (Universal)	3★
Flesh and Fantasy (Universal)	3½★
For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount)	4★
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Gangway for Tomorrow (RKO)	3★
Ghost Ship, The (RKO)	3★
Girl Crazy (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Guadalcanal Diary (20th Century-Fox	3½★
Gung Ho (Universal)	3½★
Guy Named Joe, A (M-G-M)	3½★
Hands Across the Border (Republic)	3★
Happy Land (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Heavenly Body, The (M-G-M)	3★
Henry Aldrich, Boy Scout (Paramount)	C 3★
Her Primitive Man (Columbia)	3★
Heroes Are Made (Artkino)	3★
Hers to Hold (Universal)	3½★
Hi Diddle Diddle (United Artists)	3★
Higher and Higher (RKO)	C 3★
His Butler's Sister (Universal)	3★
Hostages (Paramount)	3★
Human Comedy, The (M-G-M	C 4★
I Dood It (M-G-M)	C 3★
Impostor, The (Universal)	3★
In Old Oklahoma (Republic)	3★
In Our Time (Warners)	3★
Jack London (United Artists)	3★
Jane Eyre (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Johnny Come Lately (United Artists)	3★
Kansan, The (United Artists)	3★
Lady in the Dark (Paramount)	4★
Lassie Come Home (M-G-M)	C 4★
Let's Face It (Paramount)	C 3½★
Lifeboat (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Lodger, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Madame Curie (M-G-M)	4★
Man From Down Under, The (M-G-M)	3★
Man From Music Mountain, The (Republic)	3★
Miracle of Morgan's Creek, The (Paramount)	4★
My Kingdom for a Cook (Columbia)	C 3★
No Greater Love (Artkino)	3½★
No Time For Love (Paramount)	3½★
North Star, The (RKO)	4★
Northern Pursuit (Warners)	3★
Old Acquaintance (Warners)	3★
Paris After Dark (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Passage to Marseille (Warners)	3½★
Phantom of the Opera, The (Universal)	3½★
Presenting Lily Mars (M-G-M)	C 3★
Princess O'Rourke (Warners)	3½★
Purple Heart, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Random Harvest (M-G-M)	4★
Riding High (Paramount)	3★
Russian Story, The (Artkino Pictures)	3★
Russians at War (Artkino Pictures)	3★
Sahara (Columbia)	4★
See Here, Private Hargrove (M-G-M)	4★
Shine On, Harvest Moon (Warners)	3★
Siege of Leningrad, The (Lenfilm)	4★
Silver Spurs (Republic)	C 3★
Someone to Remember (Republic)	3★
Song of Bernadette, The (20th Century-Fox	4★
Song of Russia (M-G-M)	3★
Spider Woman, The (Universal)	3★
Stage Door Canteen (United Artists)	C 4★
Standing Room Only (Paramount)	C 3½★
Stormy Weather (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Sweet Rosie O'Grady (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Sullivans, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Swing Fever (M-G-M)	3★
Thank Your Lucky Stars (Warners)	3★
This Is the Army (Warners)	C 4★
Three Russian Girls (United Artists)	3★
Top Man (Universal)	C 3★
True to Life (Paramount)	3½★
Tunisian Victory (M-G-M)	4★
Uninvited, The (Paramount)	3½★
Up in Arms (RKO)	3½★
Voice in the Wind (United Artists)	3½★
Weird Woman (Universal)	3★
What a Woman (Columbia)	3★
What's Buzzin, Cousin (Columbia)	C 3★
Where Are Your Children? (Monogram)	3★
Whispering Footsteps (Republic)	3★
Whistling in Brooklyn (M-G-M)	3½★
Wintertime (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Woman of the Town (United Artists)	3★
Women in Bondage (Monogram)	3★
Youngest Profession, The (M-G-M)	C 3★

4 . . . COUNT 'EM . . . 4
HEAVENLY HONEYS
(And One Lone Wolf)
In A Heavenly
Musical Laugh Hit
FROM PARAMOUNT

WITH THE STARS OF 3 'GREAT'
1944 PARAMOUNT COMEDIES
UNITED IN ONE SUPER SHOW!

DOROTHY LAMOUR
of "Riding High"
FRED MacMURRAY
of "No Time For Love"
BETTY HUTTON
of "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" . . . with
Diana Lynn
Sassy Sensation of "Morgan's Creek" . . . and
Mimi Chandler

And The Angels Sing

AND THEY SING AS PRETTY AS THEY LOOK!

"It Could Happen To You" • "For The First Hundred Years" • "His Rocking Horse Ran Away" • "How Does Your Garden Grow" • "Bluebirds In My Belfry" by Burke & Van Heusen — 3 Other Songs

The swingy, zingy story of 4 singing sisters and the big, bad band leader who tried to make love to the whole darn family!

with
RAYMOND WALBURN • EDDIE FOY, JR.
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Screen Play by Melvin Frank and Norman Panama
Based on a story by Claude Binyon

Romantic as Texas moonlight!

Thrilling as a stampede!

Big as the mighty state it honors!

Here's America's favorite entertainer in a musical adventure you won't want to miss!

ROY ROGERS
King of the Cowboys
and
TRIGGER **Smartest Horse in the Movies**
in

Yellow Rose of Texas

DALE EVANS
George Cleveland
Harry Shannon
Grant Withers
BOB NOLAN
and the
SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Songs
"Take It Easy"
"Lucky Me, Unlucky You"
"Song of the Rover"
"Down In The Old Town Hall"
"Western Wonderland"

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

seized one hundred hostages who will be shot unless the saboteur gives himself up. Jean has an idea. He isn't afraid to die, he tells Bonet, but he dreads the guillotine. Now a firing squad—there is a death for a *man*. Suppose he goes to the Gestapo, tells them he is the saboteur. They will shoot him, release the hundred hostages, and Bonet will have saved the lives of all those innocent men.

"Don't talk nonsense!" Bonet tells him roughly. But Jean just grins. He can see the idea working in the detective's mind. . . . Why *not* let this criminal die in place of the hundred hostages? Why not?

So that night, instead of being in jail in Paris facing the guillotine, Jean lies in a bedroom of a village inn. The village by the bridge which was sabotaged. He is not alone. Bonet doesn't trust him to that extent. But he is, in a way, free as he has never been before. Because Bonet, against his own better judgment, has phoned the Sureté in Paris. "The prisoner, Jean Picard, tried to escape. I shot him as he was swimming the river. The body has not been recovered." Jean Picard is officially dead. There is left Jean DuPont, saboteur.

The next day they go to study the scene of the explosion, for the Gestapo will ask questions, and Jean must know the answers. In their search for details, they meet a pretty young girl, Marianne (Jean Sullivan). The dashing, handsome Jean greets her with pleasure, and in spite of Bonet's grumbling and objections, manages to spend considerable time with her that day. But somehow he can't make love to her with his usual facility. Marianne is different from any girl he has ever known. He thinks of her that night and finds himself wishing that he had led a different life. Ridiculous, of course. She's only a village girl. Still, if he can wriggle free from Bonet, he might even take her with him to some far part of the world and start all over again.

For it has never been any part of Jean's plan *really* to give himself up to the Gestapo. Why should he? What does he care for the hundred hostages? He has as much desire for life as they! If only Bonet were not so ready with that pistol. . . .

The next day another curious trick of fate leads them to the real saboteur. They find out from him just how the thing was done. Then he goes back to England, and now there must be no more delay. The time for the death of the hostages is coming closer and closer. They must go at once to Paris, to the Gestapo, and tell them Jean is the saboteur.

But Bonet is ill. He has had a cold for days, and now it is suddenly worse. "Probably pneumonia," the doctor assures them cheerfully. "He can't travel, for days." It is like a sentence of death to Bonet. Everything depends upon his accompanying Jean to Paris, to see that he goes through with the plan. Because otherwise Jean won't do it. He will never walk into the Gestapo headquarters alone and give himself up. After all, he is a criminal—a murderer! Bonet knows that better than anyone. . . .

Well, you take it from there. Paul Lukas turns in a performance as good as in "Watch On The Rhine," and you've never seen Errol in a more exciting role. The things that guy can do to a girl's heart! —*War.*

P. S.

Title is lifted from a Shakespearean quotation from "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and describes the picture as a tender love story: "Oh, how this spring of love resembleth the uncertain glory of an April day." . . . Errol Flynn says his part in the picture is "the best I've ever had." . . . Newcomer Jean Sullivan is 20 years old, a student at U.C.L.A. when she isn't emoting in front of the cameras. Studio scouts pursued her for six months before succeeding in getting her name on the dotted line. Came here from Logan, Utah, to study drama and was in no hurry to join the professional ranks. . . . Now that Paul Lukas has won the Academy Award, Warner Bros. is doubly gleeful that he's cast so importantly in the film. Paul, amused by the sudden turn of events, says that in "Watch on the Rhine" he was "discovered" for the seventh time in his 15 years here in Hollywood. First time was in 1928 when Paramount brought him here from Austria to play opposite Pola Negri in a minor epic called "Loves of an Actress". . . . Technical director for the picture was Paul Coze, noted French artist, ethnologist and historian. Coze supervised the construction of an entire French village on Warner Bros. famous Dijon Street, permanent Gallic set near the back lot. . . . Before the troupe could work on location at Escondido, California, they had to promise to help the local farmers pick the lush grape crop, ripe and almost spoiled for lack of workers. All 200 of the men, led by Flynn, worked two hours before and two hours after the day's shooting, saved the entire crop.

THREE MEN IN WHITE

Dr. Gillespie is rapidly becoming as much of a medical institution as the Mayo Clinic. People write him detailed descriptions of their symptoms and demand a diagnosis by return mail. All of which stems from the fact that Lionel Barrymore is a fine, convincing actor who makes Gillespie as human as your own family doctor. He has his troubles. At the moment he's in a devil of a mess. Dr. "Red" Adams (Van Johnson) and the young Chinese-American doctor, Lee (Keye Luke), are both determined to win the position of Dr. Gillespie's assistant. There doesn't seem to be any way to choose between them. Sometimes he thinks that Lee is the smarter of the two—but then, young Adams has a lot of persistence and curiosity, both good qualities in a doctor. Well, he's *got* to decide, no more shilly-shallying. The thing to do is to give each of them a test case and go by the results. Sure, that'll settle it!

Dr. Lee's test case is Mary Jones. Mary is a little girl who gets convulsions and turns green in the face every time she eats candy. "I'll clear this up in a hurry," says the confident Lee, never the modest type. Somehow it doesn't seem so easy, though, when he gets working at it. . . .

Dr. Adams gets his case by accident. And I *do* mean accident. A pretty girl, apparently drunk, crashes her car into his. Jean Brown (Ava Gardner) isn't drunk as it turns out, but by the time Adams finds that out, he has his case. The case is Jean's mother, Mrs. Brown, who has arthritis in an incurable form. "If it's incurable—and I know it is—why don't I just give up?" Adams asks himself. He doesn't give up, though. He keeps working at it. . . .

He also tries—feebly—to keep away from Ruth Edley (Marilyn Maxwell), the

Days of danger . . .
one night of love

They could plan no tomorrows . . . for life was theirs to give . . . not to keep. Yet this night was theirs . . . and love was not to be denied . . . by two so young, so vital, so eager to live out each reckless moment!

A **CASEY ROBINSON** production

DAYS OF GLORY

ANOTHER
OF THE
GREAT
RKO
RADIO
PICTURES

Starring the screen's fascinating NEW lovers

TAMARA
TOUMANOVA
GREGORY PECK

with **ALAN REED · MARIA PALMER · LOWELL GILMORE**

Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR · Produced and written for the screen by Casey Robinson

Beech-Nut
SPEARMINT GUM today has the same delightful flavor you have always known. Because now, as always, its goodness is assured by this company's familiar Beech-Nut oval label on the package, the famous hallmark of fine quality and exceptional flavor.

Also BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM and BEECHIES, the delicious candy-coated gum: Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

BEECH-NUT BRAND

beautiful social service worker who is determined to marry him. He loves Ruth, but love and marriage are two different things. His job as a doctor leaves him no time for a wife, he's sure.

Well, there are the cases and the problems. Maybe they sound insoluble, but when old Doctor Gillespie takes a hand, things gradually straighten out. The ending will delight you. So will Van Johnson as "Red" Adams.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Our of-all-things dept.: Keye Luke spent hours between takes learning to speak and read Chinese! Seems Keye, who yearns for a post as interpreter for the War Department, must know the Mandarin dialect as well as the Cantonese with which he's already familiar. . . . Scene where Mr. Barrymore drives into a parking lot was strictly impromptu. Photogs were shooting background shots in the studio parking lot when Lionel accidentally drove his car into camera view. It was a perfect "take" and was left in the picture. . . . Entire cast and crew took afternoon off to listen to the world premiere of Lionel Barrymore's musical composition "Partiah," played by the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, and short-waved to Hollywood. . . . Metro employees, used to seeing the famous in their commissary, were impressed when Lionel brought his famous sister Ethel to lunch there several times. . . . Studio made a glamour gal out of Marilyn Maxwell and brought oomph to the Doctor Kildare series when they introduced several Irene gowns to the picture in addition to the usual white nurses' uniforms. . . . Picture was produced in 34 days—something of a record for M-G-M. This was possible because the hospital, offices and restaurant—familiar by now to Kildare fans—are left intact on the sound stages. . . . Van Johnson left for Florida and "Thirty Seconds Over Tokio" day after final scenes were taken, and Marilyn went to another stage for an Abbott and Costello picture in which she plays the queen of their harem.

MEET THE PEOPLE

Rosie the Riveter and William the Welder seem to be coming into their own, with an M-G-M musical practically dedicated to them. It's a big, fancy, extravagant show. Beautiful Lucille Ball plays an actress turned welder, and Dick Powell is a riveter who's a writer on the side. Bert Lahr is as funny as ever, and so are those sterling props of all M-G-M musicals, "Rags" Ragland and Virginia O'Brien.

Julie Hampton (Lucille Ball), redheaded musical comedy star, meets a riveter called Swanee (Dick Powell) when he sells enough war bonds to win a date with her at a shipyard rally. She soon finds that Swanee is a guy with imagination. He takes her to what he calls his "Starlight Roof"—a romantic spot on a hill overlooking the fiery glow of the shipyard. Instead of making passes at her, he reads her a play he's written, called "Meet The People," complete with music. Julie is surprised to find that it's good. She persuades a Broadway producer to put it on, with her as star.

Comes the dress rehearsal. Comes also Swanee, fresh from the shipyard. He takes one look at the show and says, "Nothing doing!" He's written about real people, workers in overalls and slacks. They've hopped it up into a dream world of riveters in rhinestones and welders in chiffon.

FREE OFFER!

How would you like a FREE SCREEN ROMANCES, filled with exciting stories of all the latest movies? You're crazy for one? Then fill out the questionnaire below and mail it to us quick, because the first 500 people who reply get a SCREEN ROMANCES absolutely free. Be sure you've mailed your entry by May 20th.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our June issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Who Shot Lon McCallister?...... ☐
"The Filthy Four" (Humphrey Bogart) .... ☐
Victoria the Queen (Betty Grable) .... ☐
Sour Puss (Helmut Dantine) .... ☐
"Days of Glory"............... ☐
Dearest Mom (The Reagans).... ☐
Love Story (Lana Turner)...... ☐
Donald O'Connor, Part II....... ☐
Good News...................... ☐

Which one of the above did you like LEAST? ....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference..
....
....

My name is...
My address.............................City........................State.....
I am.............. years old.

**ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.**

Swanee calls the show off and goes back to the shipyard, leaving a note for Julie saying, "Some day you ought to *really* 'meet the people.'"

Julie broods a while, then arrives at the shipyard, complete with mink coat and Hollywood slacks. She puts in a couple of weeks of her very best acting as a welder. She convinces Swanee that she's on the level, that she really has met the people at last. He tells her that now he will let her do the show on Broadway. Then he catches her posing in her welder's outfit for some leg art for the photographers and realizes that the whole thing was an act. But the joke is on Julie, for along comes a Presidential edict freezing war workers to their jobs. Julie's a welder now for better or worse. The show goes on at the shipyard instead of on Broadway, but who cares as long as we get to see it? And hear it, too—lovely tunes, and Vaughn Monroe and Spike Jones.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Desi Arnaz, husband of leading lady, Lucille Ball, was most loyal visitor to the set. Each time Desi would get a pass to come home from his camp at Arlington, California, Lucille would have to work most of the time he was here. He'd go to work with her and spend long days on the stage just to be near. . . . Another husband on the set was Kirk Allen, bridegroom of dead-pan Virginia O'Brien, who was acting as technical adviser for the film. Kirk is a swing shift inspector at one of the large California war plants. . . . Bert Lahr became a father on the one and only day there were 300 extras working on the set, which ran up a fancy cigar bill. . . . Party was given by the cast to celebrate the birthdays of writers Harry Clork and Alfred Block. Guests each brought beautifully wrapped gifts which turned out to be personal belongings of the two men, swiped from their homes by Bert. . . . Lucille was thrilled at being voted the "Sweetheart of the Chinese Air Force" and presented with tiny gold wings with the Chinese emblem by a delegation from Luke Field. . . . Boys in South Pacific sent Miss Ball a grass skirt with the stipulation that she must send it back unless she had her picture taken in it for their quarters. Lucille turned up several hours later in the still department insisting that she be photographed in the skirt. . . . Charles Riesner is now nick-named "One-take Charlie." His methods for getting a perfect "take" the first time have always been a mystery, but now the secret is out. Each afternoon Charles has the commissary bring in huge hunks of cake and slabs of ice cream which he sets before his cast. If the scene is a good one, everyone has refreshments—if not, back it goes to the kitchen and no amount of begging can make him change his mind!

AND THE ANGELS SING

Once upon a time there was a family of angels. They didn't have wings, but they all had beautiful voices—and beautiful legs. Their names were Nancy, Bobby, Josie and Patti Angel, but you know them as Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn and Mimi Chandler.

The Angels have a father whom they call Pop (Raymond Walburn). Pop wants to buy a farm, but since he has no job except cooking for his four beautiful daughters, the chances of getting it don't look too good. Still, Nancy has a secretarial job, Josie gives piano lessons, and Patti takes care of the neighbors' children at so much per hour. Now if Bobby would break down and get a job, too, they might

(Continued on page 18)

3 ways to tell a Fib

(FROM ANY OTHER TAMPON)

Only FIBS* of all tampons give you all 3

1. Fibs are "quilted"

. . . for more comfort, greater safety in *internal* protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes. And quilting *controls* expansion . . . so Fibs don't fluff up to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

2. Fibs have rounded ends

THIS — NOT THIS

. . . smooth, gently-tapered ends . . . for *easy insertion!* Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs *must* be easier to use! You'll like the just-right size of Fibs; they're not too large, not too tiny.

3. Fibs—the Kotex* Tampon

. . . a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton*, the soft, *super* absorbent used in Kotex and demanded by many of America's foremost hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality—you get protection as safe as science can make it.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

By Jean Kinkead

Co-ed

That old black magic got you in its spell?

Here's how to cope with the date situation

from backward parents to forward fellas!

■ Here we are knee-deep in Spring, and we've just been wondering if your young man's fancy has lightly turned to thoughts of stuff. Well, yes? Well, good! You can skip this edition and go write in your diary. If, however, you could stand some date data—how to get 'em, how to act on 'em, etc.—this is especially for you. Read on.

Date Bait: You needn't be beautiful to get the eye from a guy, but you can't be a crumb, either. Shampoo your hair every week and brush it between times so it shines like a G.I. button. Scrub your face morning, noon and night, and remember that make-up—when and if—should be smooth and subtle. Briefly, make the most of You with the help of our chart "Glamour for the Teens," which is all yours for free. (See page 26). Then, having turned yourself into a slickeroo, go on from there.

First move is to get over your awe of men; to be as casual with them as you are with the gals. Best way we know to acquire poise with the boys is to pick on some nice shy one and try to make him feel at ease. Maybe there's a quiet lad in your Chem class. Smile at him. Chat with him about Frank Sinatra or Henry Aldrich or the track team. Walk with him to your next class. You think you wouldn't dare? Sure you would, if you'd just keep concentrating on the fact that he's the scared one, and he's getting the thrill of his life out of your attention. Work on a few shy numbers until you gain confidence, then put some big shots on

(*Continued on page 24*)

Of course it couldn't happen... *But it did!*

Cary

GRANT

A Part-Time Broadway Genius Muffs His Cue!

...Since the first time a guy sold the Brooklyn Bridge, and another guy the Aquarium, this is the most fabulous of all fame-and-fortune ideas... whimsical...different...chucklesome...and you'll never guess what it is!

Me?.. I'm a full-time genius!

ALEXANDER HALL'S

ONCE UPON A TIME

IT'S WONDERFUL!
ONCE UPON A TIME IS — TODAY!

with

JANET BLAIR

JAMES GLEASON · TED DONALDSON

Screen play by
Lewis Meltzer and Oscar Saul
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

(Continued from page 15)

save enough for at least a down payment.

Bobby, however, doesn't want a job. Not in a hick town like Glenby Falls, where they live. If it were New York, it would be different! New York, as everyone knows, is full of handsome, exciting and eligible men. And if there's anything Bobby likes, it's men! Particularly men like Happy Chandler (Fred MacMurray), a band leader whom the Angel sisters meet at a little roadhouse where they've been hired to sing. The Angels hate to sing, but ten bucks is ten bucks. Happy looks the Angels over and picks Nancy, but Bobby picks *him*. She thinks he's wonderful. She thinks so even after he borrows 190 dollars (she ran the ten up to that in a crap game) and leaves for New York with his band. The rest of the Angels don't see Happy in quite that light. To them he looks like the common or garden variety of thief. They decide to go to New York en masse and get their dough back.

It's something of a shock to Happy when they arrive, but he's a fast talker and could probably have fixed everything if he hadn't fallen in love with Nancy. That complicates matters because Bobby thinks he's in love with *her*. There's a hilarious scene when he takes them both to the same night club, and each one thinks she's alone with him. Don't ask me to explain—hurry over to the theater. You'll have a wonderful time! Fred MacMurray's scenes with Betty Hutton couldn't be funnier! —*Par.*

P. S.

Dottie Lamour was taken out of her sarong and put into some glamorous Irene gowns. Leg art was supplied by Fred MacMurray (and a couple of very nice limbs he has, girls!). . . . Fred exposes his nether extremities in an eccentric comedy dance, garbed in a Tyrolean costume. . . . Dorothy's jitterbug routine not only caused her many bruised muscles before she'd mastered it, but also cost her five pounds the day the scene was shot. . . . Betty Hutton goes back to the ridiculous (after her sublime performance as worker of the "miracle" that happened in Morgan's Creek) with one of her knock-down, drag-out arrangements of "Bluebirds in My Belfry". . . . Huge one-ton chandelier was concocted by the property department out of ash trays, small glass candle holders, little glass cupboard knobs and other scrap glass around the studio. . . . Cigarette gal with the beautiful torso is Julie Gibson making her debut in pictures. Julie is the girl with the lovely voice who once sang with Jimmy Grier's band. . . . Studio make-up men have decided Betty is to keep her hair the exact ash-blond shade she has it for this picture. Seems to photograph better that way. . . . Betty has had only two days off in the past two years. As a reward for her hard work, Paramount granted her a much-needed eight week leave of absence. Betty rested for one day then headed for the South and toured Army camps for the rest of her vacation.

. . . Girls have 52 changes of costume for this one. Conservation-minded studio designers saved precious materials by using identical patterns and material for many of their dresses. . . . Raymond Walburn's eyebrows should get equal billing with Ray. They get an extra heavy workout sitting on the brow of the father of three beautiful and zany daughters who constantly thwart his ambitions toward a soy bean farm. At one point they actually merge with his hairline.

MAN FROM FRISCO

You've heard a lot about Liberty ships and Victory ships. Probably you never knew much about how they were made, or why, though. In "Man From Frisco" you get the inside dope on the whole hustle-bustle system, plus a thrilling story. Michael O'Shea plays a guy named Matt Braddock. Matt has, in his own words, "built dams, bridges and railroads, all the way from here to China." Now he's going to build ships, and he has some revolutionary ideas about how to do it. The trouble is, Matt never heard of that old saying, "You can catch more flies with honey than you can with vinegar." He slambangs his way through life, issuing orders and pushing people around, and then wonders why he doesn't get more cooperation. Oh, sure, he gets results, but he gets them the hard way. Or so his assistant, Johnny (Ray Walker), tries to tell him.

Matt and Johnny come to the little shipyard at Point Pleasant to try out Matt's theories. They're greeted with definite un-enthusiasm by Joel Kennedy (Gene Lockhart), head of the yard, and by the workers. Especially when Matt opens up with his usual volley of orders. He soon finds no one will work for him. In fact, no one will even give him a bed or food. Diana (Anne Shirley), Kennedy's daughter, is particularly antagonistic, but his son, Russ (Tommy Bond), 16, is inclined to be friendly. "Maybe you could build a ship first and put it together afterward, like Matt says," he tells his father.

Kennedy decides to give Matt a chance. In a couple of weeks the sleepy little village has turned into a seething mass of welders, riggers and defense workers of

IRRESISTIBLE as always!

We dedicate to the
WAC

IRRESISTIBLE air whipt FACE POWDER

For that clear, flower-fresh complexion that distinguishes today's beautiful woman, you need the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPT Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist by mighty whirlwinds of pure, filtered air, Irresistible Face Powder is non-drying, color-true, longer-lasting . . . a boon to beauty and today's busy woman. Try Skintone, for that new AIR-WHIPT, look-alive look!

10c—25c SIZES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
STAYS ON LONGER...S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something"
is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

both sexes and every nationality. Some of them have worked for Matt before and are devoted to him. Others don't care who they work for, as long as they help beat the Axis. They all do a good job. Even so, Matt isn't very happy. The eyes of the whole shipbuilding industry are on him, and he's behind schedule. Besides, Diana is still unfriendly. Then young Russ has an idea—an idea that leads in startling fashion first to tragedy, then ultimately to triumph.

'Bye now. I'm off to take a course in welding. Seeing "Man From Frisco" makes you want to help build ships.—*Rep.*

P. S.

Michael O'Shea has an assistant named William Kahn—nicknamed "Citizen"—who acts as his cook, valet, critic and aid. During production Citizen Kahn found an abandoned bungalow on the back lot at Republic studios which he remodeled into a living room and kitchen for Michael. There he cooked hams, turkeys and Southern fried chicken each noon for his boss and anyone else who might drop in for lunch. . . . Extra list for this picture includes 50 percent of the employees at a famous Richmond, California, shipyard. Cameras were dollied through half the plant for background shots of the workers at their benches. . . . During the two weeks spent in San Francisco, the shipbuilders taught the actors to wield welding torches, rivet guns and showed them how to climb into the complicated overalls they wear. . . . Property men reconstructed a bow of a Liberty Ship on a studio sound stage where most of the action takes place. However, several of the launchings pictured are the real thing, taken at Richmond and at San Pedro, California. . . . Three-year-old Michael Barnitz, who plays the son of Stephanie Bachelor, was a model child—did as he was told and never cried—until the day of final shooting when the director tried to sit him in a high chair. "That," declared Master Barnitz, "is baby stuff!" and he would have none of it. No amount of coaxing or bribery could induce him to sit in the chair, until Michael O'Shea convinced him that it would take a bit of fancy acting for a three-year-old boy to act like a baby. That did it! Little Mike climbed into the highchair, banged with his spoon and drooled. "Like when I was a child," he grinned! . . . During the two months of shooting, actors picked up a good deal of Navy and shipyard lingo but none so quickly as Ann Shoemaker, who later confessed to being descended from a Captain Commandant of the Navy.

ONCE UPON A TIME

The hero of this one is a dancing caterpillar. You heard me. Of course Cary Grant is around, too, playing the same kind of smooth crook with the heart of gold that went over so big in "Mr. Lucky". But the whole plot revolves around Curley, the caterpillar. Jerry Flynn (Cary Grant) encounters Curley at a moment of crisis. Jerry's last three shows have been turkeys. If he doesn't raise one hundred thousand smackers in a hurry, he'll have to give the famous Flynn theater back to the Indians. By the time The Moke (James Gleason), his assistant, has paid off the cast of the last show, Jerry has exactly one lone nickel left. He tosses it over his shoulder for luck, and that's how he meets the dancing caterpillar. Because Pinky (Tom Donaldson), the young owner of this phenomenon, picks up the nickel and in return gives Jerry a glimpse of Curley's act.

"This," Jerry declares, "is something the world should know about." He arranges to have Pinky bring Curley to his hotel the next day and has reporters from all

"The More Women at War—the Sooner We'll Win!"

We'd like to take War Jobs—*BUT*

...MY HUSBAND DOESN'T WANT ME TO WORK!

Answer: Your war job doesn't necessarily mean your husband needs your financial help! It means your country needs women—millions, like you—to keep civilian services going, save fighting men's lives. *Explain* this urgent need to your husband! Read your local want ads for war jobs that are open now!

...MY HOUSEWORK KEEPS ME PLENTY BUSY!

Answer: Are you tying yourself to your own apron strings—when our boys are *dying* at *their* "jobs"? Every day, working women manage their homes successfully. Let the family share your household chores! Or, take a part-time job. Ask your U. S. Employment Service Office to suggest a "working" plan.

...ARE CIVILIAN JOBS REALLY IMPORTANT?

Answer: The humblest job in a home front service is as important as Victory itself! Laundries, cafeterias, hotels, stores . . . transportation, food packing industries . . . all must carry on. Help them! Even if inexperienced. Your newspaper want ads show where you're needed, or see your U. S. Employment Service Office.

...I'M NOT THE MILITARY TYPE!

Answer: Many a "home girl" makes good as a WAC, WAVE, MARINE or SPAR. They work at scores of varied, interesting jobs you too can learn—if you qualify. Free a man for front line duty . . . help bring *your* man home sooner! *Today*, get complete details at your nearest Army or Navy recruiting station.

KLEENEX TISSUES

*Published in the interest of the war effort by Kleenex Tissues**

Paper, too, has a war job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex quality* in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

AMERICA'S BIGGEST SELLING SUNTAN LOTION

Tan WITH Gaby

NO ALCOHOL TO DRY YOUR SKIN
●
NO GREASE TO FRY YOUR SKIN

USED EXTENSIVELY BY THE ARMED FORCES

25¢ 50¢ $1.00
(Slightly Higher in Canada)
At Beauty Counters Everywhere

Another GABY Scientific Advancement

Gaby ANTI-CHAP LIPSTICK

ANTI-CHAP LIPSTICK

Developed for the armed forces to protect lips against tropic heat—frigid cold, sunburn and windburn. At all drug counters. 25c

the papers there. The reporters, however, are not impressed. With a world at war, who's interested in a caterpillar? "It's a symbol!" Jerry explains desperately, but Brandt (William Demarest) leads the other newspapermen out in disgust.

Then Gabriel Heatter hears about Curley, and devotes his next radio broadcast to him. Pinky and Curley become famous overnight. Hollywood is interested. The reporters flock back. Pinky decides that Jerry is the greatest guy in the world and tries to sell his pretty sister Jeanne (Janet Blair) the same idea. Jeanne isn't so sure. She thinks maybe Jerry has an ulterior motive up his sleeve. Of course she's so right. Jerry, the louse, is planning to sell Disney the movie rights to Curley and use the money to get the Flynn theater out of hock.

Everything is all set. The Moke is to steal Curley while Pinky's asleep, so Jerry can take him to the Coast. But The Moke gets drunk, and the whole plan goes haywire. Which, as it turns out, is just as well.

Cary is handsome and reckless and wonderful, as Jerry. Janet and the others are swell, too. But me, I'm writing fan letters to Curley, the dancing caterpillar!—*Col.*

P. S.

This picture probably holds the world's record for title changes. Originally it was "My Client Curley," was changed to "Curley," then to "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," back to "Curley" and finally to "Once Upon a Time". . . . Casting directors ran into trouble trying to find a suitable "Curley." Seems most caterpillars are without the necessary acting experience. However, "Curley" was found on the New York stage, and though she turned out to be a prima donna who had to be packed in cotton, fed specially prepared carrots and kept in an air-conditioned box, she did very well. . . . Ten-year-old Ted Donaldson makes his debut to movie audiences after an extended run on the New York stage in "Life With Father." Cary Grant named him "the greatest child actor I have ever seen," and studio officials agreed, gave Ted a long-term contract. . . . All six-foot-two of Mr. Grant spent one whole day in a four-foot-high room during scenes in the "Curley Club." Called the studio next day to say he was too stiff and sore to climb out of bed. . . . Cary set a new record for tying a bow-tie. There is a bit of dialogue to go with this process, and the tie had to be put on and tied correctly before Mr. Grant finished talking. Try as he would to speak slowly, the best he could do was eight seconds. Consequently, Cary is probably the only man in existence who can manage this ticklish job in such a short time. . . . Jimmy Gleason tried to talk Director Hall into permitting him to wear a toupee in this picture. Mr. Hall didn't think he'd like it. Jimmy took things into his own hands, including $55.00, waltzed into the nearest wiggery and bought himself a head of hair. When he showed up on the set next day, cast took one look and broke into howls of laughter. Mr. Hall made a quick movement with his hand, and for the second time in his life, Mr. Gleason lost his hair!

THE WHITE CLIFFS

This is the kind of picture that wins Academy Awards. It's full of laughter and love and tears, and it is handled with consummate artistry. It is the story of a girl named Susan Dunn, who goes to England to stay two weeks and spends the rest of her life there. A girl who becomes Lady Ashwood but stays a Yankee in her heart. All the little differences between the English and Americans are brought out into the open and shown up as insignificant in the face of the big things that bind our countries together.

Irene Dunne is a natural and appealing Susan, and Alan Marshal makes Sir John Ashwood a fine, romantic figure. Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson and Gladys Cooper all give superb characterizations.

When Susan arrives in England with her father, Hiram Dunn (Frank Morgan), it starts to rain. It keeps raining for two weeks, and all Susan sees of England is fog and a few museums. Then, the night before they are to leave, a kindly old gentleman (C. Aubrey Smith) takes her to a court ball and she meets Sir John Ashwood. That does it! Susan goes to visit John's family at their ancestral home instead of accompanying her father back to America.

The house is a huge old place—beautiful, but cold and a little frightening. John's mother and friends are like that, too. At first Susan can't get on with them at all, but later she learns to love them. She already loves John, and he persuades her to marry him and live in England, in spite of her father's outraged indignation. They have a wonderful honeymoon. Then—World War I, and John must join his regiment.

During the weary years of war, Susan and her mother-in-law (Gladys Cooper) become close friends. Susan bears a son, a new Lord Ashwood, but John dies in battle before he ever sees his heir. America enters the war at last. In one of the most heart-stirring scenes you ever saw, Susan holds her baby up in her arms to see the Yanks come swinging up the old London street to the strains of "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Young John Ashwood grows to manhood, with the ever-present threat of another war hanging over him. When that war comes at last, Susan accepts with patriotic resignation the part he must play in it.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Clarence Brown has a peculiar superstition. He directs the first scene of each day's shooting with his bedroom slippers on. Then changes to his shoes. . . . Peter Lawford really went into training for his strenuous role in this picture. Spent every evening in the U.C.L.A. gymnasium, working on the bars and rings. . . . Roddy McDowall made two important speeches while this was in production. One was to the A.E.R.C.O. workers in a Long Beach, California, plant and one was at a Pacific Coast shipyard upon their presentation of the Army-Navy "E" award. Reason for these talks, of course, is that Roddy's father is an officer in the British Merchant Marine. . . . Take a good look at the lace on Miss Dunne's white gown. It's priceless heirloom lace from Belgium which belonged to Irene's grandmother and also adorned Miss Dunne's wedding dress at her marriage to Dr. Francis Griffin. . . Technical director for this picture was Lt. Gen. Sir Sidney Lawford, father of Peter Lawford. General Lawford was one of the highest ranking officers of World War I . . Idea for "White Cliffs of Dover" came from the poem of the same name written by the late Alice Miller after the terrific bombings of the English Coast. Miss Miller was inspired by the courage and determination of the people who lived near the famous White Cliffs. . . . Director Clarence Brown took the cast on location to his ranch in Calabassas, California. Has done this for every picture he's made. . . The two landing barges used in the portrayal of the Dieppe raid were built by the prop department and are exact replicas of those actually used in the 1942 raid.

PARDON MY RHYTHM

A gentleman named William Shakespeare once turned out a little opus called "The Comedy Of Errors." If he hadn't already used the title, it would have been an apt one for this Universal picture. Practically everyone in "Pardon My Rhythm" suspects somebody of being in love with someone else, and it's usually the wrong person. If you don't get what I mean (and who could?) go and see the picture. You'll not only find out who loves who, but you'll be soothed by the charming voice of Gloria Jean and the rhythmic cadences of Bob Crosby's orchestra.

It all starts with Gloria Jean's boy friend, one Ricky O'Bannon. (His pay check at Universal is made out to Mel Torme.) Ricky has a high school orchestra that's hotter than an overworked machine gun. The band practices at the home of Jinx Page (Gloria Jean) and ignores the neighbors' agonized protests. The kids are after top honors in a state band contest, and the neighbors' nerves are of secondary importance.

At the contest finals, the hours of practice are rewarded. Their band wins! Bob Crosby is one of the judges, and he goes for the way Ricky plays the drums. So much so that he wants to sign the kid for his own band, pronto. But Jinx counsels Ricky to wait till after the national finals, much to Crosby's indignation. What's this little mouse got to do with it, anyway? This is a deal between men! Irked at the intervention, Crosby dreams up a plot. He asks his beautiful torch singer, Dixie (Marjorie Weaver), to make with the eyes at Ricky and persuade him to listen to reason. Jinx (no dope, she!) gets hep and does some counter-scheming. She persuades her handsome father, Tony (Pat Knowles), to go to work on Dixie. Tony's girl, Julia (Evelyn Ankers), decides he's really in love with Dixie and is pretty upset as a result. Crosby also takes a very poor view of such goings on—Dixie is supposed to be working on Ricky, not Tony. Ricky himself has no idea what's cooking, but whatever it is he doesn't like it! See what I mean about a comedy of errors? Of course everything straightens out eventually to the sound of some very hot music from the band.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Hep-cats and 'gators will find a new idol in Mel Torme, 18-year-old composer-singer-drummer-actor, who gives out with some very fancy drum work along with Bob Crosby's orchestra. . . . Mel breezed through the picture breaking every standing superstition of the industry. Brought his black cat to work, whistled on stage, walked under ladders and refused to do business on any other day of the month but the thirteenth. . . . Gloria Jean signed her fifth consecutive contract with Universal during production. . . . Juvenile orchestra was drafted from among the personal friends of Miss Jean. Kids are all appearing professionally for the first time. . . . Bob Crosby gets his long-awaited

(Continued on page 23)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Frank was singing on the stage of the Paramount when some smarty threw him a penny. Quick-witted Sinatra smiled and said, "There's only one kind of animal that throws a (s)cent"—then nodded to the orchestra and finished his song (amid the cheering of his fans.)

Maureen O'Connor,
New York, N. Y.

Are You in the Know?

In writing your soldier, do you—
- ☐ Rave about your dates
- ☐ Tell him your troubles
- ☐ "Talk" to him as you always did

Don't be a tear jerk...or killjoy! "Talk" to him gaily...give with the latest gag. Let your *heart* have a word, about the talks, walks, dances you shared. You'll be glad you didn't break those dates, when your calendar said "stay home." You didn't—for you'd learned Kotex isn't like other napkins...doesn't just "feel soft" at first touch. That Kotex is more comfortable because it stays soft while wearing.

What is she doing?
- ☐ Playing with dolls
- ☐ Studying Fashion Design
- ☐ Learning puppetry

Got a knack with the needle? Good style sense? Fashion design offers a rosy future! Meanwhile, join Home Ec and Art classes. And as shown here, practice fashion design with *miniature* models. Fashion, you know, inspired the flat, pressed ends of Kotex. This is a patented Kotex feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby. You can wear the clingingest creation with nary a telltale line!

Should you try this if you are—
- ☐ Shy
- ☐ On the prawl
- ☐ A five by five

Each answer is right, and here's why. *Any* active sport unshells the timid soul . . . pares down excess poundage. And for date bait, it's wizard! So, play up—even on "trying days". With Kotex sanitary napkins you can say goodbye to little nagging worries. For Kotex has no wrong side to cause accidents. And the special Kotex safety center gives you worry-proof protection.

Know your napkins—

More women use KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest* Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. Quest *destroys* odors completely. It's unscented, safe, *sure.*

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES NO. 16

"DAYS OF GLORY"

1,352 PRIZES!

1ST PRIZE..........I. J. FOX FUR COAT

2ND PRIZE......$200 IN WAR BONDS*

Try and try again prizes**

1,350 Prizes of $1 each in War Stamps

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by RKO Studios.

** If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

HERE'S HOW: Turn to the picture story of "Days of Glory" on page 40, and see picture No. 9. What do you think Toumanova is saying to Gregory Peck? What would you say if suddenly you found yourself in the arms of the man you loved, facing untold dangers, seeing him, perhaps, for the last time? Maybe, like Toumanova, you'd say "Darling . . . I know it now . . . A person *can* die of *happiness!*" Or maybe you wouldn't make any noble speeches, maybe you'd just murmur "Dearest." Try to put yourself in Nina's place, and in your caption (15 words or less), say whatever you think you'd really say in her situation. Be sure to read the story of "Days of Glory" on page 40 before writing your caption.

RULES:

1. Write your caption in not more than 15 words.
2. Fill in your FULL NAME and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs., give your own first name, not your husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families, and those who have already won *big* prizes in MODERN SCREEN'S 1944 contest series.
5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than July 10, 1944.
6. Neatness will count, but do *not* send in elaborate entries, as they will receive no preference.
8. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

BIG WINNERS IN MODERN SCREEN'S "MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK" CONTEST

First prize.......................	Mrs. Josephine Taylor Brooklyn, N. Y.
Second prize...................	Miss Margie Gilliam San Antonio, Tex.

Yours for the winning—this sleek block Persian lamb I. J. Fo fur coat. The slenderizing princess lines and luxurious turn back cuffs spell glamour for you in this all-occasion coat

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES NO. 16—"DAYS OF GLORY"

Please Print or Type

Full Name ....

Street.................... City............ State.....

Coat Size ....

If I were Nina, I would say:.............................

....

..........................(Not more than 15 words)

Mail this coupon to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

(Continued from page 21)

chance at a dramatic role playing the romantic lead opposite Marjorie Weaver. . . . Marjorie hadn't heard from hubby Lt. (j. g.) Don Briggs for several months as he'd been on sea duty in the Atlantic. Got a call from him one morning from New York and talked for 20 minutes while uniformed guard kept everyone on the set out of ear-shot. . . . Pat Knowles, who is an instructor for the Army Air Corps, lets his leaves accumulate for a year so he will have enough time on his furlough to do a picture each time. Pat was once a pilot in the R.C.A.F., was given an honorable discharge when he was wounded and his eyesight impaired. Worked for months with eye doctors, exercises and charts to regain perfect vision so he could join up with Uncle Sam. . . . Saul Grauman's Musical Stairatones is the only act of its kind in the world. Took him years of constant work and study to perfect it. . . . Saul's hobby is collecting mystic finger rings. Has over 30 in his collection, several of which are authentic Egyptian and Indian trinkets taken from the tombs and crypts of the ancient world.

GOODBYE, MY LOVE

This twisted tale of passion and murder is played against the somber backdrop of Russia just before the Revolution. There is a curious quality of predestination about it. When the characters face tragedy, they never try to avoid it. Instead, they pace the floor, muttering about fate and the stars.

Take Fedja (George Sanders), for instance. He is a young judge, banished from St. Petersburg to polite exile in a country town because of over-fondness for the wrong kind of women. Does his exile teach him anything? At first, it seems it's going to. He becomes engaged to a charming and well-bred girl, Nadina Kalenin (Anna Lee). He is, he tells his old friend, Count Volsky (Edward E. Horton), completely reformed. The count, who is known as "Piggy," is a futile, silly little man, typical perhaps of the decadent aristocracy of the period.

Fedja's reform lasts only until he meets Olga (Linda Darnell). The Greeks had a word for girls like Olga, but you can't use it in a nice magazine like MODERN SCREEN. She is engaged to an elderly overseer named Urbanin (Hugo Haas). But, regardless, on the very day of her wedding she begins an affair with Fedja which is to bring tragedy to five people.

Nadina is the first. Olga deliberately lets her learn of the affair, and Nadina, broken-hearted, gives up Fedja forever. Then Count Volsky becomes enamored of Olga, and, since he has considerably more money than Fedja, finds her responsive. She is, as a matter of fact, planning to keep them both around, but this proves impossible. For one thing, her husband Urbanin, who never knew of the affair with Fedja, soon sees the Count's interest. That is when the murders begin. They don't stop until destiny at last steps in, and justice is done—by *accident*.

George Sanders almost succeeds in making you sorry for the passion-crazed Fedja. Anna Lee and Linda Darnell are, as usual, ornamental.—*U. A.*

CHANGE OF TITLE

All-star Universal picture, "Follow the Boys," is the new title of "Three Cheers for the Boys," which we reviewed in the April issue. Star-studded cast includes George Raft, Zorina, Jeanette MacDonald, Don O'Connor, Peggy Ryan, Marlene Dietrich and a flock of others.

Can your skin stand the "Compact Close-up?"

In the sun's bright glare—or candle-light's soft-glow—Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder helps you look lovelier.

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CO-ED

(*Continued from page 16*)

your string. They'll be noticing you by now. (They always notice the girls who get convoyed to class.) Begin dropping them casual hello's and have some sure-fire conversation-starters on hand for that terrific moment when one of them pilots you from Latin to gym. Something as trivial as, "Gosh, I used to be afraid of you!" or "No doubt you've heard it before, but you *do* look like Sonny Tufts," will please him pink.

Now that you really know some boys, how to maneuver them to the dating point? Half the time, you have to put the words in their mouths. F'rinstance. You both like Duke Ellington. You've got a couple of his new platters, so you say to Bill quote come on over and I'll play them for you some time unquote. Most likely, he'll name the night, and whee! you've got a date. Other methods: You discuss picnics. He loves 'em. You do, too. So say, "Wanna try out my new charcoal stove some Saturday?" Turns out he does! He says he's going to see "Lady in the Dark" this weekend. You say, Coincidence! So are you. He says why not go together. Or maybe he's going horse-back-riding Sunday. Well, golly, you are, too. Sunday at ten, then? Fine! You'd love it! That's the way it goes at first. When you've broken the ice, things just get rolling, and you'll find yourself turning down as many as you're snapping up.

breaking it to the family . . .

Mother and Dad usually take the first date kind of hard. One minute you're a wee thing in a torn pair of jeans; the next minute you're all slick 'n' smooth and jabbering something about Saturday night. It kind of hits them. Better to say, "Joe Blow asked me to go to the movies with him Saturday," instead of a flat, "I'm going to the movies with J. B. Saturday." "I'm going" is frequently a red flag in your father's face, and "you are not" is a likely rejoinder. Having dropped the bombshell, be prepared to answer a million questions. They'll want to know who he is, what his father does, what crowd he goes with, what he eats for breakfast. Forewarned is forearmed, so inquire around about him. (This, incidentally, is as much for your own benefit as your family's.) And no need to tell you to steer clear of lads with not-so-hot reputations. Be as casual as you can about the whole business, because if you're practically hysterical with excitement, the family may see fit to call it off. If, on the other hand, you take it in your stride, act as if it were the most natural thing in the world, ten to one they will, too.

tonight's the night . . .

You look your most swoony, and you're all ready at the appointed hour. When the doorbell rings, you're the one to answer it, not Mom—who though perfectly harmless might frighten him out of his wits—nor your leering little brother. Greet him with a big smile, a "Hi!" and take him in to say hello to the family. If you're going to leave him while you go grab a coat, give the group a conversational straw to clutch at. Something like, "Bob's mother works over at Red Cross, too, Mom." Or, "He's our ace half-miler, Pops." Then hurry, hurry, and leave before anyone gets bored. Once you're out in the wide world, start the talk going with something blithe like, "I think you made a hit with Dad," or "Mmm, I like the sport coat." Let him help you going up and down curbs, praise the seats he snags at the movies, let him recommend a delish sundae for you after the show. When you get home, hand him the door key and let him wrestle with the trick lock. It's such tiny things as these that make a man feel awfully man-of-the-world. Big points to remember: 1, Boys like to talk about themselves, but they need a starting point. Your best bet is to quiz them about what branch of the service they want and why. 2, The girl is the one to say when it's time to go home, and be sure you say when while things are still fizzing. Don't wait until you're yawning in each other's faces. 3, Your date wants to know you've had a luscious evening, so tell him, and here's one time you can lay the adjectives on thick.

to kiss or not to kiss . . .

We know it's a problem. When you don't kiss them, they think you're an iceberg, and when you do, they think you're fast. What to do? Well, first let's talk about *when* to say no. Never, never kiss them on the first date or even on the second or third. After you've become quite good friends, a nice, tender good-night kiss just seems to make a swell evening perfect. Sort of like the icing on a cake. However, it's up to you to confine your woo to that brief, sweet moment at the door. He would very likely love to come in and talk it over in your dimly lighted living room. Maybe you'd like it, too, but if you want to hang on to his friendship and to the friendship of all the other nice guys you're dating, skip the smooching department. He can hold your hand in the movies, put his arm around you walking home, kiss you good night a couple of times—but as for really sitting down and going at it seriously, nope! Your foot's down.

So much for when, now let's talk about *how* to say no. The first time he tries to kiss you, ward him off with, "Ah, Bill, this has been so much fun. Don't let's spoil it." Or, "Gosh, you're way ahead of me, Bill. Let's save that for awhile, shall we?" Then give his hand a nice friendly squeeze and skip inside before he has a chance to make an issue of it. He'll be intrigued, not angry. After your friendship's established, and you've progressed to good-night kisses, he may persist in trying to lure you into bigger and better lerve bouts. That's when you appeal to his better nature with such-like: "I'm disappointed, Butch. I thought you and I were a little above that stuff." Or, "I guess I was wrong about you, Joe. Here I've been thinking you were kind of special." If he gets huffy at you, let him huff straight out of your life. You're well rid of him.

* * *

Co-Ed Mailbox

I met a sailor at a USO dance for whom I am but mad! We exchanged addresses (he's on the briny now), and I've written him a dozen letters and torn them all up thinking I should let him write first. Would it be too hussy-ish if I were to scrawl him a strictly unsentimental note?—Nancy Shea, Madison, Wis.

G'wan and write to the guy. It's perfectly according to Hoyle, and he'll be thrilled. Don't drool, but break down and give him a ration of sentiment. You know, "Gosh, I miss you," or something. Then let him answer before you V-mail him again. After the correspondence gets under way, don't worry about who owes whom a letter. Just write whenever you feel particularly communicative. He'll love it!

I haven't heard from my favorite sergeant in three months, and I'm frantic. It's not that I doubt his love, because that's one thing in the world I'm dead sure of, but I'm worried about his safety. I don't know his home address or I'd write his mother, and I hesitate to trouble the Red Cross. Can you tell me if there is any other way to get information?—B. C., New York, N. Y.

Why not write to the chaplain attached to your soldier's outfit? Tell him your problem briefly and ask him for any information he has. Address the letter to the chaplain of your soldier's religious denomination (for example: Presbyterian Chaplain), using his (the sergeant's) overseas address.

* * *

What do you do when you fall for a chap at a Canteen, and it's beautifully mutual—only he's got a girl back home? Where does honor end and self-preservation begin?

Tell you next month, chicks. That and the answers to all the Canteen dilemmas. Meantime, the welcome mat is still on our desk, so if you've a problem, tiny or terrific, won't you let us help? Maybe it's a guy or a career or a baby that's got you frazzled. Pitch us the whole story, and we'll answer as fast as the old typewriter can beat it out. If there's a bit of a delay, don't scold us, please. We haven't forgotten you. Be sure your name and address is *on the letter* as well as the envelope, or we can't possibly answer you. There are dozens of address-less missives in our dead letter file right now for that very reason. Where to write? To Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Flash! Just got a note from Wade Magrum, president of the Roddy McDowall Fan Club, inviting all Co-Eds who like Roddy to join. Two very enticing features of his club are: (1) There are no dues at all. It keeps going on voluntary donations. (2) Through the club you can acquire pen pals from all over the world. For more information, write to Wade at Box 452, Peace River, Alberta, Canada.

NO ROOM FOR TROUBLES IN THE NEW KIT BAG . . .

But plenty of room for magazines and note paper, cigarettes, sewing kits, razor blades . . . shall we go on? Or is it enough to say that all the small essentials servicemen keep writing home for are being packed in Red Cross kits and sent overseas. Trouble is, somebody's got to do the packing. Somebody's also got to make the thousands of surgical dressings . . . and the layettes for servicemen's babies . . . and sweaters and endless other items. Does a finger seem to point to you? Well, swell. Stop by at your local Red Cross and get the dope on their Production Corps. You know, if you're too tied up to come downtown, there's work you can do at home . . . with patterns, materials and instructions furnished by the Red Cross. And if your club just happens to be casting around for a project, what nobler one than this? There've been lots of surgical dressing contests in high schools through the Junior Red Cross. And, boy, you should have seen that white gauze fly.

TRUSHAY* . . . **THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION**

Smooth it on *before* you tackle daily soap-and-water jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously *different* idea in lotions! Trushay, used *before* you wash undies—*before* you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps *prevent* soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it *all* these ways. Ask for it today —at your favorite drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A different spelling —but the same wonderful "beforehand" lotion.

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Spring Fashions.................................... ☐
Newest in spring styles. What to wear and buy. How to dress up oldies for 1944. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Glamour for the Teens.............................. ☐
This is 'specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-do's for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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If you are over 18, this is your ticket. A split-second beauty routine for every kind of skin, make-up styled to your needs. Nail care, too! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Have Lovely Hair............................ ☐
We think enough of your curls to get up this encyclopedia on hair care. How to make locks gleam. Hair-do's styled for *you*, with setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Lose or Gain Weight......................... ☐
Exercises and diets for whittling or building weight. Food for beauty! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Mind Your Manners.................................. ☐
Charm, poise, etiquette from canteen meeting to wedding on leave. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FOR ROMANCE

How to Write a Love Letter......................... ☐
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Whom Should I Marry?............................... ☐
Tests that analyze you and your guy—what sort of twosome you'll be. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Tell if You're in Love (5c).................. ☐
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. Send 5c for this chart and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Co-Ed Personal Advice
All your very own problems answered personally by our expert Jean Kinkead. How to make that PFC ask for a second date or when to let Jr. don long trousers. Every letter answered personally. See page 25 for details.

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

Handwriting Analysis (10c)......................... ☐
Send a sample of your handwriting or your beau's written in ink (about 25 words). Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis.

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The ABC's of mama-hood. Authoritative information on what babies from 1 to 12 months require in the way of food, sleep, care, training. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

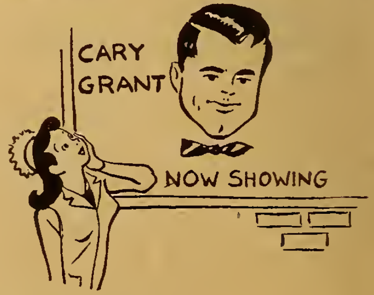
How to Throw a Party............................... ☐
How to make a splash: dinners, teas, showers, entertaining year 'round. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Things You Should Know About Cooking................ ☐
A primer for you kitchen-shy gals. How to buy, budget, serve meals. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Don't Throw It Away................................ ☐
How to save and salvage clothes, shoes, furniture and assorted treasures. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Frank Sinatra's Favorite Recipes
Modern Hostess will answer all your questions about cooking and how to cope with rationing. Free recipes, too. See page 85 for details.

FOR FANS



Super Star Information Chart (10c)................. ☐
32 pages on stars. Last pics, marriages, real names, reams of other data. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Join or Start a Fan Club.................... ☐
Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one. Free, just send a LARGE self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

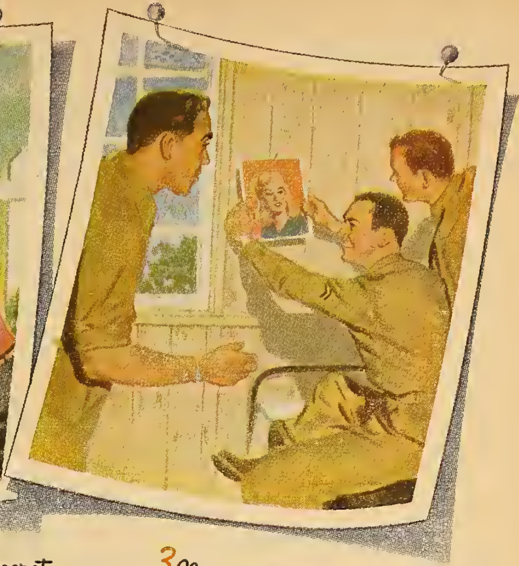
Information Desk
Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See page 100 for details.

Music Makers, their Lives, Bands and Records (5c)........ ☐
New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra. 20 page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hep cats. Send 5c as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

1 Winnie had the glooms the day Mommy snapped this picture. "I'm nobody's pin-up girl," she sobbed. "What I need more'n anything is a complexion like your velvet-cheeked baby's." Mommy smiled sympathetically: "Baby's beauty routine is no military secret. Listen . . ."

2 Then she learned my Beauty Secret —regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory Soap. My doctor backed Mommy up on that! He told Winnie why my Ivory's so good for grown-up girls' complexions . . . "It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating."

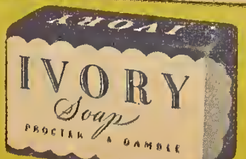


3 Now, she's a Pin-up Girl—prettiest one in the whole darn barracks. Her Corporal says so! That "Ivory Look" is what he goes for—that smoother, velvety complexion she wanted and won. No wonder Winnie's piling praise on me, and my one 'n' only beauty soap—Ivory.

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure . . . It floats

"Us pin-up Girls— —gotta share beauty secrets!"

Look lovelier with Ivory—the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!



★ *Plea to Pin-up Girls*—DON'T WASTE IVORY! Soap uses vital war materials. Never leave it in water! Always keep it in a dry soap-dish! Use up every sliver of every bar!

Memories of a kiss

Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness, Schlitz captures the affections of those who really love fine beer. Once you taste Schlitz, the memory of its famous flavor will remain with you always

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SCHLITZ
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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

surprise! for our readers

Is there anything duller than a bowl of oatmeal (with or without lumps)? If there is, it's a magazine without surprises. Having spent a quarter of a century hating oatmeal, you can imagine how I love a surprise . . . To make a long story short, we've just signed Louella Parsons to write our Good News each month. Henry and I are fixing to take a walk in the clouds. And will Superman kindly move over and let a couple of good men pass? . . . Yeah. That's how this newest surprise makes us feel. And why not? We're going to be the best-informed movie magazine in America. Shucks—in the world! . . . You all know Louella Parsons. In Hollywood, nobody has a baby—not even a twinkle in the eye—without Louella's knowing it. She's as much a part of Hollywood as Metro or Grauman's Chinese. She's seen stars grow—and fade, helped build them. She loves Hollywood, and it's a two-way romance! . . . Turn right now to page 58, where Louella greets you. Perhaps you'd like to answer in kind with a little note to welcome her. She'd love to hear from you. We're proud to welcome Louella Parsons to the MODERN SCREEN gang. . . . P. S. Fredda Dudley's still going to be with us, knocking out those swell stories as only she can. Take a look at the terrific job on Betty Grable's new baby on page 36!

Al Delacorte

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Who Shot Lon

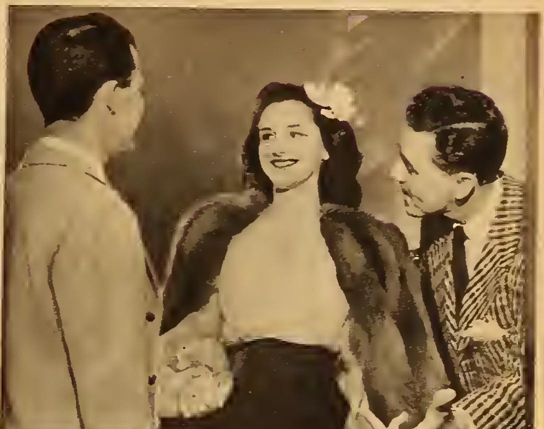
● It was a night to remember. A thing to take away with you. Lon, standing on his head in a corner over some darn fool charade. A couple of guys at the phonograph drooling over James. The Great Dane kissing each guest as he entered. And later, the wonderful mellowness of midnight with the fire toasting their toes and oiling their tongues. After-the-war talk of a sloop off the Bahamas. Lon's sloop . . . and Bill Eythe's. And two hours later the way they all unfolded themselves and said they really had to go and promptly stayed till three. Then, finally, on leaving, the way they stood at the front door telling us from MODERN SCREEN what a fine party we'd thrown for Lon. "Wonderful party! It's awful he has to go, but since he does, darn it, this is the way to do it." That evening just about wound things up for Lon. Except for the large to-do at the studio just the day before he left for camp. (They'd managed somehow to rush through prints of his new film, "Home in Indiana," for him to see before going.) Lon stumbled through those last weeks at home looking forward and backward at once. Melting at the old things and, gosh, so eagerly toward all the newness ahead.

We did! Yep, lined up the victim . . .

aimed our Rolleiflex . . . and clicked! And,

honestly, we never shot a sweeter guy.

McCallister?



Lan and pal Eythe greeted guests effusively. First arrivals were Mary Anderson, Marj Riordan (above) who sped over from set. Left at 11, to make 6 A.M. calls!

Object of Eat the String game: to race opponent down to dollar bill in middle. Winnah: Mary Anderson. Said runner-up Lan, "Aw, I let her. She's my guest."

Balloon-blowing John Harvey took terrific ribbing from Lan and Marj. But he was last to leave. Hated to go 'cause wife Judy was in hospital with their first child, 4-day-old Joanna.

Prize-winning charade was Mary Anderson playing a mare; Bill, a doe, and Lan a lamb. Catch? Four days later Mary celebrated second anniversary alone with book. Husband's in Navy.

Gang split into 3-man teams, practically blew brains out trying to waft balloon into center of room, on hands and knees. Blonde June Haver, just 18, piano soloed with Cincinnati Symphony Ork at 7, studied at same dramatic school as Ty Power. Dates Farley Granger.

Grandma spent most of evening rustling victuals for party. At studio party, few days later, pals optimistically presented Lon with pocket of razor blades and poem to fit. Other gifts: books, 6 Bibles.

Who Shot Lon McCallister?

Continued

This one's called "Cross the Stick" or "How to Break Your Back in Two Easy Twists." Drag both feet over broom handles, if you can, pull stick up behind back and over head without changing position of your paws. (Mary, above, checks up twice weekly on husband, Leonard Behrens' juke box business in Los Angeles.)

Gang watched from bleachers while Lon tried walking across floor in foot-long strides, on string seen only through telescope. Mary Anderson and Marj Riordan, Lon's official cheerers, wrote him stacks of letters, made him promise to open just 1 a day in Army.

Few days after this, Lon was answering to name of Herbert, issuing clodhoppers to new G.I.'s. Got pass from 2:30 Sat. till 9 P.M. Sun., first week-end. Trolleyed straight home. Spent evening with Eythe.

By George Benjamin

WASHINGTON 4900
PARIS 1650 MI.
NEW YORK 4600 MI.
LONDON 1900 MI.
BERLIN 2350 MI.
TOKIO 10200 MI.

Humphrey, who never saw Hollywood's "Casablanca," did see real thing on overseas stint with wife, Don Cummings and Ralph Hark, above.

Humphrey and Sluggy (short for Mayo) took off on Nov. 24 for war zones, lighted back in Los Angeles, 35,000 miles later, after intensive entertainment tour of the Mediterranean and African theaters.

Flying over old Pompeii, Bogie yelped, "Look at those ruins of Pompeii." Tough little G.I. beside him shrugged, "Heck, you ought to see what we did to Bizerte." (Above with wife Mayo and Co.)

"The Filthy Four"

It was a thing, that tour! Bogey and Co. jouncing in jeeps over shell-pocked roads . . . thumbing rides on fighter planes . . . tossing gags off the backs of trucks to hand the weary guys a laugh.

■ The set that day was a cheap waterfront barroom. Hollywood extras made up like tough mugs leaned on the counter, and in one corner a colored boy banged a piano, honky-tonk style. A greasy bartender slopped over drinks on the bar. Flashy half-caste tootsie extras swayed in and out.

"Okay!" called the director. He had lined up the first scene of "To Have and Have Not," Ernest Hemingway's hairy-chested shocker of the Florida keys. It was a setting for violence, vice and rugged love. It would be Humphrey Bogart's first scene in his first picture since he came back to Hollywood from entertaining Uncle Sam's overseas soldiers.

"Okay, Bogie," repeated the director. "Now you stroll into the dive—plenty tough, see? C'mon, let's go through it once. Just to get the feel of it."

Humphrey Bogart left the side of his wife, Mayo, who had driven him to the studio. He strolled on the scene, dirty denims, a sweat-stained shirt, cigarette drooping from his twisted mouth. A bad *hombre*, you could tell. Slowly Bogie sized up the joint. He raised his ice-tea "whiskey" to his lips.

But suddenly he grinned, then laughed out loud. That wasn't in the script. But Bogie couldn't help it.

"Well, honey," he yelled to Mayo, "I guess this is where we came in!"

It was indeed. But with all that familiar Bad Man Bogie setting, it still seemed mighty strange to Humphrey Bogart to be back in Hollywood making faces for a camera again. Like it seemed queer to be sleeping in soft beds, taking shower baths, seeing lights blaze at night, eating (*Continued on page 98*)

victoria the queen

By Fredda Dudley

Some people die and go to heaven. Some—

like Vicki Grable James . . . are born right into it!

■ The band assembled quickly for rehearsal at the broadcasting station. Two dilatory members, taking Gulliver strides and breathing hard, rounded a corner and made for the rehearsal room. Outside they took an extra second to smooth their hair and straighten their ties. Even late, they didn't want to look as if they *thought* they were late. When they sauntered in, they discovered that their brief drama was without an important audience. For the first time in the memory of band members, Harry James was absent from rehearsal.

With their eyes doing splits between the clock and the door, the band waited. At last, 30 minutes (*Continued on page 113*)

At Long Beach Bond rally, Grable's nylons went for $40,000. Army poll places James above Grable, rates him as favorite maestro.

Before baby came, Betty played backgammon with Harry for staggering stakes. Winner socked money into baby bank. (Above: "Pin Up Girl," with John Harvey.)

Betty, who's a crony of Lana Turner's, hopes her Victoria will bloom into the gorgeous, gurgly tyke little Cheryl's turning into. Lana and Steve set the Jameses up with bassinet. (Here with Crosby at airing.)

Dedicated to her by Harry—"Only You Have Kissed My Heart." B. is only femme among top 10 entertainers named in Army camp poll.

Sour Pus

It used to be practically swords-at-dawn each time they tried to rib him. But Helmut's catching on.

By Jack Carson

The other morning Helmut Dantine walked into the office of an ambitious press agent at his studio.

"Could you," Helmut inquired politely, "show me a picture of this young lady I am always going out with to the Hollywood night clubs?"

The press agent did a double take and thought fast. He dug around in his files and came up with a picture. "Here," he said, "that's her. Your current heart beat—Gloria Van Vaincourt, the New York society heiress!" It looked a lot more like Fifi La Tour, burlesque queen, than any society heiress.

Helmut studied the still thoughtfully. "Charming," he said, with just a touch of Vienna accent. "I must meet her. When can you arrange an introduction? I want to thank her for being so nice to me."

The press agent gulped and grinned. Then he had to confess what Helmut Dantine already suspected—that there wasn't any Gloria Van Vaincourt—except for publicity purposes. He had to wise up Helmut (*Continued on page 86*)

One day soon after Helmut landed, cop overtook his car, said "Pull over." H., thinking cop was chummy W. Union boy, smiled, drove on. Got ticket.

Helmut wangled advance of $200 on first role, sunk it safely into filling station. Juiciest role to date, dark-eyed Greek in "Mask of Dimitrios."

Seeing British Army pic, "Desert Victory," Dantine gasped to find, among prisoners, the Nazi who'd tossed him into concentration camp 5 yrs. before.

"days of glory"

By Maris McCullers and Kay Hardy

STORY. The plain lay flat and ugly, war-scarred, rising slightly as it approached the forest. On the horizon was the bomb-shattered outline of a city. Here on the Russian plain around Tula even the sky was grey, heavy, forbidding. A wagon came hurtling down the dirt rutted road; its driver was standing on the seat urging the panting horses forward. Behind him, still in the distance, two German (*Continued on page 106*)

PRODUCTION. Not one member of the cast will look familiar to movie-goers. Producer Casey Robinson, armed with a strong, stirring script, said "No" to agents wanting to sell him top-ranking stars, ordered the RKO Art Department to turn out sketches of the characters in the story as he pictured them in his mind.

The finished sketches were then sent to talent scouts, to little theater groups, to drama editors all over the country. Robinson's (*Continued on page 112*)

1. One of Vladimir's (Gregory Peck) guerrillas finds Nina (Toumanova) slumped at edge of marsh, carries her to darkened cavern hiding the little band.

5. In long night in forest, after raid, he guesses why Nina has stayed so willingly, tells her he'll keep her near him always.

6. Yelena, quietly, hopelessly in love with Vladimir, is sent on mission, claws her way back to die of bullet wound. "Love him for the two of us," she tells Nina.

7. Later, Nina and Mitya bring Vladimir vital message from headquarters. Nazis search their meeting place.

This was no place for a dancer . . . not here with this tiny guerrilla band, in the midst of war and death. This surely was no time for love.

2. To the disgust of his sister (Dena Penn), 15-yr.-old Mitya (Glenn Vernon) is smitten by dancer's fragile beauty. The others are cool to Nina.

3. When they're ordered to join other guerillas in drawing off Germans in coming attack, Nina's forced to stay. If she leaves, hideout might be revealed.

4. In quick, heart-stopping moment, Nina kills Nazi, is accepted by Vladimir, blonde Yelena (Maria Palmer) as equal.

8. Vladimir is safely hidden. Mitya is doggedly silent before cruel grilling of Nazis. Next day, in public square, he's hanged but Vladimir and others work on.

9. Stolidly facing their certain death, Nina and Vladimir prepare for the crucial battle ahead, fearing nothing while they're together . . . caring for nothing but their work.

For awhile the O'Connors' future looked like a turkey's the day before Thanksgiving. (Part II)

■ Donald O'Connor's sensational hit adds up to something Hollywood has never seen before. Not only is Don a brilliant new deal in juvenile pep, personality and talent, but at 18 the marvelous "Mister Big" is a star for the second separate time in his young life—something considered practically impossible in Hollywood before. Kicked out of pictures at 13 by the fatal "awkward age," Dynamite Don came back to set Hollywood on its ears, a bigger, better young star—but a real movie freak—something the screen sages said "can't happen here."

But it's not such a miracle considering his life story from the beginning. Don's solid star sensation has been luck- (*Continued on following page*)

DONALD O'CONNOR

Ambition to dance was stymied by aversion to practise. Loves swing, especially James, Dinah Share. Current pic, "Follow the Boys."

As kid, worshipped J. Barrymore, always yearned to play Hamlet. Last year shared birthday party with co-songwriter Peg Ryan, guested J. Withers.

By Kirtley Baskette

ing in the cards since he was born, the baby of the famous O'Connor Family, the "Royal Family of Vaudeville"—known on every American show circuit, Big Time or Tank Town. Acting and entertaining since he could open his eyes, cradled on a dressing room table and schooled between acts, Don never considered being anything but a star one day. A spunky, precocious, mischievous, wise and high-spirited kid, still he owned a tremendous loyalty to his acting clan and also never considered being the one to break up the fabulous O'Connor Family.

Yet at 12, that decision faced Don in Hollywood. When the O'Connor Family entertained at the Motion Picture Relief Banquet an offer bounced right back for the first big O'Connor movie break. But not for the O'Connor Family—just Donald. Don knew if he accepted, it meant the breaking up of the O'Connor Family, a vaudeville tradition, and his whole life up to that point. A big part with Bing Crosby meant a lot of wonderful things, too. But family loyalty won out. At the banquet that night he told the agent who had brought the exciting tidings, "I'm a vaudeville artist. I was born that way. And anyhow I don't know anything about making movies. Skip it."

The rest of the O'Connor Family had other ideas on the Hollywood break that 12-year old Donald had decided to turn down. That night in the hotel they ganged up on him—his mother and big brothers Billy and Jack.

Effie O'Connor told Don what the manager of the last theater they had played together as a family had told her. A big theater it was, in a big city, and the manager had seen thousands of entertainers come and go.

"In all the years I've been here," he told Effie, "I've predicted greatness for mighty few artists. Most of them are ham-and-eggers and always will be. But of the few I have predicted a future for—not one of them has crossed me up. And I say, Mrs. O'Connor, that that youngster of yours, Donald, is going to be a star!"

His mother hadn't told Donnie that till then; it might go to his head. But now she thought it was time. Maybe he could see that a kid with his talent couldn't deny it—family feelings or no. Sentiment went far in show business—the racket was sugary with it. But a break always kicked sentiment out the window—that's the way the (*Continued on page 70*)

Night Don and Mom moved into new home he built for her, Jack O'Connor and wife (left) and daughter Pat come over for housewarming. House is small, with only three bedrooms. Don made solarium-like room over garage his official quarters!

Lets Mom know when he disapproves of her togs, but thinks Gwen's a queen in *anything!* Especially in cartwheel hats.

DONALD O'CONNOR

Continued

First job in Army was fitting shoes on other buck privates. Qualifies for K.P. by ability to cook creamed carrots and peas and steak! Won't mind mobile G.I. life. Longest he's ever stayed in one spot was 2½ years in Calif.

Don has vast store of medals gathered while mascot of Chicago's 124th Field Artillery, at 9. First uniform came this year, from Army!

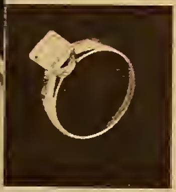
Going-away presents from Peggy Ryan, co-star in "The Merry Monahans," were Army cold-weather necessities—his "Aleutian trousseau"!

MR. & MRS. DONALD O'CONNOR

She's Engaged to an Air Force Officer

Another charming Pond's bride-to-be . . .
Helena Rausch of Middletown, Ohio, is engaged to Lawrence Richard Nelson of Dayton—now "somewhere overseas"

ON HER JOB—or at home—there's always a flower-fresh charm about Helena's soft-smooth face.



HER RING—a beautiful square-cut diamond

Helena's great, great grandparents went West in a covered wagon and settled in Ohio.

And now Helena is a pioneer, too—one of numbers of lovely Pond's engaged girls who are "war-working" for the safe return of the men they love. At the Aeronca Aircraft Corporation, where Helena has been since September 1942, about 60% of the workers are women.

Helena's own job is inspecting spare parts for airplanes—and very close to her heart. "Every girl who takes a war job is helping to bring our boys back sooner," Helena says.

All kinds of necessary jobs need women—in plants, stores, transportation, restaurants. Won't *you* see what *you* can do? Check help wanted ads, consult local U.S. Employment Service.

Her complexion is exquisite . . . porcelain-fine, and fair! "I don't know what I'd do without my Pond's Cold Cream," Helena says. "It's perfectly lovely to stroke on Pond's and smooth off that factory grime."

Helena beauty creams her face like this: She slips Pond's satin-white Cold Cream all over her face and throat. Pats lightly, quickly. This softens and releases dirt and make-up. Then she tissues off.

She "*rinses*" with *more* Pond's—swirling her creamy-tipped fingers round and round her face. "And when I tissue off again my face is *sparkling* clean," she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Helena's way—every night and every morning—for daytime clean-ups, too. It's no accident engaged girls like Helena, exquisite society women like Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart choose Pond's.

She's lovely
She uses Pond's!

ASK FOR A BIG LUXURY JAR!
Large sizes save glass and manpower! And it's so much quicker to dip finger tips of both hands in the wide-topped Pond's jar!

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

HELENA's soft Pond's complexion enhances the beauty of her golden hair and dreamy eyes.

Laraine Day

By Cynthia Miller

Dearest Mom

There's so much Ronnie can't talk about —the smile when you said good-by . . . the wonderful way you took Janie into your heart.

■ Dad was taking a bath when the letter came. Mom pounded at the door. "Jack, listen, listen! Ronnie says we're to come just as soon as ever we want to."

The splashing stopped for a moment, then it sounded like a couple of porpoises in the tub.

"Jack! What on earth are you doing in there?"

"Singin' glory hallelujah and scrubbin' my back!"

It wasn't a surprise exactly. Nell and Jack Reagan had known since June that they were going to join Ronnie in California. Only they hadn't expected it quite so soon. "About six months maybe," Ronnie had said. "Always provided they don't give me the air—" And here it was hardly three months . . .

Three months since Ronnie had phoned from Des Moines. The minute she heard his voice, Mom knew something was up. Always kept his feelings under control, Ronnie did, ever since he was little. But he couldn't fool her—

"I wrote you today, *(Continued on page 52)*

Janie and Mom Reagan are closed corporation, periodically hold rave sessions over their Ronnie; but *only* when he's out of the vicinity!

Reagans occasionally night life, prefer home and fireside. Ronnie first went into Army as cavalry reserve looey. Later was switched to Air Corps.

Before Maureen was born, Reagans salted away $5,000 for offspring's education. Planned on Notre Dame if they had a boy. Decided to let M. pick her own school when time comes.

"A big advantage we Cadet Nurses have is that the course in most schools has been stepped up . . . twenty-four to thirty months, where it used to take three years. If you are still in training when the war ends—and if you have at that time been enrolled for 90 days—you get your full course just the same."

"The Cadet uniform is so smart! It's for outdoor wear, and I don't think there's a better looking one in the women's services; but I'm glad it's optional. It *is* nice to get into an honest-to-goodness dress now and then to remind yourself, and the boys, that you're a girl after all."

"Of course, I want to get married; but being a nurse doesn't mean that I can't. There are lots of chances to meet nice men, and there's free time so we can have dates. In many schools, a girl can marry while she's still a student."

"I signed up the very week I graduated"

"I guess just about every girl has thought at one time or another that she'd like to be a nurse. Now 65,000 girls like me are getting the chance this year . . . the U. S. Public Health Service is paying our way. Tuition and fees, room and board and uniforms—all are free . . . and we get a monthly allowance besides."

Free training with pay in the

U.S. CADET NURSE CORPS

"It's a nice feeling for a girl to know that she's doing her part in the war, for even a student nurse is soon able to help release nurses for other war service. I love children, and can't wait to help with the new babies."

"Our allowance keeps me in spending money very nicely. It starts at $15 a month, then jumps to $20 after nine months, and it's at least $30 after twenty-one months."

Can you qualify? Are you between 17* and 35? High school graduate or college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Then mail the coupon today. **Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.*

Mail coupon for FREE booklet . . . giving information about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps . . . and a list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

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Box 88, Church St. Annex, New York, N. Y.

Please send free booklet and list of approved schools.

Age____High school graduate?________

Graduation date________________

High school graduate this June?________

High school senior next fall?________

Present occupation, if any________

Name________________

Address________________

City____________ State________

66-D

"Nursing's the war job with a future! There are so many opportunities—as an Army or Navy nurse, a public health or industrial health nurse, in child care, orthopedics, psychiatric nursing . . ."

"I like my school—the work is so fascinating, it's such a comfortable, pleasant place—and the girls are fun. You're allowed to choose your own nursing school, you know, just as though you were going to college."

OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PREPARED AND SPONSORED BY **EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,** ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Maureen, whom parents call "our greatest accomplishment," will be 3½ in July. Determined not to spoil her, Janie gives her household chores.

Janie's so happy over her first starring role in "Make Your Own Bed," she's infected everyone on set with beams. Inherits talent from her mom, Parisian actress-thrush.

Before landing in films, Janie tried modelling, stenography, manicuring, crooning. She's 28; Ronnie'll be 30 in Sept.

Last year at Danny Milland's birthday party flirty Maureen planted kiss on photographer. No such hussy, Janie thinks only of her "sweet little fellah"—R.R.!

Dearest Mom Continued

Nell. But you won't get the letter till tomorrow, and I can't wait!"

A movie contract! That sort of staggered them. They were just beginning to get used to his having done so well in radio. Things were moving pretty fast for a couple of Dixon stay-at-homes. They began moving faster—

"You know what's going to happen," Ronnie was saying. "When I get out there, and I'm sure I'm going to stay, you and Dad are coming out to live."

Mom choked up. Even Dad looked a little shaken, though of course he'd have boiled in oil rather than admit it. Dad and Ronnie were alike, only Dad was more so—seemed to think it was some kind of crime to betray emotion. Neil was more like Mom. He'd come up behind her at the stove, "How's for a kiss?—Okay, never mind the act. You know you're dying to kiss me!"

"There! Now get out before I throw you out—"

Ronnie's heart was just as warm, but he wasn't demonstrative. Which didn't bother Nell at all. "The Lord makes the pattern," says Nell. "Who are we to try to change it? . . ."

"Read me the letter!" (*Continued on page 54*)

LOST: *One ham on rye*

WANTED: A roll of good old "Scotch" Tape to seal lunch packages

The little strip of transparent "Scotch" Cellulose Tape that would have saved Blondie's lunch is busy saving food packages for Uncle Sam these days.

In fact, wherever American soldiers fight, wherever American production lines roll, you'll find a wide variety of "Scotch" Brand Tapes—sealing, holding, identifying, masking.

When Victory comes, all these "Scotch" Tapes will be back again in your home, office, store, or factory . . . mending torn book pages, sealing packages, and doing a hundred and one other jobs quickly, easily.

[Look for the "Scotch" brand—it identifies the maker and assures you of quality.]

Emergency food rations are packed in cartons sealed with "Scotch" Acetate Fibre Tape.

SCOTCH *Cellulose* TAPE

BRAND

One of the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes made in U. S. A. under the trademark "SCOTCH," by MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO., SAINT PAUL, MINN.

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Why Veronica Lake likes Woodbury Natural

VERONICA LAKE STARRING IN "THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

✓ . . . it gives angelic fairness . . . lends lovely flower-fresh clearness brings a satin-smooth texture!

Girls! For the love-lure of lovelier skin, wear *your* exquisite shade of Woodbury Powder—there's one to glamorize EACH complexion type . . . The Color Control process blends Woodbury Powder color-even—makes it *stay* color-fresh *always* as you wear it . . . gives it clinging, smoothest texture, that helps hide tiny blemishes, lines . . . Choose *yours* today from the 8 bewitching Woodbury Powder shades.

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right, glamour shades of matching rouge and lipstick—at no extra cost! . . . All 3 for only $1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢

Dearest Mom Continued

Jack was yelling now from the bathroom.

"I'll do nothing of the kind. You come out of there and we'll read it together."

Ronnie had written: "Come whenever you're ready, but don't travel in a hurry. Take in the Grand Canyon and all the little canyons, because once you're out here, you won't want to budge."

They packed, sold their furniture and were gone by the end of the week, owing no man anything. They stopped at Des Moines by invitation to see Ronnie's first picture—"Love Is on the Air"—previewed. As Dutch Reagan, Ronnie was Des Moines' adopted son, and the town was out to honor his parents. They did the preview up brown—with reporters and everything—and sent the clippings around to Nell and Jack.

" 'There sat his tearful mother—' ", read Jack.

Nell winced. "They must have meant cheerful—"

"Every little while she'd murmur, 'That's our son.' "

"I never opened my head!"

" 'There sat his gray-haired father,' They got one thing right anyway—"

"*One* thing right!!! Why, Jack Reagan, there's not a gray hair in your head!"

"Just a moment, please. 'There sat his gray-haired father, *handsomer than either of his boys*—'." He slipped the clipping carefully into his wallet. "All I know," grinned Jack, "is what I read in the papers."

They took their time driving out, saw all the wonderful places they'd always dreamed of seeing. Ronnie was working the morning they arrived, but he got an hour off and dashed over to the hotel where he'd taken an apartment for them.

The whole thing seemed too good to be true. To have California and the boys as well—because Neil came out, too, before very long—was almost more than anyone had a right to ask. If it hadn't been for Jack's heart . . .

They'd found out about it several years ago—that day he'd told Nell, of his own accord, to send for the doctor. Her own heart (*Continued on page 79*)

love story

You have no words for it . . . it's simply there, in Lana's voice and in her eyes when she talks about the baby.

In midst of supposedly idyllic marriage, Lana's divorce action came as bambshell. Steve, recently signed by Columbia, is expected ta became screen star.

■ If Lana were twins, she'd be perfectly happy. One of her could go to M-G-M and make "Marriage Is a Private Affair." One could stay home with the baby. As it is, she trots bravely off to the studio each morning, and leaves her heart behind.

"Look at inventors," says she, "and the wonderful stuff they invent. Look at Einstein, figuring things nobody understands. Why don't they get busy on something important—like how you can be in two places at the same time?"

You think she's beautiful? Brother, you ain't seen nothin' till you've seen her face when she's talking about her baby. It's hard to describe the transformation. Take all the words the poetry boys toss around —like tender (*Continued on page 57*)

Before Cheryl came, fans hoped for another Lana, deluged Cranes with wee pink items. Cherry's all the baby Lana wants right now, will have no more for while.

Night Cranes turned up at Academy Award dinner with Frank Sinatra and Gloria De Haven, Lana wore flat-top chignoned hair-do created for her rale in "Marriage Is a Private Affair."

By Ida Zeitlin

Helmut Dantine

love story

Continued

and luminous and starry and radiant—combine their best features with Lana's, and you begin to get the general idea.

She's ready to admit that there've been babies before Cheryl Christina, and babies since. Even prettier babies maybe—how should she know?—she hasn't seen them all. ("I don't believe it," she whispers in Cheryl's ear.) She wouldn't brag about her child—certainly not. It's not bragging to say that at seven months she weighs 21 lbs. Stick her on the scales if you don't believe it. It's not bragging to repeat what the doctor said—"the Cranes have a perfect child." That's just science or something. She knows Cheryl's no different from hundreds of other babies. ("Don't you believe it, darling—of course you're different—you're the only one that belongs to me.")

To say she counts every moment lost that's not spent with her daughter is a mild exaggeration. Very mild. Look what she misses when she's away. For instance, the night she got home and her mother flew to meet her—

"The baby's *walk*ing!!"

"You're *kid*ding!!!"

"All around her crib—hanging on to the bars—"

"And I wasn't here to see—"

"Come on in. Maybe she'll do it again—"

But you can't fool Cheryl. Having been fed and sponged and stuck in her crib, she knew what came next, and it wasn't walking. She smiled dreamily up at her mother—"There's a time for everything"—and went off to sleep. Lana had to wait till Sunday to see the miracle with her own eyes. And though she'd been prepared, it still came as something of a shock. Her baby standing on her own little-bitty feet. (She doesn't say little-bitty, she coos it like a dove—it's a kiss, a caress, adoration, thanksgiving and laughter all rolled into one.)

Next, she was at the phone, calling the doctor. "But she's only seven months. They don't walk till they're practically young ladies. Do you think it's all right?"

"I don't know what you can do about it. If she's walking, that means she's ready to walk." (*Continued on page 93*)

"chic" *Perfectly beautiful* EASY-TO-DO COLD PERMANENT WAVE *Only* 59¢ COMPLETE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

So Wonderful So Thrifty!

The "CHIC" Home Kit, for only 59c, includes: 50 curlers, as well as finest quality shampoo and wave set . . . complete, easy-to-follow illustrated direction booklet. Nothing else to buy. . . "CHIC" is on sale at Hair Goods and Toiletry Counters, everywhere.

Simple as A·B·C You, too, can easily give yourself a beautiful, long-lasting cold permanent wave, in the comforts of your own home . . . as thousands of women and girls are doing with the sensational "CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT. It's so simple, even a child can do it. "CHIC" requires no heat or electricity, no machines or dryers, no harmful chemicals or ammonia.

On all types of hair ...coarse, medium, or fine, a "CHIC" permanent "takes" beautifully. "CHIC" is backed by ten years of home permanent waving experience. Use "CHIC" for complete satisfaction.

Enjoy the thrill and admiration of natural-looking curls and waves . . . easy to style for the "hair-do" best suited to your own personality.

GET "chic" AT... DRUG STORES · DEPARTMENT STORES · VARIETY STORES · 5 AND 10c STORES

good news by louella parsons

Turner sheds sweaters . . . three glamour girls vie for Gable . . . Laddie back in Army . . . Fontaine may quit films!

Academy Award guests Sanja ond Dan Tapping chattered af nathing but her brand new nephew, Leif Wilhelm, named after his pap, Sanja's brather.

■ Hello, all you MODERN SCREEN readers. Let's get acquainted.

You and I are going to do Hollywood together for a while—so it's best we get to know each other.

I hope what you have heard about me is nice—at least, fair. I'm not half the Lady Ogre I've been painted. I know YOU a great deal better than you suspect.

I know that most of you are young, eager and very interested in what makes Hollywood go 'round. Well, so am I.

Maybe I'm not a debutante, or a size 16 any more. But I've never grown blasé about the movies and the people who make them—and I hope I never will.

If you feel like writing, I'll be glad to get your suggestions about people and parties you would like to hear about. So—here we go!

* * *

As a hostess there's one thing I have never had the courage to do—and that is to invite two girls who like the same man to the *same* party.

So wouldn't you know it would be a man, Eddie Mannix, who would invite *three* of Captain Clark Gable's favorite "dates" to the same shindig? Only a man *could* pull a thing like that!

On his last furlough, Gea. Mantgomery braught Dinah o diamond brocelet. They rarely entertain, prefer ta be alone!

The '43 Academy Award winners: Paul Lukas far "Watch an the Rhine" and Jennifer Janes far "Sanq af Bernadette."

The ladies, all blondes, were Betty Hutton, Virginia Bruce and Kay Williams. Far be it from me to take sides, but here is what happened:

Virginia Bruce talked "politics" all evening.

It was Betty Hutton's birthday—so she talked mostly about herself.

Kay Williams didn't do much talking.

P.S. Captain Gable took Kay Williams home that evening. (There should be a moral there somewhere.)

* * *

From a supposedly "secret" destination, Bob Hope sent Bing Crosby a Panama hat with the note:

"Guess where I've been?"

* * *

Frank Sinatra and Gloria de Haven got along like a Welsh Rarebit and a dish of ice cream on "Manhattan Serenade." There were fireworks from start to finish between The Voice and the little cutie from M-G-M who apparently never was a Sinatra swooner.

The big flare-up came two days before the picture was finished.

Gloria walked out on the set wearing a huge feather in her hat. It got in his way, and Fraaaaaankie was annoyed. There was some foot-stamping and tears on Gloria's part and some sulks from Sinatra.

But it all had the most beautiful ending: Frankie presented Gloria with a watch set in rubies when the picture was finished. "Thanks" he wrote, "for being so swell about—everything!"

* * *

Richard Jaeckel's at the age where he feels he has to swallow life and drama in big chunks. One day he talks about getting married. The next, he's going to join the Coast Guard.

He's 17 now—and a movie hero ever since "Guadalcanal." But I can remember when he was in short pants and used to come out to Marsons Farm with his mother.

It's just three years ago Easter that he came to me and said: "Aunt Lolly, I'm too *big* to hunt Easter eggs with the other kids. They're so little—and I find them all. It isn't fair!" Now, when I see him, he talks about his next starring role!

* * *

Inscribed in a ring Paul Lukas gave his wife, Daisy, on their 16th wedding anniversary is, "For Services Far Beyond the Line of Duty!"

* * *

Betty Hutton's dying to fall in love!

"Gosh! What's the matter with me? What's the matter with the men? I have a date—and the guy sends flowers—and we go out to dinner—and the lights are low—and the music is sweet—and maybe he's going into the service next week—so we get sentimental—and you both think for a little while that maybe you're in love.

"So what happens? The next morning—it's just a *flashback!*"

She's the craziest kid in Hollywood. But one of the swellest—and most honest.

Maybe if Betty would stop trying so hard to fall in love, the real thing might come along.

* * *

"Van Johnson," one of the M-G-M executives told me, "is Frank Sinatra without the voice!" He based this amazing claim on the reaction of the girls at the preview of "Two Girls and a Sailor." They didn't swoon—but they squealed plenty!

* * *

Alan Ladd is 1-A again, as you know—but I wish everyone would quit taking the attitude of being (*Continued on page 62*)

"IT'S WONDERFUL . . . the easiest-to-apply, smoothest leg make-up I've ever used"

says Martha O'Driscoll, currently featured in "The Ghost Catchers," Universal picture, starring Olsen & Johnson

"Stocking Stick"

LEG MAKE-UP

★ Guaranteed easiest to apply or money refunded!

★ Smooth; stunning!

★ Water-resistant!

★ Doesn't rub off!

NO MUSS, NO FUSS as with liquids

"STOCKING STICK" is a product of The Armand Company, Des Moines, Iowa

modern screen's

Candy-stripe chambray for your suit. 12 to 20. $14.95. Oppenheim Collins.

Mexico cotton stripe sunback. 9 to 15. $8.95. Oppenheim Collins.

Bolero converts sunback (left) for street wear.

fashion guide

by Marjorie Bailey

Strictly U. S. A. Starspun shirt-frock by Lynbrook. About $8.

New balloon cloth—ascending fashion by Judy 'n' Jill. Under $15.

■ A man needs a fresh girl once Summer starts to set in. Now, hold on a sec'. Who said anything about switching partners? I mean flower-fresh, dew-fresh. You all along, silly—cotton-fresh! From one stylist to another, there's nothing better. Why d'ya suppose Adrian mixed cotton up with sequins for evening the way he did? And why do you think that—right this minute—gals with that kind of money are paying around $100 a throw for cottons in the hoity-toity New York shops?

There's more to it than meets the eye—even the fashion eye. F'rinstance, most men can't stand anything *but* cotton next to them—which should give you an idea or two. I'll admit it takes plenty of tubbing. But it takes *to* tubbing so beautifully. If Sonja Henie can go for the soap-suds routine the way she does in the interests of spic-'n'-span-ness—so can you.

First off, you need a suit to wear right now in town. If you're a lazy-bones about ironing, seersucker's your dish. But it won't win you an Oscar for originality in 1944. Chambray, now, is something to shout about. Especially when it's tailored the way I found it here. Comes in misty blue, rose or "brief case" tan (that's just war-time for "luggage," pal). Wish they'd let me send along a sample of the big crystal buttons. They're super.

Of course, I know you're itching to wear those shoulders of yours sunny side up. And you needn't be a Maria Montez to do it in my pet Mexico sunback cotton. Has a ghost of a bolero to keep you within the law within the city limits. Notice closely the way the bolero stripes go cross-wise atop the up-and-down stripes of the skirt. An old Latin trick that broadens the shoulder line, makes the rest of you slim by contrast. Comes in south-of-the-border color combinations—brown, purple or green predominating. Another Mexico idea is black cotton in the same kind of outfit. Wonderful if your (*Continued on page 97*)

Fashion spins a cotton yarn, this summer . . .

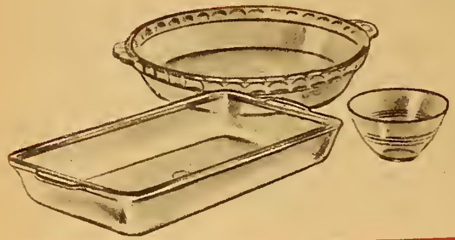
drapes you in dew-fresh chambrays and

gingham. 'Cause that's the way he wants you.

This is a Bride.... Isn't she Lovely?

She's so lovely she leaves the groom breathless. He's crazy about her. What gift can you send her that *she'd* be crazy about?

These are Pyrex dishes. Aren't they Lovely?



You bet it's lovely! PYREX Ware sparkles like a new diamond. It saves time and steps, too. Each dish can be used for baking, serving, and storing. She'll love it.

This is what a bride can do with PYREX dishes. Isn't it wonderful?

Yes, it's wonderful. Food bakes as much as 1/3 faster. She can see when food is done. PYREX Ware helps make any bride a better cook. And she can bring it right to the table! Leftovers can be stored, reheated, and served again in the same dish. With no transfer from dish to dish, she saves precious food.

IDEA FOR IN-LAWS: The new PYREX Cake Dish (next to the Sergeant). Note the handy glass handles. Grand for tasty layer cakes, fluffy biscuits, puddings, chops, potatoes. Give her a pair. Each only .. 35¢

TIP TO BEST FRIENDS: The PYREX Double Duty Casserole (above) is a super-dandy gift. Two dishes for the price of one...a swell baking dish. And the cover does extra duty as a pie plate. 3 sizes: 1½ qt. (small-family size) only .... 65¢

This is the Pyrex Trade-mark

You can find the little one pressed into the glass bottom of every PYREX dish. It and the familiar orange label both mean "A product of Corning Research in Glass." Look for them for your own protection. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

T.M.REG. PYREX U.S. PAT. OFF.

PRESSED IN GLASS

T.M.REG. PYREX U.S. PAT. OFF.
PYREX
BRAND
OVEN WARE
for better and faster baking
CORNING GLASS WORKS
Corning, N.Y., U.S.A.

"so sorry." and moaning, "What a shame about Ladd."

I'm sure that is not the way Alan feels. He was honorably discharged from the Army because of his health. He took a month's rest at Palm Springs before returning to work at Paramount in a picture with Loretta Young.

All the time he was making the film, he took good care of himself—stayed away from the night clubs and kept to the old early-to-bed-early-to-rise treatment.

If the good rest and the good care have rebuilt his strength and recovered his health—I'm sure Alan would be the last guy in the world to feel with his maudlin sympathizers—"so sorry"—that he will be back in Uncle Sam's uniform after he completes "Two Years Before the Mast."

* * *

I WISH: Judy Garland would start looking more like she did when she was plump, saucy and *happy* . . . Maria Montez' studio would forget those sarongs for awhile. She's one of the best dressed girls in Hollywood off screen . . . Dennis Morgan would reduce just a little . . . Joan Fontaine would change her mind about retiring from the screen after she makes "Forever" . . . the Stork would make Loretta Young very happy by making it a boy for the Tom Lewises!

* * *

It is a good thing there wasn't anyone from 20th Century-Fox around to hear Betty Grable's first words to Harry James after the arrival of Victoria Elizabeth: *"You aren't disappointed because it's a little girl, are you, honey?"* Betty asked. *"I'll have a little boy for you, too, honest I will!"*

The studio that can hardly wait for their Million Dollar Pin-Up Girl to come back to work, would have swooned en masse at that.

"Vicky" James is bedded down in the prettiest nursery in town. She sleeps in the white lace bassinette Lana Turner gave her—but everything else in the room is pink or blue.

She's a Pin-Up Baby if I ever saw one—blonde hair, blue eyes, just like her mother's.

By the way, Betty and "Vicky" wear identical little jackets—Betty's bed jackets were copied from the cute baby jackets she received at a baby shower.

* * *

The whisper around town that Shirley Temple had a boy friend named Dare Harris, the good-looking lad who accompanied her to the Academy Awards at the Chinese Theater, was greeted with laughter by the young lady herself.

"It's very funny," she told me after her picture appeared with Dare's in a morning newspaper, "I'll tell you the truth: He works for Mr. Selznick and so do I—so the studio thought it would be nice if we went to the theater together." Never thought I'd live to see the day when Shirley Temple was telling me about a *publicity* romance.

* * *

In spite of a few lukewarm statements to the contrary, there *were* paternal objections to the elopement of Donald O'Connor and Gwen Carter just before he joined up.

But the folks need have no worries. Gwen is a plenty smart little girl. She's got a very level head on *both* their shoulders even if she is just out of high school.

In her spare time now that Don is in the Army in Texas—she's been studying typing and shorthand.

"You never know what will happen—or how long this war will go on," Gwen says. "It's only fair for me to prepare myself to share our financial burden while he's in the service. I've read where the boys worry more about the folks at home than anything else.

"Well, it's true, Don is getting a movie star's salary in the Army. But even if he weren't, I'd want him to know there wasn't anything to worry about back home. That is," she giggled, "there won't be—if I ever learn shorthand!"

* * *

What's come over Lana Turner?

She is going in for dignity plus. The last few times I have seen her she has been arrayed in severe all-black, her hair parted in the middle and low on her neck and no trinkets or the jewelry she used to love, at all.

And I can remember when Lana was THE Sweater Girl!

* * *

Don't think for a minute that Universal is going to neglect Peggy Ryan just because Donald O'Connor is in uniform. I understand they are shopping around for some of the old Mabel Normand hits for Peggy—particularly, "Mickey."

Speaking of Peggy—she lives about a block from the Hollywood Canteen. She's a riot with the boys every time she shows up.

But most of them don't recognize the kid who gets out and spades the Victory Garden or who washes her own car in the driveway on Sunday mornings.

"It's not everybody who can be a star at the Canteen one minute—and an Ella Cinders in her own back yard right around the corner," Peggy told me.

* * *

I'm crazy about Danny Kaye. Might as well admit it. He came over to my house the other day with his wife Sylvia, and nicer people I've never met.

Danny gives Sylvia the credit for all his success. "She stuck by me when no one else could see me," he says. Both of them refused cocktails. Sylvia drinks coffee—Danny drinks nothing but milk.

Strangely enough, because he is a comic, Danny's idol (*Continued on following page*)

When war is over, Ingrid Bergman and husband Dr. Peter Lindstrom plan to build house in Calif. For her role in "Gaslight," she learns to sing 2 songs while Boyer plays her accompaniment on piano.

good news

(Continued)

Bill Holden's furlough came in time for Academy Award with Brenda. Left in few days for Texas base.

Crosby ribbed Lucille Ball about nannying 2 babies who, with moms, moved in with her for duration.

Mother's little helper

When Junior tears his daddy's book,
His mother doesn't gape
With horror—she just fixes it
With handy Texcel Tape.

And when he eats, the painted walls
And woodwork stay quite clean.
A paper shield with Texcel Tape
Provides a makeshift screen.

It's Texcel Tape for packages
And scores of other things,
For quick and handy mending and
In place of glue and strings.

For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on.
It won't dry out, it won't come off—
Before the judgment dawn.

KEEP TAPE ABOVE THIS BAR
TEXCEL TAPE

Since all the Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape
CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Made by Industrial Tape Corporation
A Division of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.

good news Continued

of idols is John Barrymore. He has seen every movie the late star ever made.

* * *

I always thought it was the red-headed gals who were supposed to have the most sex appeal. But when Greer Garson was to be her most devastating self in "Mrs. Parkington," she decided to don a black wig. Which reminds me that Ingrid Bergman also went femme fatale by donning a black wig for "Saratoga Trunk."

Greer's flaming hair is so gorgeous I never thought she would ever resort to covering it up on the screen. But she has a marvelous sense of humor.

"I really wasn't in favor of the black wig at all—at first," she laughs, "but when I crossed the lot—and one of the boys whistled as I went by—*that* made up my mind!"

* * *

Dropped over on the set of "The Conspirators" during the first days of shooting to visit with Hedy Lamarr and Paul Henreid.

"Louella," Paul said, "Hedy owes me ten dollars and I think she should pay it."

Hedy looked almost as surprised as I did. "How come?" she asked.

"Don't you remember in Vienna, when we were working for Max Reinhardt, I said that I bet we would co-star in a picture in Hollywood one day—and you made it ten dollars that I was wrong?"

Hedy laughed, "You're right"—and forked over the ten spot.

* * *

The newsiest V-letters I get come from Richard Ney who is somewhere in the Pacific aboard the *USS Jaguar*. He writes:

"The Academy hi-jinks were short-waved to us, and it was a kick to tune in on Hollywood for the celebrating. Did you know, Louella, that the lads hereabouts rate Spencer Tracy as tops among the Hollywood hemales and that Robert Montgomery is something of a legend among the MTB men of these waters.

"Jackie Briggs has been a sick boy. He was down for the count (105 temperature) with dengue fever. But he's back on the job again manning and operating the output of an advance radio station. Also my hat is off to Mrs. B. (Ginger Rogers to you.) By honest count Jackie received 15 letters in one day from the little woman. I am also able to report from first hand knowledge that he is still a champ at gin rummy."

* * *

Sometimes I feel like turning Veronica Lake over my knee and spanking her. She can be such a grand girl when she wants to—and then she does a right-about-face and is as naughty as the little girl with the curl right down the middle of her forehead.

Veronica was very temperamental during the filming of "Bring On the Girls"—reporting late to work and leaving early almost every day. She should remember that movie-making is a business—a serious business these days—and those temperamental antics just don't go anymore.

* * *

One of the really tragic things about the Dick Powell-Joan Blondell parting is that little "Normie" Powell did not know he was not Dick's own son until the story broke.

"Normie" is Joan's son by a previous marriage to George Barnes, the cameraman. But he was so little when his parents separated that he knows just Dick as his father.

It was one of the unhappiest moments of Joan's life when she had to tell the little boy.

I remember something that Fredric March once told me about his adopted children.

Freddy said: "As soon as they are old enough to understand what I am saying, Florence and I intend to tell the children that they are adopted.

"We want to spare them the heartache of learning the truth from other children some day. We want them to understand and to be proud that of all the children we could have had—we chose them because we loved them so much."

* * *

Paulette Goddard's overseas wardrobe weighed exactly five pounds and consisted of various and assorted bras and shorts and a few dresses—not one of which hit below her celebrated knees. Because there are no hairdressers where Paulette was heading—she very practically planned to wear her hair in pigtails with colorful flowers for ornaments.

* * *

Did you ever have a Christmas party in the Spring?

I did—and I don't remember having more fun. It was a crazy idea planned to make up to Major Ross Shattuck (who has been overseas for two years) for missing out on two Christmases at home.

The fun started when I tried to buy a Christmas tree. Everybody looked at me as though I were absolutely crazy. But I soon got the ball rolling.

The Robert Youngs sent over a potted Cedar tree that was just exactly the right size—and they also sent along a Santa Claus centerpiece for the table. It was so funny putting Spring blossoms in the pot-bellied "Santy" and filling little red boots with sweet peas from the garden.

The evening was so balmy that by the time the guests started arriving, and we turned on the lights on the tree—the doors and windows were open.

Captain Clark Gable brought Kay Williams to the party.

The Herbert Marshalls arrived with a beautifully wrapped Christmas present which turned out to be an assortment of things from the Five and Dime store.

And just to keep in the spirit of the thing, Don Ameche mixed an eggnog. Unseasonable, but oh, so good!

* * *

Gene Tierney is radiantly beautiful since the birth of her daughter, Daria. I asked Gene where she ever got that name—it's unusual to say the least. "It was my great-grandmother's name," she explained, "I liked it because it is so unusual, and there's not much chance to make a nickname of it. I hate nicknames."

The baby weighs 14 pounds now, and the doctor says when she weighs 20 she will be big enough and strong enough to travel to Hollywood and be with Gene. She was so tiny and so fragile when she was born that she has never been taken out of the apartment in Washington where she is with her adoring grandmother.

* * *

It was her sixth-month wedding anniversary—and Maria Montez was the bluest gal in town. It's true she had received a nice fat letter from husband Jean Pierre Aumont—but that wasn't the same as having him home.

The doorbell rang, and Maria's maid came back quickly to say there was a man calling who had to deliver a certain package just to her alone.

Maria ran to the door. "Before Mr. Aumont went away," the stranger said, "he told me to mark this day well and to deliver this package to you with his love!"

It was an exquisite topaz set—clip, earrings and bracelet, all in true French taste, and engraved inside the bracelet was "My little wife."

This ink proves pen failures can be avoided!

Solv-x in Parker Quink prevents metal corrosion, rubber deterioration . . . cleans and protects your pen as it writes!

More than an ink . . . this is Parker Quink. Quink, alone of all writing fluids, contains *solv-x*—a special ingredient that protects all makes of pens in 4 ways:

1. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.

2. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.

3. Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.

4. Cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.

Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying . . . Quink with *solv-x* costs no more than ordinary high-acid inks. So don't take chances with that pen of yours. Give it the protection it deserves. Keep it out of the repair shop by filling it with Parker Quink, today! Ideal for steel pens, too. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

* * *

"MICRO-FILM BLACK," the all-purpose black ink. *Writes black, stays black. Ideal for V-Mail; photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size 25¢. Other sizes 15¢ and up.*

Copr. 1944 by The Parker Pen Company

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

PARKER Quink the only ink containing solv-x

keep those honeymoon hands!

Presenting handsome hand hints that your Beauty Dept. has collected from Hollywood. Here's the latest on keeping your fingers lily-white, your nails a-sparkling!

■ When *he* held your hand 'twas soft and dainty. Then the gold band was slipped on third finger, left hand, to the strains of Lohengrin. You know the rest of the story . . . dishes to wash, beds to make, stoves to clean. Your lily-whites took on a red and angry tone. But cheer up . . . we've unearthed Hollywood hand-hints that will help you revive those honeymoon hands.

Now whoa, there. Don't all you MODERN SCREEN-ers, involved in everything from jam-making to arc-welding, go fractious and say that Hollywood stars do nothing to soil their dainty digits. That's where you're wrong. Hollywoodites come fully equipped with children, houses (and housework!), gardens and dogs. Further, the stunts they have to do in assorted pictures would make arc-welding look like a picnic. Screen stars are between two fires—a job that musses 'em up plenty, while demanding that their hands look as if they never do a thing heavier than hemstitch a handkerchief.

How do they manage? Jane Wyman says it's done with good old soap, hot water and brushes. Says that, while all of us wash our hands a dozen times a day, it still takes a thorough scrubbing, preferably at night, from finger tips up to and including elbows. After this nightly soaping, Janey wipes her hand thoroughly, pushes back the cuticle at the base of each nail.

CREAM CUE. If you're a WIFE, a WAC or a WORKER, your hands get constantly into things that dry them out. After the washing and rinsing that Jane speaks up for, finish off by wringing your paws in hand cream (yes, go ahead—wring those hands *hard*!). One hand cream we dote upon is a rich, whipped-up job that lathers in well because of its smooth texture.

Evelyn Keyes, Columbia bright hope, may be coyly keeping a secret here . . . but it's no secret that the Keyes fingers are dainty and well-manicured.

By Carol Carter

PROTECTION PAYS. Use a protective cream when a-toiling at anything really messy. The worst of the dirt will give you the go-by, having no place to cling. Which is okay by you! And just listen to what one of these greaseless creams will do: You put it on before starting work. There's no sticky deposit. It seems to disappear . . . but really doesn't! Not at all, it's right there to keep grime and grease on the surface of the skin so that when clean-up whistle blows, it can be washed away like a flash without de-skinning yourself.

LOTION LURE. No "absentee hands" for you. Do all you can (for patriotism, as well as prettiness) to avoid 'em. Wear gloves when possible. But, gloved or not, use a good hand lotion before work and every time you wash. Keep a bottle handy, and several times a day smooth generously all over hands, wrists and even your arms. There's a particularly wonderful, pearly lotion, about the consistency of rich, creamy milk. It goes on with a silky texture, leaves a pleasant, almondy scent.

MANICURE MUSTS. What with creams, protectives and lotions keeping your hands so super-smooth, it's only fair that you should treat them regularly to a really bang-up manicure. Learn how by a glance at page 68. And here are some extra cues. For your shaping job, an emery board is really much gentler than a steel file—especially if your nails are thin. Incidentally, if your nails are fragile as egg-shells, it proves you're low on vitamins. Begin to enliven your menus with carrots, tomatoes, oranges.

Is there lacework around your cuticle? That means you're the careless type. But you're going to reform, aren't you? You won't use horse-and-buggy methods of cutting your cuticle. It's apt to be dangerous. Instead, you'll try a special liquid cuticle remover that's absolutely safe.

Lucille Ball thinks two coats of nail polish last longer than one, appear clearer in color, smoother in finish. But she says the second coat has no value if (*Continued on page 105*)

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT! PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM...
PUT FRESH, THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM, UNDER THIS ARM! SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION-PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!

Use FRESH *and stay fresher!*

• See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

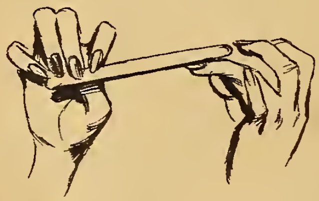
The musical opus, "Shine On, Harvest Moon," stars Ann Sheridan and her pretty, rosy-tipped fingers.

by Carol Carter

finger tips!

Just follow the directions given on our nail-care chart below. Result: one first-rate manicure for you! For inspiration glance at Annie's lovely digits.

OFF WITH THE POLISH. Saturate a wedge of cotton in polish remover and do the trick. Be ultra-careful to re-cap the bottle of remover after you are finished, or you may find it empty next time. Warning: always use a liquid polish remover. Never, never, scrape and tear the old color off your nails. It's bad for them.



GET YOUR NAILS IN SHAPE. File them into graceful ovals with your emery board. Don't be over-zealous about cutting corners because you don't want dated, clawlike fingertips. Medium length nails help you to be your most efficient self these days, whether you keep company with a typewriter, kitchen sink or riveting machine.

SOAP AND WATER, HERE YOU COME! Fill up a basin with warm sudsy water and soak your paws for a few minutes before scrubbing them with a hand brush. (Of course you'll use a pure soap!) After hands and nails are scrupulously clean, dry them well. While the cuticles are softened, gently push them back with the edge of your towel.

NEXT, A GAY SHELLACKING OF POLISH. Over the initial coat of colorless polish foundation, apply the polish in four long, smooth strokes. For long-term endurance, go over the nails with a second polish coat. Later, give your fingertips a special overcoat to insure against chipping. Your nails will be a-sparkle for days and days.

SMOOTH OVER ROUGH SPOTS. Be sure to massage your hands with quantities of soothing lotion when the nails are dry. If redness and cracked fingertips are your present peeves, smother your neglected mitts in hand cream at bedtime and slip on cotton gloves overnight. Before embarking on a really messy job, apply a protective cream.

Maria Montez IN "COBRA WOMAN" A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Tru-Color Lipstick

. . . the color stays on through every lipstick test

ORIGINAL color harmony shades to accent the appeal of your lips...glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds, all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood*... one dollar

ORIGINAL COLOR HARMONY SHADES FOR EVERY TYPE

BLONDE ***BRUNETTE*** ***BROWNETTE*** ***REDHEAD***

Max Factor - Hollywood

Complete your make-up
IN COLOR HARMONY... WITH
MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD
FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

DONALD O'CONNOR

(Continued from page 44)

show world wagged. It was natural and right. His mother told Don this, and she said she ought to know. Hadn't she been in show business since she was five years old?

Jack and Billy chimed in, too. Billy had terrific comedy talent. He had ideas for a double with just his brother Jack, he said, and maybe this break could give him a chance to develop—maybe it was the answer to everything! Mom could stay in Hollywood with Don. She wasn't as young as she used to be, and a stay in the California sun would do her good, also a rest and a home that wasn't running on wheels. She deserved it. And that movie check—O'Connors could always use money. They were good arguments.

Jack said he and Billy could throw together a new act in jig time. Billy for comedy, Jack for stunts, and Jack's baby daughter, Patty, who even as a tot had a voice like Kate Smith, could still make it a family act. Maybe Millie, Jack's wife, off the stage since an accident, could fill in a spot—anyway she could take care of the troupe. It ought to be a grand act.

"What's the name of this act?" Don wanted to know.

"Why, 'The O'Connor Family,' of course!" said Jack. "What else?"

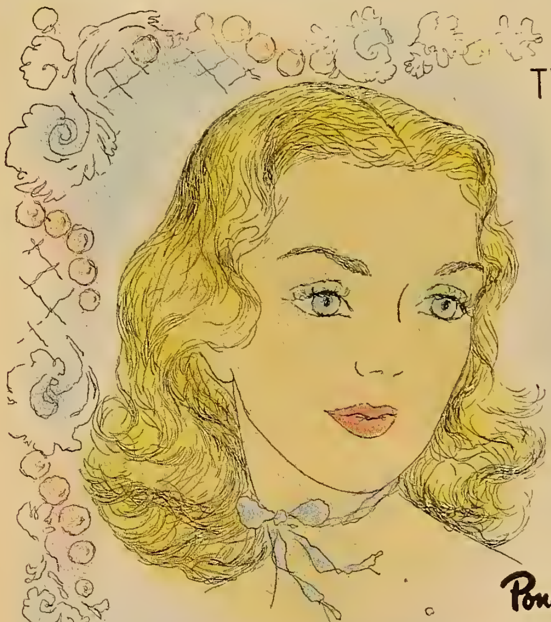
Young Donnie grinned. "Okay," he said, "if you'll keep it that way, and save a spot for me. Where do we find this studio?" he asked.

mighty atom . . .

They found it over on Marathon Street in Hollywood. Paramount Studios, where Wesley Ruggles was getting ready to shoot "Sing You Sinners" with Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray. At first, Don's small build almost lost him the chance before he got it. On the testing stage Ruggles saw how small he was. Because, for his age, 12, Don then looked like he might be eight. He was only four feet, eight inches tall. He was to grow four inches in hardly more than a year, grow so amazingly beanstalk fast, in fact, that it was to toss him right out of his contract. But at that time the California sun hadn't got to work on Don. He was still a runt—a mighty atom.

But when they tried him on the songs, "Pocketful of Dreams" and "Small Fry" and saw how nimble he was at catching on to anything, Don's years of trouping paid off. The main doubt all along had been whether he could take the rough work. Because in "Sing You Sinners" Don was slated to play the part of a jockey and take some pretty dangerous spills in a race. He didn't look rugged enough, but when they brought that up, Don said nothing. He just went over to a side of the stage and tumbled across it with trick falls, somersaults and acrobatics like he'd been learning from his big brother all his young life. That convinced everybody quick.

Donald O'Connor came through nicely in his first picture, "Sing You Sinners."



TWO PROMINENT SOCIETY BEAUTIES TELL

—how to choose your right summer powder shade

MISS CYNTHIA McADOO, blonde, very charming, and very young, says, "Fair skin like mine turns a rich, rosy tan in summer—and ordinary sun-tan powders show up yellow, especially around the nose and mouth. The shade I love is Pond's Dreamflower 'Dusk Rose.' It has a soft glow that blends marvelously with my tan—makes my skin look smoother! *If you're a blonde, choose Pond's 'Dusk Rose' for summer.*"

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

features 2 gorgeous shades for summer
DUSK ROSE—for rosy-tan blondes
DARK RACHEL for golden-tan brunettes
49¢, 25¢, 10¢

Pond's "LIPS"
—stays on longer

Five wonderful shades that stay on and on. Gay, flower-sprinkled cases—49¢, 10¢.

MRS. LAWRENCE W. EARLE, a beautiful, starry-eyed brunette says, "Summer sun turns my brunette complexion a *golden bronze.* My favorite summer powder is Pond's deep golden 'Dark Rachel.' It makes my tan look richer and softer—and never gives that whitish, powdered look. *I really think that Pond's Dreamflower 'Dark Rachel' is the ideal shade for sun-tanned brunettes!*"

There were a lot of reasons. One was that Don was good. He could sing and act and read his lines like they were meant to be read. He had grit, too. He took nine falls at a barrier off a race horse until the cameraman got what he wanted. He won the admiration at once of Arthur Jacobson, the associate producer, and his part kept growing. And he captured the fancy of both Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray, the stars. They became pals.

Bing and Fred and tiny Don used to sit on the set between scenes and sing while Don played his accordion and showed them just what it was like to play the five-a-day. They used to toss gags at him and watch him bounce back with ad lib answers, like all seasoned vaudevillians can, from Fred Allen on down. They traded jokes and old minstrel nifties—the Joe Miller kind—that Don knew by heart.

Bing and Fred got a terrific kick out of it and decided that Don was an O.K. kid. The clambakes got to be such a daily habit on the set that Wesley Ruggles would shout, "All right, boys—when you finish the vaudeville show—how about starting this picture?"

It ended up with Don O'Connor getting third billing in the picture, a hit, and he stole his share of it from Bing and Fred. Before it was half through, he had a contract. He was in. For years after that Donald O'Connor called himself "Small Fry" for good luck. And up until a few weeks ago—until his new studio, Universal, decided it was bad publicity to continue—he signed all his fan autographs "Small Fry." Now he's signing them "Mister Big."

Those set shenanigans on his first picture banished 12-year-old Don's early misgivings that making pictures wasn't going to be fun. He had the time of his life, and it staved off the homesickness he knew he was going to feel some day for "the road"—his real home. He moved into a Hollywood bungalow court with Effie on DeLongpre Ave. and settled down to being a hard working movie star. That was no idle phrase. Suddenly more parts for the cocky undersized actor appeared on the Paramount schedule than he could handle. He did two and three at a time. He made 11 features in a little over a year.

He liked making "Men with Wings," the story of the Wright brothers, where he played Fred MacMurray as a boy and pal-ed around with him and Ray Milland. There was some excitement when a burning plane lit in a wheat field and set it on fire with Don up to his tiny neck in the stuff. It was fun, too, making his first starring picture, "Sons of the Legion," and co-starring in "Tom Sawyer, Detective." But the factory side of Hollywood studios began to make him restless.

The pictures rolled by—"Boy Trouble," "Night Work," "Million Dollar Legs," "Death of a Champion," "Beau Geste," and over to Warners' on loan for "On Your Toes" with Zorina. There he played the kid of an old vaudeville family—and it made Don homesick for his old irresponsible homelessness.

kokomo blues . . .

He'd get long letters from Billy and Jack all this time, out on the road again, and postcards from little Patsy. And each one would hand him a pang. He could see the footlights, hear the band tuning up and feel real live audiences rustling, daring him to make them applaud. Each letter or card came from a place he knew like the palm of his hand. He'd picture the O'Connor brothers backstage and in the hotel rooms that he could frame in his memory, and wonder where they were going after the show. He longed for the hectic taxi rides to the depots, the jouncing lullaby of a Pullman berth and the midnight arrivals at brightly lighted stations, the roar of each city, every one different, each with its different pals to greet. He wanted to know, "How are all the kids in Kokomo?"

Don O'Connor had enough fun around Hollywood. He didn't particularly care for school on the set four hours a day, or even the Hollywood Professional School where he put in a term. He didn't like school—period. But he had some fun swimming and boxing at the Athletic Club and at the roller skating rink at the old Warner studio on Sunset Boulevard. There were a lot of cuties around he could kid with, and Bing Crosby would pedal over on his studio bike to see him on his set every time he made a picture.

road work . . .

But Don O'Connor missed the O'Connor Family. And all the big names and great actors in Hollywood couldn't make up for Billy and Jack and little Patsy. His mother sat on the set with him every day and got paid for it—Don was a minor—but she was bored, too. She missed the spiced existence of vaudeville life. After being on the road you felt like a vegetable in Hollywood. What was most swell about it to Don and Effie then was—that check. And it was good. Up around *$900* a week. Although, oddly enough, money had never meant a thing to the O'Connors. They'd never saved any because they put no premium on it. They made good checks for their acts on the big time—$500 and $600 a week for the family. And when it was gone, they were never really worried. The O'Connors could always work. They had a good act, and they were welcome. All it took was a wire or two and maybe some "get-away money." Don O'Connor grew up firmly believing that line, "he who steals my purse, steals trash." He had a contempt for riches. And he still has today. If the law hadn't forced half of his earnings into a trust fund, he'd have come away from Paramount cheerfully broke. Just as today, the money that passes automatically into the same fund is just the same as if Don had never earned it. A while back, he got a studio bonus of $1500. Don cashed the check in 150 ten-dollar bills and carried it around with him. That was real money; he could feel it in his pocket, although much more goes into his accounts every month. Pretty soon, by the way, the $1500 vanished.

So—back when his first Hollywood star flared and then died—Donald O'Connor had little cash money—and no regrets—when the bad news came. It was logical: The wardrobe man said he was too big for his britches—Wesley Ruggles told him the truth when he jerked him out of "Invitation to Happiness." "You're too big. Grown too fast. There aren't any 'awkward age' parts." He knew it wasn't his fault, because he'd never held up a take once in his life, and his fan mail was swelling. He blamed it on the California sun that he should shoot up four inches in a little over a year. But Don wasn't sorry.

He felt let down, of course. Everyone does—even an actor—when he loses a job. For a few days Don was lost and despondent. He was still only a kid—almost 14. There were plenty of other studios in Hollywood, and jobs he could have got—because he'd done all right at Paramount, and the other studios knew it. Independents and smaller outfits would have welcomed Don and found something for him. But even though he was a kid, he was wise. Before Paramount dropped his option, he told his mother, "If they let me go, I'll leave this town and go on the road. Then, when I get past that awkward hump —I'll come back and wow 'em." He meant

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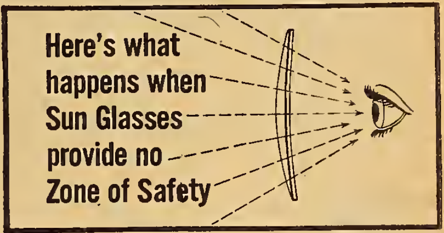
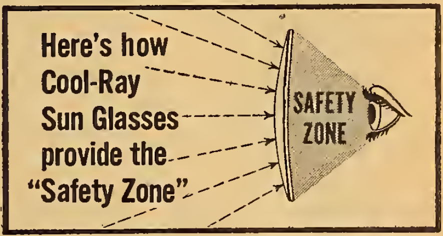
SUMMER OR WINTER SUNLIGHT may be hard on your eyes, for some sun glasses—regardless of how "dark they are"—admit annoying and harmful rays.


Here's what happens when Sun Glasses provide no Zone of Safety

BUT COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES—made by American Optical*—provide the eyes with a "Safety Zone." For these A. O. glasses have lenses made from specially compounded glass that absorbs ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays and excessive light. The "Safety Zone" of Cool-Ray Sun Glasses keeps your eyes cool and comfortable.



A. O. COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES do something else. They *admit* plenty of "seeing" rays—light that lets you see more comfortably and without annoyance. A. O. Cool-Ray Sun Glasses are being supplied to our armed forces—so the civilian supply is limited. They're $1.95 up.

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Tampax is sold at drug stores and notion counters in *three absorbencies*—Regular, Super and Junior. Month's average supply costs 29¢. Economy box provides 4 months' supply for 98¢. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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it. From the minute he walked out of Paramount's gates, Don's mind was made up. He never saw another studio, never made even a phone call for another job. And something else—a coincidence—helped Don carry through his decision to leave Hollywood clean. The same week Paramount dropped him from the payroll, the O'Connor Family—what was left of it—rolled into town—Jack and Billy and Patsy and Millie. When they trouped in the bungalow court, laughing and happy, full of plans and breezy with tales of the vaudeville circuits, Don felt like he'd just burst out of a stuffy room into fresh air and sunshine.

"Sure you're going to join us," they welcomed. "You're coming back where you belong. And listen—with the name you've made in Hollywood—why, we'll be terrific. Look—here's how we'll bill it. 'The O'Connor Family with Donald O'Connor'!"

Don's brief case of the blues vanished. They wired for bookings, and the theaters snapped them up. The O'Connor family, in force rolled out onto the broad highway, laughing and cracking jokes and singing "Happy Days Are Here Again." Don hadn't even thought how he'd fit into the act again. But as they drove along the highway to San Francisco, they planned that, too. He'd do his "Small Fry" scene, the one that had made him famous, with Bing Crosby in his first picture. In San Francisco "Donald O'Connor" went up in bright lights on the marquee. But so did "The O'Connor Family."

They rolled on East, playing as they went—Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, Chicago. And movie offers caught up with Don everywhere he stopped. One-picture jobs, spots and bits here and there. Good money, all of them, but to Don they were just buzzards winging after the dead Hollywood stardom he'd outgrown.

From Chicago Don and the O'Connors ran down to Danville to see Uncle Will and Aunt Josie and the O'Connor cousins in their "home town." They had money in their pockets and plenty of booking offers. In fact, the reason they went to Danville was to prepare for a foreign jaunt. A contract was on its way for the O'Connor Family, and Don was to leave at once for Australia on tour. They went "home"—the only home they knew—to rehearse the act they'd take abroad. As usual, whenever the O'Connors hit Danville, they played the local theater. This time, after Don's movie fame, the whole town turned out. It was nearing Christmas and excitement, merriment and good will surrounded them. Happy days had indeed come again.

hidden pain . . .

Then one night after the show. Billy O'Connor said he felt funny. He went home to bed, and the next morning he had a raging fever. The doctor said "scarlet fever." Some neighbor kids had it, but nobody had paid much attention. That was the week before Christmas. Billy died a week later, the day after Christmas. He was just 26.

For the first time in his life Don shared in the O'Connor family grief. The early deaths of his baby brothers and sisters had taken place before he was born. The tragic ends of Arlene and his father were before he knew what it was all about. But when Billy went, something happened to Don.

Everyone had loved Billy O'Connor. He was that kind of a boy. Full of life, merry, a natural born comedian bursting with talent. He had coal black hair and gray eyes, a husky build and all the good nature and confidence in the world. Had he lived, Don swears he'd have been another Bob Hope. Billy was closer to Don than any one else in the O'Connor family. Don copied, admired and worshipped Billy. Billy had taught Don a million stage tricks. He tossed him around the stage as a baby and made him learn his profession and learn it right, for Billy was serious about being funny. He kidded about everything, as Don does today, but he was good, as Don is, too. So when he died, it was like losing half of Don O'Connor's self.

Don never made much fuss about his grief. Even the family never knew exactly how he felt because he wouldn't say anything, even to them. But they found a letter he had written to a pal of his, another vaudeville kid. Don had forgotten to mail it. In that, they read how Billy's death had affected Don.

"I'll always remember Billy as he was—alive and happy," Don wrote. "But I feel like part of me had died, and I guess that's how all of us feel. I wonder if the O'Connor family will ever be the same again."

Don's dark doubts were not idle ones. He was right. From the minute of Brother Billy's death, the O'Connor family never was the same again. Ill-luck fastened on to it like the Old Man of the Sea, and all that was left of what had once been a big, robust family of nine, had shrivelled to three, and Don O'Connor, the baby, was only 15 years old! They had never stared into this tragic reality before—but when Billy died two things happened: The O'Connors realized that the Family Act was just hanging by the ropes. And, what was left of it rested mainly on the slim

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

It's awfully easy and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. But do keep score accurately if you want an idea of your Star Intelligence Quotient. The quiz offers three sets of clues, the first on this page, the second on page 87 and the third on page 97. If you can guess, on the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you get it on the second clue, give yourself 4. And if you must turn to the third clue before guessing the name, score yourself 3. For your total score add up all 20 individual scores. 84 is average for the somewhat easier quiz this month. For the answers, turn to page 117, but don't look before you're finished. Peeking spoils the fun.

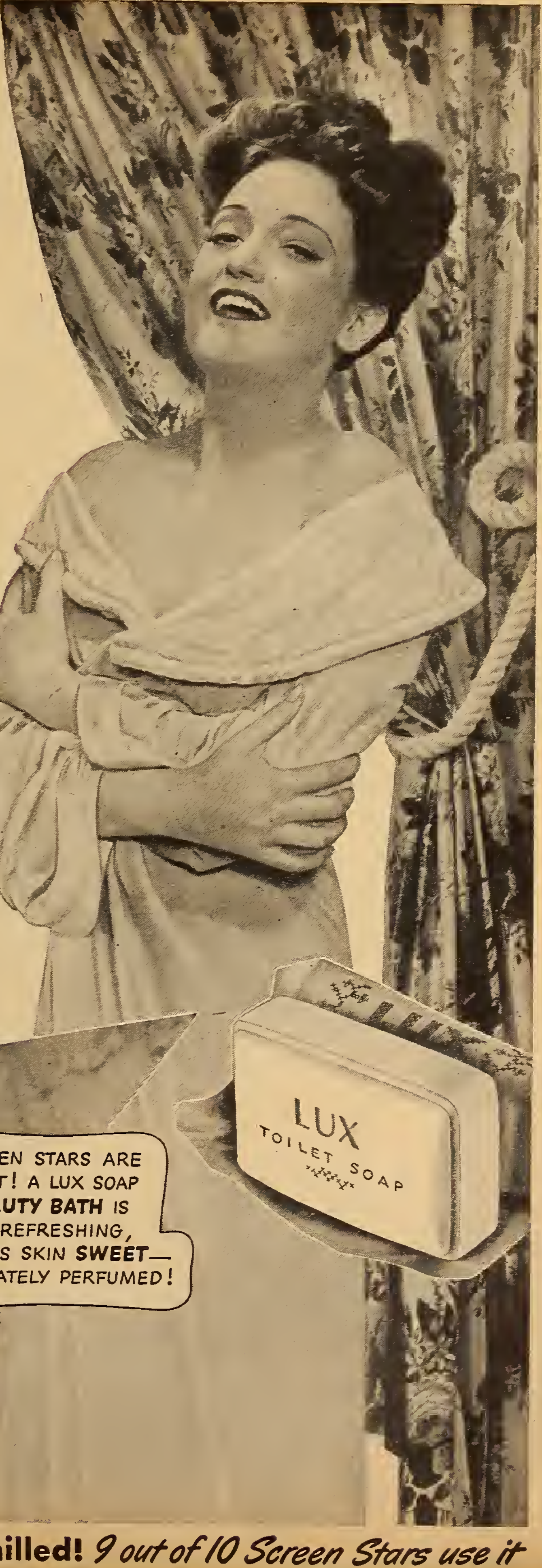
QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Sinatra's dearest enemy
2. Bowen Charleton III
3. Cover Girl
4. Wears Croix de Guerre
5. Successor to Dr. Kildare
6. Stars on ice
7. Honey-haired, honey-voiced
8. Lou Gehrig
9. Austrian diplomat
10. Tooted by James
11. Cornell's Romeo
12. Altoona's bid to fame
13. The boy from Van Buren
14. Seaman's sweetheart
15. First role snagged an Oscar
16. Spaghetti-twirler
17. Crazy over hosses, hosses, hosses
18. Mayo Methot's
19. Oona's predecessor
20. Teen-aged newcomer

(*Next set of clues on page 87*)

"You'll find this luxurious Beauty Bath makes you feel like *New!*"



Dorothy Lamour

Starring in Paramount's
"AND THE ANGELS SING"

Dorothy Lamour gives you a beauty tip you'll want to follow! "Without daintiness no other charm counts," she tells you, "and a daily Lux Soap bath makes you *sure*. The rich, velvety lather caresses skin so gently, leaves it fresh, really *sweet*. You'll find this ACTIVE-LATHER bath a wonderful pick-up. You step out feeling like a million!" Just try it and see!

SCREEN STARS ARE RIGHT! A LUX SOAP **BEAUTY BATH** IS SO REFRESHING, LEAVES SKIN **SWEET**— DELICATELY PERFUMED!

FIGHT WASTE

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S... It's hard-milled! *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

Keep your legs glamorous, free of unwanted hair, with IMRA*. This exquisite cream depilatory removes superfluous hair sweetly! No bad smell. No razor nicks. No ugly razor bristle. Just smooth it on. Later... rinse it off. Such a difference! Skin is hair-free as alabaster. Lovely! Try IMRA today! At fine drug and department stores. Large 4½-oz. size

$1
(plus Fed. tax)

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ARTRA Cosmetics, Inc., Bloomfield, N.J.

boy-shoulders of Donald. They weren't sturdy enough to hold off the weight of bad luck that came along.

draped in 8-balls . . .

Billy's death killed the Australia trip. The O'Connors laid off two weeks in Danville and tried to collect their thoughts and their courage and make a decision. A New York offer made it for them. It offered Patsy a part in "Panama Hattie," then a solid musical show hit on Broadway, with Ethel Merman. Patsy was to take Joan Carroll's part, when that kiddie star discovery trotted out to Hollywood and the movie gold mines. There was no mention of any other O'Connor. Nobody said anything, but everybody realized that from now on the O'Connor Family was mostly a name. Everyone would be on his own.

But they all went to New York. Patsy, Don's niece, but much more like his sister, like all the O'Connors, was born with talent in every inch of her body. She had a wonderful voice, was clever and cute and caught on quickly. As a tiny tot she had beat Don to Hollywood by five years, going to Fox studios for "Redheads on Parade," but getting nowhere much afterwards, because a little dimpled goddess named Shirley Temple was right on the same lot.

Patsy had the only job in the O'Connor family for a while. But soon Jack and Don teamed up in a vaudeville double and "turkeyed" again around New York and the East, playing the small towns, with split weeks and one-night stands for lunch-money, compared to Don's Hollywood salary—and that had stopped now by only a few months. If the comedown hurt Don, he never let on. One thing Effie and Jack knew—Hollywood hadn't made Donald O'Connor one bit high-hat or know-it-all. He still came to them and asked for advice on this and that bit of vaudeville business. They were still his teachers—his only teachers—as the O'Connors had always been for Don. And he stayed cheerful, although the breaks went from bad to worse.

First Jack ran into a quinsy throat and went to the hospital for a long stay. That broke up the act. Then Jack's wife, Millie, had to undergo a serious operation. Patsy, the meal ticket, began to grow on Broadway as Don had in Hollywood. She grew right out of her job in "Panama Hattie," and when it went on the road, they included her out. Then Patsy, too, immediately came down with a serious strep throat and landed in Roosevelt Hospital. There was a time when everyone was sick except Don and his mother, and nobody working—not even Don. His vaudeville act was gone. He was still too young by law to work alone in night clubs. The bills piled up. When the various O'Connors crept convalescent out of bed, weak and shaky, they put the family act back together again, but it wasn't what it used to be.

There weren't any vaudeville dates. Vaudeville was in one of its many sinking spells. The O'Connors played anything they could get. They were in hock to friends for hospital bills, and the hotel clerks were getting nasty. Times were tough—plenty. Sometimes they skipped a meal, and at the Plymouth Hotel, where Don and his mother stayed, they looked down the street once in time to see a desperate girl leap from the 20th story window to the pavement below. It made them look at each other.

But in that crucible of tough times Donald O'Connor found himself being forged into a man, even though he was only 16 years old. The turning point in his life, he thinks, on looking back, was when Billy died, and the realization arrived that things were up to him—little Donnie. For the first time in his life he had sober thoughts, he knuckled down, he grew up. He worked. It had all been fun and a lark and easy pickin's before. But now Don carried the act, and he had to measure up to it. Two years of this had made him ready for really important Broadway star jobs. Only there weren't any jobs.

So the O'Connors went back to Illinois, as they always did when trouble was double. Back to the haven of Uncle Will's big house for a brief rest, and then to the country club in Peru, run by the old family friends, who always came up with a job for cakes and coffee when that was what the O'Connors needed most. That was in November, and for the first time in their lives the Christmas holidays were coming on again, and this time there were no bookings for the O'Connors. Christmas had always been big O'Connor family fun up until lately. They'd always doll up their dressing room with colored lights wherever they played and even haul in a tree. But last season it was Billy's death, and as another New Year approached, there seemed to be about as much future for them as there is for a turkey the day before Thanksgiving. Things couldn't go on like that. They had to make some decision.

This time Don knew the decision they made would have to be something daring and different. It couldn't be just another reforming of the ranks and setting out again on the vaudeville circuits. The O'Connor Family was still an act—but that was all. After all these years it was crumbling fast. They had to make a new decision—and again a telegram made it for them.

A friend of the family, their agent in Hollywood, Colton Cronin, had run across a movie job for Donnie that fit like an acrobat's tights. Universal was brewing up "What's Cookin'?" and needed a new Mickey Rooney. Cronin also was up on the fortunes of the O'Connors and knew that when times got tough, they'd do almost any show job to get out of debt. He wired. "Have offer for Donald Universal Studios," and he named the salary. It was good.

blue christmas . . .

That news reached the O'Connors on December 7, 1941. Some other news reached them the same day: The Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor.

Neither item that day hinted of the significant change both would bring in the life of Donald O'Connor.

Don had to wire back the truth: The O'Connors couldn't make the cross-continent jump in the financial state they were in. And as usual, where Don went, the O'Connors still went—even if there was work only for Don. "Wire getaway money," he told the agent, "and we'll come."

It came back—$100.

That was about all the O'Connors had to carry them—five of them—from Peru, Illinois, to Hollywood. And they had just five days to get there. Trains were out of the question. They just didn't have the fare. They greased up the old car and set out.

That's a trip Don O'Connor will remember a long time. The last jump of the O'Connor Family, all of them together—Effie, Jack, Don, Millie and Patsy, all crowded into the car, racing across the country to Hollywood. Winter was breaking over the plains and the mountains they had to cross. Rain mixed with sleet and turned into snow. They huddled together, wet and not too well fed by day and shivered in flimsy auto camps an

...and you'll be something lovely to look at in one of these wonderful new Jantzen Velva-Lures..."Jan" with the white pique pleated fringe on top is 6.95..."Little Colonel" with white braid marching down the front in circles, 6.95. Both have marvelous Jantzen bras.

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motels at night. The old auto creaked and rattled and groaned and slithered on the wintry highways—but it kept going. It had to—the five-day deadline was being whittled down.

Coming into Albuquerque, New Mexico, they noticed streams of cars with California licenses passing them, headed East. Some had beds strapped on the top, and furniture and trunks lashed to the sides. All were bulging with people and their worldly goods.

At Albuquerque a negro at a gas station filling their tank chattered through the icy wind. "You-all goin' to California? Bettah not. No-suh. Ev'body in California's comin' through here—headin' East. De wah! Japs gonna bomb California." He shook his head solemnly. "You-all goin' to a b-a-d place!"

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT FIVE BUCKS?

It's just a natural instinct, getting together and swapping stories about the people and things that interest you most. That's why they have societies for ichthyologists and philatelists and ornithologists. Since a Society for Swapping Stories about Stars is not quite feasible, we're doing the next best thing. We're opening our columns to you, asking you to write us your true personal experiences with Hollywood actors and actresses. And for each incident we use, we'll send you $5. Keep your stories short and use the incidents sprinkled throughout the book as examples. If you want your letter returned, be sure to enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Below is one of this month's prize-winners:

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Several years ago I had a bit part in an Orson Welles play. Mr. Welles thought a white spotlight, focused on us, would be very flattering. I bravely spoke up and suggested that blue and amber would be much kinder. Mr. Welles promptly replied by having all my three lines in the play cut down to one.

Anne Carlsen,
New York, N. Y.

The O'Connors had to laugh at that, in spite of their weariness and low spirits. "All we need now," said Don, "is a good bombing!" Their old happy-go-lucky mood flared up, and the O'Connor family rolled over the pass into California, back on the beam. Back in Hollywood and broke, but what did that matter? They arrived on Christmas Eve, and they had a Merry Christmas in the old bungalow court where they'd always lived in Hollywood, all five of them. The sun was shining that day and the next day, too, the day Don was due to show up at the studio. Don had a hunch he'd be starting the New Year right. He wasn't wrong.

Universal had assembled a bunch of juvenile talent for "What's Cookin'?" A sort of "Best Foot Forward" idea. The story wasn't much, but the talent was. And it was just this talent which Donald O'Connor had in bunches, that made him a hit in the picture, made him stand out and let him carry through his second Hollywood break to star again for the second time. All he had was a one-picture job. That one picture had to win him a contract, or they'd be back on the boards

"You were never lovelier!"

Hampden's Make-up gives *you* a glamorous *new* complexion. Applied without water or sponge it never causes dry skin; helps conceal skin flaws; stays on for hours without repowdering. Use Hampden's for "lovely make-up always." 5 alluring complexion changes.

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hampden POWDER-BASE

Invitation to ROMANCE–

A natural glow . . . fresh as new romance . . . irresistible! Hampden's NEW cream Rouge gives you this enviable complexion loveliness. Applied directly to your cheeks . . . blends gently, evenly . . . for a smooth, youthful make-up.

Now in 4 alluring shades at popular cosmetic counters

hampden ROUGE-STICK

50c – 25c and trial size

now too weak to hold the O'Connor clan.

Oddly enough, what did it was a scene that he blew higher than a kite! It was with Gloria Jean, a long bit of dialogue, written stuff, that has always been hard for Don to memorize—somebody else's stuff. He wasn't particularly nervous before a camera, but he forgot the lines. So he blew it, but kept right on ad libbing as he had always done on the stage, getting funnier and funnier and piling laughs on top of one another. The camera kept running, and the director, Charlie Lamont, knew a good scene when he saw it. He kept it in the picture, and that scene was the one that made a hit for Don O'Connor at the preview.

jack pot . . .

But that lucky bit of accidental business meant far more than a hit in "What's Cookin'?" It meant more than preview cards calling Don O'Connor "another Mickey Rooney." More than a term contract that came when the Universal big shots saw what they had in Don O'Connor. It was the premium payment that insured Donald O'Connor's later solid hits which today have made him the hottest young star in Hollywood, the fan mail king of Universal and the phenomenal young wizard who has been a star twice, to astound Hollywood.

Because from then on in every picture he made—"Private Buckaroo," "Give Out Sisters," "Get Hep to Love," "It Comes Up Love," "Johnny Comes Marching Home"—and even in "Mister Big," Don O'Connor ad libbed more and more, and Charlie Lamont, his prize director, gave him more and more rein, letting Don fool around and rewrite his own lines, slip in his own gags and bits of business that were second nature to a show-kid. In fact, in "Johnny Comes Marching Home," Don got going with that seasoned vaudeville talent of his and hopped up not only his own part but the part of about every other young actor in the picture. And that had a lot to do with the hit it made.

don does a little home cookin' . . .

Nobody is a bit surprised any more on a Donald O'Connor set to see a scene about to roll, and then hear Don yell to his director, "Charlie—I've got something! Keep the cameras rolling." What it is Don has no one ever knows—not even his director. Sometimes they can't even see it, but people have learned by now not to be too baffled—when Don says he has something—he's usually not kidding.

The biggest laugh, for instance, in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" came from a Don O'Connor quick idea that stayed hidden right up to the preview. "I got one for you!" Don had cried, and Charlie Lamont had said, "Okay, we'll keep them running." Don climbed in the taxi set in full dress and top hat surrounded by three beauties, Gloria Jean, Jane Frazee and Peggy Ryan—all in fur coats. There wasn't much to the scene, and when it was over, Lamont asked:

"What was it, Don? I didn't see anything."

"Wait till you see the picture," said Don.

Lamont saw the scene in the rushes. Nothing gave. He was still puzzled. But he'd had too much experience with Don's hunches not to leave it in. And at the preview when the scene came on, there was a titter from the crowd, a growing snicker, some out-and-out laughs and finally a roar. Lamont was still fairly mystified. All there was, was Don slumped down in a frame of fur coats with his top hat tilted square on his head, and looking stupid. But all you could see was that face buried in fur coats, and there was something about it—something very funny

"Yes . . I use Dura-Gloss"

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There have been a lot of things responsible for Donald O'Connor's big hit in Hollywood this time—sympathetic directors like Lamont, a fatherly producer like Ken Goldsmith, who died of a heart attack right before "Top Man" and made Don feel as though he had suffered another death in the family. There have been talented girls like Gloria Jean and Peggy Ryan to balance his comedy and plenty of good tunes, dances and production money, too. Every picture Don has made since "Mister Big" has been brought back for scores of added scenes and an almost doubled budget.

But what is really behind his success is the wonderful feel that Don has for audiences. He plays into the camera like he was on a stage. What he's really got is a show business "savvy" that was born with him, grew up and will stay with him all his life.

In other words, what Donald O'Connor has is a feeling for the stage boards that is innate in the O'Connor family.

That's why, even though the act is scattered now, it's still as real to Don as if it were to open next week at the Orpheum. Actually, the last time the O'Connor family —what was left of it—trod the boards was at the Golden Gate Theater in San Francisco. That was right after "What's Cookin'?" was finished, and that was where the agent's wire came, "Universal wants a contract. You're in!"

But all the O'Connors are still all within a nickel phone call of Don. Effie, his mother, lives with him. Jack has just signed a contract at Warner Brothers, and Millie is busy taking care of both her husband and Patsy, a starlet at Universal who can sing, dance and act like a trouper. So while they're not before the footlights, the O'Connor family is still in there—plugging.

Now there's a new member of the O'Connor Family. At first, Don had a heavy case on Gloria Jean, gave her a gold bracelet with "I Love You" engraved inside and everything. But about a year ago that wound up in the "just good friends" state, when Don met a petite 16-year-old named Gwen Carter. Now, a year later, she's his wife.

As Don O'Connor found himself nearing the draft age, he started thinking about what he could do in the Big Scrap. He'd already entertained at camps and hospitals and over the air on benefits and bond drives, and his hobby of tearing down and rebuilding old jaloppies gave Don an idea. Something mechanical was his best bet for defense.

So he started skipping his Saturday night dates with Gwen and traveled 200 miles from Hollywood every Sunday for flying lessons, and every spare hour away from Universal he went to Cal-Aero Tech in nearby Burbank. By now Don knows his airplanes, and Uncle Sam's training him to be a pilot.

Playing the Hitler-Hirohito circuit, Don will be leaving Gwen and the family and Hollywood, too, for the duration. Besides shelving a flock of Universal epics, domestic bliss with Gwen and Mom O'Connor's hot biscuits, Donald will be putting off his dreams of a dozen things he wants to do such as write, direct and produce his own pictures.

What's more, it means that Donald O'Connor, when he returns on that wonderful Day of Victory, will have to make himself another comeback in Hollywood.

It's a large enough order building two starring careers from scratch like Don O'Connor has already done. A three-star movie triumph is not only unheard of so far, it's out of this Hollywood world.

But if any family can produce such a miracle man, I'll bet on the O'Connors. They've got what it takes from away back.

DEAREST MOM

(Continued from page 54)

skipped a beat, because—in common with most healthy males—Jack's everyday sentiments on the subject of doctors didn't bear repeating.

The doctor had come and listened with his stethoscope and put it slowly away, while they both waited. "Can you take it, Jack?" he asked.

"Anything you have to tell me."

"Well, you've got a bum ticker. It's wearing itself out."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning if you sit on your porch and take life easy, you can live your years out."

Nell had wired Des Moines, asking Ronnie if he could get home for a few days. Having the boys around always chirped their dad up. Ronnie laid down the law to him—or tried to. Jack grinned. "Lookahere, young fella, you can't kill an Irishman with an axe. Anyway, I'd rather rush out than rust out."

He'd been pretty good though—for Jack. And out here in California he was like a new man. All his life he'd had to keep his nose close to the grindstone. Now it was as though he were lifting it for the first time. "I never knew there were birds before," he told Nell. "I never knew there was anything so pretty as a flower."

He kind of hankered after a garden. But Nell and Ronnie were of two minds—afraid if he had one, he might try to do too much. Ronnie was living with them now—he'd taken an apartment large enough for all three. He'd begun going out with Jane Wyman—the pretty little girl in "Brother Rat"—but he still took the folks to LaRue's every Sunday night for spaghetti and meatballs.

just like the girl . . .

Nell couldn't help wondering whether Jane and Ronnie were in love. She knew Ronnie's theory about the girl he was going to marry—he'd mentioned it often enough. "Some day she'll come zipping around the corner, and the minute I see her, I'll know she's the one."

He'd never said Jane was the one. "A good scout," he'd called her affectionately. "Loads of fun to be with." Not love talk exactly. It was none of her business, of course, but show her the mother who wouldn't speculate—especially as they seemed to be seeing more and more of each other. All she wanted for Ronnie was a girl who'd love him the way she loved Jack.

She didn't know then what we know—the story Jane's told—how she fell in love first—(Ronnie always contradicts her: "It's just that you found out first")—how she thought he'd never wake up—how the final blow came when she was laid low in the hospital, and his flowers would arrive with some such ardent message as, "Hope you're feeling better. Ronald." *Ronald!* That was when she swept flowers and card from the bed, turned her face to the wall and gave up.

That was the night Nell heard Ronnie pacing. Up and down, back and forth. She tried to shut it out, she didn't want to butt in, but every time she unplugged her ears, there it was again. At last she slipped into her robe and knocked at his door.

"Come in, Nelly. I've been wanting to talk to you."

He told her that he'd gone to the hospital after work to see Jane. Her sister had come to the door. "Jane doesn't want to see you."

"But that's crazy. Why not?"

Then, the funniest look had come over her face. "If you don't know, Ronnie, it's

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most certainly not up to me to tell you."

As she closed the door, a door in his mind seemed to open. Could she mean—? Well, what *else* could she mean?

"I didn't know I loved Jane, Mother. But I just can't see myself going on without her. Do you think that's love?"

"I don't know what else it would be, son."

You'd have thought she'd handed him a million dollars, the way his face lit up. His eyes whirled to the clock. "I suppose it's too late to go down there now!"

"Three o'clock? I doubt if they'd let you in. But I wouldn't waste any time tomorrow."

He had to work next day, too, but he went to the hospital straight from the studio and didn't get home till they'd finished dinner. All you had to do was look at him, agrin from ear to ear. But they pretended not to notice a thing, they let him say it—"Jane and I are going to be married"—before Mom fell on his neck, and Dad pumped his arm off.

When Jane was well again, he brought her over. Nell felt a little shy at first—you know how it is when your son brings his bride home, and you're not really very well acquainted with her. But Jane fixed that. Nell had gone to the bedroom to powder her nose or something and was sitting at the dressing table when Jane walked in. Jane—the wisecracking baby who hates soft-talk—flung herself down beside Ronnie's mother. "Oh, Nelly, Nelly, I love him so. I think I've been waiting for him all my life."

Stroking the soft hair, Nell smiled out into space as if she were thanking someone. "That's all I wanted to know."

As for Jane and Jack, they clicked from the first; they talked the same language. It was Jack who said as he kissed Jane after the wedding: "Don't take Dutch away from us." Coming from Jack, who didn't like to show you his heart, that moved Jane deeply.

"Everything's going to be just the same." And it was.

The wedding was in January. In March Nell and Jack moved into the little house the children bought for them. With Jane and Ronnie, it was never my money or yours, it was always ours. They'd sent Dad scouting around to look for a place. Nell had made only two stipulations. "I want it just big enough for the two of us. And I want a view. There's no sense living in California without a view."

One day he'd come home and said: "I've found it, Nell. Just big enough for the two of us, and on a clear day you can see the ocean."

family rib . . .

They all take comfort in remembering that that last year of his life was absolutely perfect. Maybe he did too much—but that was part of what made it perfect. "If you're going to make me twiddle my thumbs," he'd said, "I'd as lief *be* dead. While I've got my breath, let me know I'm alive." So they'd let him do as he pleased—within reason.

The garden was his joy. He'd be out in it every morning, and not a shrub or a flower or a little vine pushed up that he didn't reach down and pat. He planted and pruned and fertilized. He built a bird-bath. It got so that, if Nell wanted anything, she found it the better part of wisdom to keep her mouth shut. Like the time she said, "Be nice to have a trellis over there."

"Cost too damn much," Jack growled. Things had cost too damn much for so long, it was hard to get used to spending money.

One day she came home from church to find the trellis built. Of course he shouldn't have done it himself, but she couldn't help being delighted with it. "Dug it right out of your pants pocket for me, didn't you, Dad?"

He grinned a little sheepishly. That was a family rib of long standing. "Think I'm made of money?" he used to growl at the kids when they'd ask for a handout, even while his hand searched in his pocket for the quarter.

the last sweet sleep . . .

There was that marvelous trip to South Bend with Ronnie and the Knute Rockne company. She could see him now, dropping into his big chair by the radio the day he got back. It was the only time he ever alluded of his own accord to what the doctors had told him. "I've had everything now. I've seen Dutch get to be a star. Oh, I know the studio hasn't made him one yet, but the folks back there did. I wish you could have heard the welcome they gave him, Nell. Far as I'm concerned, nothing'll ever top it. I'm ready to go any time now—"

He was like a kid about the property Jane and Ronnie bought up on the hill. Even before it was cleared, he'd drive up every day and try to visualize how it was going to look. The children brought their blueprints to show him, and no man was ever prouder than when Jane said: "You've done such wonders with your own garden, Jack, so Ronnie and I want you to plan our landscaping for us."

Last and best of all, he had Maureen for four months. It was funny about Jack. Before their own children were born, he'd say to Nell: "If it's not a boy, out you go." Yet he wanted his grandchild to be a girl. Ronnie wanted a girl, too, because he'd always hankered after a sister. But he wouldn't tell Jane, because Jane wanted a boy. For Ronnie's sake. She had it fixed in her mind that every man wanted a boy, and that Ronnie was going to be disappointed with a girl. So they got themselves good and mixed up.

When Ronnie came in after the baby was born, first thing Jane did was set up a wail. "Oh, Ronnie, it's a girl, and we wanted a boy, and we haven't even got a name for a girl—"

And Ronnie, racking his brain for comfort, came up with this: "Now, Janey, just think—when she gets to be a young lady and walks up the aisle and I give her away—just think—well, think how lovely she'll look in *your* wedding gown."

That almost finished Jane, weak as she was. But after a while they got to explaining how they really felt about girls, which was such a load off Jane's mind that she dropped asleep and left Ronnie talking.

Jack had been too busy earning a living to fool around with his own babies. Now he seemed bent on getting out of Maureen all the fun he'd missed. Almost as if he knew it wouldn't be for long.

Every day he'd stop in. "Where's that grandkid of mine?" And he'd sit by the hour with the baby in his arms. He must have had a pull with the nurse—got around her somehow with that blarneying Irish tongue of his.

"Held the baby today," he'd tell Nell.

"Not in that old leather jacket, I hope."

"The same. And without any damn gauze over my face, either."

He died in April. Jane and Ronnie had been called East on business. On their way to the train they'd stopped to say good-by, and Ronnie did something he'd never done before. Nell and Jack had come out to the doorstep to wave them off. Ronnie was about to follow Jane into the car, when suddenly he turned and came back to kiss Mom and shake Dad's hand again. But his last word out of the car window was for Dad. "Remind me to tell you

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"when I get back. Don't let me forget—"

Dad never heard the story. He died one night after a day in the garden. Nell had looked out once and seen him standing there, eyes fixed on the horizon. "Tired, Dad?"

He'd turned and smiled. "No. Just enjoying myself."

Neil and Bessie, his wife, were with Nell when the end came. Jane and Ronnie got back just as fast as they could.

The boys hadn't wanted her to stay in the house alone, but she wouldn't have left it for anything in the world. Janey, being a woman, understood. "Here's one time," said Jane, "when nobody's feelings matter except Nell's. If it makes her feel better to stay, that's all there is to it."

She's had people with her from time to time, but to tell the truth, she's just as pleased to see them go. "When I'm alone," she explains to the children, "Dad's right here in his big chair listening to the radio—I can even see the top of his head passing the window." Sometimes she laughs at the look on their faces. "Don't worry. I'll never reach the point where I'm talking to myself. Only *please* don't take my closeness to Dad away from me."

Jane did the loveliest thing that Christmas. "Jane," says Nell, "never does things by littles, always by bigs." She's got to explain first that, in all the years she lived with Jack, she never chose any of the furniture. He hated feminine doodads around the house. They made him so miserable that Nell found she could stand the kind of furniture he liked better than she could stand his misery. Dark, heavy, substantial stuff with no nonsense about it. Stuff to use, not to touch with kid gloves.

Only once she'd revolted—when he brought home a monstrous bookcase that would have crowded everything else out of her living room. Thought she'd be so pleased with his surprise—got it cheap from a neighbor. She'd wept that time, and Jack had just stood there agape, like a child that's been slapped, heaven knew what for. He got rid of the bookcase, though.

Jane offered to help Nell shop for the new house. Jane has exquisite taste—you have only to look at her own home to realize that. "But it wouldn't be any use, Janey," said Nell. "Jack wouldn't like what we like, and I want him to have this place his way."

Well, the day before Christmas Neil and Bessie got her out on some pretext and kept her out—and when she opened her door late that afternoon, the first thing to catch her eye was the loveliest flowered chair and stool. For a second she thought she was in the wrong place—till Jane's head and Ronnie's popped up from behind a new sofa.

They'd done the whole place over in the cheerful colors she loved. Janey's idea it had been and Janey's work, and—bless her understanding heart—she'd left untouched the one thing Nell would have hated to see touched—Dad's big chair by the radio.

good sport . . .

That was the month of Pearl Harbor. Ronnie was in the cavalry reserve, so they knew he'd be called pretty soon. But knowing it and acually having it happen were somehow two different things. So Nell disgraced herself that day she went out to Warners' to watch him do a scene for "Desperate Journey."

"Look at your son," he said. That's what Ronnie always said when something special happened. "Look at your son—he's going into the Army."

Nell's no weeper, and if she had been, her boys would have cured her. The first time he left home for college, Ronnie

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wrote: "When I picked Sam and Ed up, their mothers were hollerin' an' bellerin'—and, gosh, I was proud of you, Nell. You sent me off with a smile."

That was her cue. No matter how often she'd felt like crying, she'd pin the smile on her face—anyway, till they'd gone.

But this time—"Oh, *no!*" said Nell, and down went her face against his arm.

In the dressing room later, he said: "I'm a dope, Nelly. But I thought if I told you in front of all those people, you'd show 'em how brave you are."

"It was just the first shock." She tried to smile. "Want to go out and tell me all over again?"

She knew Ronnie'd make a good soldier, because he hated cruelty which was what the enemy stood for. Even at an age when boys are often thoughtlessly tormenting, Ronnie could never bear to hurt anything. For instance, Neil once learned a trick he thought pretty smart. If you whacked a guy across the muscle of his upper arm, he'd yell blue murder. Nell walked in one day just as he'd tried it on his kid brother. Ronnie stood there, fists clenched, eyes blazing. "Gee whiz, I could *kill you!*"

"Stay right where you are, Neil," their mother ordered. "Now, Ronnie, you hit him just as hard as he hit you."

As Ronnie advanced, she could see the anger draining out of him. For form's sake, he delivered a tap that wouldn't have bothered a chick, muttered, "Nuts," and went back to his book.

like father like . . .

Maureen's past three now and knows there's sadness in the world and doesn't like it. Nell generally goes up for an hour each morning and often takes care of her on Nanny's day out, when Jane's working. One day she asked Maureen if she might have some of her toys for the little sick children she visits in hospitals.

"Sick in bed?" Nell nodded. Maureen disappeared into her room, returned loaded, dumped the toys into Nell's lap and her head after them and burst into tears.

"Why, darling, what's the matter?"

"Those little sick children. Make them end happy."

No matter how blissfully a story ends, Maureen insists on her own patented windup. To every tale Nell reads her, she's got to add: "And they're all happy." It's generally a duet. "AND—" says Nell—"they're all happy," Maureen chimes in. There's one specially moving saga about some goats who ate the green pasture and were threatened with dispossession, but who were saved in the end. "AND—" prompted Nell—

But this time Maureen was really transported. —"praise the Lord and pass the ammunition," she shouted.

Not long ago Ronnie, on leave, appeared in his mother's doorway. "Gaze upon your son—"

"What's there to gaze upon? You always look nice to me. Is that a new uniform?"

"No, but there's something new on it—" He pointed to an added bar.

"Oh Ronnie, how wonderful! But—forgive me please, I'm such a dummy—does that make you a general?"

"Would you settle for a captain?"

Maureen would settle for a mister. Most girls get a bang out of seeing their guys in uniform. To her, it's a novelty to see her daddy in the civvies he sometimes wears at home when he's off duty.

"You're not Captain Reagan, you're just plain *Mister* Reagan now," she crows. "I like you to be just plain Mister, Daddy."

Nell thinks her granddaughter has something there. Isn't it what we women are all waiting for—for our captains and privates and generals to win the war and

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By **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**
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TANGEE *Lipsticks with the new Satin-Finish*

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what's cookin' america?

Find the answer in the first of our series on the Regional Recipes of the Stars

By Marjorie Deen

FARE FOR FRANKIE

Little Nancy always tells Mother that she wants "A great big breakfast, just like Daddy's!" However she couldn't begin to put away a hefty meal like the one to which the slender singer does full justice every morning—consisting of fruit, a large

■ LET'S VISIT THE SINATRAS! We'll get there in no time, for the trip from New York to Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, where they live, isn't a long one.

The purpose of our trip out to the Sinatra home? No, not to see Frankie, as you would naturally surmise—because we could do that more easily by catching his new picture, "Manhattan Serenade," at a local movie. Or we could probably see him in person at CBS Studio No. 3 over on Broadway, after one of his Vimms or Hit Parade broadcasts. But what we wanted to do was to have a heart-to-heart talk with *Nancy* Sinatra, to find out from her all about her husband's favorite foods—which, from advance reports, were well worth looking into and trying out.

We knew that there are literally thousands of you who'd like to know how to prepare the same dishes your favorite singing star enjoys at his own dinner table. First, for the fun of it, of course! But afterwards, as we suspected and were to discover, because these dishes are so practical, economical and all-around delicious that—once you have tried them, as we have—you'll be sure to serve them often.

Then, too, what better way could there be to begin this new series of ours on regional specialties of your favorite stars, than to let the Sinatras start us off on our merry, culinary way.

Because this young couple, in their eating habits, represent a large and interesting cross section of the population in and around New York City—the people of Italian descent who, as recent events have proved, are among the most loyal of our citizens! In numbers well over one million they live in that area which embraces not only New York's five boroughs but spreads out into Westchester and even spills over into Jersey—where Frank and Nancy grew up, met and married. And where, when success gave them her most expansive smile, the Sinatras decided to buy "the home of their dreams."

This, it turns out, is a comfortable red brick house with attached garage, situated on a quiet street where other families live, with whose children Nancy—and eventually Frank, Jr.—can play. It's a real *home,* this, to which Frank eagerly returned from his Hollywood picture assignment. Not a big place, nor one bit pretentious, with only four bedrooms, which—with the arrival of the new baby—isn't a bit too many. However, there's a brand new room on the second floor, built over the garage, which is all windows and is still in the process of being furnished—a project to which "the head of the family" now intends to give his immediate attention, according to Nancy Sinatra.

In the basement there's another room in which Frank takes great pride—a large, beautifully lighted playroom. It's a sort of miniature night club, with little tables and chairs, a pin-ball machine, dart game and record player. While next door to it, on the strictly utilitarian side, is a completely equipped laundry.

On the main floor you'd find a colorful and comfortable living room, Frank's den, a dining room slightly on the formal side and, back of that, a large, strictly modern kitchen. This has fluorescent lighting, crisp curtains with touches of red, a flat top range in gleaming white and plenty of strategically placed work centers. Separated from the kitchen by cabinets holding glass and china is a cheery little dinette (that's where you see the Sinatras eating breakfast, at the left). It has gay, papered walls, and radio and telephone connections for greater convenience. A "dream" kitchen, indeed, for their "dream home" and a room in which Nancy Sinatra loves to cook, "even as you and I."

Appropriately, it was to this room that we gravitated soo after the sound of door chimes brought Nancy, Sr., and Jr., to greet us. They're a natural, friendly pair, these two! Small wonder, therefore, that you fans have also taken them to your collective heart—along with the smiling singer whose phenomenal success means so much to them! The younger Nancy is an old-fashioned child "going on four," with a sunny disposition and a growing realization that her Daddy is a pretty popular person. While her Mother is a fine and enthusiastic homemaker who still keeps no maid and who really enjoys doing all the cooking for the family. They, in turn, love the meals she prepares.

And what are the delectable dishes that Nancy Sinatra serves most frequently—by popular request—to radio's newest singing sensation? Well, we'll name 'em, and soon you can make 'em! For we took down the directions carefully, just as Frank's wife gave them to us. And these are the very recipes we are offering you this month.

Of course we tried them first, just to make sure that you will understand how to go about preparing these same foods in your own homes.

So, you see, if you send in the coupon promptly, you'll receive *tested recipes* for the following:

Artichokes Milanaise—a simply super way to prepare this fine-flavored vegetable which too many Americans ignore. Egg Plant Parmesan—another vegetable dish that will richly repay your careful consideration. Meat Balls, which incorporate a little cheese for a welcome change. And a Sponge Cake Dessert which is both dainty and delicious, with its custard filling and unusual flavoring. (Like so many men Frankie's other dessert preferences include Chocolate Cake, Gingerbread—with whipped cream, when available—and Apple Pie with cheese. But we decided to ask for the first named sweet because it doesn't cost a single point.)

The leaflet also contains a simple salad suggestion, of course, since—like most folks with Italian forebears—the Sinatras wouldn't consider a meal complete without plenty of fresh greens. And NATURALLY there's a recipe for Spaghetti—Frank's favorite food.

Fine fare, this—easy to prepare and budget-wise, too. So, how's about using the coupon for your copy of the leaflet!

THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN
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Please send me a leaflet containing Nancy Sinatra's own recipes for Frank's favorite foods—the first in our series on the REGIONAL RECIPES OF THE STARS.

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"Darling, you're taking in a lot of territory. Remember, you're a married man."

"Never mind the gags, Sister. Just tell me why you put soap in my bag. This is a first-class hotel. They supply soap, *I'm sure!*"

"No wonder you don't understand women—I doubt if you even recognize them. That isn't just 'soap' you have in your hand. It's a bar of Fels-Naptha—the only soap that ever touches the gorgeous lingerie you blushingly bought me last Christmas.

"We'll be here a week and before we leave I'll have to do a little make-shift laundering. So just to be sure—that my favorite 'undies' get their usual beauty bath—I brought the Fels-Naptha Soap along!

"And what's more, my ambitious Casanova, I don't care whether you understand women or not—so long as you *appreciate me!*"

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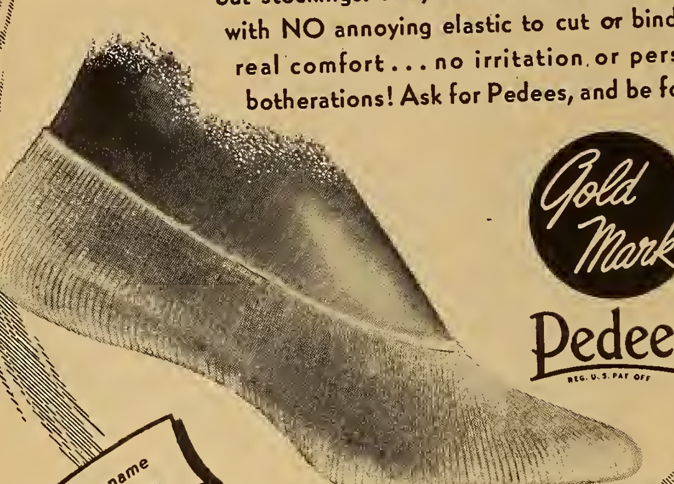

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SOUR PUSS

(*Continued from page 39*)

Dantine on another phase of his Hollywood education. Again Helmut had stumbled into one of those odd American puzzlers he's been running smack up against ever since he skipped a Nazi concentration camp and ended up in—of all places—Hollywood and being—of all things—a motion picture star.

Some day soon Helmut will know all the Hollywood answers, and then this tall, dark, handsome and very courtly young man will be next door to happiness. Privately he's been struggling against the great American sense of humor and the strange customs of Hollywood off and on between pictures ever since he got his first movie break, dubbing Hitler's voice in one of those Nazi thrillers. And on the screen; ever since Helmut threatened Greer Garson with a gun in "Mrs. Miniver," he's been battling for the chance to kiss the girl instead of half kill her, and incidentally, to survive himself through the last reel. When you start out as a heavy in Hollywood and do the job as well as Helmut Dantine has, it's pretty tough to change your spots. After slapping Nancy Coleman around in "Edge of Darkness," scaring Julie Bishop out of her wits in "Northern Pursuit," and generally plotting wickedly against every leading lady he bumps up against, it looked for awhile like they'd never let Helmut Dantine turn on the charm. Happily, however, I can report progress in that department; Warner Brothers have seen the light at last, and Dantine will do his stuff romantically in his very next picture, "Autumn Crocus," and from now on. He hopes also to shake that "foreign actor" tag that bothers him and be the 100 per cent American guy that he legally is, soon as his citizenship papers come through.

the great american gag . . .

But on the private side, Helmut Dantine is still having his troubles with the strange gags and goings-on of the U. S. A.

For instance, a while back Helmut found himself invited to a cocktail party that Annie Sheridan threw. It was one of those informal binges, where everybody arrives straight off the set and steamed up for fun. Well, sometime along in the afternoon, a bunch of Helmut's colleagues decided to hand him the old familiar American rib. So a gang of guys started making disparaging remarks just inside Helmut's earshot. One of them was John Loder, who's an Englishman with an American sense of humor sharpened up to Hollywood style.

"I wonder," mused John, "why Ann has that chap Dantine here? Frightful heel, you know. Nasty Nazi, too. Always going around trying to murder people or throw them into jail."

"Yeah," chimed in someone else. "A strictly wrong guy. Let's throw him out!" And so on and on it went, and all the while Helmut listened, stiffening and getting hot under the collar but controlling himself like the gentleman he is. Not long after that he made his excuses and left the party. He still hadn't met John Loder.

But the next day on the studio lot he passed Loder and then he walked right up to him. "Mister Loder," said Helmut, "my name is Dantine. You insulted me yesterday. I demand an explanation!" And Helmut did almost everything except present his card, strike the dismayed John across the cheek with his glove and challenge him to a duel with rapiers! Of course, Loder tried to explain with much befuddlement because he thought Helmut knew the rib was on and was twice as shocked that Helmut had taken it all seriously. Finally he did succeed in explaining, and then Dantine was more embarrassed than John had been. They're swell friends today, by the way. But it just goes to show what Helmut is always running up against.

Helmut is no Chester the Chump or a feather-head, understand. Nor is he a humorless stuffed shirt, even if it is taking him some time to get on the banter beam in the Land of the Free. Suppose you had been chased out of your homeland, where you were studying to be a future ambassador, by a bunch of Nazi thugs, and found yourself all alone at 20 (he's 25 now) in a country whose language you didn't even speak, let alone understand its slap-happy customs. If you got hep in a hurry, you wouldn't be normal, and nobody would like you. Looking back on his early faux pas, the Americanization of Helmut Dantine seems darned advanced by now. And if I've given the impression that Helmut Dantine has a sense of humor built for a dope, maybe I'd better say that no one likes to laugh at his bulls and boners more than Helmut himself when he sees them for what they are.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(*Continued from page 72*)

1. Batty over bangtails
2. Sunny
3. Inspires genius
4. Free Frenchman
5. Successor to a guy named Joe
6. Marine wife
7. Orchestra wife
8. Sergeant York
9. Cinema Nazi
10. Joined the Stork Club
11. Khaki clad
12. Sister Eileen
13. Bazooka'd his way up
14. Born: W. Bromwich, Eng.
15. Walked out on Walker
16. King of the bobby-sox
17. Army buckeroo
18. Tough stuff
19. Meredith's pin-up girl
20. "Chicken"-tracked to fame in "Guadalcanal Diary"

(*Next set of clues on page 97*)

He's told me some honeys—all on himself—so I'll just peel off a few, if you don't mind. Like the time Helmut had been studying his English grammar too closely before he made "International Squadron," a good time back. He had a line, "Give them the works!" and he took it home to brood over and translate, and so when the director yelled "Action!" what did Helmut do but yelp, "Let them have the factories!"

english translation . . .

Or the time as late as last year when he got caught on Hollywood Boulevard in his car when it turned New Year's, and all the cars started switching off their ignition and backfiring, and Helmut thought it was a gang war and drove up breathless to a cop. Or the time after a big meal when he ordered sweet potatoes in the Derby, thinking it was a fancy kind of American dessert, and then had to cram down all that pulp because he was afraid the waiter would laugh at him!

You can get Helmut going on embarrassing mistakes of a foreigner and laugh yourself silly, if you want to get that way. But it's not as a chuckle Charlie that I'd like to present Helmut, either. What

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smacks you right in the face about Helmut Dantine first time you meet him is his solid sincerity and the fact that he's a gentleman through and through, every handsome inch of him. You like him because his hazel eyes are frank, and he talks right up in a deep, rich voice that has nothing phony about it. He makes faces on the screen, but he doesn't off. There's nothing of the wise guy about him, and if he seems naive and a little old-fashioned in his politeness, it's something you like.

I remember one day when I first saw Helmut away from his normal Nazi set characters. We were tossing off some lunch at the Hollywood Brown Derby, where anything is likely to happen. Pretty soon it did. A girl came over with the inevitable menu to autograph and a gush of words. "I'm a *landsmann* of yours, Mr. Dantine," she said, among other things. (That meant she was his countryman.) Helmut had her sit down, and they talked and talked, although his lunch was getting cold and the girl's conversation wasn't that entrancing. Finally Helmut inquired what part of Austria she came from.

"Philadelphia," said the gal.

I didn't get it, but I suppose somewhere back in her family tree Uncle Oscar had been a Vienna sausage or something. But if Helmut was baffled, he never let on. He still acted like Prince Charming, and the girl went away happy and flushed with pride. That's being a gentleman.

And here's another thing that Helmut did that you don't hear about often around Hollywood. He happened to see Gene Kelly and Judy Garland in "For Me and My Gal," and he thought it was super swell. To Helmut, the groping foreigner trying to get himself Americanized, it seemed like a perfect American picture, full of the bounce and breeze that makes America like that. Well, Helmut was so entertained and grateful that he sat right down and wrote Gene and Judy fan letters! He poured out his sincere admiration just because he wanted them to know how much pleasure they had given him. And, by the way, he's still a fan of Gene Kelley's and by now a friend, too. Helmut persisted until he got a chance to tell Judy Garland to her face how much he liked her work. He met her six months later, and they've been out together some times since then. It started from a gentlemanly gesture of Helmut's that was completely sincere!

Those are the things that characterize Helmut Dantine when you get down to cases. He's a nice guy. You can't boob that. He's the kind of warm-hearted gent who likes to please people and is happy when he sees them glow. At Gary Cooper's not long ago he attended a party and ran into Claudette Colbert. Now it happens that of all the stars in Hollywood, Claudette is the only one that Helmut ever knew before. There have been times—a good many—when he could have sought the influence of someone as great as Claudette in Hollywood to give him a boost. At least he might have tried—anyone but Helmut Dantine, that is. But Helmut never considered looking her up to remind her of an incident that happened a few years ago in the Austrian Tyrol.

Helmut was up in his native Austrian mountains one winter for the skiing. Colbert was there on a European tour, and one evening at the inn there was a dance. The Austrian youths, of course, were dying to dance with Claudette, but they didn't have the nerve. So they got together and drew straws, and Helmut won. He danced a waltz with Claudette. That's the last he ever saw of her.

And so up at Gary's that night he waited until the small orchestra played a waltz. Then he asked Claudette to dance. Only when they were waltzing did he remind

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her of the Tyrolean meeting. She was thrilled of course, to relive memories of her European vacation, while whirling to a Viennese waltz with a handsome young Austrian here in Hollywood. It gave her a thrill, and that was what pleased Helmut. He always manages to do things graciously and right and always with the object of making somebody else happy.

slip of the lip . . .

I'll have to tell, here, though, about one time at least when that very talent of his backfired on Helmut. That was at a cocktail party at Humphrey Bogart's, one of Helmut's good friends. Mary Pickford was there, and to Helmut (like to most of us) Mary loomed as a sort of a Hollywood goddess who signified everything traditional about Hollywood. When he was introduced to her, he was sincerely awed and acted just like the fans who sometimes go overboard about him these days. "Oh, Miss Pickford," gushed Helmut. "I can't tell you how thrilled I am to meet you. Why, when I was only a tiny tot, my mother used to take me to see your pictures!"

They say Mary Pickford turned a shade or two of crimson in front of all those people to be reminded by a handsome grown man of all the years that have flown since her golden curls made her famous. And when Helmut saw that she was embarrassed, he was desolate. But at least he was sincere, which is something in Hollywood.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One of Nelson Eddy's first concerts after his marriage was given in Indiana. As he made his appearance he pointed to the tan tweed waistcoat that contrasted so strangely with his otherwise correct evening clothes and said: "No, I'm not trying to set a new style! It's just that this time my wife packed my bag!"

It was fully five minutes before either singer or audience stopped roaring.

Mrs. Gertrude Green,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Ordinarily Helmut Dantine is no party boy. He runs with no clique or social set in Hollywood. In fact, socially, Helmut's almost a mystery man. You'll see him around town occasionally, maybe with Judy Garland or Ida Lupino or Constance Dowling or some Hollywood girl on his arm, or it might be a girl you never saw or heard of before. He's a quiet operator. He doesn't like to dance, and the noisy Hollywood table-hopping heavens bore him. He takes in scads of movies in his off hours and chases around to the houses of his friends, a lot of whom are Americans he has met in his five years here. Many are from Pasadena and have no connection whatever with movies. Others are people whose families he met while a student at U. C. L. A. although how he ever made a circle of friends as a raw young Vienna refugee sometimes amazes Helmut himself.

He remembers when he had been in Los Angeles only a few months, a college chum at U. C. L. A. invited him home to dinner. After a husky meal, the family asked Helmut to have second helpings. "No thanks," he replied, "I'm fed up." He meant, "I'm filled up." A lot of Helmut Dantine's acquaintances, too, are people in whose homes he used to tutor. Because he has had to make his way ever since he landed here, with little more than pocket money after ducking the Nazis. By the way

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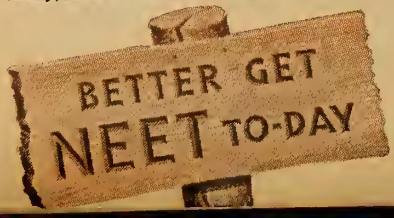

Helmut was surprised no end when he first arrived to discover the wonders of a checking account. His uncle opened a small balance for him in a California bank and told him how to draw on it. Helmut went up to the window and signed a check shortly after he arrived and almost fell over when they actually handed him his money. "I was in town only five days, and the bank knew who I was," he marveled. Seems like nothing like that ever happens in Europe.

the gold fish era . . .

Anyway, to keep his pockets jingling in his early poverty days around Hollywood, Helmut peddled his accent in bits and extra stuff, and from his first job, "International Squadron," he took the $200 salary and rented a gas station. That's when he went to college at U. C. L. A. working around the station after classes and dragging in about 40 bucks a week.

IN THE V-MAIL BAG

Hiyah Gang:

Thanks for your long, thin envelope postmarked Dec. 14, which arrived along with a bunch of belated Christmas cards that had apparently missed the boat.

The Overseas Edition of Modern Screen, *you'll no doubt be delighted to hear, is the only movie mag which reaches us regularly via Special Service. The G.I. joes over here are all-out for your pin-up girls, since so many of them are practically all-out for us. You should see the mad scramble when a new Overseas Edition arrives. It soon looks like something you could play on a player piano, with wide open spaces where the pix were!*

The films which Special Service gets for us have included, "Hello, Frisco, Hello," "Coney Island," and more recently, "This Is the Army" and "So Proudly We Hail."

By the way, I think the producers should be told that scenes showing luscious banquets with steaks and such are unpopular with G.I.'s who have become hardened to the "C"-ration—pork sausage—canned meat routine. You asked how last Thanksgiving was—believe it or Ripley, but we had real turkey with all the fix-in's!

Best wishes from some censored place in North Africa.

Buell R. Snyder (Tech. Sgt.)

He might have kept up the business longer—it was doing all right, but college wasn't. Helmut never quite got hep to U. S. A. rah-rah. He thought people went to colleges to study seriously and nothing else but. He had been on the campus but a few days when he saw an admiring crowd around some students. He thought certainly they were giving orations from the classics or something. Instead, he saw a circle of heroes swallowing white mice and eating phonograph records! Remember that screwy era?

I don't mean it was entirely that which banished Dantine from the ivy-clad halls. Rather, a serious streak in Helmut which told him he ought to get a toehold on something to make his living. He thought of stage managing and directing, and somebody sent him to the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse to learn the ins and outs. Everyone at the Playhouse acts in something or other, and Helmut found himself getting interested. Then ex-

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Playhouse actors like Vic Mature and Bob Preston and Laird Cregar were still coming over from Hollywood to hang around the little theater. Their successes in the movies gave Helmut advanced ideas, and pretty soon he knew enough about acting himself to leave the Playhouse behind. He's frank about the attractiveness of the money, too. In Pasadena, Helmut earned his cakes and coffee teaching tennis, fencing, German and French to rich young moppets which was okay but hardly held out a rosy future.

Because Helmut Dantine is a thrifty, hard-headed and serious fellow about his dimes and nickels. Now that he's making real folding money every week, you don't catch him tossing any of it away at the folly spots or anywhere else. He still lives in a $50-a-month bachelor apartment on Orchid Avenue in the old part of Hollywood. He bought a shoe shine kit and still polishes his own shoes. He prepares his own breakfast, too, and sometimes dinner. He has a second-hand car like a lot of other people (his pet peeve is parking charges), buys hand-me-down suits (which he wears with such elegant grace that you'd swear they were hand-tailored), and he doesn't own one speck of expensive jewelry or doo-dads.

What money and time he does spend, canny Dantine spends on his own self-improvement. Helmut's ancestry really is Hugenot French (the name originally was D'Antin) and he's practical. For instance, he'll sock his dollars in books, because he's a wolfish reader. And between picture parts right now he's buying Linguaphone records to learn Spanish and Portuguese. When he takes care of those two, he's going on to Russian! That's the kind of guy he is. The mental type—not stuffy, understand—but cerebral. And right in keeping you might know Helmut's favorite diversion would be not gin-rummy, but chess.

chess-nuts . . .

He met a fellow chess-nut in Humphrey Bogart, by the way, out at Warners'. Bogie has been pushing pawns and rooks and things around for years between takes. So when he and Helmut discovered each other during "Passage to Marseille," it looked like they'd never finish the picture. Turned out Humphrey and Helmut are just about even in chess skill, which makes for those prolonged porings over the board before either makes a move. They started one game on "Passage to Marseille," and then when Helmut went on to another picture, they kept that game up by telephone. "This is B on Stage 2," the operator would hear, "to D on Stage 21—checkmate!"

Helmut even has a tiny portable chess board he lugs around in the glove compartment of his car, just in case. It has come in handy. A few weeks ago, a certain Hollywood starlet suffered a crush on Helmut, or maybe it was a publicity crush. Anyway, nothing would do but that Helmut take her out on a date. It was practically in the columns already so Helmut had to come through. The girl got all gusseted up for a large evening at the glamour gulches. But when Helmut arrived, he never said a thing about stepping out. Instead he unlimbered the chess board.

"Wh-what's *that?*" gasped the dismayed girl.

"Chess," repeated Helmut. "I'll teach you how to play. We'll have a wonderful evening." It may have been wonderful to Helmut, but the young star decided she could get along without another one. She hasn't bothered Helmut since.

Helmut is no Hermit, understand. In fact, when he had to have his hair clipped and grow a spiky stubble of whiskers to play a Devil's Island criminal in "Passage to Marseille" which altered his dark beauty considerably, there were feminine wails from one end of Hollywood to the other. But it's true he's never had a serious heart attack since he split up with pretty Gwen Anderson—Helmut and Gwen met at the Pasadena Playhouse as student actors, fell head over heels in love. They were married and lived happily in Hollywood, with not a cloud to mar their happiness—until Gwen's career took her to New York to play in the Broadway show, "Janie," and Helmut's bound him ever closer to Hollywood. Then both revealed what really came first in their lives—their work. But, in facing this problem, Helmut revealed the same level-headed good sense he shows in most everything he does.

"If we must separate," they told each other, "let's do it now. We've been together only about a year. Five years from now the separation will hurt." So they got their divorce and, if you can believe Helmut on that score, they're still great friends, and he thinks she's one of the most wonderful girls in the world.

There's that philosophical twist to Helmut Dantine's outlook that is really amazing in a fellow so young. He keeps calm and collected and honestly fair even when the breaks go against him. They had made him up for a pip of a part at Warners'—"Mask Of Dimitrios," a sympathetic part, by the way, and Helmut at the time was getting sick and tired of his dirty dog days. As anyone can tell from the title, the actor who played the part had to look like a Greek, and for several days the studio thought Helmut was their boy, being dark and with classic features. He was getting congratulations around the lot when the

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casting director uncovered another actor whom he thought would fit the part like a wet glove. Instead of huffing and puffing jealously about somebody beating him out, Helmut took a look at the newcomer's test and chimed right in with the tentative verdict. "He'll be better than me," he said simply. Turned out he wasn't though, 'cause Helmut got the part after all.

Disappointments just aren't mean enough to ruffle the guy. Take the time a while back when his New York trip got all balled up. Helmut hadn't had enough cash to travel East for some years after he hit California, and being a big city boy and alone in California except for a couple of relatives, Helmut yearned to visit New York.

pollyanna in pants . . .

Finally he saved up enough sugar and had ten days between parts to make it. He knew a train would be too slow so he hopped a plane. Well, the plane sat down for two days in Albuquerque waiting for good weather. He took another and it dallied another 48 hours in Kansas City. He lost another bad flying day in Chicago. And he ended up in New York two days later than the Chief would have arrived. It cut his long cherished trip short, but Helmut stayed happy about the whole thing, not sore a bit. "The other cities were so interesting," he explained, Pollyanna-like—only he really meant it.

Because if there's one thing that has absorbed Helmut Dantine since he hit these shores—and still does—it's America—all of it. He would rather become a regular American Joe than anything he can think of. For a while chewing gum threw him, and a lot of other quaint customs of Uncle Sam's nephews. But now he knows all about apple pie and cokes and jitterbugs and such. He still prefers wine with his meals, but he can down an American cocktail and wade into mashed potatoes, corn bread and gravy, and really like it. If you knew how Helmut likes to eat, you'd appreciate his sacrifices for his art that got him his first crack at movie fame.

That when he made the kitchen scene in "Mrs. Miniver" where he stumbled in half starved and ravenously wolfed some ham and milk that Greer Garson slipped him. They scheduled that take one day when Helmut made the mistake of stoking up on a large lunch. And he was very realistic, practically toying with his food. So they took it again. It was still only fair, so Helmut decided to get realistic in a big way. He didn't eat any dinner that night, no breakfast the next day and no lunch. When his scene came on again in the afternoon, he almost chewed off his own fingers.

He smoked a rugged pipe when he first came over and still does every now and then, but by now American cigarettes have him in their clutches. He's a sucker, too, for the American funnies—partly because Helmut thinks he can pick up more Americanism there than he'll ever find anywhere else in a month of Sunday supplements. Yep, "Lil Abner" is one of his favorites. Another course in Americana is the radio. He can really laugh now at Hope, Allen, and McCarthy. For a long, long time, though, Helmut just didn't get the gags.

Helmut wrote out his first citizenship papers three years ago, and he has just applied for the final tickets to Independence. When that happens—or maybe before, if Uncle Sam says so—Helmut Dantine will probably be trading those costumes of his for the real thing, U. S. A. design and model, government issue. Because he's healthy as a young goat. Helmut has always kept fit with regular exercise of some sort, horseback riding or tennis or boxing.

His major personal ambition is to rescue his family, still penned up in Naziland. He hears from them only through the Red Cross at the chatty rate of 25 words a month, and if there is anything that will ruffle his Continental calm it is thoughts of what is happening there. And things are always happening, it seems, to remind him of the past.

shadows of the past . . .

When Helmut made "Northern Pursuit" he came on the set one day to find a bit actor playing a German colonel in the Canadian concentration camp that featured part of that picture. Helmut thought the actor's face was familiar. Then he caught the guy's eye, and they both almost jumped out of their skins. Last time they'd seen each other was in a concentration camp in Austria before they'd escaped—and that wasn't acting—no indeed!

There was a time when his set life, being generally draped with all the trappings of Hitler's horrors, gave Helmut a turn in the tummy that made his work—well, not exactly a picnic. But he's got over that. In fact, the other day in "Passage to Marseille" he saw a prop work sheet pasted up on the set. It read, "Need two dozen helmuts." That's the way it was spelled, "helmuts"—but it meant those coal-scuttle things the Nazis wear.

Helmut ripped off the mis-spelled prop sheet, walked innocently up to Humphrey Bogart and waved the sheet.

"Don't you think one Helmut is enough for this picture?" he asked.

They chased him off the set after that one.

But it proves one thing: Helmut Dantine has been around America long enough by now to shake the Vienna Blues.

Any day now he'll be hep to Hollywood

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LOVE STORY

(*Continued from page 57*)

"Does it mean she's smart?"

"Of course—in the back and legs."

"In the head, too," crowed her ma. "Else how would she know about hanging on to the bars?"

Lana's got a long and exacting part to play in "Marriage Is a Private Affair." There's hardly a scene that doesn't require her presence. She's had no time off. So Nana and her mother hoard up the baby's doings and spread them out for her at night like so many jewels. She's inordinately grateful. Because suppose when she came home, hungry to hear about Cheryl, they were the kind who'd say: "Oh, she's fine. Period." Thank heaven they're not like that. Thank heaven they help her keep close to the baby.

Every day some new little something happens. It's like planting a tree—you know how you keep running out in the spring to watch the buds and the shoots and the leaves, and you hate to miss a day, because every day they look so different. This is the same, only so much more exciting. Of course they're all little things, even silly, maybe, to some people, but only to people who've never had a baby. Mothers, says Lana, will know exactly what she means—

Before starting work on the new picture, she'd been with Cheryl constantly. It was hard to break away. But when she got home that night, they had the most wonderful things to tell her.

Over the fireplace hangs a pastel of Lana, a gift from her fans. On a bond tour that took her to Seattle she'd met the girl who made it. Only 17 the girl was, and she'd done it from a black-and-white. But it looked as though Lana had sat for her for days.

Well, after she'd left that morning, her mother said to the baby: "Cheryl, where's Mommy?" And the baby looked around, kind of lost at first, then suddenly she was staring at the picture. She didn't do anything, didn't reach out or cry, just looked at it, then back again at her grandmother. Thinking maybe she was imagining things, Mrs. Turner asked her again: "Where's Mommy?" And the baby did exactly the same thing again, so it wasn't an accident. Now, even when Lana's holding her and they ask: "Where's Mommy?"—half the time she'll turn to look at the picture, before ducking her head into her Mommy's neck.

no greater love . . .

Parting is such sweet sorrow that Lana bids her daughter good-by 19 times each morning. The final good-by is a kiss blown from her palm. Nana used to lift Cheryl's palm to her mouth in return. Till that miraculous morning when the baby got ahead of her. Up went the little hand under its own steam and flattened itself against her face. Lana went out of her mind. She got to the studio late that morning.

On Sundays you couldn't pry her loose from the house, and her high holiday is Nana's Sunday off. Nothing to do but take care of her darling. Nana leaves about nine while Cheryl—who's been up since 6:15—is taking her nap. She's asleep when Lana tiptoes into her room.

There's no inch of that room that Lana doesn't know by heart and love. She and Steve started planning it as soon as they knew for sure that the baby was coming.

"I want it as feminine as possible—"

"But suppose it's a boy—"

"Well—he'll still be a baby, Steve, so he won't mind. And later, we can fix it

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THE silence in the living room was so deep that the ticking of the small desk clock sounded loud and sharp . . . the way it does in the middle of a sleepless night. That—and the rustle of Rod's newspaper were the only sounds in the room since dinner.

Bitterly, Enid remembered the happy evenings they once had shared. Now they shared nothing but the same roof . . . What had come between them?

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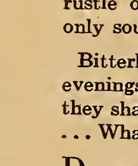
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up with sort of boy cut-outs—airplanes and cowboys and stuff."

Its wide windows, curtained in billowing white organdy, look out on terrace and lawn. The floor is blue congoleum, and before Cheryl came, the dimpled pink cherubs on the pale blue walls were all Lana's babies. She'd sit gazing at them—their small chubby backs, tipped with little-bitty gold wings, their adorable antics—one on his back, pushing hard with his foot against a fleecy cloud, one tugging manfully at the other end, two lazy rascals looking down from a cloud above, watching the other fellow sweat. She'd sit there, dreaming of the day when they'd bring delight to a real baby. She'd go over and touch the crib with its frisking lambs and bunnies and dream of a baby lying there who'd never be afraid of the dark, because if she woke at night—it was always "she" with Lana—little phosphorescent stars would twinkle down from the ceiling to keep her company. . . .

Now the dream's reality. There she lies in her crib, waking up. The auburn head stirs—it's auburn now, Lana's natural color, but it's coming in blonde. The fingers uncurl—they're slender and tapering. The dark brown lashes—thicker than they are long—lift over the smoke-blue eyes. Steve's eyes are brown, Lana's blue, so Cheryl compromised on dark blue. She took her nose and mouth, her transparent skin and the shape of her face from Lana. Her brows are Steve's—tilted just enough to be piquant. And she has his forehead. As a kid, Lana used to sit and push her hair back.

"What for?" Mrs. Turner would ask.

brow-beater . . .

"Oh, a woman looks so wonderful with a brow. But I might as well quit. All that happens is, my hair grows lower."

She still thinks a woman looks wonderful with a brow. Merle Oberon's fascinates her.

It's about 10:30 when the baby wakes up. Lana's first job—pleasure, to be more accurate—is to bathe her. She was scared the first time. Wouldn't have believed a child could be so slippery. Now she's a veteran.

"Wait till she gets too big for the bathinette and you have to stick her in a tub," warned a friend who has two. *"There's* a back-breaking job."

Lana smiled at the vision of Cheryl in a tub. "I don't know a nicer way to break one's back," she murmured.

Tub-time's followed by playtime. She's put into her little blue rocker that plays tunes, and she rocks away like mad. Music's already an important part of her life. For a while they had "Silent Night" coming out of their ears. Nancy Sinatra sent her a fuzzy white horse with a blue mane and tail and a red tongue. She loved him at sight, because the tongue stuck out and she could pull it. But not till she found he could sing "Silent Night" did the grand passion blaze. She fell asleep and woke up with him, stuck him under your nose 20 times a day and went "Nnnnn—" Meaning, "Wind him up, please."

Lately, she's taken to making her own music, though only a mother could call it that. Sits at the piano and pounds. Thinks she's a genius. Turns and throws you this broad smile, this silly adorable grin. Lana's always torn between the enchantment of that grin and the fear that she'll hurt her pink, unbelievably fragile, doll hands.

At 12:30 comes the business of "Eat your mush, darling." (To Lana, born in Idaho, hot cereal will always be mush.) Cheryl prefers her bottle. She waves the mush aside and makes a grab for the milk. But Lana's always firm. She doesn't want her Cheryl to be spoiled, and she is very conscious of the fact that love and over-

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indulgence are two different things. So Miss Crane doesn't get her bottle till the mush disappears.

A nap till 2:30, a bottle at 3. (Lana can rattle the time-table off in her sleep.) Then, if the weather's nice, an outing in her carriage. Of all the lovely dresses that hang in her wardrobe, she's never worn one. "If you want her to look just darling," the doctor said, "put her in dresses. If you want her to be comfortable, keep her out of them." So she wears little silk or challis sacques over her shirt, and soakers over her diapers. Mrs. Turner knits the soakers, with sweaters to match, for cold weather. Of course she looks just darling in anything—or nothing—but extra-darling in blue. It brings out the transparency of her skin. Of course yellow is lovely, too. And in white she's gorgeous.

Born in California, she's no true daughter of the Chamber of Commerce. Wrinkles her eyes against the sun. The breeze is her baby. She gurgles at the movement it makes in the willows and the way it drops olives off the olive-tree. She should worry if the gardener has to spend half his time sweeping them off the lawn.

Back in the house she's ready to be entertained, and she does mean entertained. Gone are the days when you could just wave a toy at her. Now you have to work. Many's the time Lana's clapped her hands red, playing pattycake. But even that's high adventure. Because at first Cheryl's hands would cling to her as she clapped, then suddenly one day she started clapping all by herself. . . .

When things like that happen, Lana's squeals can be heard all over the house. Everyone comes running and the excitement's good for half an hour.

"You're my wonderful baby. Do you know how wonderful you are?"

By which time Cheryl's blowing bubbles or going after the phone. If you call Lana's house and the line's busy, it's likely to be Cheryl on the phone. She's modern that way. Doesn't make dates yet, just crazy to take the receiver off the hook. You let her take it off once, then try to sneak her attention into other channels. "Nnnnn," she says firmly. So you put it back on—and she takes it off again. This goes on till one of you's had enough, and it isn't Cheryl.

At 7 she's fed and sponged and oiled and put to bed with the lambs and the bunnies. Lana gives her the smooth blue rattle she likes best because she can't get her mouth around it, but some day she will, by golly, if persistence counts. The lights are turned out, and the stars in Cheryl's ceiling began to twinkle, and a soft kiss is dropped on the brow that a woman looks so wonderful with. And two minutes later

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Pvt. Francis Haverty, Carlisle Barracks, Carlisle, Pa., is an autograph hound extraordinary!

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Cpl. Sam Greenberg

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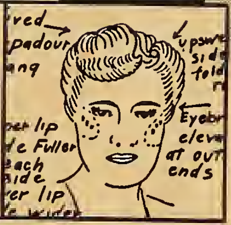

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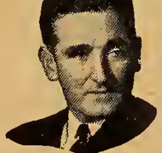

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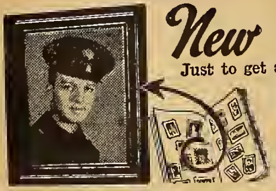
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Just to get acquainted, we will beautifully enlarge your favorite snapshot, photo, Kodak picture, print or negative to 5x7 inches, if you enclose this ad with a 3c stamp for return mailing. Please include color of hair and eyes and get our new Bargain Offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike colors and sent on approval. Your original returned with your enlargement. Send today.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 81S, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

3¢ STAMP

REDUCE 3 to 5 Pounds a Week Yet EAT Plenty!

USERS SAY

Physician's Wife: "I lost 15 pounds in 24 days."

Mrs. C. M., Ithaca, N. Y.: "My hips were 53 inches; now measure 43 inches. I feel like a new person. I like the taste also. MY DOCTOR SAYS IT WAS O. K."

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685 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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MODERN SCREEN'S FASHION GUIDE

(*Continued from page 61*)

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16. Four's a family
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18. Upped morale abroad
19. Just back from Chungking
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(*Answers on page 117*)

MAKE-UP
CREATED
BY THE
MEN
WHO
MAKE UP
THE
HOLLYWOOD
STARS

Ann Sheridan
star of the Warner Bros. picture "SHINE ON HARVEST MOON"

Perc Westmore director of make-up at Warner Bros. studio in Hollywood, making up Ann Sheridan with House of Westmore Make-up.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make up the Hollywood stars but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. House of Westmore offers the perfect make-up. It gives you a lovely, attractive beauty—goes on smoothly and really stays on. You will like the fine texture and fashionable shades of Westmore Make-up.

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(*Answers on page 117*)

MAKE-UP CREATED BY THE MEN WHO MAKE UP THE HOLLYWOOD STARS
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star of the Warner Bros. picture "SHINE ON HARVEST MOON"
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Regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

House of WESTMORE MAKE-UP

25c and 50c at toilet goods counters.

Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

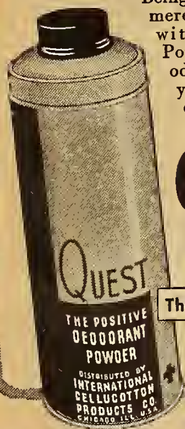
For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, *a powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

. . . created especially for this purpose —QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending.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Curb them each month with . . .

Kurb TABLETS

A KOTEX PRODUCT

COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!

Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

Good for headaches, too

"THE FILTHY FOUR"

(Continued from page 35)

good food in restaurants, hearing people talk of a distant war instead of one just over the hill. Seeing guys walking around in sport clothes instead of mud-streaked O.D. Seeing women night clubbing in silks and satins instead of bandaging wounded soldiers all night in evacuation hospitals while the earth shook.

Yep, it was strange. Because for the three months before that Humphrey Bogart and his wife and a couple of other guys had traveled 35,000 miles in planes, trains, boats, jeeps, trucks and what have you up around where the going was rugged, to hand Uncle Sam's soldiers a laugh or two and maybe a nostalgic whiff of that good old U. S. A. which they longed for plenty, each after his own fashion—like the G. I. at the Volturno river bridge—

a whiff of home . . .

He was jammed in an Army traffic squeeze stretching for miles back of this bridge, the only one Jerry had missed blowing sky-high in his retreat up Italy. It was gray dawn, but his sharp eyes recognized the guy huddled in the open command car while the bucketing rain bounced off his helmet. He leaned out of the cab of his truck and tilted back his own helmet to reveal the map of a typical U. S., city-raised, down-by-the-gas-works hard cookie.

"Hey!" he yelled to the command car. "Ain't you Humphrey Bogart?"

"You've got me, Pal!" admitted Bogie.

"Well, whaddya know! One of the boys—and way out here in Italy! Say, whatta you hear from the mob, Bogie? How's Rosetti? Can he beat da rap?" His face was anxious.

Bogie caught the act like a shortstop grabs a bounder. He put on his best gangster face and growled,

"If he don't sing, he's a cinch!"

"And what about Lousy Louie, an' Willie the Rat an' Lepke—say, what about Lepke?"

"Oh," barked Bogie, "he'll burn. He'll burn!"

"Just what I t'ought! Cheez, it's great to get news from the good old U. S. A.!" Just then the whistles blew, engines raced and gears clashed. Tires spun in the mud, and the driver had to move on. "So long, Bo!" he yelled happily over the din; "—and t'anks!"

"Okay, Kid," shouted Bogie. "Take it easy!"

That was a memory. Then there was the soldier in the hospital in Naples. A young kid like the one who lives next door with a boyish face and fair skin that might have been rosy once but was gray now and lined with worry. He was trying to tell a nurse writing a letter for him what to say to the girl he was supposed to marry when he got back home.

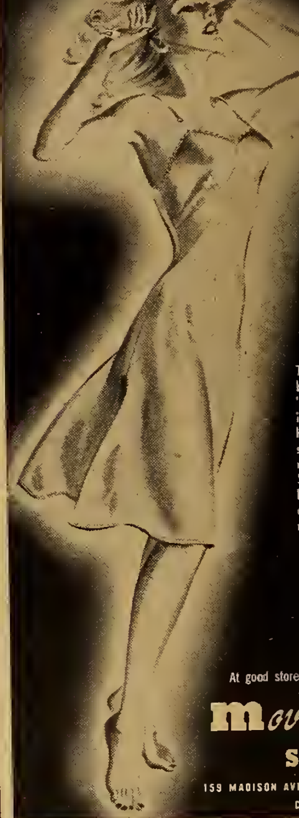
"What I can't figure out," he was saying to the nurse when Bogie and Mayo passed by, "is *how* to tell her." How to tell her that both his legs were gone and an arm, too.

Or the doughboy right up behind the lines sitting in a tent bawling like a baby when Bogie ducked in. A big man he was, built like a varsity tackle.

"Don't know why I'm bawling," sobbed the soldier, "but I just can't help it!" He'd just come from 3 days' fighting. Bogie stayed with him until he slept before he dragged out his own handkerchief.

And the other memories. The Arab

IN A SLIP IT'S "*Good Behavior*" THAT COUNTS



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went "B-r-r-r-r-r!" like a machine gun when they saw him. The German prisoners who said, "Ach—Cinema, cinema!" The soldiers who sighed, "Do you *really* know Betty Grable?" The ones who came bashfully up to present Mayo with their treasures, battle souvenirs, keepsakes that she didn't have the heart to refuse. Funny ones like the Fascists big-shot's silk sash with the tassels that the guys made Bogie wear so they could howl at him—and the Mussolini maternity medal with 12 stars for 12 babies they handed Bogie for a gag!

And the soldiers who were anxious about how things were back home—when there they were ready to catch a bullet the next day. "How are things back in the States? Are the home folks backing us up?" And, "Think they'll try to sneak over Prohibition while we're away?"

Yep, a movie star who has been over there where it's going on comes back with a lot of memories—funny ones, sad ones. He sees sights he'll never forget, and when he comes home, he gets surprised all over again—but in a different way. He sees a garbage truck rolling down the avenue, for instance, loaded with waste food (like Humphrey did the first day he hit Hollywood), and he shakes his head and asks his wife, "Can you imagine what would happen to that truck in Naples?" It would be stripped in a few minutes—eaten up by hungry Italians, that's what.

But Humphrey Bogart didn't go overseas with any message for the soldiers. He made a point not to. And he makes a point that he hasn't come back with any message for the home folks, except for a Red Cross fund-raising short. All I want to tell is about a trip that happens to a Hollywood star once in a lifetime, although Bogie would like it to happen again soon. It was a trip that cost Bogie ten pounds of the flesh he hasn't much of and countless hours of sleep, countless units of energy, discomforts a movie star seldom runs into—but which paid dividends in heart tugs, memories and satisfactions that all the gold in Hollywood couldn't buy, if you could sell things like that.

the bogarts go native . . .

They called themselves "The Filthy Four," and they weren't kidding, because they carried lice powder and used it. They went for days without a bath or a shave or clean underwear. They traveled in jeeps and command cars without springs, over shell-pocked roads when they were up front and had their teeth shaken loose, and they hitch-hiked rides in fighter planes and bombers to get from sector to sector. They traveled with full equipment—helmets, raincoats, galoshes, blankets, dufflebags, flashlights and water canteens. The ate C-rations and K-rations and Spam and Vienna sausages and powdered eggs until a leaf of lettuce, a hamburger and a cup of good coffee loomed like caviar and champagne. They slept on coats over mud in tents or on straw pallets in abandoned Italian villas, and they rustled for cold hotel rooms when they hit a town. And at that they felt pampered because the soldiers had it easily ten times as rough.

That was the style of the "Filthy Four" —Humphrey Bogart, Mayo Methot, his wife and two New York entertainers, Don Cumming and Ralph Hark—all the way on the 35,000 mile trip. Mayo and Bogie had volunteered through the Hollywood Victory Committee for the USO-Camp Shows tour, of course, and when the going got particularly rugged, when, for instance, they woke up in the icy dawn to face a rainy day bumping over cavernous roads with only cold Spam in their tummies, or something equally bleak, Bogie would hang up a gag sign in the tent, one he'd printed for just such occasions . . . "*Idle Talk Caused This!*" There was another sign Bogie made up, too. He used it as a gag with the G.I.'s to apologize for a not very glamorous backdrop for the entertainment, like—say, the back end of a truck for a stage, "*If you Think This Trick Stinks—Applaud Anyway!*" it suggested.

The Filthy Four got together in New York, where Bogie and Mayo flew right after "Passage to Marseille" had wound up at Warners'. They made their first ocean hop—29 hours—in a big Army Transport Command plane to Natal, West Africa, and that was when Bogie first realized he was in for some new experiences.

They'd barely left Miami before one of the passengers, a young Army officer, came up to Bogie.

"Are you," he asked, "a short-snorter?"

"Why, no," replied Bogie pleasantly. He'd heard vaguely about short-snorters but he wasn't exactly clear just what they were. He found out on the spot.

"Hand over one buck!" demanded the officer. Bogie did, and as there were 31 short-snorters aboard, he handed over 31 bucks. Then Mayo got the same treatment, so that in a few minutes the Bogarts were out $62! Sadder but wiser, from then on they kept their own short-snorter bills within quick and easy reach, even took them to bed with them—when they could find a bed.

The Bogies discovered something else, too, on that first hop—that ocean hops in these Army days aren't exactly joy-

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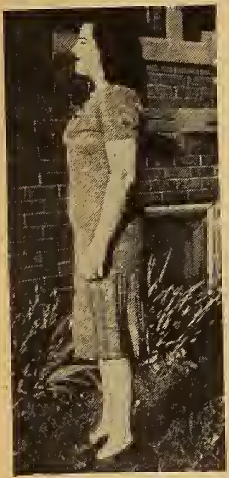

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rides. First time Bogie pulled out a cigarette—and he's a steady smoker—there was that sign: "No Smoking!" When he went into the lavatory to scrub his teeth, the plane decided to drop 700 feet in a pocket, and he practically bit his hand off. And when he first tried to eat—well, his stomach wasn't having any.

But Humphrey's air discomforts were as nothing compared to Mayo's. Bogie has flown here and there at times, but Mayo has always looked on planes with rank suspicion, to put it mildly. In fact, they scare her to death, and she makes no bones about it. Mental sufferings are always the worst, and it's to Mayo's credit that she lived in and out of planes for three months and survived without a nervous breakdown. Because one worry piled on another.

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Dear Fans:
I know most of your mail these days is addressed to an APO number. Of course, that's the way it should be, but there's no G.I. anywhere that gets a greater kick out of mail than I do. So if you've got a moment during the month, please do scrawl a quick note, just to say hello and to ask whatever you'd like to know about movie people or movie-making. (Only please make your questions specific—and don't forget to include your return address.) You know, there's a world of information available to me that you can't get your hands on. Below are a few of the questions most often asked this month. What's yours, huh? And do you know how to write me? It's just INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Beverly

Frank Curry and George Shearer—Forest Hills, N. Y. . . . *HOW LONG IS IT SINCE JEAN HARLOW'S DEATH?* June 7, 1937, was the date of Jean's death. Seems hard to believe that it's seven years already—doesn't it?

Doris and Lila Litchenstein . . . *DOES SINATRA REALLY WANT FANS' PICTURES IN RETURN FOR HIS OWN?* Uh-huh—he has over 26,000 already, and gets fighting mad when fans don't live up to their part of the bargain. Jackie Gimmler, B'klyn, N. Y. . . .

WHERE DID VAN JOHNSON GET THAT BRACELET HE ALWAYS WEARS? WHAT'S ON IT? Van's St. Christopher bracelet is a gift from June Havoc. It's engraved with his name, social security number and nickname—"Swede."

First off, she noticed the pilot of the big transport plane fingertipping the controls, leaning back now and then, and talking with the crew and not getting a bit hot and bothered about herding the big crate. The only piloting Mayo had ever seen up close was her husband, Bogie, or some other camera sky-hawk, wrestling in a desperate Dick Dauntless fashion with the controls, tugging around and knocking himself out in some desperate scenario situation. "Do you think he's flying it all right?" she would ask Bogie. "Look—he isn't even steering!" "I'll show him how," Bogie would crack.

HAIRTAINER TIMES

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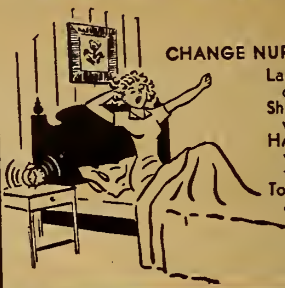

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with a grin, "From Take Number Six!"

no magic carpet . . .

The Bogarts, especially Mayo, never got entirely plane happy, in the literal sense of that word, although if they weren't climbing in one plane they were tumbling out of another, it seemed. From Natal to Dakar, to Marrakeech to Algiers to Casablanca to Naples to here and to there. They had plenty of wild rides, but the wildest took place one late afternoon from Naples to Foggia. That is, wild in Mayo's vivid imagination.

That day they were supposed to ride in a B-17, but something went wrong with the schedules. (Something often goes wrong with schedules when you're up near where the bullets fly.) Their only chance to make it to Foggia in time to throw a show for the boys was to "sweat out a ride" on a B-25 medium bomber. In Italy you "sweat out" everything you do; it's one of those Army expressions. But this time nobody was fooling. At least in Mrs. Bogart's mind.

First something went wrong with the communication system, and the pilot worked out some signals to the crewman in the rear. He told Mayo, "When I touch you, you touch Humphrey, then have him touch So-and-so" to communicate the signal. Mayo was so anxious to do it right that when she got touched, she whammed Bogie and knocked the wind out of him!

They flew over Pompeii, the ancient Roman city of ruins. But Bogie didn't get a good gander. So he asked, "Can you fly a little nearer? I didn't get a good look." That was all the pilot needed. He dropped a few hundred feet on a 50-degree bank, and Mayo's heart stuck in her throat. She could see herself landing on a marble pillar with Roman ruins wrapped around her neck. But the worst moment came when they started to land. There above the Foggia field their pilot circled around a pattern of P-38's in formation, which is something like playing tag with a swarm of bees. And Mayo heard the soldier on the radiophone signal to the field. "We're out of gas . . . out of gas . . . out of gas."

It was only after she had staggered weakly out on the air field that Mayo had strength to remark, "Lucky we made it—with you being out of gas. I thought we'd crash for sure."

"Oh that," said the soldier with the earphones. "We had plenty of gas, Mrs. Bogart. I just didn't want to wait around up there for a landing signal. When you're out of gas, they let you come right in." Mayo almost swooned.

There was never a dull moment for the Bogies with thrills packed into every day. Thrills like staying at the Anfa Hotel in Casablanca, where Churchill and Roosevelt met. Or like going down into the wicked Kasbah at Algiers with an Army provost marshal and two MP's. (They never saw Hedy Lamarr or Charles Boyer anywhere!) And the thrill of watching a couple of plain, unheroic looking muddy little Yanks drawn up in battlefield review to receive citations for outstanding heroism under fire. A million thrills like that every minute.

But the greatest thrills of all to Humphrey Bogart and his crew were the kicks they got every time they put a show on for the Yanks—whether it was in a big barracks or at a dinky battle outpost set up in the Italian mud. Those were the times Bogie got paid off with genuine appreciation—the stuff money can't ever get you—and in person.

It wasn't a polished, slick act the Filthy Four gave the boys. There were lots of comic cut-ups with Don Cumming, and Ralph Hark joked and squeezed his accordion and Mayo sang a bunch of songs she used to sing on Broadway, and Bogie tried card tricks that flopped crazily and the boys socked each other around the stage. But mostly it was just Bogie standing up there and ribbing himself and letting the G.I.'s rib him too—seeing if he could come back with some fast answers that would hand them laughs. He usually started out with "Duke Mantee's" tough speech from "The Petrified Forest," Bogie's first Hollywood hit.

"Now everybody stay where you are, see?" he'd snarl.

"We'll have a little music—see?—and some laughs . . ." and so on. Then Bogie started kidding his own killer reputation. "What I'm really over here for," he'd tell them, "is to get me a new mob. The draft took all my best rod-men. Anybody want to get in on the racket?" There'd be yells at this and ribbing. One kid piped up, "Say—there's something *I'd* like to know. How in h—— can you shoot an automatic pistol for thirty shots in one of those movie gun fights and never reload?"

kicking the gag around . . .

"S-h-h-" Bogie'd reply. "That's it, kid—that's my secret weapon. It's gonna win the war!"

Or he'd be confidential. "Now listen, guys. I'm gonna let you in on the real, inside dope. I got secret information. You want to know where you're going next?" Sure they wanted to know where they were going. Rumors buzzed around like flies all the time. There'd be a hush in the audience then. "Well," stage-whispered Bogie, "I gotta be cagey about

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this. But you remember I made a picture called 'Casablanca'? And where did you guys go right after that? Uh-huh! Well, I just finished one called 'Passage to Marseille.' Get it? But don't tell anybody!" There'd be roars at this.

rick's bar . . .

They had most all seen Bogie's pictures, and they had questions: "Say, did you run across Rick's Bar when you were in Casablanca?" Matter of fact, Bogie did—although it was a far cry from the glamorous den of his Academy Award picture. Bogie's pilot dropped down on the Casablanca airport one night to fill up with gas. "Just got fifteen minutes here," he told Bogie. "But how about a drink at Rick's Bar?" They walked to a tiny shack where an officer was tending bar, such as it was—a plank across a couple of stools. "The flyers fixed this up," he said "and called it 'Rick's Bar' for some reason or other." He didn't know. He wasn't a movie fan. Bogie didn't say anything.

But maybe the biggest kick concerned with his Hollywood screen killer past was the nightly broadcast from Berlin. *Herr* Goebbels took Bogie's tour seriously and Sally, "the B—— of Berlin," as the G.I.'s called her, took him up as a pet propaganda subject. Sally is a German gal with an American accent who plays the piano and then launches into a program intended to simply devastate Uncle Sam's troops. They tune in on Sally for the belly laughs she hands them trying to be a poison voice when she's only absurd. Anyway, Sally chirped out one night after her usual "Hello, Suckers! And now what do you red-blooded Yanks think," cracked Sally, "about Hollywood sending over a phoney movie gangster killer to show you guys how to be tough? How do you like that? Ha-ha-ha!" The same line was dished out in Jerry's army magazine (comparable to our "Stars and Stripes") so Bogie knew it was official from Goebbels' headquarters. To be honored as a Public Enemy of Hitler's Gang, he considered a high distinction indeed.

If I went into where all Bogie, Mayo and the Filthy Four went and what they did, I'd have to write a book. And besides maybe some of it's a military secret. But they did get up to where they could hear the shells whanging and through glasses see the tanks shooting it out. They met that famous Italian guy, "Al Recovero," but the meeting was social, not business. "Al Recovero" is really quite a character in Italy, Bogie discovered. All the G.I.'s know him. He means something like "Bomb Shelter" in our lingo. But the boys have long ago made a gent out of him. They write after the signs: "Al Recovero for Mayor!" and "How you doin', Al?"

Once "Al Recovero," for Bogie and his comedy crew, was a villa up where the shooting was hot and heavy. They put on a show there one afternoon, the day after shells had knocked out all the windows, and the day after they left, more Jerry shells made powder out of the place for keeps. That was as close as they came to being under fire. They never got bombed, although escorting officers kept cracking, "Bear with us, please. We'll get you bombed yet!"

"Wish you'd arrange it, boys," Bogie would crack. "How can I go back to Hollywood without being bombed just once. I'll never be able to face the mob!"

icing meringue and bayonets . . .

Fact was, about the greatest personal danger Bogie encountered on the trip was last Christmas night. Christmas is Humphrey's birthday, and Mayo happened

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to make a crack in an afternoon show that "it was the first birthday of Bogie's I haven't baked him a cake!" Well, that night right in the middle of the act, an Army cook and his helpers marched up the aisle with the biggest block-buster cake you ever saw, with the works—icing, meringue, even "Happy Birthday" all over it. Bogie was really touched. He couldn't say anything for a minute. Then he made his big mistake.

"Any of you guys got a bayonet or knife or something to cut this with?" he yelled. "Bring me one and then come and get your piece of cake!"

Well, a couple of hundred bayonets and trench knives bore down on Bogie in no time flat along with a few hundred cake-hungry soldiers, and Mayo thought it was all over for Bogie. The last she saw of him he was being swept down the field, cake and all, with steel sticking all around him! But he survived. Maybe because he's so tough—the softie!

In fact, by that time Bogie and all the F.F. were pretty rugged in spite of no green goods, fresh fruits or meat and the killer-diller tour schedule. Most of their shows were set up any old place, with a couple of G.I. trucks backed together for a stage, and they kept physically fit setting up the props and mentally alert figuring up in *lire* and other foreign dough their U.S.O. expenses; "worrying," as Bogie recalled, "far into the very night over what happened to five bucks!"

Maybe the oddest stage they ever did their stuff on was in the harbor at Dakar. There, after a diet of C-rations, Mayo rashly stated she'd give an extra show for a steak. The naval officers at the station came through, so that night three destroyers anchored together and gobs hung off the rigging while the Filthy Four put on the longest show of the tour. It was there, too (but on the way to Italy), that Bogie got his present official service rating—"Second Class Seaman." In the last war, Humphrey was a real Navy Seaman, First Class. The sailors knew this, so to make him more matey they *demoted* him a stripe. Then they stencilled his rank all over his luggage, so that from then on, wandering around Army outfits, Bogie drew baffled looks from Yanks with that "Humphrey Bogart, Seaman Second Class" label.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Among the few sailing from Cannes, late summer of '38, were Don and Honore Ameche. We were ferried out to the Rex in a small launch, and all of us were parcel-free . . . that is, all except Don. He took the gangplank ahead of me and could manage neither his hat nor his bundles because of the swaying, to say nothing of his feet. By the time he'd reached the elevator in the ship's foyer, he had lost not only his self-composure, but what was worse, his wife. And as the elevator door clamped shut, he wailed, "My wife . . . where's my wife? I don't know what I'm supposed to do or where I'm supposed to do it!" And then, with his load threatening to follow the course of gravity, he moaned, "Damn it! Where is my wife!"

Mrs. Eleanor Thoresen,
Providence, R. I.

Luggage, by the way, was almost as much of a problem as those tricky expense accounts in Italian *lira.* When they flew (which was practically always), the baggage limit was 55 pounds. The bags were almost always getting lost, too, in the shuffle, and that was tragic, because they carried only absolute necessities. One necessity to Mayo was, believe it or not, *snoods,* and I'll have to tell a story on Bogie about that:

When they were packing for the tour, Bogie saw Mayo putting some fancy snoods in her bag. He blew up. "If there's anything more God-awful on a woman than a snood, I don't know what it is!" he yelped. He went pretty thoroughly into the horrors of snoods in general and practically promised Mayo he'd sue for divorce if he ever caught her in one. Just the same, when he wasn't looking, Mayo slipped in the snoods.

million miles from antoine's . . .

Well, one evening in a tent in Italy, as good as a million miles from a beauty shop, Mayo had to make herself as pretty as a lady can who has to wear long underwear to keep warm. The immediate problem was her hair. "There's no one else to do it," she told Bogie. "You'll have to."

"Me," shouted Bogie. *"Me*—do your hair—are you nuts?"

But Mayo was right. He had to do it, else she'd look like the Medusa or something with the rain and the mud and the marks of a helmet pressed down all day. It took a full hour of sweating misery for Bogie to play a grudging Guilaroff, and at the end he was a whipped spouse. "Why in the world didn't you bring along those snoods!" he yelped. You could see the guy was desperate.

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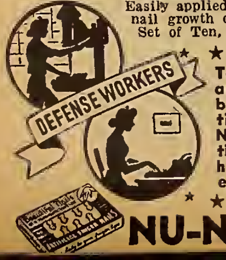

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NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Will not harm nor soften natural nails. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DEFENSE WORKERS

To protect your nails against injury—infection, breaking or discoloration, always wear NU-NAILS! Marvelous protection for defense workers, housewives — women everywhere.

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NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS

"I thought you couldn't stand snoods."

"Snoods? Why, if they'll get me off this job, I'm crazy about snoods. I'm in love with snoods. They're my favorite articles!" Almost raving he was, so Mayo dug in her bag and brought them out. And she wore them all the rest of the time without a peep from Bogie.

But around camp shows, Mayo never let a snood or anything else hide her blond hair because she discovered that the mere sight of a blond female head was enough to make Yanks in Latinland swoon. "Mi-gosh!" they'd cry. "A white woman! A real, American blonde!" It was that way at the hospital, too, where it was hardest to act like a gay American blonde or anything else—where Humphrey Bogart had to be twice as gruff and hard-boiled to kid himself because that's the way a hard guy who is soft underneath always acts when he would like to bawl.

But inside the hospitals you'd never have guessed Bogart was a softie. In fact, those were the places where he wisecracked and kidded most. Nobody squirms under sympathy more than a soldier casualty, and Bogie knew that. He'd come up to a patient with his legs in a cast—hoisted up in pulleys.

"What you got there, soldier—a Rube Goldberg? Where does the mouse come out and ring the bell?" he'd crack. Or he'd see a Yank with a badly burned leg. "What's that—a new kind of hotfoot?" "Doc" Bogart they began calling him, the morale medic.

Well—I could go on and on. But I guess the best way to wind this up is to say that it was with a flock of memories that will never fade that the Filthy Four finally climbed aboard a plane in West Africa for the hop to America. All the Hollywood people they'd met overseas, Joe E. Brown, Captain John Huston, Lieutenant John Carroll and the other entertainers whose paths crossed theirs envied them, sighed wistfully and told Bogie and Mayo what to tell whom back home. And the G.I.'s, too, had a thousand messages to be delivered to a thousand scattered moms and sweethearts and pals.

Yep, it was a thrill at last to be heading home. The Army officers tossed a farewell dinner for Bogie and his troupe, and they had a big evening.

But when the plane took off, Bogie felt as depressed and low as a snake in a swamp, and he couldn't tell exactly why. Except that he felt somehow like he was leaving his best pals behind. He perked up when he saw the lights of New York, and it was swell to tear into a real American steak again.

no other word for it . . .

And when he was back aboard the "Sluggy" at Balboa in California, resting up, he remembered something he'd read by William Faulkner about the horrors of a nation "playing host to a war," and he remembered, too, the Army kid overseas, who said, "The one thing I'm glad about this war is that we're fighting it over here and not at home!"

"You can say that again!" Bogie had replied. And now that he's back home, he realizes more than ever what true talk that was.

But while Humphrey Bogart is glad to be back on the job, he has a craving to get going again, too—that's what a trip like his does to a movie star or to anyone else. When you see it with your own eyes, you want to be a part of it, every way you can, or you don't rest easy.

So if Bogie starts packing again one of these days, don't say I didn't tell you. But he'll have to make a couple of pictures first. Just so he won't forget how.

Miracle Grip

Featherweight

STYLE your hair in a flirtatious fashion . . . down, up, long, short. Then safeguard its lasting loveliness with MIRACLE GRIP by Phillips, exclusive featherweight head-hugger. Locks hair stubbornly. Teeth will not spread. Secures any hair texture. Colors: Shell, amber, crystal, brownette and jet. Sold at beauty salons, chain stores, everywhere, 25c per card, two combs on each card—or write to

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

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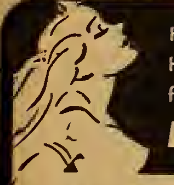
Only a woman who has suffered with bad skin can know what joy came over me when I awoke to see my face so fresh, clear and smooth again. It seemed like a miracle! If YOU have pimples, blackheads, big pores, oily skin eruptions and ugly spots (externally caused). don't fool around with greasy, messy make-shift. Let NATURE help you. Use my private secret skin formula. See its amazing effects start overnight. I call it NATURE'S BALM OF BALSAM. Try it for seven nights. If it doesn't beat anything you ever tried send back and get your money. This may seem too good to be true, but the test will tell. My MONEY-BACK guarantee protects you. SEND NO MONEY, unless you wish. "When the postman delivers, pay only $2.00 plus charges for big special double size. Orders with $2.00 cash mailed charges prepaid." See if you don't bless the day you found NATURE'S BALM OF BALSAM. Write today—NOW! Miss ALMA, 103 Park Avenue, Suite 29-E, New York City, New York.



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Or send 25¢ plus 5¢ for tax and postage. State color of hair, Hatone Co., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

BOTH ONLY 25¢

KEEP THOSE HONEYMOON HANDS

(*Continued from page 67*)

applied while the first is still wet. Lucille (the impatient type) fixes herself up by applying one coat at night, the other next morning. She adds a third coat a day or two later. Not only does this glorify nails . . . but it reinforces them, makes them more shock-proof. Your choice is apt to go to bright, clear reds in polishes, but if you prefer a deeper shade, nothing should keep you from it. With a good topcoat, the manicure will last and last.

It's an artistic thought to team your nail polish and lipstick. And, listen, you don't have to be a Michaelangelo to do this. A bright manufacturer has done it for you. The set is housed in a gay green and rose-bedecked box, a real tournament of roses. It holds lipstick, polish, a base coat for nails . . . and, what's more, a wind-milled, blending face powder.

Polish Pointers. Conservation, you say? Well, suggests Bonita Granville, a slick idea to keep costume jewelry from tarnishing is to coat it with colorless nail polish. She adds that you should wash the pieces thoroughly before painting them with the polish. Protection is practically absolute. An excellent hint, what? Another brightie: Lacquer the tortoise-shell or plastic frames on your specs and sun glasses to match your fingertips. Polish doesn't harm the frames, and shades may be changed at your slightest whim with a dab of remover.

Hand Talk. For 1944 it's good-by to clutching claws, slithery nail-do's, hands flabby as goldfish tails or so stiff they resemble Charley McCarthy's. Hands aren't just tongs and prongs to work with. Don't be jittery, don't bite your nails. Use a dash of psychology on yourself. Treat yourself to a handsome manicure . . . you'll be less apt to gnaw at it. Perspiring hands often come from nervousness, of course, but you might try a little antiperspirant by way of local first-aid. When you want to pretty your hands for dress parade, try this fool-the-eye trick. Wear a little foundation cream or tinted powder base such as you use before powdering your face.

Conservative You. Six final pointers to save your precious manicure fixin's: (1) Keep bottles upright so polish won't leak out. (2) Find a cool spot to keep them in—the stuff will be good to the last precious drop. (3) Drain brush against neck of bottle before using, to guard against waste. (4) Wipe outside neck of bottle with tissue before screwing the cap on. If neck is clogged, the cap will not screw on tightly . . . polish will evaporate. (5) Use a colorless polish-shield on your nails to prolong wear. (6) To conserve polish remover: saturate cotton and press it against the nail for several minutes. Do this with each nail, before you begin the actual job of removing. Three "dips" of the remover should be enough to do a complete job.

Hand-some Ending. Follow these rules and you'll win, hands down, in romance. If there's any particular digit-problem or beauty puzzler that's fretting you, just scrawl off a missive with your neatly manicured hands . . . the solution's practically in the mail Address it: Carol Carter, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Good-by now, we've just discovered a chip in our own nail polish that calls for immediate action

TODAY THE DAY?

Give yourself this EXTRA SANITARY PROTECTION!

SAN-NAP-PAK is made with an exclusive pink "Layer of Protection," to guard against accidents. How you'll appreciate that extra margin of safety when you're away from home—especially at the office! Try SAN-NAP-PAK on your difficult "first day"—and experience the wonderful feeling of comfort and security this napkin gives you!

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1. SAN-NAP-PAK is cotton-faced for extra comfort—*stays soft* as you wear it!
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UNBREAKABLE APPLICATOR
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IT'S EASY to fashion your lips exactly as you want them . . . with TIPSTIK. The clever, pencil-pointed applicator is just right for precise lip lines, and you'll say goodbye to smears, ragged edges, messy fingers. Lips stay fresh looking for hours, and every last bit of the rouge, in its gleaming black plastic container, can be used up. For new lip beauty, Hollywood style, ask for TIPSTIK.

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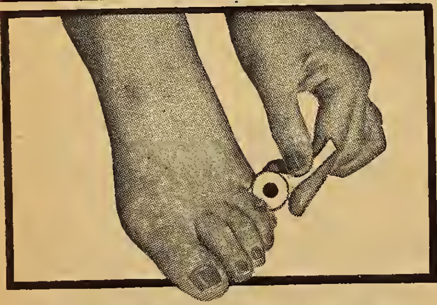

SAY GOODBYE TO THAT

CORN!

● It's just common sense to realize that "whittling" a corn gets only the *top*, usually leaves the hard core behind. Don't do it! Instead, use medicated Blue-Jay! For Blue-Jay not only gives instant relief from pain by lifting off pressure, but the Blue-Jay medication gently softens, loosens the corn, so it can be easily removed—*with the hard, imbedded core!*

Don't go on suffering. Try Blue-Jay! Get it at any drug or toilet goods counter today.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"DAYS OF GLORY"

(STORY)

(*Continued from page 40*)

soldiers on motorcycles were drawing inevitably closer.

The wagon jarred over a dip, swept into the narrow neck of land that lay between the two wings of the forest and then curved sharply to the right. The sound of the motorcycles grew loud as they approached the forest-guarded bottleneck; then over the roar of the machines came the crack of rifle shot. One of the motorcycles careened crazily, its rider slumped forward over the handlebars and then slipped sprawling to the earth in the unmistakable, sack-like posture of the dead. Another shot followed rapidly; a third. The second rider seemed to stiffen in his seat; for a moment he raised his hands in terrible surprise to his blood-spattered face, and then, with a queer, jerking, convulsive movement, he fell, tumbling forward, rolling in a misshapen heap in the rutted dirt road. Finally, he lay still; still as the first, still as the dead.

lady guerrilla . . .

A figure rose from the dark shaded forest. The dim light held and glinted very softly on the barrel of a rifle. A hand rose and waved and then paused to slip back the hood of the camouflage cape. Blonde hair tumbled free. The hand waved again; slim-fingered, feminine. A girl. . . .

Guerrillas!

Headquarters was the ruins of what once had been an ancient cloister. Here in the tumbled slabs, they lived and worked, killed and hoped . . . and waited. Underground, under the ruined building, the tiny rooms that had been the cells of the long dead monks, held strange company.

"Two Germans?" Semyon asked.

Sasha said excitedly: "Yes. I saw it. You should have seen them tumble to the ground like sacks of straw. She's deadly, our Yelena, she . . ."

The girl Yelena nodded wearily: "Yes, two. Two less now. Is Vladimir back yet?"

Something stirred at the doorway. They all turned tensely. Sasha was reaching for one of the guns stacked against the wall. Then the door opened, and the man stood revealed in the flood of light. He was tall, but he was built so broad in the shoulders that he appeared almost stocky. He was young, but his eyes were old, tired now and always watchful.

"Vladimir!" Semyon cried.

They sprang around him, and you could see it in their faces: the trust, the love and respect they had for him. They flung questions at him: ". . . what did they say at headquarters . . ." ". . . can we expect an attack soon . . ." ". . . what did they think of how we blew the bridge . . ." ". . . Yelena killed two today . . ." ". . . did you have trouble getting through the lines . . ."

The girl Yelena whispered softly: "I'm glad you're safe, Vladimir."

He didn't notice the presence of the strangers until later. One was the wagon driver, Dimitri, and he was simply accounted for: He wanted to join the guerrillas. But the other . . . Fedor the Blacksmith had found her slumped in exhaustion at the edge of the marshes, and he had slung her over his shoulders like a young deer and carried her back to the hideaway.

Hey, put me back in circulation!

WHENEVER you go shopping, won't you carry us empty soft drink and beer bottles, together with our cases, back to your regular dealer?

Because of war restrictions bottlers can't get all of us they need. Every one of us *must* do double-duty.

So please keep us working. Return us as fast as we're empty. You'll help both your dealer and bottler—and besides you'll get back your bottle deposit.

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SCALP SICK? Hair Frizzy? Iron-Burnt? Broken, Unruly, Dandruff? Then throw away all your unsuccessful hair preparation and get a DOCTOR'S hair preparation. For Beautiful, Lustrous Hair, use VITROL-OINTMENT. A little Vitrol-Ointment rubbed into the hair and scalp a few times a week has helped many overcome such conditions. Help yourself to hair beauty. Order VITROL-OINTMENT today. Only $1.00. Save tax and postage—send money with order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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Just think, once 156 lbs., Miss Reynolds lost weight weekly with AYDS Vitamin Candy Reducing Plan until now she has a model-like figure. Your experience may or may not be the same but try this easier reducing plan yourself. *First Box Must Show Results* or money back. No exercise. No laxatives. No drugs. You eat plenty. You don't cut out meals, potatoes, etc., you just cut them down. Simple when you enjoy delicious AYDS before meals. Only $2.25 for 30 days' supply. Now—enjoy the comfortable AYDS way to a lovelier figure. Sold at leading department and drug stores. Carlay Co., 160 East Illinois, Chicago 11, of Importance to WOMEN

A WONDERFUL job you are doing—sleeves rolled up—winning the war on the home front, in factories, hospitals, in the home—but are you staying charmingly feminine as ever?

Begin with your skin—don't let sooty, oily, pore-clogging grime make it ugly. Wash daily with the pure, fluffy, easy-rinsing lather of Resinol Soap. Preferred by many because its thorough, yet gentle cleansing leaves skin smoother, softer, lingeringly refreshed. Excellent for tender skin.

For dryness, chafing, simple rash, ivy poisoning, surface pimples, that so often annoy—smooth on some Resinol. A soothing, medicated ointment, of many uses, that relieves itchy burning and so quickens natural healing. Your druggist sells both. Buy today.

For a convincing trial

Send 10c to Resinol, MO-5, Baltimore 1, Md., for sample each of Resinol Soap and Ointment, and receive also a handy little Hollywood Stop-Run Mender—*all for 10c.* Write today!

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was propped up on the rude bed, and in the warmth of the fire, with the food and tea in her, the color had come back to her cheeks. She was a slim girl, somehow graceful even in repose; and beautiful.

"Your name?" Vladimir asked.

"My name?" she repeated. "Nina Ivanovna."

"Birthplace?"

"Tiflis."

"What are you doing here?"

"I lived in Moscow."

"Moscow is a long way from Tiflis . . . and from here also."

The girl said slowly: "I am a dancer, Comrade-Commander . . . We, too, tried to help in the struggle. I was with a troupe entertaining troops at the front. We were attacked . . . and in the battle I found myself cut off. I tried to make my way to Tula . . . but I got lost in the woods . . ."

"You don't belong here," Vladimir said sharply. "What can you do? Can you kill?"

"Kill? I have never—"

"Can you shoot a gun?"

"No."

"Can you cook? Can you scrub?"

"I am a dancer," Nina said.

"Unfortunately," Vladimir retorted, "we have no use for dancers."

"I'm sorry," the girl murmured. "If you want me to go—"

"Stay, then," Vladimir said. "At least until you are well."

So she stayed. And Mitya, who was only a boy, only 15, found himself suddenly, for the first time, in love. Semyon, who had been a professor in the days of peace, recited Pushkin. Sasha, Fedor, Dimitri, even Petrov, the silent one, followed her with their eyes. Only Yelena remained cool to her. Yelena and Vladimir. Vladimir rarely spoke to her; his dark troubled eyes were always distant. This was no place for a dancer, not here in the midst of war and death. And then the German soldier tried to escape.

They had captured the German and it was Semyon's idea that as long as he was still alive, to bring him to trial. "For the sake of all the dead," Semyon said, "for the sake of all the dead and living, too. Because he and his kind must answer for the miles of blackened earth, for the weeping mothers and the orphaned children and the children who will never know youth . . ." So they placed the German in one of the cells, awaiting trial.

stark moment . . .

Nina was alone in the kitchen when she saw the boots, edging forward slowly as a man in fear and caution walks. She watched stunned, stupefied until the German was in the room. He saw her and his huge, brute face contorted into a cold mask. He saw she was afraid. He came forward steadily, watching her, and she backed away from him until her back was against the wall. She was only a dancer. What did she know of how to stop an escaped prisoner? The German spoke in a low, tense voice. She couldn't understand the words, but the meaning was plain. He was threatening her, demanding that she make no sound. His great ham of a hand reached out suddenly and snatched a gun from the rack on the wall. Holding it, his face suddenly became arrogant. He gestured with the gun. Nina shrunk back against the wall.

Slowly the soldier began to mount the steps toward the exit. He climbed the steps backward, holding the gun aimed at Nina. Outside a voice called. Who was it? Semyon? Vladimir? The German froze on the steps listening waiting

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Thousands are drinking a cup of Ovaltine night and morning—for radiant morning freshness and vigorous days.

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With the new Don Juan Lipstick you keep your poise—your confidence—for Don Juan *stays on!* Don Juan's soft, alluring glow lasts *hours* longer, gives you charming lips *without* fuss or bother. Helps you avoid embarrassing smears—gives you true "social security."

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4. **STYLE SHADES.** Try Military Red; rich, glowing; acclaimed by beauty editors. 6 other shades.

De luxe size $1. Refills 60c. Junior size 25c. Tax extra. Matching powder, rouge. Trial sizes at 10c stores. Available in Canada, too.

Don Juan MILLION DOLLAR Lipstick STAYS ON!

they weren't coming in. The gun in his hand held steady on the target of her body. If she called now . . . if she shouted . . . There was the sound of footsteps suddenly loud outside the door, and then softer and softer as they moved away. The German was motionless. When it was quiet again he moved up the steps. Reaching behind him, he pushed softly against the door.

Against the wall, her hands pressed tight against the stone, Nina felt something. Her fingers explored. A long thin barrel. A pistol. On the top step the German gestured with the rifle once. He had to turn to go out. Below him there was only a slip of a girl frightened out of her wits.

He turned . . .

She brought the pistol forward, squinting along the strangeness of it. The German was a huge, menacing danger. She brought the pistol level. And then suddenly in the moment when the door flung open and the sunshine poured into the room like a wave of light, she fired and the sound was enormous in the quiet room. The German half turned on the top step, the rifle swung in an arc, and then he fell forward, half out of the door, with the sunlight on his twisted face.

They came running, then, Semyon and Mitya. They saw the German and Nina in the room below still holding the pistol poised in front of her. It must have been Semyon who told Vladimir. For he came to her later that day. . . .

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"I came to thank you," he said gravely. "It might have meant the end of us all if the German escaped."

"Thank me for what?" she said. "For doing what any one of you would have done in my place?"

"I know it must have been hard for you," he said softly. "It's not an easy business. Killing. Not even Germans. For some one like you."

She cried out suddenly, harshly: "I don't know. All I know is that I wasn't made for death. Whatever I did in the past I did for beauty, for life. And now—"

"Not you alone, Nina," Vladimir answered. "We none of us asked to learn this business of death. Meanwhile, as long as it is our business, we must learn to do it well. So for all of us I thank you again."

"Then I'm one of you now," she said.

He looked at her gravely: "You're one of us, Nina."

"And where you go, I go, too?"

"Where we go, you go."

"On the next raid?"

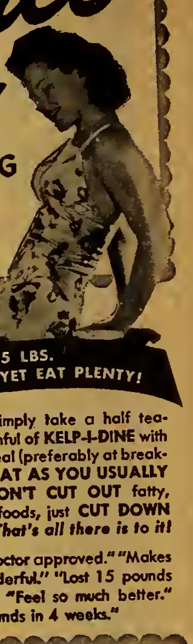
"Sometimes," he said slowly, "it's not only Germans who die. It's a dangerous calling, partisans . . ."

"On the next raid?"

For a moment he was quiet; and then he said abruptly: "Yes, on the next raid."

death by moonlight . . .

The railroad track ran off in an easy curve to the right; the rails glittered softly in the moonlight. A hundred yards



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SAYMAN SALVE

of the automatic signal tower. Far off where the city was besieged, artillery flares burst against the dark night sky. But here it was peaceful; the peace of desolation. The Germans had passed through.

At the edge of the woods they paused, and Vladimir scouted the empty vistas of the single track. They were all quiet, waiting for his words. Nina lay flat at his side trying to peer over the edge of the sharp embankment.

"Yelena," Vladimir said, "the signal tower. You know what to do?"

"Let the guard train pass on the green. Stop the ammunition train on the red until the fuses are set. Then signal green."

"Right. Sasha, Petrov—guard. Semyon, Mitya—help me with the charges."

"And I?" Nina questioned.

"Watch and learn," Vladimir said. "That will be enough."

They set off quickly about their jobs. Vladimir worked hurriedly setting the charges under the ties. The night wind was sharp, cold, whistling oddly as it whipped the swaying tree-tops. Far off, dimly, they heard the sound of the trains, a steady clack on the rails, growing louder. They moved back toward the forest.

The armored train came first, and it swung down the track, traveling at a steady, swift pace. The headlight bore through the dark, picked up the signal on the tower, moved past into darkness again. Then behind, more slowly, the ammunition train pulled into the section of track. From the forest they watched the signal tower. The light blinked, flashed red. For a moment no one said anything, watching the train. Then they heard the sigh of the air brakes. The train ground slowly to a stop.

They worked swiftly then in the edge of the forest, setting the detonator. Let the guard train pass, they wanted the ammunition. Vladimir worked in silent, furious haste. Then from the left, somewhere in the depths of the forest, a volley of shots broke the stillness.

Without looking up, Vladimir said softly: "The light, Yelena, the light . . ."

Semyon said: "Bad luck—"

"There's still time . . . the light now?"

Semyon said: "Green. You can depend on Yelena."

The ammunition train dragged down the track, still innocent, still unaware. The sound of firing from the forest was moving closer. Vladimir wiped his brow viciously. Over all the rest now, they could hear the screaming whistle of the guard train as, suspicious, it began to back down the track. The ammunition train lumbered forward slowly.

"The engine's over," Semyon said.

They waited, breathless.

"Coal car . . ."

Then a moment of eternity.

"Now!"

Vladimir pressed the plunger home. Almost at the same moment they were up running to the saving dark. Dwarfing all the sounds, arching in a thick red blast against the sky, the charge went off; and then a moment later with all the sounds of creation, the ammunition cars blew.

In the forest the sound of firing was steady now. Sasha burst through. "Patrol . . ." he said. Vladimir spoke swiftly: "Separate, meet back at the hideaway." He took Nina's arm, his grasp rough: "Here, little dancer," he said. "You stay with me."

They twisted through the forest and burst back out onto the track behind the flaming wreckage of the ammunition train. Down the track now they could hear the hoarse shouts of a German patrol moving up. Vladimir flung Nina across

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ment rose sharply. Half dragging the girl, Vladimir clawed to the top, and then the two of them rolled down. They lay there breathless, silent, not daring to move. The patrol clanked past them: a voice rasped a hoarse command. They moved on. Vladimir's silencing hand was still over Nina. It was an eon before they moved.

"Safe now," Vladimir whispered.

She said nothing, but pressed against him, suddenly breathless. He looked down at her, smiling. He saw her eyes, caught in the moonlight. Then wordlessly, he drew her into his arms and lifted her face to his.

"You know now," she said fiercely. "You know now why I stayed?"

"I know now," he repeated.

"And you're glad?"

"Yes, I'm glad."

"And you won't send me away? Ever?"

Tenderly, touching the soft curve of her cheek as if it were some strange wonderful flower he said: "Never. Never . . . until the day I die . . ."

The blowing of the ammunition train was a turning point. You could feel in the heavy, storm-laden air the growing tension, the final breathless wait. So none of them were surprised when Vladimir told them it was only a matter of a short time before the real thing came to pass. A messenger was needed to slip through the lines to report back to Army Headquarters that everything was ready. Yelena went, because a woman would rouse less suspicion and would have a better chance of getting through.

She went, riding the piebald horse, waving cheerily to them as she started off down the road. But only a little later the horse, alone, came running back down the same path, and the saddle was tinged with blood. They waited desperately, cursing their helpless hands, until Yelena came staggering out of the woods.

Fedor doctored the wound. But they all knew. Even Yelena knew. She looked around at them, gathered about the rude bed in the ruined hideaway, and she said simply: "No grief, comrades. Revenge. We revenge death in Russia."

Nina stayed with her that night in the quiet cell-like room. But her life was passing as surely as the hours crept slowly around the face of the clock. She made no sound. Only now and then her eyes moved toward Nina, and Nina bent to wipe gently her parched lips with a water dipped bandage roll. With the hint of dawn in the sky, Yelena said softly:

"You will take good care of him . . ." she said. "Listen to me: he never knew my love. But I know he loves you. And that's a good thing. There is so much hate and death with us now that we forget how beautiful it is to love. Don't let him forget. Take care of him . . ."

"Yelena . . . Yelena . . . you will be well yet . . ."

"Listen again: he will need someone to take the message through. Do you know it? Say it after me now: Red 152, White 3, Yellow 57, Stop, Green 1,000 . . . Purple 55, Blue unnumbered . . ."

"Red 152," Nina said. "White 3 . . . Yellow 57. You will see, Yelena, Fedor says you will be well—"

"The message . . ."

"Green 1,000, Purple 55 . . . Yelena!"

But the girl on the bed who was too young to die didn't hear. She would never be tired again or in pain or in love . . .

Nina got through. She and Mitya made the dangerous trip through the enemy lines and back again to the hideaway where Vladimir and the others waited.

Vladimir said tensely: "What did they say at Headquarters?"

"I was to report to the Comrade Commander that the snow will fall tomorrow."

Vladimir said slowly: "Then it be-

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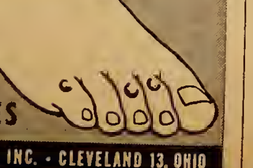

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gins . . ."

They all knew what it meant. The long awaited advance of the Red Army was to begin. Their own attack must be coordinated with the attack of the troops. No more silent raids or sorties, no more hiding. Out into the open now, attacking with whatever force they had available. Vladimir spoke swift orders.

They were to engage the enemy in the open, make him believe that the full force of attack was coming from their direction. Then when they were overwhelmed, as they had to be since they were outnumbered, they were to fall back to the hideaway and make their stand there, holding the Germans as long as possible. Under cover of their flank attack, the main Red Army troops would be able to envelope the rear of the German troops.

And it happened that way . . .

With the dawn they crept out, and in the dim light the first guns spoke until the whole area was a mass of flame and fire. They fell back slowly. Petrov fell . . . Sasha . . . Fedor . . . Dimitri . . . Until huddled in the ruins of the hideaway there were only Semyon, Vladimir, Nina . . .

Outside the Germans were massing for a final attack. The grey clanking monsters of their tanks were drawing up. They still believed that they were facing a large force. They were moving cautiously. In the ruins of the ancient cloister the three of them worked feverishly piling their grenades, checking their guns until there was nothing to do but wait . . .

"Are you afraid?" Vladimir said softly to Nina.

"A little . . . I think . . ."

"There is still time to slip to safety. Semyon and I can hold here. One more or less would make no difference . . ."

"No," Nina said.

He touched the soft curve of her face: "So I have brought you finally nothing but death . . ."

"No," she said vehemently, "No. Not death. You've brought me life. What else can love be but life? And beauty? And all that is good? I'm happy now. Happier than I have ever been. If I die, I think I will die of happiness and not because of their bullets or their tanks . . ."

The heavy tanks were moving now. Semyon cursed and moved up toward the parapet that faced the enemy. They took their places beside him. It was only a little while longer now. From the East a flight of planes was polka-dotting the sky. It was going according to plan, then. They would come dropping out, the Red Army paratroops, but meanwhile . . .

For a moment Vladimir's hand closed on Nina's.

Semyon recited softly:

"The heavy hanging chains will fall
The walls will crumble at a word,
And freedom greets you in the light,
And brothers give you back the sword . . ."

The morning sun broke through the overcast of clouds, and for the first time, then, in all that bitter winter and early spring, the sky was full of light . . .

CAST

Nina	*Toumanova*
Vladimir	*Gregory Peck*
Sasha	*Alan Reed*
Yelena	*Maria Palmer*
Semyon	*Lowell Gilmore*
Fedor	*Hugo Haas*
Mitya	*Glenn Vernon*
Olga	*Dena Penn*
Dimitri	*Igor Dolgoruki*
Petrov	*Edward Durst*
Johann Straub	*Lou Crosby*

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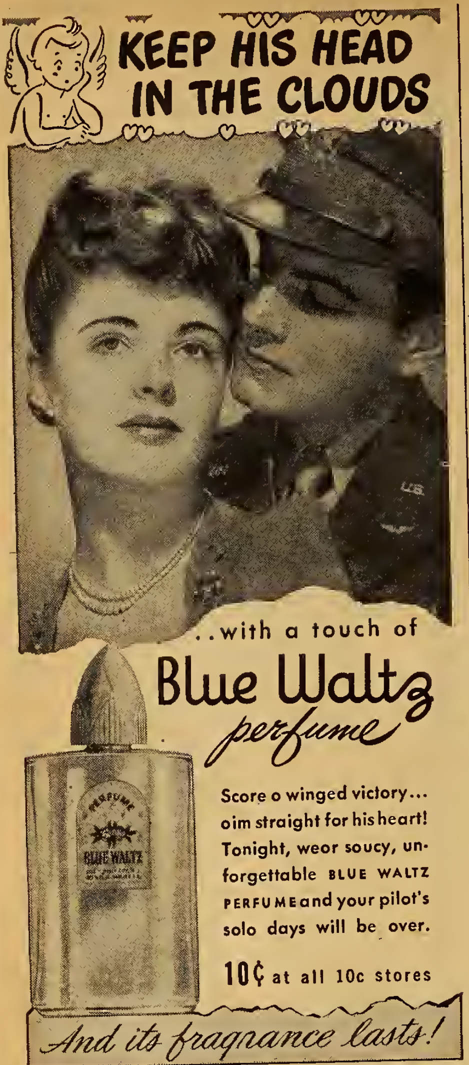
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"DAYS OF GLORY"

(PRODUCTION)

(*Continued from page 40*)

accompanying letter asked for suggestions, told them he'd like the names of any promising actors who resembled the types pictured in the drawings.

24,000 letters rolled in; Mr. R. had to retire for a week and look through all of them.

For the leading roles, he finally chose Tamara Toumanova and Gregory Peck. Toumanova, world-famous ballerina, former première danseuse with the Ballet Russe, literally let her hair down, went without make-up and played her entire role without once pirouetting on those million-dollar toes.

Gregory Peck is a recruit from Broadway, having served his apprenticeship in summer stock in Virginia before appearing with Katharine Cornell in "The Doctor's Dilemma" and Gladys Cooper in "The Morning Star." Tall, whip-lean, ruggedly handsome, he has a magnetic voice guaranteed to send shivers up and down feminine spines.

Entire cast and crew went on location to Utah, to a spot near Firken 40 miles up into the mountains above Cedar City. Producer Robinson sent the company there because the terrain and surrounding foliage most nearly resembled the Russian country south of Moscow.

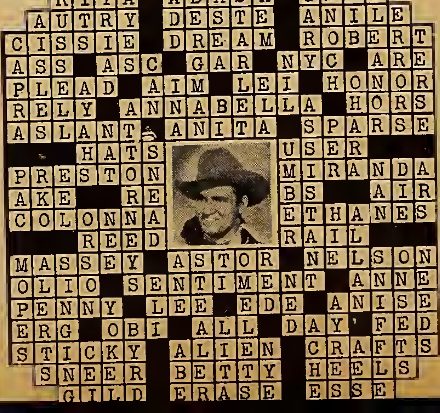
upcountry journey . . .

An abandoned resort near the spot chosen had to be opened so the troupe would have a place to eat and sleep. No help was available, of course, so the 65 players and technicians had to take turns working as cooks, waitresses, etc. Supplies for the food department were mainly unrationed items—poultry and fresh vegetables—and were rounded up from nearby farms. On the train en route, the folks ate box lunches and drank coffee from thermos jugs, all foresightedly prepared by the studio so there would be plenty of food available to members of our fighting forces traveling the same time.

In one of the most moving scenes in the picture, Toumanova (accent on the second syllable, please) reads poetry aloud to a group of guerrilla fighters whom she has joined. Every man present falls in love with her, so eloquently does she recite the words; the poem is a selection from the work of the great Pushkin.

Word got around so fast that Gregory Peck was motion picture dynamite, producers from every studio were eagerly bidding for his services long before the

Solution to Puzzle on Page 8



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STICKY ALIEN CRAFTS
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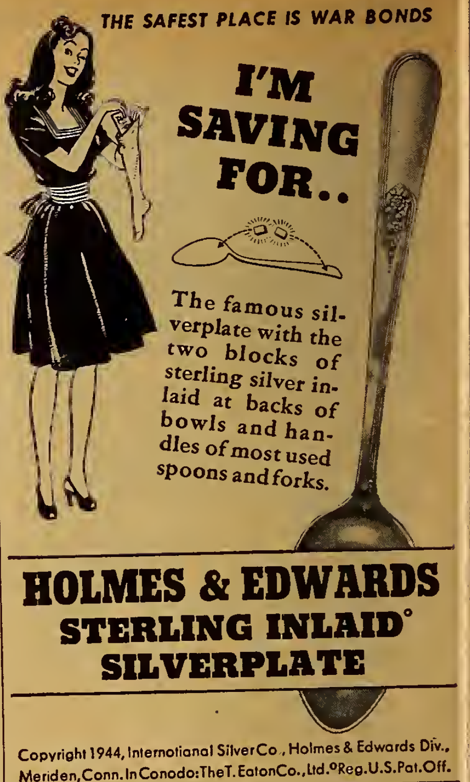
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picture was released. 20th Century-Fox won out and immediately cast him in one of the top roles of 1944, the part of Father Chisholm in "Keys of the Kingdom."

Another newcomer to pictures is Alan Reed, who is best known to America's radio audience as Falstaff "You Can Call Mother a Plant Tonight, She's Potted" Openshaw, the Bowery Bard of the Fred Allen show. Reed is one of the most versatile actors in the entertainment world today, was working for Alfred Lunt in "The Pirate" when the offer came for the part of the Russian Sasha. Lunt not only released him from his contract but made a screen test with him that executives describe inadequately as a "knockout."

ADD LINES: Toumanova was dubbed "Tee Tee" and called that by everyone on the set during production . . . Known to balletomanes as "The Black Pearl" because of her coal-black hair and olive skin, she is not particularly exotic in her personal tastes, doesn't know the meaning of temperament. Collects books on the ballet, some of which are written about her. Confessed the reference to her that was most thrilling was the chapter devoted to her by H. Allen Smith in "Life in a Putty Knife Factory." Almost never goes to a beauty parlor, does her own nails and hair.

Gregory Peck is a native Californian, went to school at La Jolla, attended college at the University of California. It was there while he was rowing for the crew of 1938, that he received a spinal injury that has kept him out of every branch of Uncle Sam's armed forces. Married, he is about to become a papa for the first time. Worries most about that and his Victory Garden which he inspects by flashlight each night when he comes home late from work.

VICTORIA THE QUEEN

(*Continued from page 37*)

late, on the afternoon of Thursday, March 2, Harry James walked in—a set of fine strain lines upon his forehead, a worried pallor across his cheeks. "Well?" said the pianist.

"She's gone to the hospital," Harry said briefly. "Let's get busy." He didn't add, "So that I can get out of here and get back to the waiting room," but that compulsion was in every move of his shoulders, every preliminary note from the trumpet.

It had started at noon. Betty had just finished unpacking the last coverlet for the cradle and had looked around. The nursery suite was a masterpiece. The walls of the main room were pale, pale blue, the color of spring robin's eggs, the blue of April skies. The baby was due sometime in April.

heavenly setting . . .

Set back from the main room was an alcove in which the nurse—just employed by Betty—was to sleep. That room was prepared with a moisture-proof panorama of bunnies, pink and blue kittens, pink and blue pups, and the bathroom was done in the same fashion.

The cradle was a handsome antique, an item for which Betty had shopped tirelessly for months. She had told her mother that it was a shame to cover so beautiful an article's intrinsic wood with a coating of white paint, but the doctor had recommended such a plan for sanitary purposes. Also (and they certainly think of everything these days) the paint selected was made of a vegetable compound which wouldn't turn the stomach of a young citizen who tried out sharp junior incisors on it.

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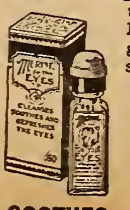

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The decorator, when planning the furniture, had joined all of Betty's friends in asking, "What do you want, a boy or a girl?" And Betty had smiled and answered, "I just want a healthy baby."

Yet when she and her mother had been shopping one day, they had seen an adorable, fluffy dress with a skirt all of six inches long and a chi-chi embroidered yoke. "Little girl's things are so wonderful," Betty sighed. "And I've always thought those mother-daughter outfits were the cutest things in the world."

When Harry and Betty talked about names, Harry insisted that—if the newcomer should be a daughter—he wanted to name her Betty. "No. One in the family is enough," declared the mother-to-be. "First thing you know it would be Little Betty and Big Betty. I think a child should have a name all its own."

Actually, Betty's name is Elizabeth Ruth, so a compromise was effected: The daughter would be called Elizabeth, but in second place. Her first name was strictly her daddy's suggestion. When Harry first grew to know La Petite Grable, the friendship had ripened on the set of "Springtime in the Rockies." In that picture, Betty's nom de cinema was "Vicki."

So they decided that Victoria Elizabeth would be a sentimental name for a young lady. Only by accident did the name happen to belong to two celebrated queens, and also only by accident did "Victoria" stem from the word Victory. As soon as the decision was published in columns—some time before the birth of the James junior—hundreds of eager fans wrote to the studio saying that the arrival of Victoria in 1944 might have psychic significance. It might mean that V day was due the same year.

But on March 2, Betty Grable James was only surveying the completed nursery and thinking that her new houseboy should be instructed to take the stack of boxes and tissue paper out to the trash-pick-up department. And she was wondering what on earth had become of the beautiful carrying pillow that had been one of the gifts received at a shower given for the baby-to-come.

The carrying pillow was to be used to transport the baby home from the hospital; it was to be used by the nurse in transporting the baby around the room during its early and fragile months. That carrying pillow was a very important item. And Betty couldn't find it.

She telephoned her mother. She said, "I can't find . . . Mother, I feel kind of funny."

"False alarm," said Mrs. Grable in comforting tones. "You've been working too hard on that nursery. You lie down and rest."

Betty tried to rest, but she had the distinct impression that large white wings were beating the air. She telephoned the doctor and described her sensations. "I'll be right there," he said. "And I'm sending the ambulance. Call your mother."

Mrs. Grable had been driving Betty's Cadillac convertible, so she gave the little grey car a quick ride from one canyon in Bel Air to another. By the time she arrived, Harry had also swooped in from the studio. Betty was loaded into the ambulance, the doctor and Mrs. Grable climbed in beside her, and Harry followed in the station wagon.

Mrs. Grable patted her daughter's hand. "We'll only be at the hospital a few hours, or overnight at most, then you'll feel wonderful, and you'll want to go home in another month or perhaps even six weeks," she said in the authoritative tone of one who has successfully produced two pretty daughters.

Betty didn't say much. She was too occu-

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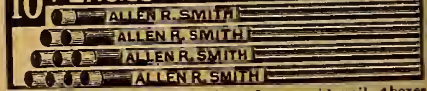

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They reached the hospital at two o'clock in the afternoon. The hands of the clock spread wide, only to tighten in a slipknot on another hour. Three. The noose loosened, then grew taut to snare another hour. Four. Harry had to leave for the studio. He hurried down. He hurried back. On the return trip he stopped at a florist's and ordered a bouquet, and his selection marks the thoughtful depth of the man. He didn't buy a boatload of roses or any showy blur of great flowers; he ordered a little old-fashioned bouquet set on a lacy paper doily and equipped with a sturdy handle. It was an offering of flowers that a girl could grip in her hand; something explicit of solicitude, something positive with devotion.

What thoughts flash through the mind of a near mother?

stork stuff . . .

She might have remembered the baby shower given for her by Mrs. Zanuck—a shower to enrapture any girl. That day Betty had worn her favorite maternity dress—a blue gabardine made butcher-boy style with a starched overblouse. In it Betty looked like a plump cherub in search of a pink cloud in which to go wading. She was wearing her hair long, pushed back and perfectly plain. No ribbons, no bows, because that is the way Harry likes it best. Before she married, Betty had been wearing the high pompadour so becoming to most girls, but Harry—noting her rats one night—quietly threw them away. "Your hair is pretty enough without any additions," he said.

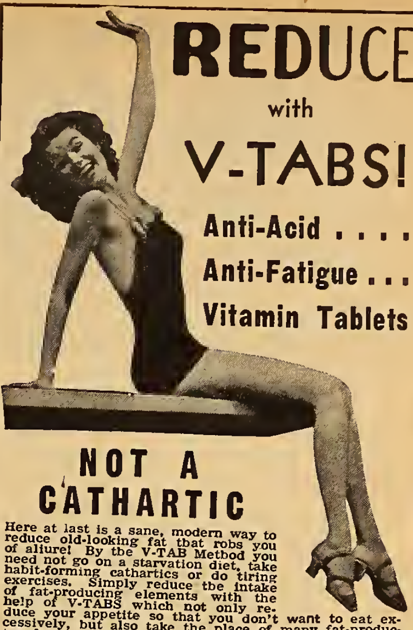
Mrs. Zanuck had planned a lovely table. The centerpiece was a cradle that, when pushed gently so that it rocked back and forth, played a series of nursery tunes. The guests took turns giving the music box a one-finger shove to keep the songs repeating. Above this cradle, on invisible wire, floated a flight of storks in bomber formation.

In the living room there was a huge, inverted pink umbrella—just the right thing to place over a baby's play pen on a summer day. Within this pink canvas bowl were piled such an array of presents that a casual observer would have said Canadian history was expected to be challenged in California. Mrs. Zanuck's gift was a baby set of bathroom bottles in crystal and a mother-baby set of bed jackets. Alice Faye welcomed the newcomer—who might well marry her baby one day, provided the sexes were properly arranged—with a high chair. Ann Warner's present was a sterling silver comb and brush set. Lynn Bari had hunted high and low for the play pen. And just to provide a brilliant divergence from the pink and blue of the party, Eve Wynn's gift was a pair of red suede booties.

While remembering these things, Betty undoubtedly thought of the kindly fan in New York who had sent two pairs (one pink, one blue) of bedroom slippers, two pairs of booties, two wrappers and two crib robes. Another fan had sent half a dozen hand-knitted soppers, and still another had sent a beautiful baby book.

During the months of her pregnancy, Betty's fan mail had gradually increased; much of it was from servicemen who congratulated her in one paragraph and told her in detail in the next about their own youngsters. In February, Betty received 90,000 letters—a little more than three thousand a day. This fact should eliminate forever the cherished Hollywood bugaboo that motherhood will ruin a star's career.

Like the wife of any serviceman who is expecting her first baby, Betty had continued to work until the end of her fourth month of pregnancy—in November. And she had gained weight—quite a lot for Betty. From a constant weight of 114



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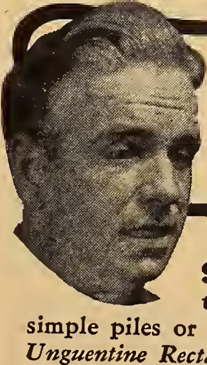

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she advanced to the lush contours of 148 pounds. The doctor suggested mildly that she diet. Betty shook her head. "No—I'm hungry, and for once in my life I'm going to eat everything I want."

Betty has never had to diet, but she has always been sensible about what she ate—quantities of vegetables, much fruit, lean meat, very few carbohydrates. And with her approaching motherhood, she developed a terrific yen for waffles dappled with butter and afloat in syrup. She could eat them at any hour of the day or night.

But the night of March 2, she admitted that—for the first time in months—she was faintly curdled by the thought of waffles. Her mind did go back to the puzzle she had been working on just before she left for the hospital. "I wonder what on earth became of that carrying pillow," she murmured.

who only stand and wait . . .

The time went by. Midnight. One o'clock of March 3. Two o'clock. Three o'clock. The doctor beckoned Mrs. Grable and Harry into an anteroom, "We'll have to perform a Caesarian section," he explained. "The baby's heart beat is growing weaker, and I don't think we should take a chance."

Like any mother, Mrs. Grable hesitated. She looked from the doctor to Harry. "I'm sure she'll be all right," she insisted. "She's so well and strong." But at the end of another hour, she gave in. She had a friend in the hospital, an anesthetist who had originally planned to take care of Betty when her time came, but Betty—having rushed matters—was deprived of his professional attention because he was busy looking after three other prospective mothers. Still, he did what he could. First, he reassured Mrs. Grable. "Your doctor is wonderful; he'll do a beautiful section."

He hurried away, then returned to glance from Harry's drawn face to Mrs. Grable's apprehensive eyes. "They've taken her to surgery," he said. "She's reacting very well." He disappeared.

The seconds ticked off. The door opened a crack, and the cheerful face thrust forward. "They've given her the anesthetic —a spinal block," he reported. "Everything is going fine."

Just ten minutes later, the beaming friend looked in again. "It's a girl," he said with as much pride as if Victoria Elizabeth were his own. "The doctor says that she has the prettiest body he has seen in years. Looks like you've got another pin-up girl on your hands."

Harry's face, which had been a fog grey, suddenly went glacier white. Then he swallowed hard, stood up and put his arm around Mrs. Grable. "Would you like to see the baby?" asked the friend. Fine question.

They followed him. Respectfully and in awe, they stood in an anteroom where the doctor was oiling the newcomer. Her hair was pale topaz, her disposition appeared to be drowsy, but cordial. "She's just five minutes old," said the doctor.

Learn something about your War Bonds from this fellow!

THE BEST THING a bulldog does is HANG ON! Once he gets hold of something, it's mighty hard to make him let go!

And that's the lesson about War Bonds you can learn from him. Once you get hold of a War Bond, HANG ON TO IT for the full ten years of its life.

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Another reason you buy War Bonds is because no one knows just what's going to happen after the War. And the man with a fistful of War Bonds *knows* he'll have a roof over his head and 3 squares a day no matter *what* happens!

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Now her Backache is better

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

When she was tucked away, Harry and Mrs. Grable left. Just as they reached the corridor, Betty was being wheeled back to her room. She was groggy, but conscious. Harry leaned down to kiss her. "Baybee!" he said softly. And he added, "We've seen the *little* baybee."

When Mrs. Grable leaned over to kiss her daughter, Betty whispered, "Now we can buy those darling dresses, Mother."

Elizabeth the second . . .

The next day, when Mrs. Grable went up to the nursery to peer through the glass at her granddaughter, she found an Ensign standing thoughtfully before the window. Without looking at the woman who had joined him—and he wouldn't have recognized her if he had studied her closely, anyway—he said, "That's mine, right there. Isn't he a husky guy? And that baby right there belongs to Harry James and Betty Grable. Pretty little tyke, isn't she?" Then his gaze returned to his chubby son. "Look at those fists," he said. "Maybe he'll be a trumpeter some day and take that little girl dancing."

When Mrs. Grable repeated this to her daughter, Betty smiled. "Vicki doesn't ever have to take dancing lessons if she doesn't want to," she said.

The little non-dancing lady was allowed to spend the 30 minutes between one and one-thirty each day with her dancing mother, and both seemed to enjoy the visit. One day Mrs. Grable brought to the hospital some baby pictures of Betty, and Betty, aided by a mirror, agreed with Harry and Mrs. Grable that the young Vicki was an encore of the young Betty.

Betty noticed something else with the use of the mirror. "My hair is all tangled."

But not until March 14th did the nurse get the last snarl out of the blonde curls. That was such an event that Betty telephoned her mother to convey the news. She also wanted to remind her mother that Harry's birthday fell on March 15th. She gave him six linen handkerchiefs.

"What would you *really* like for your birthday?" she inquired.

Harry delivered the line dead-pan. "A new car," he said.

"I should use a blunt instrument on you," opined Betty. "But I can't . . . because you're the father of my child."

And they exchanged one of those long glances that are forever the precious property of two new parents, deeply in love.

P.S. They found that carrying pillow. So Victoria Elizabeth travels in style befitting the namesake of two British queens and the daughter of a Hollywood queen.

QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Continued from page 97*)

1. Bing Crosby
2. Sonny Tufts
3. Rita Hayworth
4. Jean Pierre Aumont
5. Van Johnson
6. Sonja Henie
7. Alice Faye
8. Gary Cooper
9. Helmut Dantine
10. Betty Grable
11. Lon McCallister
12. Janet Blair
13. Bob Burns
14. Madeleine Carroll
15. Jennifer Jones
16. Frank Sinatra
17. Gene Autry
18. Humphrey Bogart
19. Paulette Goddard
20. Richard Jaeckel

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JUNE LANG

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—Know the Joy of a Glamorous Permanent Wave . . . By Tonight!

And, mothers, little daughters love the delightful curls and waves they get with CHARM-KURL. Positively cannot harm soft, fine hair. Be a thrifty mother and buy an extra kit for your daughter.

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Your Skin's Softer, Smoother

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Yes! Exciting tests prove Camay is Really Mild!

Oh, how happy you'll be . . . to see the fresher, softer look that comes to your skin with just *one cake* of Camay . . . when you change from improper care to regular mild cleansing . . . when you go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Skin specialists tested this care . . . on over 100 complexions! And the very *first* cake of Camay made most complexions simply bloom! — softer! — more velvety!

. . . it cleanses without irritation

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Take just a minute . . . cream Camay over face — nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin is the oily type, add a lively C-O-L-D splash. Repeat night and morning.

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NEW YORK CITY

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JUL 15 1944

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Actual tests by doctors prove—Camay is really mild!

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It cleanses without irritation

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Take just one minute, night and morning. Cream Camay's mild lather over your face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin's oily, add a C-O-L-D splash. With your *first* cake of Camay, you'll see enchanting new beauty.

CAMAY
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CAMAY

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• YOU—AND THE MAN—and the moment! How precious to have! How easy to lose—if the tiniest trace of underarm odor tells tales about you. Don't give underarm odor a chance. Use Mum every day! After baths, before dates. Then you're sure of yourself—sure that Mum will guard charm all evening long—from the first exciting moment to the last lingering "good-night!"

So many popular girls depend on Mum because:

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MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum won't injure fine fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering. And gentle Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum works instantly! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents risk of underarm odor. Get Mum from your druggist's.

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Product of Bristol-Myers

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MGM

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This film is the flesh and blood story of the American dream come true.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's about a guy called Steve Dangos, a young immigrant who came to this land of freedom with his bare hands and a shining hope. (Brian Donlevy gives all his sincerity to this role.)

★ ★ ★ ★

It's also about a girl called Anna O'Rourke. Who shared in the struggles, the tribulations, the dreams of her man, as he made it the hard way, from iron mine worker, steel puddler, factory worker to great industrialist.

★ ★ ★ ★

While their story is intimate, personal, glowing, it is also symbolic of the fight, the love, the surge, the drama, that has made our way of life the wonder of the whole, wide world.

★ ★ ★ ★

"An American Romance" is the *big adventure*, told in wonderfully human and exciting terms—in a robust screen play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig.

★ ★ ★ ★

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King Vidor has found the movie material that many directors have been reaching for ever since the beginning of films. What he has done with it is magnificent.

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"An American Romance" is photographed in perfected Technicolor. Red-brown earth tones of Mesabi; fiery reds and yellows of Steel Town; the bluish-gray colors of the automobile factories; the bright sky-blues of America's conquest of the heavenly skies above, follow in storied sequence.

★ ★ ★ ★

"An American Romance" has caught the mighty cadences of the American dream. Something of you, yourself, is surely in it.

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COVER: Lana Turner in M-G-M's "Marriage is a Private Affair"

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Just a rhumba-sway from the Gay White Way! Dancing in the streets! Loving in the Park! A joy-mad Mardi-Gras from dawn till dark!

with VIVIAN BLAINE (The Cherry Blonde) and FELIX BRESSART

TONY and SALLY DeMARCO · THE REVUERS · DIRECTED BY WALTER LANG · PRODUCED BY WILLIAM LE BARON · Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and Walter Bullock

Suggested by a story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

WATCH FOR THE BIGGEST EVENT IN THE 50 YEARS OF SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT... *Darryl F. Zanuck's* WILSON *in Technicolor!*

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

She meets mocking gambler Clint Maroon (Gary Cooper), and flaunts their love to humiliate family. Clint, finding she's used him as tool, flees to Saratoga, writes of rich Van Steed who's "ideal."

Abetted by servants Angelique (F. Robson) and Cupidon (Jerry Austin), Cleo poses as Countess, captivates both Saratoga society and Van Steed who hires Clint to rout gang that's seized his R.R.

Realizing she loves Clint, Cleo denounces fiancé, sees wounded Clint return with dying dwarf who saved his life. Cupidon mutters, "Boss" and sobbing, Cleo vows past is over, Clint's *her* boss, too.

Exotic Cleo Dulaine (Ingrid Bergman) returns to her native New Orleans bent on avenging wrong done her mother by Dulaines, to "marry a millionaire, become respectable."

SARATOGA TRUNK

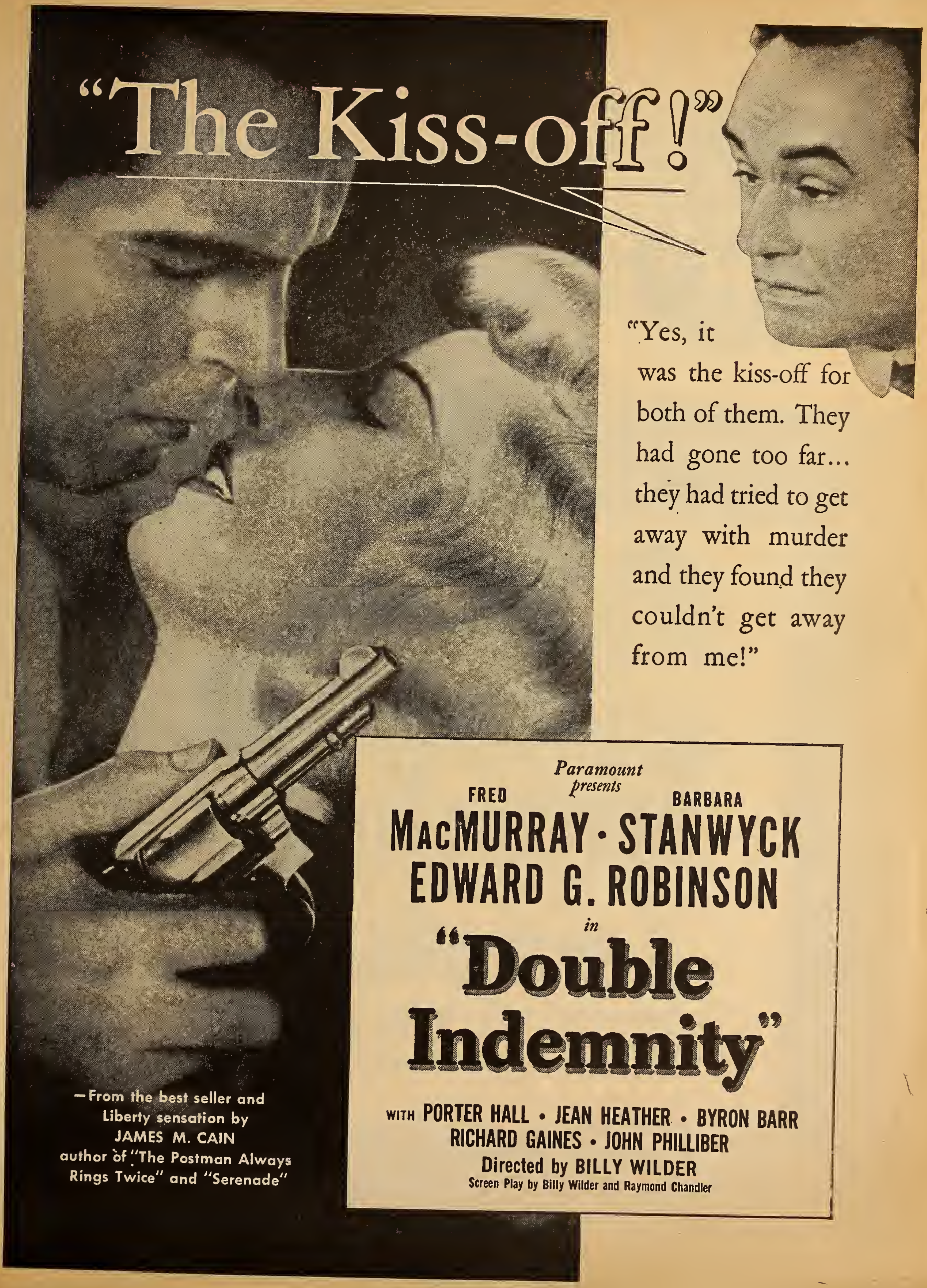
■ THIS, MY FRIENDS, is really it. This is the picture that has everything—romance, excitement, humor, Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper. For sheer entertainment, it's the best bet since "Casablanca." If you had any doubts about la Bergman being the type to play the volatile half-French Cleo, forget them. She is perfect. She has even turned brunette in the interests of accuracy. Gary is lanky, Texan, and pleasantly humorous as Clint Maroon.

The story starts with Cleo Dulaine's desire for revenge on New Orleans society for its treatment of her dead mother. Cleo has come all the way from France for this revenge. Once she has accomplished it she intends to "marry a millionaire and become very respectable." Looking at the glint in Cleo's eye, you are sure she'll have no trouble with the former but you aren't so sure about the latter.

The first person Cleo meets in New Orleans is Clint Maroon. Not that Clint is Creole society—he's a gambler from Texas. Cleo deliberately picks him up. "A fine way to go about acquiring respectability," sniffs her mulatto servant, Angelique (Flora Robson). But Cleo has decided to use Clint in her revenge. When he finds it out, he leaves her and goes off to Saratoga.

From there he sends her

(*Continued on page 12*)



"The Kiss-off!"

"Yes, it was the kiss-off for both of them. They had gone too far... they had tried to get away with murder and they found they couldn't get away from me!"

Paramount presents

FRED **MacMURRAY** · BARBARA **STANWYCK**

EDWARD G. ROBINSON

in

"Double Indemnity"

WITH PORTER HALL · JEAN HEATHER · BYRON BARR
RICHARD GAINES · JOHN PHILLIBER
Directed by BILLY WILDER
Screen Play by Billy Wilder and Raymond Chandler

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Liberty sensation by
JAMES M. CAIN
author of "The Postman Always
Rings Twice" and "Serenade"

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1924-1944
MGM

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KING VIDOR'S PRODUCTION

AN American Romance

IN TECHNICOLOR

starring **BRIAN DONLEVY**

Here is the fight, the love, the drama, the adventure that is America! It's the story of a million guys like Steve... and a million girls like Anna who believe in their dreams!

with ANN RICHARDS • WALTER ABEL • JOHN QUALEN • HORACE McNALLY • Photographed in perfected Technicolor
Screen Play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig • Produced and Directed by KING VIDOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
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KATHARINE HEPBURN

Walter **Huston** · Aline **MacMahon** · Akim **Tamiroff** · Turhan **Bey**

Not since "The Good Earth"... a picture such as this! The mighty drama of a brave people and a great love... flaming from the pages of the novel that thrilled millions!

with HURD HATFIELD · J. CARROL NAISH · AGNES MOOREHEAD · HENRY TRAVERS · ROBERT BICE · ROBERT LEWIS · FRANCES RAFFERTY · JACQUELINE de WIT
Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts and Jane Murfin · Based on the Novel by Pearl S. Buck · Directed by JACK CONWAY and HAROLD S. BUCQUET
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

RED RYDER

IS ON THE SCREEN!

Look! The famous thrilling characters of Fred Harmon's cartoon strip are coming to life in Republic Pictures. Watch for them at your favorite theatre!

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TUCSON RAIDERS

and

MARSHAL OF RENO

featuring

WILD BILL ELLIOT

as RED RYDER with

Bobby Blake as Little Beaver

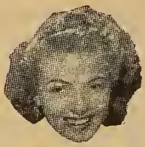
Alice Fleming as The Duchess

and George "Gabby" Hayes

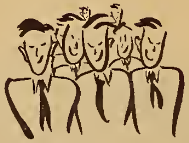
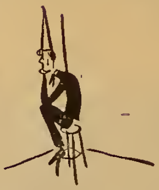
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

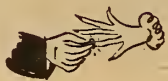
"MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR"

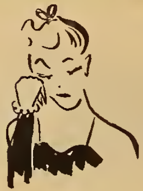
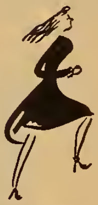
PICTURE PUZZLE See page 79 for contest details

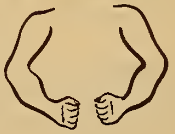
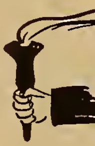
 WAS WARNED

BY HER MUCH MARRIED MA

THAT ALL  WERE 

AND AFTER SHE'D 

SHE GREW  THEN SHE 

TO THE  OF A -BEARING CHUM.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES—NO. 18
"MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR"
Please Print or Type

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THAT ALL__________WERE____________________
AND AFTER SHE'D______________________
SHE GREW__________THEN SHE________________
TO THE__________OF A__________-BEARING CHUM.

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EUGENE PALLETTE

THE CHRISTIANIS

DOROTHY DONEGAN

DAVID LICHINE

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THE STEEL-NERVED COPELAND SKATERS

ELEANOR RHUMBAS WITH A HORSE

THE CHRISTIANIS FLY 30 FT. HIGH

GUSTAFSON WIRE-WALKS THE GORGE

SCREENPLAY BY DOROTHY BENNETT *from an* ORIGINAL STORY BY FREDERICK JACKSON • ASSOCIATE PRODUCER, JAMES NASSER

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The Kotex* Tampon for Internal Protection

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Only 20¢

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 6*)

a letter one day describing the town's society, its money, its gambling, its eligible millionaires. One in particular—Bartholomew Van Steed. "If he wasn't tied so close to his mamma's apron strings, he'd be just what you're looking for," Clint writes mockingly. Two weeks later, Cleo arrives in Saratoga. But she arrives as a widowed French countess—and drives from the station with Bart Van Steed (John Warburton)! Clint can't believe his eyes, and neither can the rocking chair brigade on the hotel's long shady porch. The battle is on—Cleo Dulaine vs. Saratoga Society.

Meanwhile a *real* battle is in the making. Clint, working for Van Steed—and a share in the profits—has guaranteed to free the Saratoga trunk line railroad, Van Steed's property, from the Soule mob which has seized it. To tell you any more would spoil a superb climax, but don't miss "Saratoga Trunk"!—*War.*

P. S.

Warner Bros. drafted the entire Gombo speaking population of Los Angeles to appear in the French Market scenes—a total of 26 people. Gombo is the Louisiana negro's dialect of Creole French. . . . Also in the Market scenes is the first Razzy Dazzy Spasm band to appear on the screen. No, not double talk. It's a Negro band composed of home-made instruments. . . . For the first time in movie history, eggs laid by the performers were edible. The fowl used in the market scenes were penned on the stage at night. First person on the set each morning was the one to go home with strictly fresh eggs that evening. . . . All those beautiful fruits and vegetables were artificial—studio-made props. . . . Miss Bergman set a record by working 62 consecutive days.

BATHING BEAUTY

Remember the spread Life magazine ran on the beauties in this picture? Seldom have bathing suits been so well filled. Esther Williams, swimming champ, plays the feminine lead opposite Red Skelton, and her scenes in the water ballet are the McCoy. Red is as funny as ever, and that's very funny indeed. Nothing he says makes much sense, but you laugh like mad. He plays a song writer named Steve Elliot, who is in love with a beautiful swimming instructor, Caroline (Esther Williams). They are both having a blissful time in Mexico City when George Adams appears on the scene. George (Basil Rathbone) is a Broadway producer who is waiting for Steve to dream up some hot new songs. But Steve has been too busy sitting in the moonlight with Caroline to write any. In fact, he and Caroline are to be married the next day. "I'll fix that," George says grimly. He hires a pretty Mexican gal to appear at the ceremony with three red-headed boys, all of whom greet Steve enthusiastically as "Papa." Caroline is not inclined to be broad-minded about this, and goes back to the girls' college where she teaches, in utter disillusionment.

Steve, of course, follows her. He even discovers that the college charter provides for the admittance of men to classes and promptly enrolls as a student. That was one of those things that seem like a good idea at the time. It turns out to be pretty bad. The other students—all girls—as well as the instructors, gang up on Steve. He gets demerits at the drop of a hat. Any-

Evans' dog—Evans (Bill Goodwin) is also in love with Caroline. He is practically drowned by beautiful Glamazons during a swimming lesson. And he still hasn't written any songs for George.

On the other hand, the faculty hasn't found a legitimate excuse for tossing him out of college. Caroline, moreover, has given signs of thawing. But then George shows up again, and so does the little Mexican girl. There is hell to pay, until the Dean gets an idea. . . .

Besides all the bathing beauties and Red Skelton, you get music by Ethel Smith, Xavier Cugat and Harry James.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Strange torso model standing between the figures of Lana Turner and Hedy Lamarr in the Metro wardrobe department is that of Red Skelton. Red had to have female clothes for his part in this picture so designers moved his dummy to the women's department. . . . Red was a busy boy during production of "Bathing Beauty"—made 18 personal appearances in seven days, played to more than 230,000 servicemen and wrote his first book, "The Ubangis Will Win The War." . . . In addition to writing, Red found time for keeping up with his oil painting. Almost fainted when Ed Gardner offered him $250.00 for a Skelton original entitled "The Clown". . . . Made several thousand dollars for Uncle Sam by selling other paintings for Bonds.

THE STORY OF DOCTOR WASSELL

Probably you were listening to President Roosevelt the night he broadcast the story of Dr. Corydon Wassell. It was a simple story, about the kind of unassuming heroism Americans are famed for. It is still a simple story, in movie form, with a heart-warming quality of homespun courage. Gary Cooper plays Dr. Wassell with an almost casual, good humored excellence. The find of the season is probably Carol Thurston, as Three Martini, the young Javanese nurse. She's that beautiful.

Dr. Wassell, ex-Chinese missionary, was stationed in Java as a medical officer in the Navy. He is there when the cruiser *Marblehead* limps into port after a terrific battle. Wassell is told to take charge of the wounded. There are a lot of them, and they come from all over the United States. There is one from the doctor's home state of Arizona. Wassell is also pleased to discover an old friend from China, Ping (Philip Ahn), among them. "Hoppy" (Dennis O'Keefe), the boy from Arizona, needs a transfusion, and Wassell takes the blood from Three Martini and puts her in charge of the case. "Now we are the same blood, you and I," she tells "Hoppy." "We are for each other always."

Dr. Wassell accidentally meets a Red Cross nurse, Madeline (Laraine Day), whom he has loved since the first day he met her in China long ago. He gave her up then to a younger man, and he hopes she is happy with him. The doctor can't even talk to her now—he must get the wounded on a train for a hospital in the interior where they'll be safe.

Safe? Well, not for long. On a gloomy, smoke-streaked day a few weeks later, Singapore falls. With it goes the safety of all Java. Dr. Wassell gets orders to evacuate the *walking* cases to a ship for America. Stretcher cases are to be left behind. But Wassell won't obey those

WORKING GIRL

NAME: Bette Davis

OCCUPATION: Actress

EMPLOYER: Warner Bros.

NATURE OF DUTIES: Helping to maintain the Warner standard of great entertainment.

REMARKS: We at Warner Bros. have been proud of Bette Davis, of her magnificent artistry and enormous talent, ever since she came to work with us. (And no matter how easy it looks on the screen, "work" is the word — with a very large "W"!) But we've never been so proud of Bette as since we (and she) finished making MR. SKEFFINGTON!

MR. SKEFFINGTON is the enthralling story of a very rich man and a very beautiful woman, and of their life together . . . and apart. A love story? We think that even when you've seen it, you won't be sure!

But you *will* be sure that MR. SKEFFINGTON is one of the finest motion pictures ever made — by anybody, anywhere . . . and that Bette Davis has no peer among screen artists!

You'll be sure, too, that the company which produced MR. SKEFFINGTON can be counted on always for the *best* in entertainment!

WARNER BROS.
JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer

BETTE DAVIS GREAT AS ONLY SHE CAN BE, IN **"MR. SKEFFINGTON"**

with
CLAUDE RAINS
RICHARD WARING
GEORGE COULOURIS
MARJORIE RIORDAN

Produced by JULIUS J. & PHILIP G. EPSTEIN · Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein From Story by "Elizabeth" Music by Franz Waxman Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN

Betty Co-Ed of Hollywood Presents

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Rates for dates! You'll never notice the man shortage in this nifty little number! Darling suspenders, trimmed with gay, colorful braid! Slim girdle-fit waist...flaring, flattering skirt! Lovely rayon fabric that's truly crush-resistant! Sizes 10 to 16. $4.98, plus postage.

Blouse—"Frankly feminine" and as appealing as a shy glance! French-smocked neck; drawstring throat and sleeves! Lush new rayon fabric! White only. Sizes 32 to 38. $3.98, plus postage.

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Size: 32 34 36 38 (Circle size wanted)
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orders. He's going to get the stretcher cases out, too, if they shoot him at sunrise for doing it. With stubborn courage, he defies every risk, every moment of panic, with the Japs only a little way behind in the trek across Java. When you've seen this, you'll know why the President talked about Dr. Corydon Wassell.—*Par.*

P. S.

When F.D.R. told the story of Dr. Wassell during a fireside chat one Sunday evening, C. B. DeMille grabbed the phone at his side and officially registered his intention to film the life story of this man. . . . Thus he stole the march on four other big producers who waited until Monday morning to begin work on the subject. . . . Mr. Y. Frank Freeman, head of Paramount studios, made a trip to Washington to work out details of the picture with Navy Secretary, the late Frank Knox—also pledged a percentage of the profits to Navy Relief. Dr. Wassell was recalled from Australia to work with DeMille's writers. . . . Novelist James Hilton and an entire research staff were sent to Mare Island Navy Hospital at Vallejo, Calif., to interview every available wounded veteran of the Houston *and* Marblehead *engagements.*

GOING MY WAY

When they pass out the Oscars, "Going My Way" will probably corral a whole herd of them. Certainly Bing Crosby's performance as Father O'Malley, and Barry Fitzgerald's as Father Fitzgibbon are Academy Award material. The whole picture is handled with a warm, tender humor that makes it a delight.

Bing isn't the type you'd usually think of as a priest. But Chuck O'Malley isn't the usual type of priest. And when he first comes to St. Dominick's, old Father Fitzgibbon greets him with about the same enthusiasm he'd accord the bubonic plague. That's partly because reports have been coming in for half an hour of Chuck's progress through the neighborhood. There's the matter of the baseball that broke a window. And the street cleaning truck that came along just as the new priest was on his hands and knees in the gutter, looking for the baseball. Of course it's just bad luck that Chuck's luggage hasn't arrived yet. But it doesn't do a young priest any good to have to greet his superior in a sweatshirt marked in large letters "St. Louis Browns."

(Continued on page 16)

FREE OFFER!

Here's how you can get a free copy of that marvelous magazine SCREEN ROMANCES—with stories of all the latest movies, colored pictures, too! All you have to do is fill out the following Questionnaire, then pop it in the mail—but quick, because we can only send a FREE SCREEN ROMANCES to the first 500 readers who send in the coupon. Be sure to send yours in before July 20th.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our August issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- *Leo Goes to War* . . . . ☐
- *"Marriage is a Private Affair"* . . . ☐
- *Kelly Is the Name! (Gene Kelly)* . . ☐
- *Duchess on Wheels (Greer Garson)* . . . . . ☐
- *Nothing Ever Happens to Judy (J. Garland)* . . . . . ☐
- *"Miss Precious Cargo" (Paulette Goddard)* . . . . . ☐
- *"One Punch" Lundigan (Bill Lundigan)* . . . . . ☐
- *As Time Goes By* . . . . ☐
- *Waiting for Jean Pierre (Montez-Aumont)* . . . . . ☐
- *Susy Q (Susan Peters)* . . . . . . ☐
- *Good News* . . . . ☐
- *What a Blonde! (Susanna Foster)* ☐
- *Van Johnson (Part II)* . . . . . . ☐

Which of the above stories did you like LEAST? . . . .

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference . . . .

. . . .

. . . .

. . . .

If you are out of school, what kind of job do you have? . . . .

Approximate salary . . . .

My name is . . . .

My address . . . . City . . . . State . . . .

I am . . . . years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN,
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FRANK **SINATRA** ★ GEORGE **MURPHY**

ADOLPHE **MENJOU** ★ GLORIA **De HAVEN** ★ WALTER **SLEZAK** ★ EUGENE **PALLETTE**

IN

Step Lively

WITH

WALLY **BROWN** ★ ALAN **CARNEY** ★ GRANT **MITCHELL** ★ ANNE **JEFFREYS**

Produced by Robert Fellows
Directed by Tim Whelan

Screen play by
Warren Duff
and
Peter Milne

A bubbling adventure in glamour, music, laughs and romance...when a theatrical troupe without an 'angel' invades New York's swankiest hotel.

Songs

7 NEW SONGS... AND SINATRA SINGS 5 OF THEM!

ANOTHER OF THE GREAT RKO RADIO PICTURES

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

All in all, it's a wonder that Father Fitzgibbon puts up with the young man. Everybody says so—at first. Him and his golf clubs and his baseball and that crazy friend of his, Father O'Dowd (Frank McHugh). Furthermore, there's that independent little James girl (Jean Heather), who should have been sent straight home to her family. Wants to be a singer, she does, and Father O'Malley sits down and plays the piano for her. No hymn, either, but some song about "Day After Forever." A *love* song!

Well, old Father Fitzgibbon stands for all that. He stands for Chuck taking the neighborhood kids to the World Series. But when they start practising "Three Blind Mice" in the church basement, it's too much. He goes to the Bishop.

That's when he finds out what Chuck has been too kind to tell him. That St. Dominick's has been getting run down and needs a younger man with new ideas. The Bishop sent young Father O'Malley there to replace the old man, but Chuck says "Stick around, Father. We'll work this out together." And they do.

Jean Heather and James Brown make young love look very attractive. Rise Stevens plays, by an odd coincidence, a Metropolitan star. The entire cast is perfect. It's really a swell picture.—*Par.*

P. S.

Second picture for Rise Stevens finds her virtually playing herself in the film. Stevens fans will be thrilled with her vocalizing of the famous "Habanera" aria from "Carmen." When the picture was completed, Rise left for the Metropolitan to do "Carmen" for the first time in her career. . . . Bing, Lakeside Golf Club champion for three consecutive years, has his first chance to play golf on the screen. Golf scenes were shot at the Riviera Country Club in Los Angeles. The Lakeside Club, where Bing is usually found, is most always filled with movie stars. Paramount couldn't shoot the golfing scenes there for fear of including some famous name from another studio. . . .

THE CANTERVILLE GHOST

This is really tops in ghost stories. Wait till you see Charles Laughton as the spirit of Sir Simon de Canterville—he's really terrific. Sir Simon is a pompous ghost, pleased with his record of terrifying countless people into insanity or suicide in the centuries he's been haunting the family castle. He's an awful coward, though, which is just how he got to be a ghost.

Back when knighthood was in flower, Sir Simon was challenged to a duel. He was so terrified that he ran and hid in the castle. Papa de Canterville, furious at having his son publicly appear as a coward, walled Simon up in his room, and left him to die of hunger. He also put a curse on him, with the result that Simon has to haunt the castle until the day when some Canterville descendant shall perform a brave act in his name and release him.

Unfortunately for Simon, all the Cantervilles turn out to be cowards from then on. Finally in 1944, only one descendant is left—little Lady Jessica (Margaret O'Brien). She's a coward, too, or thinks she is, which comes to the same thing, and doesn't live in the castle. It has been closed for the last twenty years, but now it is to be opened as quarters for a platoon of American rangers.

The Americans are amused to find that "Lady Jessica" is a small, grave eyed little girl. One of them, "Cuffy" (Robert Young), takes a particular fancy to her. She tells him about the ghost but he frankly doesn't believe a word. Neither do the other Rangers, until midnight, when Simon goes to work on them. He puts on all his best acts, but the Rangers are not only unimpressed, they gang up on him and chase him all around the castle. The poor old ghost is a wreck by morning, and retires to the graveyard to brood bitterly.

Then Lady Jessica finds out that "Cuffy" is really a Canterville. He is also an obviously brave guy. So why couldn't *he* get rid of the curse that keeps Simon hanging around the castle? It's an idea, but there are complications, which . . .

Margaret O'Brien is wonderful—you'll love her. Bill Gargan is particularly good in a comparatively minor part.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

The Santa Monica Uplifters Club played host to the biggest crowd of spectators in its history, day Charles Laughton took a ride on a delayed action bomb straight across the polo field. Scene was for the sequence where Laughton, as a ghost, guides a bomb by sitting astride the thing and directing its course. Bomb was actually tied to the back end of a Robert Young-driven jeep. . . . Next day Mr. Laughton was back on the studio lot teaching small Margaret O'Brien the fine art of cutting newspaper dolls . . . Charles sings in this one for the first time since his Gilbert and Sullivan days in London. He and Young sing a boogie-woogie arrangement of "Dirty Gertie From Bizerte" with Jose Iturbi eight-beating at the piano . . . Mr. Laughton adds to his list of famous movie speeches (remember the Gettysburg Address in "Ruggles?") with the ghosts' wistful soliloquy on the "Garden of Death."

For that clear, flower-fresh complexion, you need the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPT Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist, Irresistible Face Powder is non-drying, color-true . . . clings longer, giving your skin that satin-smooth, wonderfully clear complexion. Try Skintone, the new AIR-WHIPT Powder shade!

10c—25c SIZES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
STAYS ON LONGER...
S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something"
is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was muggy and very quiet on that hill in New Guinea, and suddenly the air was split with thunderous applause—the surprise which the Major had promised the waiting soldiers was here—Joe E. Brown!

He looked very small on the platform down there in the valley, but even from their seats which scaled the hillside they could see him blush and try to brush aside the tear in his eye as he yelled, "Thanks, fellas, thanks a million!"

And then he went into his routine. All alone and with no stooges or music to back him up, he had the G.I.'s holding their sides with laughter, and when he was done, his voice changed, and you could see that what he was asking meant a lot to him. Would they sing "God Bless America?" Would they!

Maybe that song's been sung a million times during this war but never with so much strength, and hope and determination. A thousand voices ringing out against the lonely New Guinea jungles and, too shaken to join in, the little man with the big mouth, Joe E. Brown, his face streaming with tears, alone on the boards, remembering the son who would never sing again—killed while fighting for this blessed America.

If ever a man deserved a letter of thanks, it's funny-man Joe E. Brown.

Miss Cecilia Rider,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAKE YOUR OWN BED

The servant problem is providing a lot of material these days. The standard gag is to have a young couple (unmarried) hire out as cook and butler (married) for purposes of their own. In "Make Your Own Bed" this progresses into a combination spy-thriller and bedroom farce. Jane Wyman and Jack Carson are starred, and it won't tax your brain unduly on a hot day.

Walter Whirtle (Alan Hale) is the head of a gunpowder factory. He's a busy man and it seems to him that his wife, Vivian (Irene Manning), should be able to attend to the servant problem. Vivian tries hard, but the servants leave in droves. So Whirtle takes over. Instead of hiring a cook and butler, he hires a detective and his girl friend to pose as a butler and a cook. He tells the detective, young Jerry Curtis (Jack Carson) that his life is being threatened, his wife is falling for another man, and his gunpowder factory is in danger of sabotage from Nazi agents. He even, to make things convincing, invites some actors and actresses out for the weekend to make like Nazi agents.

Jerry is sure it's going to be a big case. When he breaks this one, he can get his own agency and marry Susan (Jane Wyman). But meanwhile, Mrs. Whirtle thinks he and Susan are *already* married. She assigns the new "butler" and "cook" to a nice room with a lovely view—and a double bed. Susan is very indignant and Jerry ends by sleeping in the bathhouse dressing room.

Unfortunately, he picks the women's dressing room, where two of the actresses turn up. Susan finds them, and all is not peachy. "Maybe," she suggests, "Mr. Whirtle made the whole thing up. Maybe he just wanted a butler and a cook."

"Ridiculous," says Jerry. "I have evidence that these are real Nazi agents." And darned if he's not right! The action speeds

Are You in the Know?

What's wrong with this picture?

☐ The rose is on the wrong lapel
☐ The Lieutenant is allergic to roses
☐ He's forbidden to wear non-military ornaments

Your rose may be as precious to him as a campaign ribbon. But—only military ornaments are permitted on an officer's uniform. Be *sure* about military etiquette! And to be sure of *yourself*, on "trying days" choose the napkin that doesn't show even under your filmiest formal. With Kotex, you needn't fear telltale outlines, for the ends of Kotex are *pressed flat*—different from other napkins because they're not thick, not stubby. Thanks to this patented Kotex feature you'll pass inspection always!

This type of coat is a good bet if you are—

☐ Pleasingly plump
☐ Long and lean
☐ A "pocket edition"

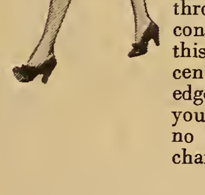
Shopping for back-to-school togs? The short box coat is just your dish if you're long and lean. It breaks your height, adds "heft" you need. Wear it with dash, any time. Breeze through "that" time, too—with the special confidence Kotex sanitary napkins give. For this is the napkin with the patented safety-center that keeps moisture away from the edges, gives extra protection exactly where you need it *most*. And with Kotex, there's no wrong side to cause accidents . . . no chance to make a mistake!

Would you say she was—

☐ Planning an elopement
☐ Practising fire drill
☐ Slimming the fatted calf

Climb up the ladder to bareleg beauty! Daily sprints up stairs or ladder will trim chubby calves. And try this: Lie on your right side, raise left leg high, touching ankle with left hand. Then reverse. Mild exercise is *good* for you on "problem days." And you'll find Kotex different from ordinary napkins . . . far more comfortable. For rather than just "feel" soft, at first touch—Kotex *stays soft while wearing*. Unlike flimsy pads that bunch and rope, Kotex is built to hold its shape—to give you longer-lasting comfort.

Know your napkins



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

IT'S A WISE GIRL who discovers that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest destroys odors. It's unscented, safe, *sure*.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

P. S.

Irene Manning earned the admiration of her colleagues by being the only member of the cast who didn't succumb to the "flu" germ which circulated the set and put all the others to bed for a week . . . This is the first picture Miss Manning has made in which she plays a strictly dramatic role—she doesn't sing a note . . . The framed picture of a curly-headed blond child in one of the bedroom scenes is Jane's favorite photographic study of her three-year-old daughter, Maureen.

DOUBLE INDEMNITY

Do you read murder cases in the papers? Then this is for you. The story of "Double Indemnity" is a story that happens all too frequently in real life. Most murders, police records tell us, are done coldly and deliberately for money. This is an almost clinical study of the cause and results of one such murder. It will undoubtedly scare hell out of you. Barbara Stanwyck is sultry and spectacular in what looks like a blonde wig. Fred MacMurray is more convincing than you would expect as a murderer. Edward G. Robinson, as usual, walks off with the acting honors.

Walter Neff (Fred MacMurray) is an insurance salesman. One of the prospects on his list is a Mr. Dietrichson (Tom Power). But Walter meets Dietrichson's wife, Phyllis (Barbara Stanwyck) first, and that sets the stage for murder. Phyllis would like to take out a policy on her husband's life—a large policy. Without his knowing about it. Now Walter Neff is no dope. He understands immediately. He tells her he wants no part of that deal, and he thinks he means it. Till that night, when Phyllis comes to his apartment.

It would, after all, be simple enough to kill Dietrichson. Walter knows a way it could be done so that even Barton Keyes (Edward G. Robinson), the insurance company's crack trouble shooter, could never prove a thing. A way, furthermore, that would make the company pay a double indemnity.

So Dietrichson dies. The case comes to Keyes, and he is reasonably sure that it is murder. But proving it is another matter. Phyllis was probably mixed up in it, but who helped her? The only suspect is a young Italian who has been going around with Dietrichson's daughter, Lola (Jean Heather). Could he and Phyllis have worked together? Perhaps. . . .

Meanwhile tension mounts in the minds of Walter and Phyllis. How much does Keyes know? What can he prove? The tension flares into violent scenes between them. They begin to suspect each other of betrayal. The thought of going through life tied together by this secret is unbearable. And murder strikes again.—*Par.*

VAS YOU DERE?

Did your knees quake, did your mouth go dry, did you drool like your two-headed cousin from Squeedunk? Bet you did, but so what! Good personal contacts with our Hollywood stars are few and far between, and if you've ever had a really unusual encounter with one, well, for pity's sake, whaddaya waitin' for!! We're just as movie mad as you are, and when you send us in a terrifically tingle-y tale that we think the rest of the gang would enjoy, those five dollar checks just fly!

So, if you saw it happen—won't you let us in on it, too?

P. S.

Movie-goers will find some interesting and rare antiques in this one. Inside of Jerry's market is stocked with 1,000,000 ration points worth of sliced pineapple, chocolate, and solid pack tomatoes . . . Studio officials haggled with the Office of Civilian Defense for several days before permission was obtained to do night scenes in Burbank under dimout restrictions. After wading through yards and yards of red tape, bosses obtained the okay—shot night scenes with Kleig lights dimmed from above. This necessitated building special blinders and covers for the dozens of lamps. Two days after the scenes were taken, dimout restrictions were lifted completely . . . Story called for a scene at the Glendale depot. It was more convenient for the studio to shoot these sequences at Burbank. All of the Glendale Depot signs were copied and hung at Burbank for one day. Since the trains out of Los Angeles go through Glendale and then into Burbank, passengers were most confused to find themselves going through Glendale twice—missing Burbank altogether.

SENSATIONS OF 1945

Do you like the circus? Tap dancing? Hot piano? W. C. Fields? Swell. You'll find them all in this picture, plus Eleanor Powell, Dennis O'Keefe, Cab Calloway and Woody Herman. The circus is a sort of night club version of Ringling Brothers. It has a lot of the same acts, including the acrobats and the trained bears. It gets into the picture because Ginny Walker (Eleanor Powell), has an idea. Ginny, a musical comedy star, is slightly nuts about publicity. She even persuades her under-

3 Main Deodorant Troubles-

WHICH IS YOURS?

"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"

(Due to irritating chemicals)

You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing to normal skins.

CREAM GOES GRAINY?

Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grains. Yodora—because it is made with a cream base—stays smooth as a fine face cream to the last!

TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?

Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant—once you try *different* Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get *powerful protection.* Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING IN PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

YODORA *deodorant cream*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

study to appear, mysteriously veiled, and shoot her during a performance. Just to make the front pages. Of course Ginny isn't really shot, but she cops a lot of space.

Her press agent, Gus (Eugene Pallette), thinks she was pretty clever to dream that up all by herself. But his son, Junior (Dennis O'Keefe), disappears. Junior thinks press agentry should be lifted to a higher intellectual plane. Gus decides to teach him a lesson by going away and putting Ginny in charge of the office.

That's where the circus comes in. Ginny gets a lot of the firm's delinquent accounts together and finds herself with circus material on her hands. Also a penthouse restaurant. The obvious answer is a night club called "Circus In The Sky," and it's a great success. Junior is silent, but annoyed. He's even more annoyed when Ginny gets a tight rope walker to cross the Grand Canyon, or its movie equivalent, for publicity purposes. Junior seethes. "Suppose the guy gets killed? What good will publicity do him then?" Ginny, it seems, has never thought of that. It makes her nervous for all of a minute.

She dreams up a lot of other bright ideas, one of which lands her in jail. When she comes out, she still thinks publicity is wonderful. Junior gives up. Maybe the girl is right. But her next scheme is definitely bad—he *has* to do something about that. That, you've got to see. Oh, I forgot to tell you. Sophie Tucker is in the picture, too.—*U. A.*

P. S.

Movie fans looking for missions and messages in their motion pictures will find neither in "Sensations." Acts were drafted from circus rings, jive spots, supper clubs and vaudeville acts all over the country and woven into the picture as part of the story . . . This is Ellie Powell's first freelance picture since leaving M-G-M studios. She was the first person cast for this show . . . Miss Powell worked for two months perfecting the dance routine she does as a whirling ball in a pinball machine . . . David Lichine, her partner in the opening boogie-woogie number, is a dance director engaged to supervise dance numbers for this film. He's a former star of the famous Ballet Russe.

ROGER TOUHY

Gangsters aren't very smart. If they were, they probably wouldn't be gangsters. Even a super-gangster like Roger Touhy was really stupid, as you'll realize when you see this picture. Touhy was the last of the big time mob. He is now serving a life sentence in the Illinois State Prison. Preston Foster plays Touhy and does an extraordinarily good job of it. He manages to look tough, venomous, and yet in some curious way, commonplace. A man who might have been a butcher or a factory foreman, but who chose to live by violence.

The story begins with the kidnapping of Joe Sutton (William Post, Jr.). Joe is a prosperous broker, and Touhy wants $100,000 ransom. The mob finally settles for $70,000, and Joe is released. When the police question him about the kidnappers, he suffers a sudden lapse of memory—as witnesses against the Touhy mob were apt to do. "I never saw their faces," he insists, but the police break down his story. The mob is arrested—Touhy himself, his right hand man, Owl Banghart (Victor McLaglen), Troubles O'Connor (Frank Jenks). The boys aren't worried. Nobody's ever pinned a rap on them yet. But this time things are different. One of the lads who was in on the snatch talks. Smoke Reardon (Henry Morgan) turns state's evidence.

So Touhy and the others go to prison.

TRUSHAY* . . . THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Helps *prevent* soap-and-water damage to soft hands! Use it *before* daily household tasks!

Trushay's *different* from other lotions. Specially made to help *guard against* the roughening, drying effects of hot, soapy water. Smooth it on *before* you wash dishes—*before* you tub undies. It's lush, creamy. Helps *prevent* damage to your lovely hands—instead of trying to correct it after it's done. Economical. At your drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A slightly different

What's Cookin', America?

By MARJORIE DEEN

NEW ENGLAND . . . The second in our series on the Regional Recipes of the Stars, brings you Sonny Tufts

■ If you were trying to decide on an actor who is "just the type" to play the part of a typical New Englander, I doubt if you would think of casting Sonny Tufts—the big, smiling "Kansas" of "So Proudly We Hail"—for this sort of a role. That is, you wouldn't, unless you already knew some of the interesting biographical details that we picked up in the course of a most entertaining afternoon spent with the Tufts in their present home—a fantastic Grecian house with black floors and teal and terracotta walls, out in Bel Air.

In this completely incongruous setting we discovered that the mercurial Sonny was born in Boston, that his family has lived in and around that city since the early 17th Century and that Sonny (who has never been called anything else, by the way) was originally christened Bowen Charleston Tufts the 3rd, if you please! All of which sounds very "Back Bay Society" indeed.

We also learned that one of his forebears founded Tufts College, that he went to Phillips-Exeter and then to Yale (although boys in the Tufts family were always supposed to go to Harvard . . . but then Sonny started out early in life to be "different"). Finally we discovered that, come August, this six-foot-four overnight sensation and his little wife Barbara will move to the new home they have just bought out in Hidden Valley—a typical New England farmhouse, complete with chickens and vegetable garden and a lovely big kitchen where Mrs. Tufts can proudly display the shining copper pans which she brought with her all the way from Rome.

Add it all up and you can clearly see why we were so happy to have hit on the idea of asking this particular young man to represent New England in our Regional Recipe series.

Not that Sonny himself attempted to tell us anything about the actual preparation of the fine fare that is traditional in the section of the country from which he comes! Instead, he confined himself pretty much to telling us what Yankee specialties he likes and then went on to advise us to get the necessary culinary details from Barbara. It turned out that Sonny's wife is both an excellent and an enthusiastic cook—the kind who loves to invent new recipes and to flavor sauces with wine, herbs and spices. But above all, she enjoys trying her hand at fixing up her husband's favorite dishes. So she was naturally able to speak with considerable authority about many of the tried and true New England treats for which Sonny has expressed a marked preference.

However when—as was frequently the case—Barbara was unable to supply us with a recipe which she knew to be authentic in its every detail, we wisely turned to "THE YANKEE COOK BOOK*". For this book is a veritable treasure trove of native New England customs as well as cookery, we learned. So much so, in fact, that it is accepted by New Englanders, everywhere, as *the* authority on the way food is prepared in their own home States. So you see you have double assurance as to the authenticity of the things we are going to tell you about Sonny Tufts' favorite foods.

---

* *Edited by Imogene Wolcott, well known food authority. Coward-McCann, publishers.*

Sonny Tufts, now starring in "I Love a Soldier," likes to watch his wife cook . . . always hangs around hungrily whenever Baked Beans are being prepared!

Being a born and bred New Englander, Paramount's new "find" likes to eat beans on Saturday night—in line with a custom which dates back to Puritan days.

Here, then, is a short description of the traditional treats that this particular "Yankee Doodle Boy" recommends and that we offer you in this month's free leaflet. When you get these recipes, you can serve Boston Baked Beans, Brown Bread and other New England dishes—made the way the Tufts like them.

Since Sonny likes highly spiced foods, Barbara uses a little garlic when preparing her beans. *That* suggestion is one to make any dyed-in-the-wool New Englander cringe . . . so we mention it here only because she did. However, many residents of the Nutmeg State (Connecticut) insist on placing a big onion plunk in the middle of the bean pot, while Vermonters argue vociferously in favor of using maple syrup instead of molasses as the sweetening.

Where the culinary controversy gets really heated is on the subject of Clam Chowder! "'To be or not to be' made with tomatoes, 'that's the question,'" declaimed Sonny with mock seriousness—before admitting that he, himself, emphatically belongs to the NO TOMATOES school of thought.

Indian Pudding, one of the oldest of New England desserts, is another of Sonny's preferences. For, although he usually likes to end up a dinner with cheese rather than with a sweet, he considers that Indian Pudding teamed up with Vanilla Ice Cream is "but terrific."

Also included in the leaflet is a cranberry recipe, since no New England story would be complete without mention of this fine fruit, first discovered in wild state on Cape Cod. Traditionally served in the form of a rich "Sauce" to go with roast fowl (incidentally we're also giving you the recipe for Barbara's favorite poultry stuffing in the leaflet) the Tufts' collection includes directions for a Cranberry *Sherbet*—just to be "different" again. Made with canned cranberry sauce—available the year around—this is a delicately tinted, delightfully flavored ice such as is served in one of Massachusetts' most famous eating places—The Toll House, of Chocolate Cookie fame. You have Barbara's word for it that the characteristically tart flavor of cranberries, in this colorful frozen delight, will be quite as welcome in the warm weather as it is in the Fall and around the holidays.

In fact, all these dishes which stem from New England deserve nationwide acceptance; so be sure to send for your copy soon.

THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York 16, New York

I am enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, in which please send me the Sonny Tufts leaflet of New England favorites—the second in the series on REGIONAL RECIPES OF THE STARS.

"It's time you knew, Dear!"

When the time comes for little Garments to hear 'the facts of life,' it seems only proper to rely on someone who has—so to speak—been through the wringer.

So if Kitty Kerchief isn't learning the 'facts' about Fels-Naptha Soap, we've missed our guess on wise, old Auntie Slip.

Fels-Naptha Soap *is* a source of long and wear-free life for garments of all kinds. And for all kinds of family wash. This good, mild soap—blended with active naptha—turns out the whitest wash you've ever seen. It saves needless wear on fabrics because it makes harsh rubbing unnecessary.

If you haven't already learned the 'fact' that it's better to wash with Fels-Naptha Soap— it's time *you* knew, too!

make-up with a glow that adds GLAMOUR

—the new miracle make-up from the Hollywood House of Tayton

It's NEW! It's DIFFERENT! A vial of loveliness with nothing to dry your skin. It covers . . . it tints . . . it *glows*. And that flattering satin finish stays on and on.

Virginia Mayo—see her with Bob Hope in "The Princess and the Pirate"

You'll positively *radiate* glamour with TAYTON'S TAYGLO—the make-up that dreams are made of! Four enchanting shades. Choose yours today.

$1, 50c and 25c sizes

Other famous Make-up creations — Tayton's Cake Make-Up and Cream-Powder Base

TAYTON'S HOLLYWOOD CHICAGO NEW YORK

(*Continued from page 19*)

Eventually Reardon goes, too—framed by friends of Touhy. He is murdered there. Then Touhy breaks jail. It's quite a thing, that jail break. You'll find yourself getting awfully excited about it. Split second timing, sheer brutality, and a sort of desperate, crazy courage make it a success. And the Touhy mob is "outside" again!

Now the FBI goes to work on the case. Roger Touhy hasn't the brains to cope with this outfit. He makes mistakes—bad ones. The FBI traces tiny clues with the utmost care. A torn paper in a garbage pail. An empty bottle of hair dye. A new customer at the local meat market. And so at last, in a thrilling climax, we see the end of the Touhy gang.

Vic McLaglen is fine as Banghart, the "intellectual" member of the mob. Frank Jenks and Henry Morgan are helpful, too. It's an exciting picture.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

More screen tests were made in casting the title role of this picture than for any other movie to come off the Fox lot. Preston Foster was finally selected because of his ability to give the impression of brutal purpose, not because of physical resemblance to Touhy . . . Production was greatly facilitated by Dwight Green, Governor of Illinois, and Joseph Ragen, warden of Stateville. They acted as technical advisers, granting permission to studio officials to reenact the famous Touhy escape. Even allowed the "shooting" to take place inside prison walls. This is the first time such photographs have been permitted.

GASLIGHT

Can you imagine what it would be like to feel that you were going slowly out of your mind? The cumulative horror of each additional bit of evidence—the picture you took from the wall and hid away in a drawer for no good reason, the letter you sat reading when there was no letter there at all? Madness creeping slowly, eerily.

In "Gaslight" Paula Anton (Ingrid Bergman) is indeed in danger of going mad, but it's because she is being systematically *driven* mad. And the person who is doing this, deliberately, cruelly, is her husband, Gregory (Charles Boyer).

Paula doesn't, of course, realize it, but from the first day they met, Gregory has planned this. His ardent love making was only a preliminary. Their marriage was part of his plan, and the moment they come to live in the gloomy old house in London which Paula inherited from her aunt, the plan accelerates. Perhaps if she hadn't found that faded letter in the drawing room, it wouldn't have been necessary to hurry so. The letter was addressed to Paula's aunt, Alice Alquist, who was murdered there many years before. If the police should learn about that letter. . . .

But as far as Scotland Yard is concerned, the Alquist case is closed. Unsolved. Only one detective is still interested. His name is Brian Cameron (Joseph Cotten) and when he meets Gregory Anton and his beautiful wife, he is more interested than ever. Something is very wrong with these two. Even their neighbor, Miss Thwaites (Dame May Whitty) points out that Mrs. Anton never leaves the house, whereas Mr. Anton goes out every night. None knows where. The plot against Paula's sanity goes on, but now Brian works feverishly to counteract it. There must be some clue, something that would tell him where to look. And at last Paula remembers. . . .

Ingrid Bergman was never so lovely as in this terrifying drama. Charles Boyer is both fascinating and sinister as the villainous husband, and Joseph Cotten makes a satisfactory hero. Spend your next free evening by "Gaslight."—*M-G-M.*

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)
By Beverly Linet

Hi . .

You know, I've been thinking. Most of you kids can answer all of the questions some of the time and some of the questions all of the time—but gee, I can answer all of the questions all of the time!! Not that I'm a Quiz Kid, understand, it's a just that I've all these files and personal letters and, gosh, oodles of dope on your pet movie people swamping me out of the office—isn't it a shame to let it all go to waste when here you are racking your should-be-on-vacation brains with cinema stickers?

So, write me, Beverly Linet, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., and see if you can stump me. Last one in's a movietown ickey. . . .*

Natalie Reiff and Victor Morales, N. Y. C.: CAN WE HAVE A LIST OF ALL THE METRO STARS AND PIX THAT WON THE ACADEMY AWARD? (Better'n that, here is a list of all the awards—going as far back as possible. The Metro winners are in italics.)

1943 "Casablanca"—Jennifer Jones, Paul Lukas, Katina Paxinou, Charles Coburn.
1942 *"Mrs. Miniver"—Greer Garson,* James Cagney, *Van Heflin, Teresa Wright.*
1941 "How Green Was My Valley"—Joan Fontaine, Gary Cooper, Donald Crisp, Mary Astor.
1940 "Rebecca"—Ginger Rogers, *James Stewart,* Walter Brennan, Jane Darwell.
1939 *"GWTW"—Vivien Leigh, Robert Donat, Hattie McDaniel,* Thomas Mitchell.
1938 "You Can't Take It With You"—Bette Davis, *Spencer Tracy,* Fay Bainter, Walter Brennan.
1937 "Zola"—*Luise Rainer, Spencer Tracy,* Alice Brady, Joseph Schildkraut.
1936 *"Great Ziegfeld"—Luise Rainer,* Paul Muni, Gale Sondergaard, Walter Brennan.
1935 *"Mutiny on the Bounty"*—Bette Davis, Victor McLaglen.
1934 "It Happened One Night"—*Clark Gable,* Claudette Colbert.
1933 "Cavalcade"—Charles Laughton, Katharine Hepburn.
1932 *"Grand Hotel"—Helen Hayes,* Fredric March.
1931 "Cimarron"—*Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore.*
1930 "All Quiet on the Western Front" — *Norma Shearer,* George Arliss.
1929 *"Broadway Melody"*—Mary Pickford, Warner Baxter.
1928—"Wings"—Janet Gaynor, Emil Jannings.

P. S.

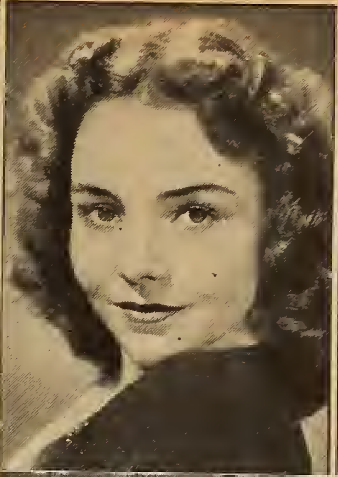
The replica collection of the British crown jewels make their movie debut in "Gaslight." They were originally brought to the United States for exhibit at the New York World's Fair. Created by the London court jewelers, many of them were fashioned for the coronation rehearsal of George VI of England . . . Other famous pieces in the picture include the pair of Cornucopia sofas, the only ones of their kind in this country; the rosewood piano

(*Continued on page 25*)

DAVID O. SELZNICK

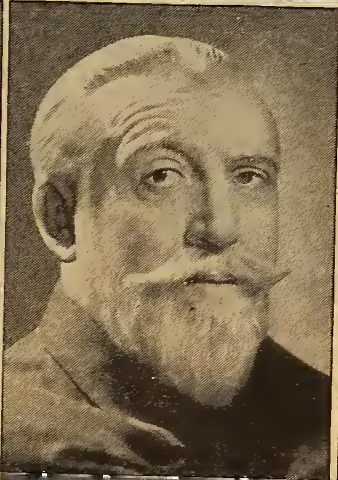
presents:

CLAUDETTE COLBERT


JENNIFER JONES

JOSEPH COTTEN

SHIRLEY TEMPLE


MONTY WOOLLEY

LIONEL BARRYMORE

ROBERT WALKER

The screen's most distinguished cast in

"Since You Went Away"

The producer's first picture since
"Gone With The Wind" and "Rebecca"

DIRECTED BY JOHN CROMWELL RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS

By Jean Kinkead

Co-ed

Clothes, chitchat, come-hithering, rebuffing—there's definitely an art to this canteen game. Here's how to maneuver the right guys your way!

■ Aren't we all leaving our hearts around at various canteens these days? Sometimes we leave it with the right guy. Sometimes with a lad who collects hearts like your kid sister collects autographs. And romance isn't the only canteen dilemma. There's conversation with strange men: How to make same? There are wolves: How to cope? There are—but you know all the questions. What you want are the $64 answers. Here are a few of 'em.

WHAT'LL I WEAR? Something eye-catching and feminine. A colorful wash dress with a soft round neckline and a full skirt. A checked taffeta skirt with a ruffly white blouse. A conversation-making print. Wear gay colors, rather than navy or black; they seem to go over bigger. And consider the back of the dress, for that's really the stag's-eye-view. The boys love sashes that tie in big bows in the back. Nice whirly skirts. Crisp, cool-looking jobs. Low but not too low necklines. They like light perfume that haunts them without practically blacking them out. And becoming make-up that doesn't drool all over their uniforms when rugs are a-cutting. They like stockings or leg-goo, but bare legs are tabu. High-heeled shoes, *please,* unless your little man is truly a little man.

WHAT'LL I SAY? You see this cute little sailor off by himself, and you long to chat with him, but suddenly you haven't a thought in your head. Well, just take your courage in your two little fat hands and give him your most Sunday smile. He'll smile

(*Continued on page 80*)

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 22*)

with which Charles Boyer accompanies Ingrid, which was discovered in a depleted English countryside estate and is fashioned entirely of one piece of wood; and the bedroom suite which is also from England and is inlaid rosewood done entirely by hand.

REWARD UNLIMITED

Just what is patriotism? More than just devotion to your country, it's acting upon that love, and in a way, maybe it can be a little selfish, too, 'cause country is you, yes? In "Reward Unlimited," Peggy Adams (Dorothy McGuire) is in love, but really in love. Even proposes to Paul (Jim Brown), a shiny new second Lieutenant, and suffers the ignominy of being turned down. Turned down, that is, till after the war. He's got his pride, and like a lot of the boys you know, wants to provide a home with all the trimmings for his bride. Peggy dries her tears and makes up her mind to do something to make that day come sooner—anything to bring Paul back. Through Mrs. Scott (Aline MacMahon) Peggy discovers the job that'll do it, and in a hurry. She enlists in the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps. Peggy learns not only how to handle a stethoscope and a hypodermic needle, but also the satisfaction that comes with alleviating suffering. It's chasing bogeys for a little boy, it's teaching a wounded soldier how to walk on crutches. That's where the real thrill comes in, and you know at the end of the picture that Paul will come back to a Peggy twice as beautiful and respected as the Peggy he left. And it wouldn't surprise us at all if hundreds of you girls made a dash for the nearest hospital to sign up for the Cadet Nurse Corps, after seeing "Reward Unlimited." P.S. The uni-

ROCKING IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

Remember them dear, dead days when you'd pull an "oops-I'm-going-down-for-the-third-time" routine when you got a gander at that bicepy hunk o' man lifeguarding at your pet bathery? Well, them days are gone forever, and while our watery Apollos are off to the wars, it's up to us gals to play aquatic guardian angels. The Red Cross has announced that surveys of last season's femme lifeguard records proved that in many cases we gals showed a greater sense of responsibility and ability than the men we replaced—do you wonder they're all het up about getting more of us trained for this truly vital and oodles-of-fun job?

If you're at least 19 years old and have your senior lifesaving certificate, why not contact your local Red Cross chapter today and ask when you may join one of their 17 schools which will be holding ten-day sessions in acquatic first aid, accident prevention and life saving techniques from June through September? . . . just to make sure the WAVES don't get too many unsuspecting recruits. . . .

Does your face powder pass the "Compact Close-up?"

Happy discovery! Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder *glorifies* your skin, because its color stays true in any kind of light.

NATURALLY your compact close-up gives your skin a passing mark under a soft, kind light. But—out in the sunshine, or under bright, electric light, your skin may appear oldish and withered. This spiteful trick may be played on you—by the color of your face powder.

Why not use a face powder made to flatter your skin *in any kind of light?*

Yes, do try Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder! You'll be thrilled when you see how this incredibly fine face powder seems to impart fresh, young radiant color that looks for all the world like your skin's own natural beauty.

It's because Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is made by the famous Color-True process. And for *YOU* there's a particular shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder . . . to flatter your natural beauty . . . to help lend your skin enchanting smoothness, ravishing color, tempting young loveliness *in any kind of light.*

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in all 6 exciting "Color-True" Shades, 10¢ and larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere.

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CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE • NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED

FOR GLAMOUR

Fashions for Tall Girls—by *Marjorie Bailey* .... ☐
Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height. What's tops for *you* in coats, suits, dresses. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Fashions for Short Girls—by *Marjorie Bailey* .... ☐
Fashion tricks to make *you* the willowy girl of your dreams. What to choose in dresses, coats, suits, hats to make you inches taller. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Fashions for Stout and Thin Girls—by *Marjorie Bailey* ..... ☐
Jam-packed with ideas on how to appear thinner or more curvaceous. The lines and styles that slenderize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. What's meant for *you* in coats, suits, dresses, hats, furs. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

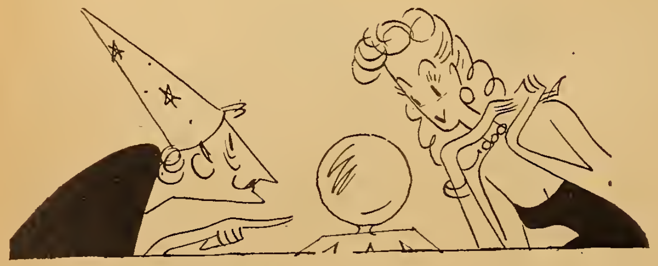
Glamour for the Teens .... ☐
This is 'specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-do's for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Be Beautiful .... ☐
For over 18's—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to your need. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Have Lovely Hair .... ☐
Encyclopedia on hair care. Hair-do's styled for you, setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

★How to Lose Weight .... ☐
12-page chart giving you all the safe ways to lose weight. 2 easy-to-follow diets based on scientific calorie counts. Exercises for reducing every part of body, plus daily scoring chart to help keep tabs on yourself. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Mind Your Manners .... ☐
Charm, poise, etiquette from canteen meeting to wedding on leave. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.



CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

Handwriting Analysis (10c) .... ☐
Send a sample of your or your guy's handwriting in ink (about 25 words). Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c) .... ☐
Fill in your birthdate: Year......month......date......time......
Name............ Street........... City.......... State......
Send 10c. No self-addressed envelope required.

FOR HOMEMAKERS

★Sonny Tufts' Favorite New England Recipes .... ☐
Here are all the recipes of Sonny's pet dishes on attractive, simple-to-follow index cards. Baked beans, clam chowder, luscious corn pudding —all the tempting New England favorites. Free, send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FOR ROMANCE

How to Tell if You're in Love (5c) .... ☐
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. Send 5c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Write a Love Letter .... ☐
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Whom Should I Marry? .... ☐
Tests that analyze you and your guy—what sort of twosome you'll be. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Co-Ed Personal Advice
Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's cagey to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Jean Kinkead, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. See box on page 80 for details.

FOR FANS

Super Star Information Chart (10c) .... ☐
Here it is—our new, revised 32-page booklet that tells all about the stars. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and reams of other data everyone wants to know. Complete section on your favorite Western stars, too. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Music Makers, their Lives, Bands and Records (5c) .... ☐
New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra. 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hep cats. Send 5c as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Join or Start a Fan Club .... ☐
Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk
Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box in middle of page 22 for details.

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JUNE LANG
Glamorous Movie Star praises Charm-Kurl

IN 3 QUICK EASY STEPS

Just shampoo, put up your hair in curlers and then set. That's all there is to your CHARM-KURL PERMANENT WAVE. All curlers, permanent wave solution, shampoo and wave set are included in your kit! You need no hair dressing experience—yet you get a professional looking, beautifully soft wave.

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Please send me one complete CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit. When it arrives, I will pay 59c to my postman (69c in Canada). If, for any reason, I am not thoroughly satisfied, you agree to refund purchase price on my request. If you want more than one kit, check below:

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Baby-mild Ivory Soap helps the idea along by giving War Bonds to 500 Wartime Babies!

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HELP SOME BABY WIN!
ANYONE CAN ENTER!
NO WRAPPERS NEEDED!
Start a "nest-egg" for your own baby—or the baby of some relative or friend.
Enter the Ivory Contest now.

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Every Wartime Baby should own War Bonds—a "nest-egg" to build on. For baby's good friend Ivory Soap believes that babies have the biggest stake in the free world for which we fight. So Ivory urges you to buy that favorite baby of yours a War Bond! And to start the ball rolling, Ivory will give to 500 fortunate Wartime Babies, War Bonds worth $25,000 at maturity.

Babies come first with Ivory Soap!

That's because *Ivory* comes first with millions of babies. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate their tender skin. More doctors advise baby-gentle Ivory for babies (and you!) than all other brands put together!

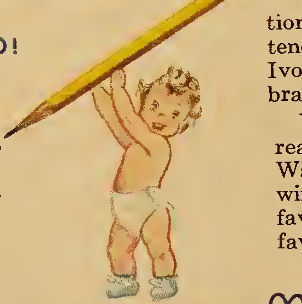
You can think of dozens of reasons why a baby should own War Bonds. One of them may win a bond as a gift to your favorite baby from baby's favorite soap—pure, mild Ivory!

EASY TO ENTER! NO WRAPPERS NEEDED!

JUST FINISH THIS SENTENCE: Dear Ivory Soap— I think every wartime baby should own war bonds because . . . .

(IN 25 WORDS OR LESS)

Then add your name and address and mail to Ivory Soap, Dept. M, Box 687, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. If you win, you receive a handsome certificate saying that through your love and generosity, your favorite Wartime Baby is now the proud owner of a War Bond. Look for your dealer's big Ivory Soap display. Get your entry blank from him today—or simply follow the easy rules below.



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FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES

1. Complete this sentence: *"Dear Ivory Soap: I think every Wartime Baby should own War Bonds because* . . . in 25 additional words or less. Write on official entry blank or one side of a sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address, the name and address and birth date of the baby you would like to have receive a $50 War Bond and, finally, the name of the co-owner or beneficiary. Only babies born on or after December 7, 1941, are eligible for War Bond prizes.

2. Mail to Ivory Soap, Department M, Box 687, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. No Ivory wrapper is required.

3. Any resident of the United States or Hawaii may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal, State and local regulations. Prizes in the contest are 500 $50 (maturity value) denomination U. S. War Bonds, series "E."

4. The contest closes September 9 and all entries must be postmarked before midnight September 9 and received by September 30, 1944.

5. Entries will be judged for sincerity and interest. The Judges' decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

6. All winners will be notified by mail. Complete winners list will be available after November 1, 1944.

TO OUR READERS...

Today Leo is a lion. And today MODERN SCREEN is very sentimental. Read us and weep. Twenty magnificent years of Metro! . . . Or shouldn't I fuss so? After all, making motion pictures is a business just like manufacturing full-length woolen underwear is a business. All I can say is I remember my beautiful, beautiful young-love for Greta Garbo a helluva lot more tenderly than my first glamorous set of droopy-drawers. Pictures and stars somehow get tangled up in our personal lives. I used to stick pins in Jack Gilbert's picture just 'cause he had Greta and I didn't. . . . So, in this issue MODERN SCREEN looks back—with the help of Lolly Parsons, the best looker-backer in Hollywood. With due respect to her grand book, "The Gay Illiterate," the story of Lolly's 20-year romance with Leo (page 59), is the finest, sincerest Parsons I've read! . . . And while Lolly rummages in the past, Kirt Baskette (page 30) tells another saga. He tells the glorious tale of a gang of "phoneys," a gang of actors who went to war. Get a load of what Kirt says about those "phoneys," and you'll be proud that you *have* taken guys like Clark Gable and Jim Stewart into your hearts. . . . When you're all done with the issue, come back and tell us—have we a right to get sentimental over Leo?

Al Delacorte

Executive Editor

Leo goes to war

By Jack Wade

These were the boys with the greasepaint and the lopsided grins—but there aren't any Kliegs over Berlin now and their only applause is ack-ack.

■ Bob Taylor got the news at breakfast that morning. He snatched an official looking envelope out of the usual stack beside the toaster, ripped it open with shaky fingers and then let out a whoop—"Woweee!"

That brought Mrs. Robert Taylor tumbling downstairs, out of breath and ready to call the cops, the fire department or the Beverly Hills senior air raid warden. She didn't know for sure just what, but she didn't have to hold her breath long.

"Look—it says here—hey—I'm in! *I'm in the Navy!*"

Barbara Stanwyck eyed her handsome husband with a very happy grin. "You know what *you* are, Bob Taylor, don't you?" she said with just a touch of envy.

"Sure, I'm a lieutenant, junior grade, U. S. Naval Aviation Reserve, or darned (*Continued on page 32*)

LT. ROBERT TAYLOR, Naval Air Corps, passed entrance exams with straight A's. When he won wings at New Orleans Naval Air Station, his C.O. gave him a pat, "One of the best seconds."

LT. VAN HEFLIN, Army Air Corps. Proudly showing the priority Oscar of plaster and glue to superior officer, before going overseas, it dropped to floor, smashed!

Clark Gable

soon will be," began Robert Taylor. "I'm—"

"That's wonderful," said his wife, "but it's not exactly what I mean. Bob Taylor, you're the luckiest guy in this world, that's what *you* are!"

Lieutenant (j.g.) Robert Taylor seconded the motion that very morning and has ever since he joined the double dozen other Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars who have traded make-up kits for service gear and snagged the biggest starring parts they ever played in their lives. Leo the Lion's litter of fighting cubs, some 1100 of them, pepper with stars the big service flag that waves over the studio at Culver City. They're not all movie stars by a long shot—they're grips and props, gaffers and errand boys, gatemen and secretaries, too. But there are plenty of dog tag numbers in the Army and Navy, Coast Guard, Marines, Air Corps that only yesterday were names that packed a box-office punch from Boston to Bombay, and back again—names like Clark Gable, James Stewart, Melvyn Douglas, Van Heflin, Bob Montgomery, Jean Pierre Aumont, Bill Lundigan, John Carroll, Richard Carlson, Lew Ayres. And Barbara Stanwyck might have been speaking right up for the whole bunch when she told Bob Taylor, "You're lucky!" That's the way every one of them feels about it—this biggest bunch of big stars to ditch any Hollywood studio flat and duck the glamour spotlight for service obscurity and, incidentally, to trade fancy four-figured Saturday night checks for Uncle Sam's modest payroll.

All of them left their homes and their jobs just like Joe American, grimly and eagerly, to do a rugged job. And all of them are doing it in a way that has made the world breathe a soft whistle of respect, because, when war broke, eyes burned down on Hollywood male stars with a new and critical intensity. Two strikes went up against Hollywood stars at the start. They were swell at make-believe—sure—but what about the real thing? Were they men or just pretty shadows? Could they take it? Could they come down off their Hollywood pedestals and buddy with the boys?

Even service men, soldiers and sailors, looked at them with a skeptical cocked eye at first—but they don't any more. You earn what you get in Uncle Sam's league. *(Continued on page 105)*

LT. COM. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, USNR, with George Murphy at S. S. Lombard launching. After 11½ mos. in S. Pacific he came home, fever-ridden, white-haired, 20 lbs. lighter.

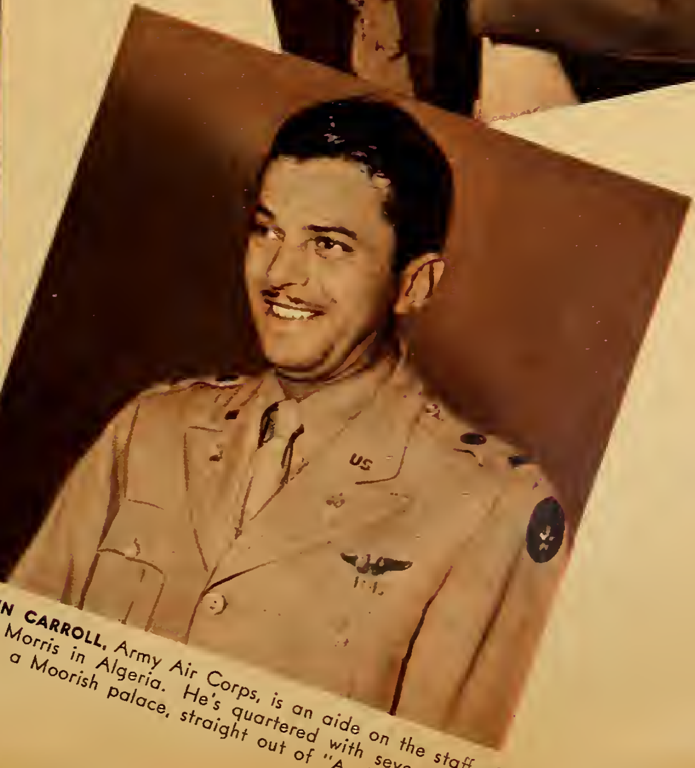
MAJOR JAMES STEWART, Army Air Corps. When his contract expired, M-G-M offered him $1,000 a week while he's in Army if he'd renew it. He declined with thanks. Above, with Ginger Rogers.

leo goes to war

CAPT. MELVYN DOUGLAS, Special Service Division of Army, moved from Australia to Indio, where he and Paul Bern are putting on stage plays for the guys. Between acts they're mapping huge musical.

LT. ROBERT STERLING, Army Air Corps, hopes he won't be shipped out from Mather Field, Calif., before baby comes. Tho he enlisted under real name, Bill Hart, buddies call him Bob.

CORP. WM. LUNDIGAN, Marine Corps, (above, ith Margaret Chapman) is learning technique f talkies under combat conditions at Quantico.



LT. JOHN CARROLL, Army Air Corps, is an aide on the staff of General Morris in Algeria. He's quartered with several officers in a Moorish palace, straight out of "Arab

Since his accident, Van and his huge record collection (including the Lunts, M. Evans and—Sinatra!) have been homebodies. (That's Evie W.)

Van Johnson

By Kirtley Baskette

The 5 bucks worth of nickels didn't jingle long and the brown brogues were scuffed—but they carried him on to make S. R. O. history!

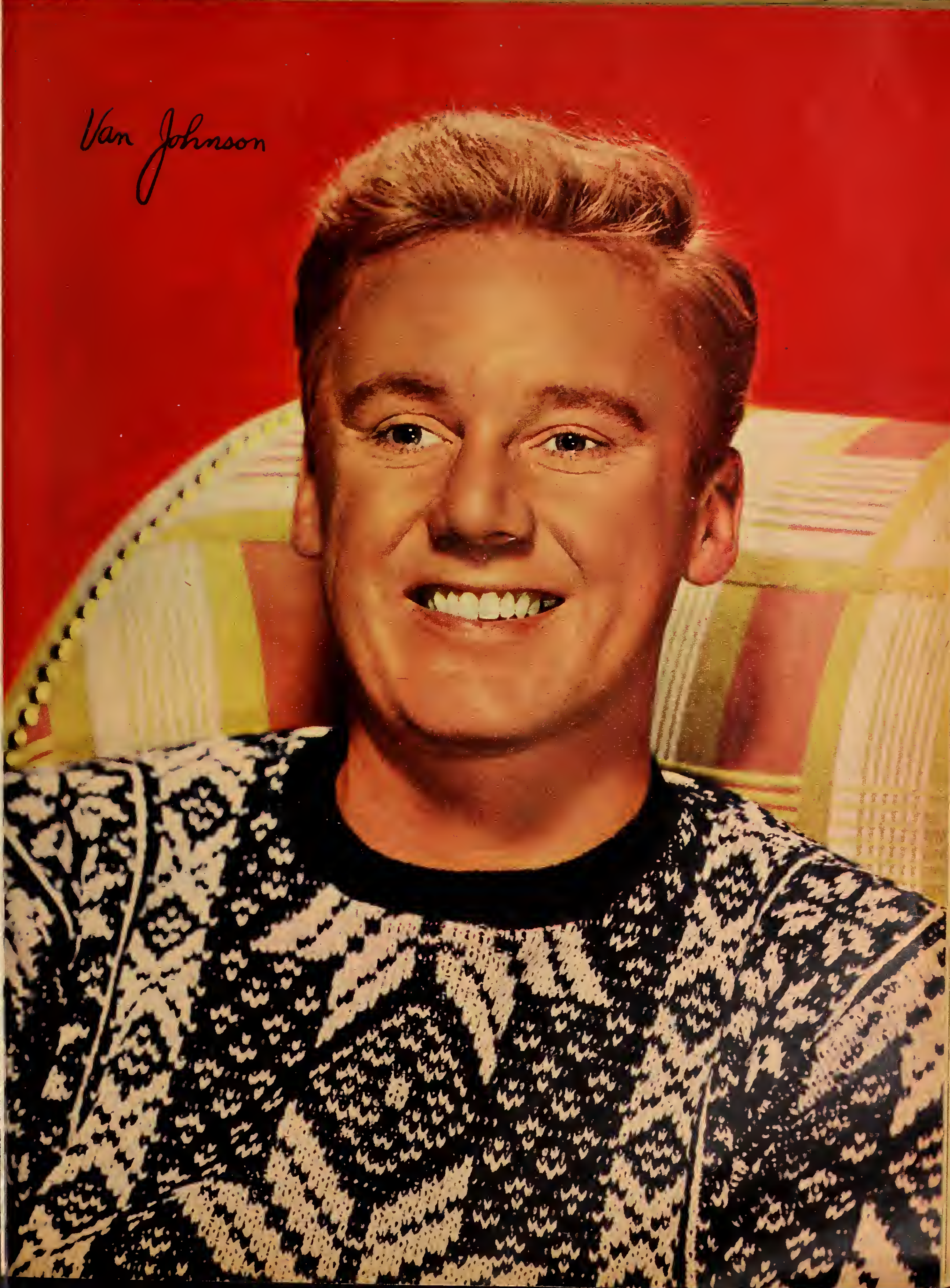
■ Van Johnson surveys a Hollywood future today as bright as his shining red-gold hair. Starred at last in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" after making hits out of bits on his own sunny ability, Van's star is at last high in a cloudless Hollywood sky.

But it wasn't always that way. Van is where he is today because he had a stubborn faith in himself, and could answer "I'll do it!" to every tiny opportunity that knocked.

Born of serious, industrious Swedish immigrant parents in snooty Newport, R. I., summer kingdom of Astors, Vanderbilts, and high Society's Four Hundred, Van fought as a kid against stuffy conservatism and severe frowns on his dreams of becoming an actor. He was patronized as a "town native" by the rich kids and even at home, where a family separation left him motherless at three. He had kindness and care from his thrifty, cautious father and aging grandmother—but no sympathy with his eager desire to act.

But Van kept trying beyond (*Continued on page 36*)

"Are you kiddin'?" Van showers pal Keenan Wynn kids with nursery recordings, croons them to sleep. He just saved job of gal caught peddling his private phone no.


Van Johnson

Van Johnson

Continued

Sports-loving Van relaxes after a day on "30 Seconds Over Tokyo" set. He's on "I'll take one o' dem and one o' dose" dressers, so he's grateful for recent costume (intern, aviator, etc.) pix.

Van set record by returning to work after illness in 8 weeks instead of expected 12 mos. Big break came when he went on with ptomaine after lead he understudied in "Too Many Girls" fell ill.

Spence Tracy was so impressed with Van in "A Guy Named Joe," he *introduced* himself on set, proceeded to rave. V. J. is thrilled he's finally met Bette D. whom he's hero-worshipped for years.

his school work and heavy chores, spunkily grabbing every chance to try himself in school, church and town shows. He drank inspiration from Newport's summer theater, the Casino, where Broadway stars spent "the season" from vaudeville, the Provincetown circus, and particularly the movies at the local Bijou, where he became Newport's champion all-out movie fan. Naturally shy and unassuming, Van made himself loved by everyone, and at Rogers High School where he played football, basketball, sawed a violin in the school orchestra, and drum-majored the band, he won "the most popular contest" and carried on romances with Newport's prettiest town girls.

But his frantic activities made his studies slip, and high school days over, Van felt unprepared for Brown College and unenthusiastic about the legal career his father had planned for him. Confused, he took a job frying clams in a highway drive-in restaurant and there met Lois, a Newport girl who had been away to school, traveled in Europe and knew her way around so well, that, sensing his mixed-up dreams and frustrations, she told him off straight from the shoulder.

"Get out of this town," she said. "Go to New York and get a job on Broadway. Follow your dreams, or you're lost!"

"I'll do it!" replied Van impulsively. Next day, he left Newport with a new suit, a wicker suitcase, five dollars cash and his father's frowning disapproval. But Van Johnson's hopes were on wings. He knew he was on his way—but where?

* * *

Van was nineteen when he left home, determined to show Broadway he had what it takes. And he was as theater-green as the plush (*Continued on page 98*)

A dyed-in-the-wool sentimentalist, trouper Van is drooling over prospect of doing "Oklahoma!" with Judy G.

Van's a real water baby, loves to be near oceans, is tops in acquatic sports. (With cute G. De Haven, in "Two Sisters and A Sailor.")

Two and half weeks after her trip, she and Burgess Meredith eloped to Tiajuana, Mex. Bugs, now an Air Corps Captain, has just returned from overseas. Left H'wood in '42 as Army private.

For six weeks Keenan Wynn, Paulette, accordian man Andy Arcari and rest of the troupe existed entirely on C-rations. "That's what did it!" bemoans Paulette of her added eight pounds!

"miss precious cargo"

By Virginia Wilson

That's what she is in Chinese radio code. But to the lonely Yanks in Asia, she means glamour, home . . . *Goddard!*

■ Everything was quiet. Too quiet—you could hear the mosquitoes buzzing angrily against the netting around the cot. Away to the South, a scout plane zoomed off toward Jap-held territory. And in the corner of the tent something moved . . .

Paulette sat up and grabbed her flashlight. Its yellow glow caught the thing in the corner, and she gave the little shudder that the sight of rats always evoked. She ought to be used to them by now, after two months of this trip, but she just wasn't. She *hated* them! And this was a really enormous one, with horrible fiery eyes. It slithered around the tent, trying frantically to get away from the light. Suddenly it popped into the water bucket. There was a splash.

"Wonderful!" Paulette thought and started to relax. The creature would drown. But the splashing continued. Come to think about it, there were water rats, weren't there? That *lived* in the water! Maybe this was one of them. Maybe this awful rodent would swim around and around all night!

"I won't think about it," Paulette said out loud, in a firm voice. "I'll think about the show tonight instead. It went over very well, considering the rain . . ."

It *had* gone over well. But it always did. These kids were starved for entertainment. They had been out here in India so long, and they hadn't even seen a white woman for months, let alone anyone who looked like Paulette Goddard. If the show had consisted of nothing but Paulette walking on stage and walking off again, they would still have loved it. But it didn't. It was a complete USO Camp show, with Bill Gargan and Keenan Wynn for comedy, and Andy Arcari playing the accordion and singing. It was fast and funny and gay.

Tonight the rain hadn't kept the audience from getting there hours early, as usual. They'd sat around in the downpour from six to (*Continued on page 91*)

Goddard's message to American girls, "If you only knew how idolized you are by all kinds of soldiers—American, Chinese, British and Indian, you'd be very proud. Don't let them down." Individual missives all said same thing—just "love" or "I'm fine." Her next film: "I Love a Soldier."

On May 3rd, troupe landed in New York after 38,000-mile trek through 15 countries. Eleven weeks without one, a bubble bath was Paulette's first objective!

kelly is the name!

By George Benjamin

The cocky grin's from Eire and the home-grown corn's from hunger—but when he makes like Nijinsky you know it's genius flashing.

■ At the Hollywood preview of "Cover Girl," when Gene Kelly's amazing dance ended, and one of the biggest thunders of applause any Hollywood star has ever earned died down at last, an expert on the dance turned to his companion in the audience.

"That's the greatest dancing since Nijinsky!" he said.

Gene Kelly didn't hear that remark, until somebody passed it on to him. Then he was pleased, but not as thrilled as he might have been. Gene had his big thrill weeks before when he saw the complete rushes of the part in that picture that was to make him famous.

He'd dreamed about and planned the dance himself, argued with studio technicians who said it couldn't be done, plugged for it 'gainst the advice of half of Hollywood, worked it out painstakingly through tedious, weary weeks. It was his baby, and a million tiny things could have wrecked it along the way. But at last it was over, and the results were right there on the screen, and perfect.

Gene sat through it all in silence. Then he strolled out of the dark projection room at Columbia Studios. He didn't say anything, but he felt swell. The cameraman who shot it followed him out. "Gene," he said, "Congratulations! The public will love that dance." And the public did.

Hollywood had never seen a dance like the one Gene did in "Cover Girl." And Hollywood has never seen anything exactly like Gene Kelly, either, not for a good many years. He's a perfectionist, an artist from the tips of his flashing toes to his sparkling black eyes and inky hair. He's a guy who knows what he wants to do and how to do it and who says what he thinks, without any helping of hooey.

Naturally, after showing his (*Continued on page 119*)

He works wonders with Kerry who giggles head off when Pap rehearses dances. Gene's a sweet-tooth hound doting on beer, late snacks, crosswords and is a lamb save at picnics and bad pix.

Radio-nixing Kellys trioing with Kerry who's *loud* if not good. Gene tutors G. I. Jones once a week at A. Murray's, played 26 hospitals in as many days, is going deep 'n' dark in Univ.'s "Xmas Holiday."

After snatching few days in New York with Greer for delayed honeymoon, Lieut. Ney got orders to leave for West Coast assignment, caught wife's train back. Had spent months in Aleutians.

Van Johnson got lift out of Radium Society's decision to award Greer medal for "Madame Curie.". Scientists said it was finest effort yet to publicize radium.

Except for rare, gold-plated evenings like CBS broadcast with Ronald Colman, Greer wears young, campus-y clothes. Is trying to wind up drama she's been scribbling at for almost a year.

duchess on wheels

Duchess Garson! You should see her chugging uphill on a bike or slithering through a rumba.

By Nancy Winslow Squire

"Mrs. Parkington" required weeks of make-up and costume tests, 36 wardrobe changes, hours of hair-styling. Greer, who's always wanted to be brunette, stuffs taffy hair under black wig for pic.

■ One of the most astonishing things that happens to an able actor is the conclusion reached by the public mind that the actor is actually very much like the characters he or she portrays on the screen. Boris Karloff (born British Henry Pratt) has gone through professional life scaring the daylights out of children he meets on the street, much to his chagrin. Bogart, a cinematic toughie, is frequently embarrassed by the willingness of perfect strangers to engage him in fisticuffs.

And Greer Garson, the gentle, spiritual Mrs. Chips, the mature Mrs. Miniver, and the scholarly Madame Curie of films, sometimes finds herself catalogued as austere, aloof and distinctly the Grand Duchess.

This aura of dignity and elegance bothers Greer Garson. She is, with the protocol scraped away, a high-spirited red-head who likes to rumba, to go cycling, to romp with her dog and to exercise her sense of humor in scintillating wise cracks.

She is both astoundingly young and unnecessarily beautiful. There is no sense in one woman having such an array of talents. Perhaps it is Nature's way of levying a tax upon Miss Garson, by making her seem to strangers somewhat august.

One afternoon recently, a resident of a quiet street in Beverly Hills was standing at the front window conning the activities of the neighborhood, when a cycling pair rolled past. The man was long-limbed, mustached and dark. The girl was wearing a faded bandana from beneath which escaped a few carroty curls; her shorts were rough blue ticking, her shirt was open at the throat and her feet were encased in weary sneakers. "It's Greer Garson and Richard Ney!" gasped the householder, shouting to her daughter.

"You're seeing things," the younger generation dismissed the suggestion. "I can't imagine Greer Garson on a bicycle."

That was libel. Actually, (*Continued on page 117*)

Judy attempts Gargantuan job of answering G. I. letters without benefit of secretary. Her name graces two bombers in Italy; one RAF, other, American.

nothing ever

■ Nothing's happened to Judy since she got back from her bond tour. Nothing but work. She started right in on "Meet Me in St. Louis," and she's been at it ever since. Nothing's happened to write a story about—

She just gets up and works from 9 to 6 with an hour for lunch, and who wants to hear about that? Dorothy, the maid, gets her up with orange juice. Hands it to her and ducks, Judy not being the type who leaps lightly from slumber, trilling, "Oh, what a beautiful morning!" By the time she's showered and dressed, life begins to look possible. In knee-length skirt and sweater, moccasins and long socks —to keep her legs warm—she's ready for her truck driver's breakfast. Bacon and eggs and coffee and jam and five slices of toast. The way she eats, she should be a baby Kate Smith. But she works it off—

At 8:15 she's driving (*Continued on page 88*)

Writing poetry under an assumed name, she refuses to let studio handle it under her real moniker. Surprised Mom on birthday with a bound volume of her verses. Only 21, she is at work on her 17th picture, "Meet Me in St. Louis."

Dates slew of guys, including Van Johnson, Leonard Sues, Bob Walker, but prefers Mocambo-ing with Peter Lawford, one of top dancers in town.

happens to judy

By Ida Zeitlin

Nothing but two-fisted fights with drill-totin' dentists, cheering wilted G.I. souls in New Guinea, crying her heart out over Orson Welles. . . .

Song dedicated to her, "I Last You," made Judy weep. At end, gasped, "Please play it again—that made me sa happy."

"marriage is a private affair"

How could it be private with Mother shaking her head "No," with Tom away and gosh, that glint in Miles' eye . . .

STORY Softly, so softly that the music seemed vagrant as a breeze, they were playing the Wedding March. At the head of the aisle Theo Scofield looked down toward the altar and the small knot of people waiting in front of the minister. Hazily, she could make out the figure of her mother, the burly body of Joe Murdock and very lean, very handsome, the young man in the Lieutenant's uniform whom she was going to marry. She thought in a sudden moment of panic: I've forgotten his name. I've forgotten his name com- (*Continued on page* 82)

PRODUCTION Metro bought this story for Lana Turner two weeks before she told them she expected her baby. Instead of casting another in the role or shelving the picture until Lana's return to movies, officials turned it over to writers and artists for screen preparation. Top-name technicians worked on the picture for a year before the cameras started shooting it. It's probably the most thoroughly prepared story to come to the screen. . . . This picture is the first to give Lana solo star billing. There are two star (*Continued on page* 113)

1. It's "this is it" at first sight when Theo Scafield (Lana Turner) and Lt. Tam West (Jahn Hadiak) meet at Canteen. Poppa is withholding cangrats til Thea "realizes meaning of marriage."

2. After magnificent wedding, Tam prepares far averseas duty, is discharged to supervise his lens factary. Theo, feeling cheated of anticipated frivality with Tam away, is bitter over child to be born.

By Maris McCullers

5. Months pass, and Theo, in Reno, finds Miles has followed. Realizing that it's still "it" for her and Tom, she ferrets out his Australian post, long-distances her love.

4. Encouraged, Miles confesses love and Theo goes to his apt. to resolve her dilemma. Tom returns unexpectedly, leaves her when she admits visit.

3. For a year, the Wests lead normal, dull life and Theo, growing restless, returns to Canteen where she bumps into old flame, Capt. Miles Lancing (James Craig). Tom bursts in, fights with officer, quarrels with Theo.

By Fredda Dudley

"ONE PUNCH" LUNDIGAN

Well, maybe not one punch—but the only time Bill ever threw in the towel was after a bout with some haymaking fudge!

Marine G. I. Bill has phobia against memorizing song lyrics, learned "Holy Night" as choir boy, is now wrestling with "Mother Machree." He insists all his lucky breaks pan out on 15th of any month.

■ Uncle Bill O'Brien was always Bill Lundigan's hero. Uncle Bill had been a Marine in the first world war; true, he hadn't been lucky enough to get across, but he had been through the rigorous Marine training, and he was thoroughly indoctrinated with Marine lore. Nephew Bill used to don Uncle Bill's service topcoat and strut around. The coat was so big that it trailed the floor, and the shoulders were so wide that they hung to junior elbows, lowering sleeves far beyond the most ambitious stretch of young fingers, but the aura was there: the excitement of the uniform and the esprit de corps.

Young Bill learned to offer his rifle for Inspection Arms, and he learned the other side of the ritual, too—the officer's responsibility. He learned the Manual of Arms, and he learned to march and salute like a true devil-dog. "Some day," he told his uncle, lower lip thrust forward solemnly, "I'm going to be a Marine, too."

"God grant that it isn't necessary for you to fight another war," said Uncle Bill.

But in June, 1942, Bill Lundigan—rising young Hollywood actor—paced the floor one night, then turned to his father, Mike Lundigan. "I think I'm going to join the Marines if they'll have me," he said. It had always been his habit to talk over any move with his father and mother; he always considered their wishes; he always deferred to their judgment. And they, in turn, gave him—and his three brothers—wide rein. They let their sons think for themselves.

Still, when the question of joining a combat outfit as rugged as the Marine Corps was raised, Mr. Lundigan—like every father on earth—hesitated. "The studio wants to defer you for a few more pictures, Bill," he reminded his son. "Maybe you can serve just as well behind the camera as behind the gun. Each of us has his own abilities and has to use them in his best way. Why not wait until you're drafted?"

"You wouldn't mind if I joined up, would you?"

Mr. Lundigan shook his head slowly. "That you'll have to decide for yourself."

So, before you could say (*Continued on page 95*)

As Time Goes By . . .

Some loved it, some left it—the acclaim and heartbreak these Metro stars knew as the First Men and Ladies of Hollywood.

Starting out as film cutter, Myrna Loy got first pic job through Rudy Valentino, became famous as sultry Orienta siren. At M-G-M, Producer Arthur Hornblow Svengali-d her into more sympathetic roles, married her 4 years later

When Norma Shearer started out on her career at 14, she came to N. Y. on funds from sale of family piano, lived on ragged edge of nothing posing, playing in movie houses. Years later at M-G-M, married gen'l prod. mgr. Irving Tholberg, made film-history with him.

Wally Beery's life is more drama-packed than any film. Ran away in 4th grade, worked as riveter, elephant boy, chorus boy. Made and lost fortune in '29 crash, staged comeback, won Oscar for "The Champ" with Jockie Cooper.

The Sinatro of H'wood plush era, John Gilbert was idolized by millions of mature, otherwise level-headed women. Reached peak in "The Big Parode" with Rene Adoree. Divarced 3 times, he courted Garbo who, when he hit skids due to odvent of sound, gave him boost.

Garbo's first Swedish film was comedy in which she whacked lead aver head with a fish. When Louis B. Mayer brought her and director Stiller to U.S., she was a gongly 16, unable to speak a word of English. Our Yankee enthusiasm sent her inta shell of silence.

her 50's, down and out after o life on stage, Marie Dressler ld reporters she was just a tired old waman whom nobody nted. Little did she know that ahead of her wos "Anna hristie" with Garbo and an Oscar on her 60th birthday!

Unlike brother John, Lionel Barrymore was stable, amiable, o devoted husband. When Jahn was down and out, he brought him to H'wood, cared for him, got him job. Won Oscar for "A Free Soul." Due to crippling arthritis plays Dr. Gillespie role from wheelchair.

As Time Goes By . . .

One of the greatest love affairs was Bill Powell's with Jean Harlow. Heartbroken over her death, he went into seclusion for 2 years after, seriously ill. Bathroom scene in "The Thin Man" with Minna Gombell became famous.

Clark Gable picked up dramatic training by working as call boy, tool hand, tramp, lumberjack, mule driver in Oregon hop fields. A terrific screen lover, he played with Joan Crawford in "Chained."

The immortal Jean Harlow will always be remembered as the vivacious Platinum Blonde, with the memory of her courage and gaiety obliterating the tragedy of her 2 unhappy marriages and the horror of Paul Bern's still unexplained suicide.

At one time former hubby Fritz Mandl spent millions trying to control all the prints of 17-year-old Hedy's "Ecstasy." It's still being bootlegged around, and she's had a stiff fight overcoming that publicity!

When Katie Hepburn was cast opposite Tracy, she asked, "Aren't you kind of short to play opposite me?" He replied "I'll cut you down to my size!" He copped 2 Academy Awards for "Boys Town" and "Captains Courageous."

Back in "the old days", the little red schoolhouse was a hothouse for budding genius with those *enfants terribles*, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, twitting La Turner, "How much are 2 and 2, Lana?" Execs are still mourning "How sad I am" after releasing Deanna.

Lowest ebb of Judy Garland's life came when Deanna D. went on to Univ. to become a star, while she was left *sitting!* Her first love was Mickey Rooney. It all started with blackface routine in "Strike Up the Band."

When Jimmy Stewart was senior at Princeton starring in commencement play with guesting Maggie Sullavan, your editor Al was freshman lugging props backstage. After graduation, Stewart got first stage role thru college contact. Hit top in "Philadelphia Story" with Hepburn.

Maria Montez

Jean Pierre Aumont

By Struthers Holt

Waiting for Jean Pierre

"Say my name as *she* says it—and 9000 miles away Maria dreams and murmurs *"Hon Pierre, Hon Pierre."* . . .

← Lt. Ahh-mont, now with his old motorized unit, is wearer of Croix de Guerre for bravery in 1940. Learned English from Whorf, Lorre, Calleia on set of "Cross of Lorraine."

■ Everywhere, all over the world, there are women waiting for letters; the rich and the poor, the married and the single, the obscure and the famous . . . waiting for the clink of the metal postbox cover, or the postman's brisk whistle to say that word from the beloved has arrived. Hollywood is no different from Tempe, or Yellow Creek, or Cherrytown.

And in Hollywood, after the long make-believe day is done, Maria Montez sheds her glamorous trappings and waits for letters from Jean Pierre Aumont.

After such war letters are received, they are stored in some secret or tender place, to be read and reread by women everywhere. Sometimes they are tied with blue ribbons, sometimes they are penciled with the date of receipt and carefully filed in a dresser drawer or in any of the little secret niches women reserve for their most precious belongings. As for Maria, she stashes her letters away in an old shoe box with her favorite ones tumbled in on top because they are reread more frequently than the others.

While wives wait for letters and the war's end, they find various ways of passing the long time. They work in aircraft factories or munition plants, they teach school, or work in the telephone exchange, or operate a busy typewriter—Maria acts. When she is between pictures, as she is now at Universal, having completed "Gypsy Wildcat" and not yet scheduled to go to work in "Bowery to Broadway," she busies herself in other ways.

For one thing, she is writing a book. It is now nearly finished and Maria is hopeful that it may be on the spring lists. She is uncertain whether the title will be "The Sin of Sins" or "Among the Shadows," but those to whom she has told parts of the story, say that it is a delicate and sensitive chronicle of a beautiful girl in love.

In wartime, it is easy for women to believe in such a love story because a ghost is nothing but a dream—a projection of the mind—and sometimes a man long *(Continued on page 126)*

Susan Peters

Susy-Q

It came mighty close to being "Calling Dr. Carnahan"—but whatcha' gonna do when they team you with Taylor and Colman—and there's Quine makin' with the cracks?

■ Susan wanted to be a doctor. She was going to Pomona for pre-medical work and needed all the points she could roll up. So in senior year at Hollywood High, she took five solids instead of the four that were required. As the fifth, she picked dramatics, because it sounded like the kind of course where you could get away with murder. That's how she got to be an actress. If she hadn't been an actress, she wouldn't have met Dick Quine. So she's Susy Q. today because she wanted to be a doctor. Fate's wonderful—

Mr. Kachel, who taught dramatics, told her she was the world's worst actress. Susan agreed. What was Shakespeare to her, or she to Shakespeare, that she should sweat for him? All she wanted was her points—

"I'm going to have to (*Continued on page 58*)

Loyal to her G.I.'d agent, she pays him his full commission while he's in service. Goes fishing in spare time, baits own hook.

Solved gas problem by riding her motor scooter to and from studio where she's currently making "Secrets in the Dark."

By Kaaren Pieck

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT! PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM...
PUT FRESH, THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM, UNDER THIS ARM! SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION-PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!

Use **FRESH** *and stay fresher!*

• See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

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NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

KEEPS YOU FRESH AS A DAISY!
FRESH
CREAM DEODORANT STOPS PERSPIRATION

(*Continued from page 57*)

flunk you," Mr. Kachel would warn her, and she'd droop like a wounded fawn. But that didn't bring her and Shakespeare any closer.

The day before graduation, a mysterious stranger came in with Mr. Kachel. Nobody knew he was Bud Sholem, Sol Lesser's talent scout, on the hunt for a girl to play Bobby Breen's sister. But they all noticed that Mr. Kachel was calling on the class luminaries, and that the stranger was very attentive. Till he caught sight of a small pig-tailed figure, sitting wide-eyed in the back row, out of Teacher's line of vision—

There was a murmured exchange, heard distinctly by those up front.

"What about Big-Eyes back there?"

"She doesn't know the time of day."

They murmured some more and, when class was dismissed, Susan was asked to wait. Uh-uh. Mr. Kachel was going to tell her she'd flunked—

Mr. Kachel said nothing. It was the stranger who spoke, and his words were weird and wonderful. "Would you be interested in making a picture?"

She looked from one to the other. Mr. Kachel seemed intent on detaching himself from the whole business.

"I don't think so," said Big-Eyes.

"Well, why don't you go home and talk it over with your mother?"

Susan had planned to work that summer. She had no illusions about medicine. You studied for years, and when you were old and gray at 45, you made ten dollars, if you were lucky. She'd always known she'd have to work her way through. She'd been 8 and Bob 6 when Dad had died. Mother'd been working ever since. Grandmother'd taken over the responsibility of Susan's education, but neither could afford to send her to college. Maybe this was a heaven-sent chance to earn some money.

Mother told her to go ahead if she wanted to. So she went ahead, but didn't get the picture. "Too young," they said.

"I'm 17."

"You look 12."

Bud Sholem gave her a letter to the Reinhardt School. The Reinhardt School gave her a scholarship and the lead in "Holiday." Henry Blanke of Warners' saw her, gave her a contract at $75 a week and a new name—Susan Peters for Suzanne Carnahan.

She didn't take it big. Hollywood girls are wise to the ways of Hollywood, where many are called but few are chosen. Besides, she lived in an atmosphere of healthy cynicism. Salka Viertel, Garbo's great friend who was also a friend of Susan's French grandmother, used to say: "I'd like to get that child into pictures." Grandmother'd laugh her head off. Now she laughed harder. Mother went hysterical every time she looked at Susan. Bob snorted, and her friends gave her the razz. But you can't laugh off $75 a week.

At Warners' she sat for two years and made every test in the calendar—"Sergeant York," "Constant Nymph," "Kings Row." "You're a sweet little girl," they'd tell her, "but you can't act." Or, by way of variation: "That was a swell test, Susan, but you're too young." Then the part would go to Joan Leslie, who was a sharp 16.

When they dropped her contract, she was heartbroken. Not because she couldn't be an actress, but because she'd wasted two years and missed her chance at medicine. A girl can't wait till she's 50 to start earning money—

"I'm going to learn another trade," she told her agent, "and don't ask me what, because I don't know. All I know is, I'm through with pictures, which makes it nice

(*Continued on page 114*)

LOUELLA PARSONS GOOD NEWS

For 20 years Louella's was the shoulder Metro stars cried on, the ear they confided into—here are her memories.

■ Twenty years is a long time to look back—longer than some of you kids have lived. And, yet, as I thumbed back over my old columns getting material for this special feature for MODERN SCREEN, I would come across a famous name, a face, the title of a movie and think, "Why, that was only *yesterday*."

Turning back the pages of time, reviving memories of the great ones who are gone, like Marie Dressler, John Gilbert, vivid little Jean Harlow, I would feel a lump in my throat.

And then, I would come across a picture of a chubby-faced little boy of six, Jackie Coogan, who, I had once long ago told my readers would soon be seen in "Rags." It made me very proud to think of that boy now—a movie tyke who grew up to be one of the real heroes of this war.

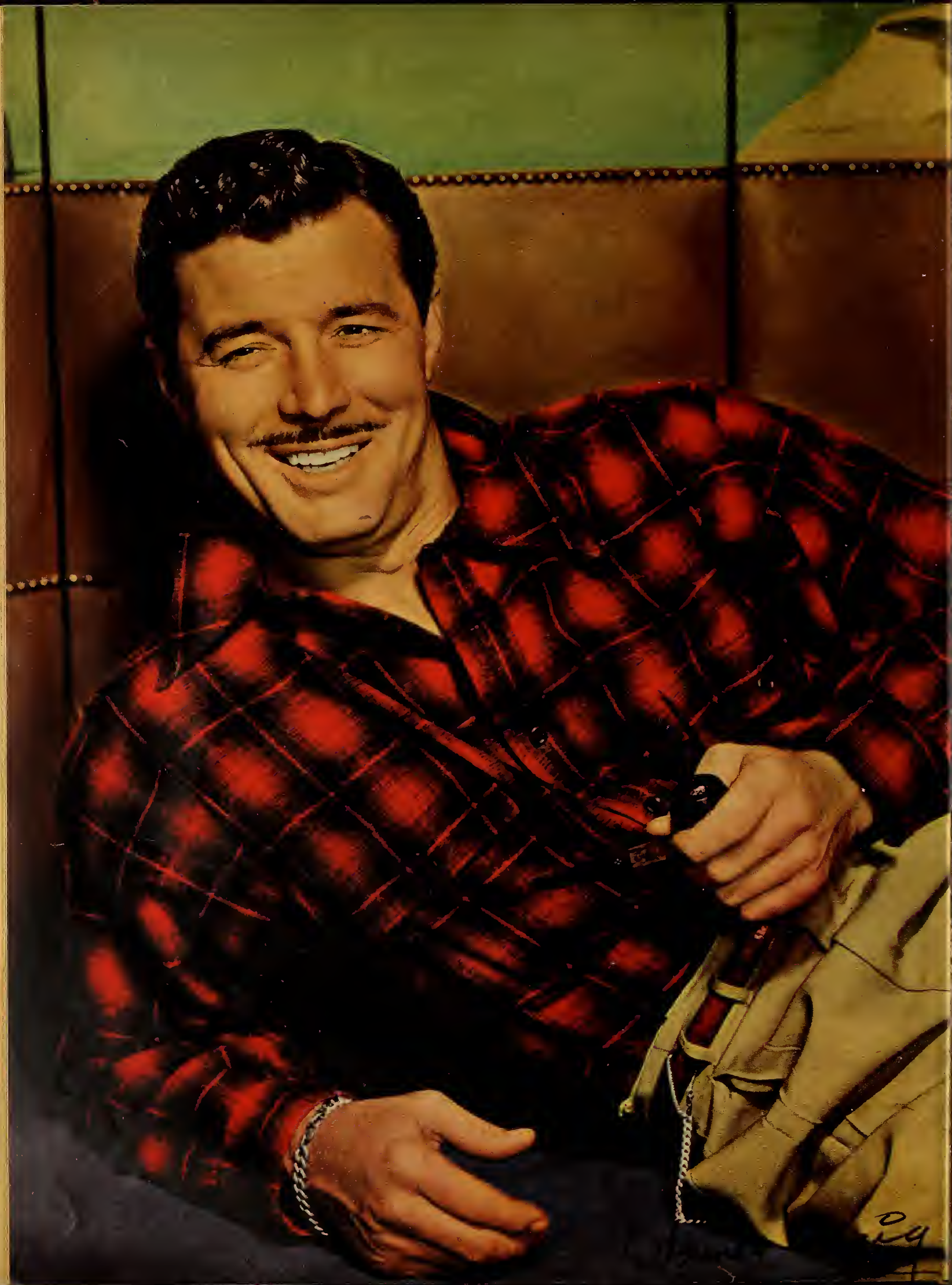
Other names—so nostalgic: Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry, Viola Dana, Conway Tearle (he of the cynical lifted eyebrow), Mae Murray as "The Merry Widow," Lon Chaney. Great names then. Just memories now.

But they are glamorous, exciting memories—so let's turn back the calendar. Let's pretend it is again——

1924: Even now the M-G-M lot is the biggest in the world. The stages are smaller and not so factory-like as they are today. A long tier of dressing rooms that look like barracks face the center of the lot. The (*Continued on page 62*)

Ladd's Alana is first film kid to have own fan club. Started in Alan's home town, Hot Springs, members sent her $100 bond.

When Lana Turner (here with W. Pidgeon) brought daughter to studio, Cherry napped on set, didn't once whimper!



Clipper Ship bedspread with ready-to-hang matching draperies shown in blue. Other choice colors are rose, green, or gray backgrounds.

Diana Lynn's Design for Decorating

DIANA LYNN, featured in **"AND THE ANGELS SING,"** a Paramount Picture, shows how Bates bedspreads with matching draperies do just about a complete decorating job. Cheerful surroundings are morale builders to both the college girl and her older sister living near a service camp or war work. Bates bedspreads with matching draperies are wrinkleproof, washable, rugged and right! What's more, the spreads serve as extra covering at night. Of course, war work comes first at Bates . . . . that's why your store may be temporarily out of your favorite bedspread or drapery pattern.

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Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

Premiere of "Show Business" came on maid's night out, so Capt. Ronald Reagan and Janie almost didn't make it! At last minute providentially found high school gal to take care of Maureen till midnight, wouldn't accept cent over four bits.

For years an ardent Benny Goodman fan, Janie Withers is now more idolatrous than ever. 'Cause he's responsible for her meeting Johnny Miles at his house a few months ago. They've been dating nightly ever since, mostly at the Palladium.

At Harry James reopening at Astor Roof in May, 2000 fans turned out to welcome him back. If Betty has her way, she'll stay with him all summer, won't make another film till Fall. It's rumored she's taking a house in New York suburb.

GOOD NEWS continued

men dress "downstairs"—the women "upstairs." There is a large censor-proof sign reading GENTLEMEN NOT PERMITTED UPSTAIRS. *ABSOLUTELY NO EXCEPTIONS!*

The three great stars are all men . . . Lon Chaney, John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro. They couldn't be more unlike.

John is a flame—restless, vivid, intense, who is almost consumed by his fame—but loving it. Just like Frank Sinatra loves it today. Jack once told me: "I live for all this. It's the breath of my life!" I can't think of that now without a tug at my heart. The breath in him literally was snuffed out when his fans forgot him.

Lon Chaney! There was a grand person. The greatest "horror" star of them all who played one monster after the other in the movies, was the folksiest actor who ever lived. His salary was $10,000 a week—but he drove his own coupe to the studio and it was always filled with studio workers and "extras" he had picked up on corners along the way. He mowed his own lawn and pruned the rose bushes. In the evenings he talked politics with his neighbors at the corner drug store.

Norma Shearer was Lon's leading lady in "He Who Gets Slapped," and he always called her "the Beauty" and himself, "the Beast."

Ramon Novarro was the esthete, a moody, sensitive, introspective boy. He lived in a world of his own away from the studio. He bought his family a rambling old mansion in the exclusive old West Adams district and behind this the young Mexican star built his own apartment.

The windows were stained glass equipped with lighting effects that poured artificial moonlight into the big, heavy draped room across Ramon's bed. There was an enormous piano in the bedroom for Novarro had a lovely singing voice and liked to play and sing into the night.

Once, I remember saying to him: "It is too bad the fans cannot hear you sing, Ramon." He laughed: "Perhaps that is the beauty of the *silent* screen."

* * *

By **1926** two queens ruled the roost at M-G-M: Norma Shearer, the adored wife of Irving Thalberg was one of them. But a plump chorus girl from the Winter Garden had arrived and her name was Lucille Le Seur. She promptly changed her name to Joan Crawford and her figure to perfection. On every hand you heard about Joan: "She won't last. She's too giddy! Up every night until all hours in dancing contests. Drives young Mike Cudahy's car like a demon down Sunset Boulevard. No, she won't last!" (Oh, Joan—how you made them eat those words. Bravo to you for a sustained career of eighteen years with M-G-M. My newest John Frederics is off to you.)

William Haines, brash, good looking Bill, soared to stardom in "Brown of Harvard" and as a present to himself, Bill furnished the most distinctive home in Hollywood. Everybody was begging young Haines to "do" his or her place. "Might as well go into the interior decorating business," he laughed. "But I haven't got time. Too many movies to make."

Nobody pays much attention to a tall, blonde Swedish actress who has just been imported—that is, nobody but Jack Gilbert who always has an eye out for pretty girls. Her name is Greta Garbo and Jack tells everyone, "She's wonderful. She's divine." But much to his chagrin—the lady refuses his dinner invitations!

Greta, who didn't speak English well, had an interpreter named Svend Borg. I don't know whether she had a sense of humor or not—but Svend did. Whenever she was asked to do something she didn't want to, Svend would come back, saying: "What she said in Swedish—I wouldn't dare tell you in English!"

But *this* I know—Greta was not a recluse nor a cold girl in the beginning. True, she was lonely and homesick. She did not make friends easily. She did not dress well. But my mind goes back to a party Clarence Brown, her director, gave at the old Montmartre.

She was madly in love with Gilbert by this time. She was like a happy, laughing school girl gowned in a simple pink evening gown, dancing every dance in his arms.

Another time I saw her at a football game with Jack, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman. It started to rain. Lilyan and the boys wanted to leave but Garbo said: "I stay."

And stay she did—covered up from head to toe in the pages of a newspaper she bought for protection.

I'll always believe that Garbo changed and went into her shell after her romance with John was in ashes. But she remained his friend—even after the talkies ruined his career and she insisted that he stage a comeback with her in "Queen Christina." But the fire had died between them. The tables in their glory had turned—and Jack could not take kindness—and pity—from the woman he had loved with such fire.

By 1928 Marion Davies was the undisputed Queen of Hollywood both in beauty and in popularity. There was no one like Marion—so perfectly natural, so gay. John Barrymore once said: "Marion is the only woman in the world who can be beautiful and funny at the same time."

Everyone flocked to her parties at her Colonial Beach house or gathered in her imposing bungalow dressing room—really a Spanish hacienda in the middle of the M-G-M lot. Marion loved people and wanted them around her always, which reminds me of an amusing story which occurred when she was making "Zander, The Great."

So many of her friends visited on the set evey day that the director finally lost patience. Taking Marion to one side, he said: "Can you get rid of the gang after lunch?"

After lunch—not a soul showed up—no cameraman, no crew, no cast. "What's this all about?" gasped the startled megaphoner when he found just himself and Marion had reported for work.

"We-l-l," stammered Marion mischievously, "you said you wanted me to get rid of the gang. So I sent them down to the Beach house to swim for the afternoon!"

The years roll on, as I turn the pages, and by 1929 the most amazing starring duo in all movie history are going strong at the box office—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery. What a grand person was Marie. Solid gold. And yet she once said to me, sadly:

"My success came too late. I can buy all the things I have wanted all my life and yet I find I haven't the energy to enjoy them that I had when I was young."

But Marie did love her beautiful home in Beverly Hills and she was so grateful for the comfort and devotion given her by her two colored servants that when she died she willed them fifty thousand dollars "in appreciation"!

No career in Hollywood was ever as amazing as Marie's rise to fame. When the movies were just flickers she had been in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" with Charlie Chaplin. Even then Marie was not young and seemingly the fans forgot about the funny old character actress.

Then Louis B. Mayer brought her back to the screen—and to glory in one of Garbo's

KEEPING a husband supplied with clean shirts is no problem to **LINIT**-wise wives.

LINIT, the modern starch that penetrates and protects fibres, makes ironing easy because **LINIT** never sticks. **LINIT** gives a smooth dust-shedding "finish" to all fine fabrics.

RUB SOAP into collars and cuffs. Soak 10-15 minutes in warm soapy water. Wash in plenty of *hot* water. (8-10 minutes, if using machine.) Don't skimp on soap.

RINSE three times in clean hot water. To restore the "finish" of the fabric, improve appearance and make ironing easier, add a light **LINIT** starch solution (1 part **LINIT** to 10 parts water) to final rinse.

WORK basic **LINIT** starch solution (full directions on package) thoroughly into collars, cuffs and button-hole band. **LINIT** penetrates easily and evenly, protects and preserves fabrics.

DAMPEN collars, cuffs and button-hole band more than body of shirt. A light iron at correct heat does better work than a heavy iron—but any iron glides easily over **LINIT**-starched fabrics. **LINIT**-starched collars and cuffs are soil-resistant, long wearing.

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Back from 9-week tour in South Pacific, Ray Milland snoozed 36 hours first day home. Backstage at New Hebrides camp show, a Marine came up to say hello—turned out to be MacDonald Corey!

Cary Grant, who helps subsidize plastic surgery hospital in Eng., plans post-war clinic here. (With D. Shore at CBS show.)

GOOD NEWS

continued

first talking pictures, "Anna Christie." That was the beginning of the real success that so heartbreakingly came in the twilight of her life. My most vivid memory of Marie goes back to a birthday party L. B. gave in her honor at which he said, "The studio is at your feet." It should have been the happiest moment of her life.

Instead, try as she would to be brave, two enormous tears rolled down her face. Marie had just recently learned that she had an incurable disease—cancer—and that her days were numbered.

"You know, Louella," she said soon after when we were having dinner—just the two of us, "if Life were a thing that money could buy, the rich would live and the poor would die." I hope that doesn't sound too sad. Marie had great pride in what she had accomplished. She realized that her success gave hope to other middle-aged actors who said, "See what happened to Marie. Old age is no barrier to fame."

There will never be another Dressler. She stands in her niche of fame alone—so much so that many fine plays bought by M-G-M to star her have never been filmed with any other star.

* * *

I would love to be able to brag that the first time I saw Clark Gable I realized he was going to knock the ladies cold! But t'aint true!

To tell the truth, when Norma Shearer introduced him to me on the set of "A Free Soul," I was far from impressed. Clark was tall and thin and his ears seemed unduly conspicuous. Nor, in talking with him, did he flash any of the terrific personality that later earned him the greatest feminine following ever corralled by a male star.

My heart did no flip flops that day when Clark told me that he owed his movie break

Laraine Day (with husband Ray Hendricks) just signed 7 yr. tie-up with M-G-M. Scene in recent pic had to be rewritten 'cause Laraine wouldn't smoke. Takes milk instead of Scotch.

Livvy and Paul Lukas, who star on same lot, talked shop after "Radio Theatre" at CBS. While mom tours camps in "Arsenic and Old Lace," Livvy and sister Joan bunk together.

to Lionel Barrymore. Barrymore had seen him on the stage in "The Last Mile" and was impressed by his performance.

Clark was not happy in those days. He was married to Ria Langham, a woman much older than he, and she was socially ambitious which annoyed Gable no end.

It was not until after their divorce, when he met and married Carole Lombard, that he became a completely different person. Carole's terrific sense of humor gave him a new perspective on life. She kidded him constantly and never let him forget "Parnell," the one dismal flop of his movie career.

Today—he deeply misses Carole, her nonsense and her love of life. But I noticed that when Major Gable was recently home on leave that still another change had come over his personality. The many times I saw him he always had a funny story to tell. And he is a wild-eyed Gin Rummy enthusiast. Not a particularly good player, I might add—but he loves the game and will play at the drop of a hat or in the middle of the most social cocktail party.

Whether or not he remarries, and the girl is fun-loving, blonde Kay Williams or someone else, there is no gainsaying that Kay has been an outstanding influence on him. She has the same gay spirit and love of laughter Carole had.

As much of a man's man as Clark is—he has always been influenced by the women in his life. His first wife, Josephine Dillon, taught him the fine points of acting and she did much for his career. Ria, in spite of their unhappiness together, taught him appreciation for the niceties of life. Carole brought him life, laughter and love. Clark is the type of man who needs to be in love—and to his everlasting credit it must be said that he never fails to credit the women who have loved him with their share of glory in his success.

* * *

About the time of the advent of Gable, another young actor named Robert Montgomery, was coming along by leaps and bounds. Bob had the reputation of being a young "intellectual" off the screen and for being a cocktail-shaking roué before the cameras. He hated those roles. "If all those cocktails I've mixed were consumed," he once told me, "they would produce the world's greatest hangover!"

He had the reputation of being a bit "difficult" and also a bit of a rebel. "If anything important ever came along," he said, "I could toss this all over in a minute."

I thought—"Oh, yes?" That is fine talk—but I had never seen an actor yet who would toss it all over.

Well, Bob made me eat those thoughts and words. When the war came along he was among the first Hollywood actors to enlist and now, as a Lt. Commander in the Navy, he has proved himself one of the finest officers in the service.

A man high in Navy circles told me: "Montgomery is a natural leader. His men would follow him to the bottom of the sea."

Today, Bob's wife and two children live in a modest home in Westwood—a far different place from his elaborate estate in Holmby Hills when he was a top-salaried star. Certainly he meant it when he said, lo these many years, "If anything important came along—I could give this all up!" He proved it!

* * *

I can't think about Jean Harlow without a tug at my heart. Vivid, intense, restless, unhappy little Jean. She streaked across the movie heavens like a white flame bringing with her a new warmth and light. She was

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GOOD NEWS continued

married three times. First, to a childhood sweetheart in Kansas City. Then, tragically, to Paul Bern, the gentle little producer who killed himself, and finally, the third time to Hal Rosson, the cameraman. All these men loved Jean very much. But she loved just one man in her life—William Powell.

Everything about Jean was white. She wore nothing but white evening gowns. Her big home in Beverly Hills was decorated in white satins and brocades. Her famous platinum blonde hair was as silvery as Christmas tinsel.

She was an individualist if I ever saw one. She had an unusual habit of receiving her best gal friends when she was in the bathtub. She even gave interviews to the femme press lying back in bubble-soaped water.

At one time, she and Joan Crawford indulged in a feud. They didn't speak when they passed on the lot and it was hard to be friends with both girls.

But Joan did a terribly sweet thing after she learned that Jean was a very sick girl with a kidney infection. She went over to the set of "Saratoga" one afternoon, took Jean's hands in hers and said: "It's about time we grew up. I admire you so much. Can't we be friends?" The little Harlow who had the warmest heart of any girl I have ever known, threw her arms around Joan and cried like a little girl.

Jean was twenty-seven years old when she died—an intense white flame consumed by her own youth, beauty and fire.

* * *

The early 30's were grand days on the M-G-M lot. There are so many memories—

When Bing was recording at Shrine Aud. in L. A. for new pic, he'd wander over to U. S. C. campus during lunch. Bummed so many sandwiches from kids, had to square with hunks of chocolate cake. (Above with Sonny Tufts.)

Business-wise Sonja Henie grossed cool 2 million with her touring ice show. Studying singing for next pic, she says, "It's a pleasure." (With Capt. Topping.)

Premature Daria Cassini stayed in Wash. 'cause she was too tiny to move, was later brought to H'wood by nurse. Pop, recently commissioned 2nd Lieut., is stationed at Fort Riley, Kans.

Helen Hayes, believed by many to be "the first lady of the Theater" made "The White Sister" with Clark Gable. Helen is a wonderful actress with a fine screen personality. But she always hated herself in the movies. Although she won the coveted Oscar in 1932 for "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" she told me, "I am too plain looking for the movies. The fans want beautiful girls like Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Garbo and Jean Harlow. Not a plain mouse like me."

William Powell came over to M-G-M from Warner Bros. He was married to Carole Lombard at the time. They were marvelous hosts in their honeymoon home in Beverly. I remember one costume party at which Carole was arrayed as "a Lady" and Bill wore a sweat shirt and a pair of diapers masquerading as "No Gentleman."

And believe it or not—it was as far back as this that the big exodus toward the Valley—farm life and farm homes—began. Noah and Wally Beery opened their famous Trout Club. Clark Gable bought land in the Valley. So did dozens of other stars. So you see, "I'm Going To Make The San Fernando Valley My Home" isn't such a new idea after all.

* * *

In **1934**, M-G-M celebrated its tenth year and they were ten important years that changed the appearance of the big Culver City studio as greatly as the advent of talking pictures changed the destiny of the movies.

Much of the informality of the lot is gone—the old rambling stages giving way to modern, factory-like sound stages crowded close together.

A beautiful new dressing room building has been erected in which each star has his or her individual suite consisting of two rooms and a kitchenette and is furnished to set off each player's personality.

"Darn it," Lionel Barrymore complains, "I can't stand all this elegance. Can't find anything with somebody coming in all the time and cleaning up after me!"

There's a man for you, this Lionel, turning everything into a laugh or a gentle jest even when he is racked by excruciating pain from arthritis. There are times when he can hardly walk from his dressing room to the set. When no one is looking his face drops into lines of pain from the effort he is making. But if there is anyone looking, or when the cameras start turning, no one would suspect what he is going through.

* * *

Myrna Loy, the perky red-head born Myrna Williams, and I have one thing in common. We hate our nicknames. I hate to be called "Lolly" and Myrna, when I first met her, couldn't stand for anyone to call her "Minnie" but Arthur Hornblow.

I've known Myrna a long time—even before she brought her freckles to M-G-M and when she was still playing Oriental sirens in the movies. In fact, her nickname "Minnie" sprang from so many roles in the setting of "The Voice From the Minaret."

Myrna is quiet and reserved and refuses to go in for glamour away from the screen. At one time I thought she was a very indifferent dresser. But believe me—that is all past now. Since her year's retirement from the screen at the time she married John Hertz, her subsequent divorce and her triumphant return as "Mrs. Thin Man," Myrna is chic—and how!

Turning the pages among my 1936 columns, I came across this comment: "You'll be hearing more of Rosalind Russell, a new contract player at M-G-M, said to be a rival of Myrna

(Continued on page 70)

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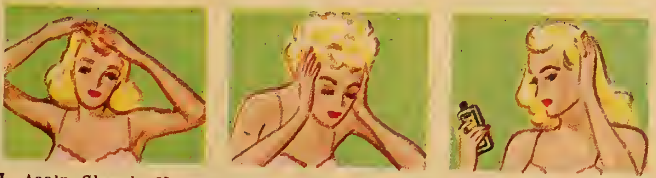

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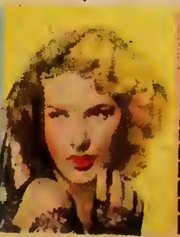

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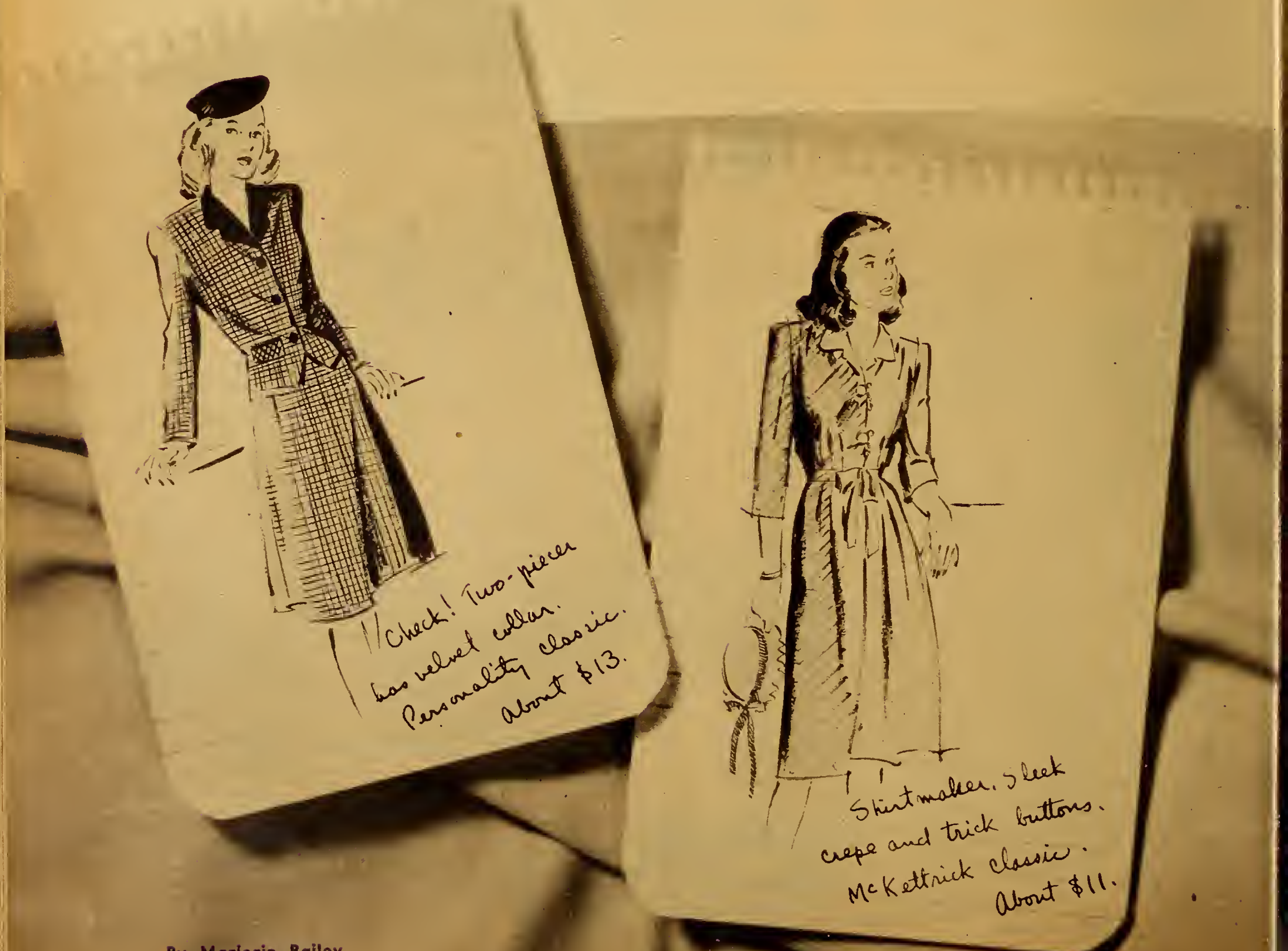
Maybe Lana *did* start us off—but comes Fall, a gal's fancy turns to thoughts of . . .

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide . . .

■ Thank Lana Turner for all this. Me—I'd clean forgotten how wonderful pin-checks were. Forgotten about *all* fashions, almost, sitting there at the pre-view of "Marriage Is a Private Affair." Then—smacko! Gorgeous Lana in the scene where she wears that pin-checked suit. Tell me how it ended, will you? Because, with that, out I went (stumbling over Al's new No. 2 Airplane Stamp shoes). Yep, off to find checks that would be just as flattering to your own five foot three-or-so figure.

Tough assignment? You can say that again! Not that the woods aren't full of checks this season. It was just that I wanted something specially wonderful for you. But just look—in case you think I'm not a never-say-die snooper-outer. A waistcoat two-piecer of wool



Check! Two-piecer has velvet collar. Personality classic. About $13.

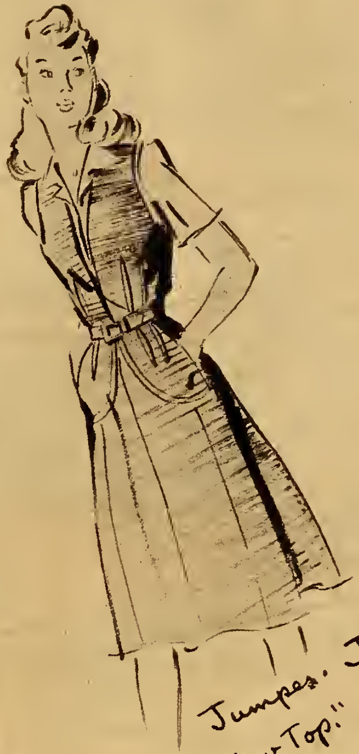
Shirtmaker. Sleek crepe and trick buttons. McKettrick classic. About $11.

By Marjorie Bailey

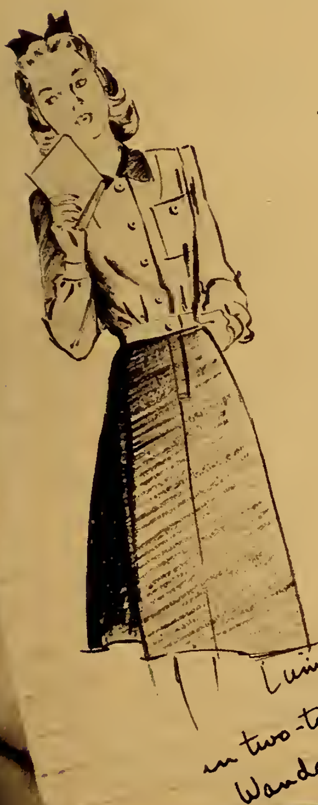
and rayon check with lapels and buttons of deepest black velvet. Bet *you* take a turner for the lana glammer when you show up in it. And I hope you take my tip and top it off with a black velvet beret.

This is as good a way as any to get hep. To the fact that it's later than we thought. Time to buckle down and rustle up the look of Fall in our duds. Notice I don't say, "back to school," "campus," "career" or anything like that. Today, we all want the same colorful, sensible wearable stuff no matter what we're doing. We're on the job, all of us. So let's get going, looking the part.

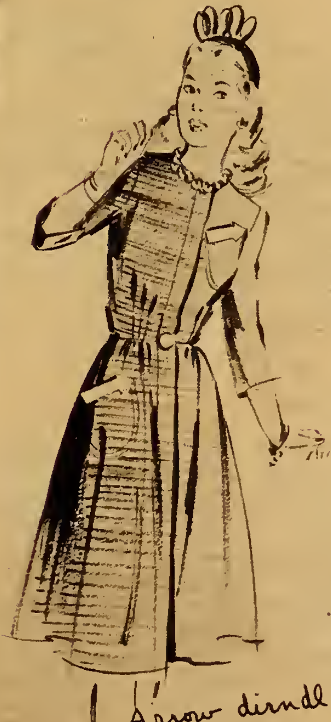
Oh sure, checks are wonderful. But they have a way of bouncing if your figure's not in scale. All the world's not Lana Turner—even if the sun does rise and set on her for a lot of us. Maybe you never wanted to be the cuddly type anyhow, just wished you weren't quite so lanky looking. Your trick is to saw your height right in two with a break of color. The way it's done here in the rayon *(Continued on page 71)*



Jumper. Juilliard's "Shadow Top." Queenmake. About $10.



Lumberjacket frock in two-toned gabardine. Wanda Lee. About $6.



Arrow dirndl in wool. a "Heart Throb Fashion". About $10.

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What makes both the ring and the matching earrings so unusual and attractive is the twin, Sterling Silver, pendant hearts that dangle daintily like sentimental and charming settings. Either the ring or earrings can be worn separately, but together they are truly captivating. Everyone who sees this altogether new and thrilling ring and matching earrings immediately wants a set. No other gift is quite so appropriate among friends or lovers now that so many good friends, pals and sweethearts are far away from each other. The precious Sterling Silver ring is extra wide. Both the ring and earrings are beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. Both the ring and earrings become more attractive and sentimental the longer they are worn.

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This "True-Love-and-Friendship" pendant heart design is without doubt the most distinctive to be offered from the world's style center in recent years. Be the first to wear them or to give them as a gift. The supply of these Sterling Silver "True-Love-and-Friendship" rings and earrings is limited. Mail the coupon today giving your name, address and ring size. Your package will come immediately and you pay postman only $1.95 each plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal tax for either the ring or earrings, on arrival. SEND NO MONEY with order. Wear 10 days on money back guarantee. When you try on the exquisitely wrought Solid Sterling Silver ring or earrings with the beautiful "Forget-Me-Not" design (an emblem of true love and friendship) you wouldn't part with them because of their novelty as well as their sparkling beauty. Ideal gifts at an amazing price.

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GOOD NEWS continued

Loy's. Since Miss Russell has been in Hollywood she has played in seven pictures and it seems almost sure to predict that she will soon be playing featured roles!" Quite a fortune teller, wasn't I? Certainly that was the height of understatement about Roz's success and we've often laughed about it.

My first impression of Robert Taylor was that he was an unduly modest boy for his startling good looks—actually suffering agonies over a New York writer's observation that he was a "pretty boy." He was worried sick that he would never live it down. For months, Bob thought that his career was ruined.

I think he found the heart to go on only because he thought he owed such a big debt to Louis B. Mayer. "When I started" he told me, "I wasn't making enough money to buy the clothes I wore on the screen. Mr. Mayer called me into the front office and said he would stake me to a complete wardrobe. The tailor's bill was terrific. I tried to tell him that maybe that "pretty boy" label would ruin my career and I would never be able to pay him back. He said he would take a gamble!" L. B. certainly put his money on the right boy! In the great respect the fans now have for Lt. Robert Taylor, U.S.N.R.—most of them have forgotten that he was ever called a "pretty boy."

1937 is Jimmy Stewart's year to rise and shine. I think more glamorous women fell in love with Jimmy than any other actor. A tall, lanky boy—just like the kid next door, I guess he appealed to the maternal instinct of the glamour girls. Marlene Dietrich liked Jimmy pu-lenty at one time. So did Olivia De Havilland. Strangely enough—and it was almost ridiculously untrue, Jimmy was supposed to be carrying an undying torch for one of his best friends, Margaret Sullavan.

Perhaps they had been in love at one time when the two of them and Henry Fonda (who later married Maggie) were in summer stock companies. But it was all over before they came to Hollywood. Nevertheless, the legend stuck and it seemed to give Jimmy a sad romantic aura.

When the war came along, Jimmy was one of the first Hollywood actors to join up. And now he is one of the real heroes—Major James Stewart, squadron commander, who has been decorated with the shiniest medals our country has to offer for his exploits over Nazi Germany.

* * *

The years roll by and old faces disappear and new ones come along to take their places in the spotlight. Two children—Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney come along to take their place at the top of the box-office list as a team.

I felt closer to Mickey when he was a little boy than I do now that he is grown-up and a divorced man. His marriage to Ava Gardner, whom he adored, went on the rocks, and that rift left its mark on the little kid who used to be such a cocksure youngster.

Even when he was about twelve years old, Mickey used to call me "Toots." "Hello, Toots," he would greet me when we met on the lot, "what's new?"

One day, the producer of his picture, said to him: "Why do you call Miss Parsons, "Toots"—Mickey?"

"Say, is that wrong?" gasped the juvenile Rooney who wasn't really being fresh but who thought the world was his oyster. "Say, I'm sorry. It's her name, isn't it?" he puzzled, scratching his head.

* * *

The team that has taken the place of Gilbert and Garbo on the M-G-M roster today is Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. Walter isn't new on the lot—far from it. He has been with the studio more than ten years and strangely enough, much of his background has never been told.

Walter came out to California almost 14 years ago—to die. He was a very sick man. He believed he was suffering from a malignant ailment and that he would never be cured.

For a long time this fear of his had a marked effect on his career. He actually preferred supporting roles that weren't as big because he thought starring parts were too strenuous on him and taxed his strength too much. But finally, through a combination of fine medical treatment and faith, Walter licked the bugaboo of ill health and almost simultaneously with his changed mental attitude, his star began to rise.

He calls Greer Garson "A swell guy" and in that, I certainly agree with him. I adore Greer and cannot agree with any fellow journalist who finds the red-headed Irish charmer "difficult" or un-cooperative.

* * *

The new idols come along so fast it is almost impossible to keep up with them. The past two or three years have given us Van Johnson, Robert Walker, the wholesome young actor who starred in "See Here, Private Hargrove;" Jean Pierre Aumont who would have become THE romantic idol of the movies if he hadn't chosen to serve with the Free French; Gene Kelly, the dancing hero who has all the girls winging.

Gene is young and boyish looking. But I think he understands perfectly how much is at stake. Reports from the M-G-M front are that he isn't letting Fred Astaire get away with a thing in the picture they are both making, "Ziegfeld Follies."

Among the new girls, Lana Turner and Susan Peters show the most promise, I believe. Sometimes I could spank Lana. On other occasions I bless her for being a colorful, exciting, glamour girl and furnishing plenty of interesting "scoops" for my paper.

Lana, in private life, belongs to the Clara Bow-Jean Harlow type of actress. She seems to be continually in hot water as witness her elopment, annullment and remarriage to Steve Crane and then, just when everyone thought thy were happy with their baby, her equally sudden divorce. If I had one word of advice to Lana right now it would be to "Slow Down." Flames can sometimes burn too brightly—they have in the past.

Where Lana is an extrovert, little Susan Peters on the other hand is definitely an introvert to use some good psychological words. A shy, retiring girl, she is so very modest that when she recently had a very serious operation she told her studio that it was just a minor "throat trouble." When it came out later that Susan (Mrs. Richard Quine) had lost an expected baby, her explanation was that she hadn't been able to discuss such a personal thing with business associates.

But mark my word for it—this girl with her charm and refinement will go far. She is a wonderful little actress.

And so now we come to the end of our memories back over twenty years of M-G-M's great glamour stars. It has been a long and brilliant parade of colorful and loveable personalities. Great names all of them. Many are gone now—but they wrote Hollywood and movie history that should never be forgotten by the legions to whom they gave so much pleasure.

MODERN SCREEN'S FASHION GUIDE

(*Continued from page* 69)

gabardine lumberjack dress. Coffee-cream beige up top, coffee-bean brown below. Pretty good eye-opener, if you ask me, morning or any other time. Comes in other combinations just as eye-opening and mouth-watering.

Or let's say you've a nice enough waistline, but your hips just won't cooperate. Your best bet is a dirndl—and are you in luck! Yep, dirndls are still with us but the skirts can't be too whirl-around. That ballerina stuff's no go once you start wearing a coat. The lacy wool arrow dress sketched is aimed straight at the heart of somebody. I can picture you wearing it now in a color like purple or chartreuse or coral—the round neck making you look all innocence, you faker. Pretty smart of you, too, to think of matching the grosgrain arrows and belt with a short bead choker!

What's that? You never got slimmed down at the waistline or anyplace else? I'm *not* frowning—just thinking. That you ought to see page twenty-six and send for reducing chart. But, meanwhile, a smart new shirtmaker will help keep those bulges a secret. Look closely at the one in rayon crepe with the dagger buttons. (Arrows, daggers—is it safe 'round here do you think?) The V neck and long mid-section tucks do wonders for the figure. This has a zipper—and all the time we figured that was just a post-war dream!

By the way—remember the shirtmaker I showed back in June that you fell for so hard? The one with the buttons up the side? You can have practically the same thing for Fall if you like. It's in "Whippet cloth"—an all rayon gabardine. Costs about nine dollars, and I'll tell you where if you write me.

I know you're still plenty envious over the way the half-pints have been hopping around all Summer in those frisky pinafores of theirs. Never mind—your day has come. With jumper dresses designed to slim the frame like a hunger strike. Looks like a rich diet I know—the one I've had sketched. But take note of the way it darts clear to the waist and that tucked mid-riff trick again. You'll find out for yourself what the flat peplum effect can do for you. Because when you see this in kelly green or coral or purple, you're going to want it like mad. And—if I know you—what you want, you *get*.

Maybe you think I'm asleep on my feet because I don't tell you to head for dresses with waistlines plunged way down low. No, pal. I know that there's talk about lower belts, but they're hard to take at the start. So I say wait a while to see what happens. If it's a real trend, not a false alarm, we'll do it up super in date dresses later on but right now it would be kinda foolish of us to scramble around busting up the old nest egg and find out later that it's been a budget-breaking false alarm. Right? Right!

* * * *

Come to think of it, why don't I hot-foot out for some Fall duds myself 'stead of sitting here all day talking? For news regarding the whereabouts of the dresses sketched, send me a postcard or letter a-winging. Or, if clothes in general just get you down, write me all, and we'll see what's to be done. Marjorie Bailey, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Be good, now.

The housewife's friend

When this gay calendar was hung
No hole was left to gape,
For neither nail nor tack was used.
What was? Why, Texcel Tape!

And when the little woman paints
Her work is clean and neat.
For Texcel Tape helps do a job
That hubby couldn't beat.

So many things about a house
This Texcel Tape can do—
From wrapping up to fastening down
In place of string or glue.

For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out,
It's one, like grass and lawn.

Since all the Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape
CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Made by Industrial Tape Corporation
A Division of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J

Susie doesn't mind doing "weirdies," prefers them to little girl roles. Between horror scenes of "The Climax," she and Boris Karloff tore off a lullaby. Karloff did the lyrics, S. the music.

Susanna collects records like a puppy collects fleas. Hundreds of discs range from Bach to Victor Herbert but, says Susie, "No swing." Thinks dislike for swing is probably reason she can't dance.

And what a perfect dream of a date! Sit Susie Foster behind a platter of doughnuts and you can keep the Crepe Suzettes!

what a blonde!

By Sylvia Katz

■ It's 10:30 at the Hollywood Canteen. If one more soldier edges through the door, the walls will start bellying out. In the corner a guy's picking out scraps of melody on the piano. Behind him half a dozen boys are yelling for "Pistol Packin' Mama." He slides into it and above the clatter of dishes and the noise and the laughing, you can hear the tight little knot at the piano doing a Calloway, hot and loud. Feet start stomping, the piano's rumbling and somebody yells over to you, "The joint's sure rockin'! Get into it, soldier. Get into it." So you do.

But after a minute or so, you realize something's happened. The guys are standing quietly looking toward the platform; the piano's trailing off to a murmur; and the joe whose elbow was just jammed into your rib is looking like he just saw gold. "Man, what a blonde. WHAT A BLONDE!"

She's young, about 18, and she's got dimples and shiny hair. Long—past her shoulder. You don't know what she's there for exactly, but it doesn't matter. Just being there's enough. So you start clapping and soon the whole place is clapping and hooting and pounding. She smiles a stiff little smile, then tells you she's never been to the canteen before, that she sings, but not boogie-woogie, only Nelson Eddy-ish stuff and maybe you won't like it but she'll do her best. Thank you. She says it fast, sort of breathlessly. And then she sings something from Victor Herbert, with that frozen little smile still on her face. When it's over she walks off quickly—practically runs.

But the guys are yelling now. Yelling for Susie. "Make it Ave Maria, Susie. Make it good!" It was good, all right. The guys said later it made them think of Sunday morning and how they'd never gone to church and wished they had. They said it—well—it was plain beautiful—that's all.

That's what Susie's first night at the canteen was like. She's thawed out by now. After a half hour's singing—when her throat's gone froggy—she sits down behind a platter of doughnuts and talks between bites. The fellows get statistical. Where does she come from and that kind of thing.

"From Minneapolis and my real name's Larson. I'm half Swede and half practically everything else." You can tell she's Swedish by those clear blue eyes—and that hair again. She squeaks, "Hair. Don't mention it. They spend hours building me a hair-do at the studio and then I go home and knock it to pieces. Look at the stuff." You look, start to mumble something appropriate, but Susie beats you to it. "Did I ever tell you about the time I socked Rooney? I'm talking too much, I know. I always do. But this time we were playing sand-lot football during recess. I threw a pass. Mickey intercepted the ball and went flying for a touchdown. I yelled, 'You can't do that.' He yelled back, 'I did it!' So I socked him. Hard. On the chin."

That was before Susie started growing up. Now that she's grown, there's no football. In fact, there isn't much of anything that's fun.

"You could call it grim," she says. "Practice, work, no men! Not even the slightest crush in years. Only how grim can it be when you've worked with Don O'Connor eight hours a day. Gosh, I miss him. You think he horses around in his movies. You should see him when he's *unrestrained*. You should settle down over a coke and really talk with him, or spend a couple of hours running through a stack of records. Donnie knows the stuff. Not just Basie or James but the hefty, solid items like Brahms. You should see him slumped down in a chair with his big feet up on a coffee table, looking solemn. He used to kid me about not knowing how to dance. (A jeep's lighter on its feet.) And about getting dispossessed so many times. Dad and I have had a ghoulish time. It's my practicing. I always seem to be doing it

(*Continued on page 98*)

Young mothers dare not ignore this advice

Scientific research has proved that every infant, every growing child needs the protective benefits of the "cod liver oil" vitamins A and D. That is why doctors recommend and prescribe these two essential vitamins. They know that a prolonged deficiency may seriously impair normal growth, retard the natural development of bones and teeth, cause life-long, physical handicaps.

Every day, children of all ages need adequate amounts of Vitamins A and D. Before it is too late—before a threatening shortage undermines health, start giving your child Vita-Baby.

Vita-Baby is a liquid concentrate of the health-aiding Vitamins A and D. Derived from biologically tested fish liver oils and activated ergosterol, and manufactured under the latest and most scientific laboratory control, Vita-Baby's formula meets the rigid requirements of recognized vitamin therapy. Yes, when you give your child Vita-Baby, you can be sure you are giving an outstanding product. A few drops in cereal, milk or direct on the tongue with the handy dropper provide full, daily requirements.

Don't deny your child the wonderful, protective benefits of this *proved, growing-aid*. Get a bottle from your druggist today. Show it to your doctor. He will approve the formula or your money will be refunded. Regular size—75c. Large, economy size—$3.00.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

VITA-BABY

A PRODUCT OF THE GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.
Vitamin Division
Manufacturers and distributors of quality pharmaceuticals for over fifty years

short course in applied make-up

By Carol Carter

■ No books to tote! No quizzes to answer! This is one summer course you're going to enjoy. All you have to do is c'mon along with us and learn the beauty-making rules. But, of course, you'll have to do a spot of homework. You'll have to analyze this glowing, sunkissed version of You. Now that Old Sol has warmed over your wan winter complexion, be sure your make-up matches your new skin tones.

Clean Sweep—You want your make-up job to look Durbin-fresh, so away with leftover rouge and lipstick before applying powder foundation. Sloosh cleansing cream over your face from widow's peak to neckline, then remove with a wisp of tissue. Follow up with a sudsing; rinse in cool water. Dab on an astringent that will send tingles down into your pores. Nice feeling? You bet! On days when the mercury is brimming over the thermometer, swathe an ice cube in a square of cloth and slide it over your hot little face. You'll think you've dived into a mint julep.

Smoothie-Puss—That's what they'll call you after you've sleeked on make-up base. No glossy nose for you when you meet your warrior at the station. It seems the boys excuse shiny noses on buddies plodding back from thirty-mile hikes, but on their pet pin-up girl, uh, uh! If your skin is dry, you may prefer a cream or the liquid foundation that casts a glow over the complexion. Cake and stick foundations are favorites with the oily-skinned. Only puhleese, my pretty, remember that make-up is meant to be smoothed over your lissome throat right down to the neckline. We underscore this point 'cause we've seen the effect of many a charming round-necked peasant blouse spoiled because dark make-up ended at the chinline. When choosing make-up, key it to skin tone and be guided by face powder color. One cosmetic house has a twin powder and make-up cake packaged together to guarantee you a perfect match.

Tips On Lips—Just for fun take a look at your lipstick wardrobe, a good impartial look. Sure, you're strong for

◄ A sweet sight is Janet Blair . . . she's wise to the ways of summer make-up. Her new pic: "Tonight and Every Night."

blue-red and purple tones, and they're mighty luscious with your winter woolens. But you're looking on the sunny side of things these days! How about keying your lip color to your new complexion? If you're a brunette, you'll find that cherry red will set you Apart. Copperheads and golden blondes can heighten their natural radiance with warm orange-red lipstick. For the ash-blonde with delicate, untinted skin, shell pink and raspberry are still prettiest. Arm yourself with one of those wonderful smearproof, waterproof lipsticks that weather the saltiest surf and come up bright as ever. All you have to do is apply the lipstick once, dust on powder, repaint lightly, and touch the lips with tissue. Presto, but no change for hours!

Role of Rouge—Don't we know you, though! Almost every one of your letters poses a problem—a reader with scant lashes, spreading hips or straggly locks. Typical is this plea from Alice J. "I'm sixteen and I've begun to use make-up, but my mother objects to the rouge I wear. Am I too young for it?" In our opinion, no, but "too much, too early" is the pitfall Alice has to skirt. Most girls find that rouge puts an impish sparkle in their eyes. Skillfully placed rouge can subtly accent the best planes of a girl's face.

Here's the one-two-three of rouge application, depending on whether you prefer liquid, cream or cake. Liquid rouge should be applied directly to the skin before the make-up base and powder. Cream rouge is applied after the foundation in a series of dots that are blended together with the edges feathered off. Cake rouge is patted on after the make-up base and powder. Needless to say, if you're aiming to be a four-alarm beauty, you'll match rouge to lipstick and fingertips.

Eyes That Shine—Face the critical north light and gaze eye to eye with yourself in a mirror. How do you measure up? Wish your orbs were spaced à la Colbert, appealing like Joan Leslie's, or tilted ike those of Maria Montez? Cheer up! We'll tell you how to make yours something special, too. Brush mascara only n the outer half of the lashes to make he eyes appear wider. Pluck your brows ack from the center and under the arch o create the (*Continued on page 80*)

Why Gene Tierney wears Woodbury Sun Peach

GENE TIERNEY, STARRING IN "LAURA", A FORTHCOMING 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

✓ It gives a vivid summer glow . . . *stays* color-true, color-fresh . . . lends long-lasting velvet smoothness

Girls! Wear exciting *Sun Peach* for rose-gold glamour. Or try exotic *Tropic Tan* for darker, bronzy beauty. Hollywood helped create all 8 Woodbury wonder shades Color Control blending gives them smoothest, clinging texture to veil tiny blemishes . . . creates *true* tones that never turn yellow or muddy. Get your exquisite Woodbury shade *today.*

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! . . . Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost! . . . All 3 for $1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢

Uneven tan

Getting lobster red

peeling nose

Parched lips

too many freckles

UNCOMFORTABLE BURN

SQUINTY FOREHEAD

LAUGHTER LINES

Skin's too dry

Leather-brown complexion

by Carol Carter

? Personally, I'd rather swing and sway with Sammy Kaye, but come summer, I like to spend some time at the beach. I'm mighty proud of my peaches and cream complexion, however. How can I sun-bathe and still keep my fair skin untanned? How to avoid an unwonted toasting?

You were born to look as fragile as a southern belle. Languish under a sweeping brim and saturate every square inch of exposed surface with suntan lotion. Keep your camellia complexion intact, but don't stint on the leg make-up for street wear. You'll love the sleek effect.

? I'm the blonde type that tans to a nifty bronze in a pair of afternoons. My formula for an A-1 summer equals a white bathing suit, a wacky crowd, and plenty of Vitamin D. My only beauty problem is skin dryness and tiny lines around my eyes. How can I stave 'em off?

Lucky you—the All-American Summer Girl, Grable version! Swirl a frosting of dry-skin cream over your face and forehead every night. Sleek it on in wide arcs and then concentrate the cream around the eyes, working it in with tiny circular motions. No "eye squints" for you!

? With a patch of blue water to swim in, my summer's complete. But having reddish hair, do I freckle! When the Life Guards' Ball rolls around, I always look like brown and pink dotted swiss. How can I be beautiful without sitting on the porch with a fan all day?

Be as outdoor girl-ish as you please, chum, but smooth on a film of protective cream or lotion to strain out many a budding freckle. If Old Sol should paint you lobster color, reach for a soothing medicated cream to relieve the stinging burn. You'll feel human again.

? If I can get off from work in time to enjoy a weekend at the beach, I'm lucky. So I look strictly Indian for a few days and do an anemic fade-out for the next couple of weeks. How can I keep my tan on an even keel without the customary nursing?

You'll have to depend on a screen of suntan oil or lotion to keep you scorch-proof on your scattered outings. Use a tinted make-up base in cake, liquid, cream, or stick form (colors bisque to butterscotch), if you'd look freshly toasted 'tween-times.

? Maybe I'm doing an Amazon's job by life-guarding at the beach this summer, but I don't like to look it. How can I keep my dark skin from turning mahogany color? And what should I do to erase my newly-acquired squint that only a sea captain could love?

Best way to avoid an overdose of tan is to wallow in suntan lotions. Unless you want a little strip of corrugated nose, swoosh on a dark foundation cream or make-up base. First-class sun glasses with gay, bewitching frames will pay dividends in eye comfort . . . and add a dash of glamour.

Mellow as moonlight

There's a smoothness about Schlitz that captures the devotion of true beer lovers. For Schlitz is brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops to bring you rare delicacy of flavor, coupled with that famous Schlitz quality known all over the world.

Schlitz
The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

Copr. 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

none of the bitterness

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

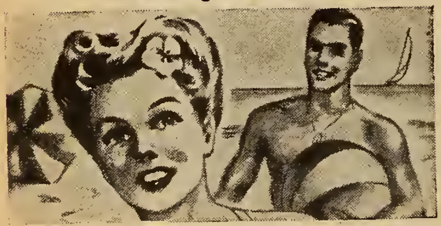
IT started as a FURLOUGH ROMANCE —BUT!

Lovely Hair made him want me for keeps

I met Jim when he was home on a furlough. What a wonderful time we had! Then, his letter came—

"You were so lovely that last day at the beach as the sun played hide and seek with the soft highlights in your hair.

I'd like to feel that the girl with the lustrous curls will be waiting for me when I get back."



How happy I was—and how I thanked Nestle Colorinse for taking away the dull, drabness of my hair and giving it richer color, sparkling highlights and a glorious silken sheen.

Colorinse can make *your* hair lovelier, too. Why don't you try it tonight?

P.S. For your next permanent, ask for an Opalescent Creme Wave, by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE

In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

For that well-groomed look, whether you wear your hair up or down—a delicately perfumed hair lacquer. Just a few drops of Hairlac will keep your coif in place throughout the day. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢

Nestle HAIRLAC

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 24*)

back, and you'll discover your head functioning again. You'll hear yourself saying, "Hi, there. Will you be my guinea pig?" He'll bite on that, and you'll say, "I'm learning Navy insignia, but I'm not too flashy at it. Let's see if I can get yours straight." You *will* get it straight, of course, and he'll beam. Then ease into the where-are-you-from business.

can I get him back?

We know how it is. A certain sergeant gave you a beautiful whirl. Every Wednesday night he'd turn up at the USO and book you for every dance. He'd admire your eyes and ply you with Pepsis and walk you home in the moonlight. He was heaven with three stripes, and when suddenly, for no reason at all, he jilted you, you died. How can you recapture him? Well, lady, for our ten cents, he's a lost cause and chalk him up to experience. Maybe you fell too hard too fast, and he lost interest. Maybe he's the kind of a gent who likes variety. Anyway, the spark went out, and—leave us face it—it's a blow.

should I wait for him?

You're really carrying a big one for this Air Corps guy. You like all the same songs. You laugh at the same jokes. You think this is it, but you want to *know*. So when he asks you to wait for him, you'll handle it this way. Don't be coy. Let him know he's Mister Big with you, but that you're not quite ready to hit the shelf and just wait. Tell him he'll be filed away in your heart for the duration under the heading IMPORTANT, and when the war is over, and you can see each other in a good light, he'll come up for reclassification.

what about letters?

Well, don't go taking down addresses in your little black book unless you're really going to write. It's too unkind. And don't sign up for a correspondence with someone who doesn't appeal to you at all. It will just be a grisly chore, and your letters, if sincere, can't possibly do anything for him. Obviously, you won't exchange letters with married or engaged guys—for what future is there in that? And stamps are expensive nowadays. There will be a few boys to whom you will want to write, and really work a bit over your letters. You'll send them V-mail, of course, for you-know-how-many reasons, and you'll write just as clearly as you can. More important still, is the warmth and friendliness you'll put into them.

would my fella mind?

Your lad is overseas, and you're lonely. The kids keep begging you to go to the USO dances, but you just can't reconcile yourself to getting all smoothed up and flirting with a lot of lads that aren't Him. What to do? Well, some girls can keep gay and perky minus any male companionship, but they're a dying race. If you find yourself fed to the ears with stork showers and female chatter, if you can't talk anything but dress patterns and recipes, we'd say it was high time you did head for the USO and hear some nice masculine laughter for a change. It'll be good for you, and —indirectly—for The Man. Just remember a couple of suggestions. Don't dance with one lad too often. You might get yourself talked about, and you might, for a few deluded moments, think you were really liking the lad who was rushing you. Don't exactly wear your heart on your sleeve, but make it plain if the subject comes up, that you aren't available.

There now, that about covers all the canteen problems that have turned up in our mail, but if you've a special one—canteen or otherwise—ask us about it, and we'll answer you personally. You know where to write, don't you? Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

SHORT COURSE IN APPLIED MAKE-UP

(*Continued from page 75*)

same illusion. Pencilling the brows in short, light strokes gives a frame to light eyes. A touch of vaseline to the lids will give them a natural sheen that's tops for daytime. On gala evenings, your eyes deserve the flattery of eye shadow, artfully smoothed on the edge of the upper lid.

P.S.—Let's hope, as you peer into the mirror, you don't see angry squint lines around your precious peepers. Good sunglasses worn on bright days will squelch 'em, remember?

Powder Puffing. Last, but mighty important, is the final dust-off with powder. First, though, can your puff pass inspection? If it isn't fresh and fluffy, you rate a demerit. Reach for a spanking clean puff before you proceed to whisk powder airily over your face. If you crave a clear-skinned finish to your make-up, try patting your face with a damp sponge. To remove those last traces of powder at the hairline, moisten a wedge of cotton with cologne and touch it to the hair.

The Speckled Band. We've borrowed a phrase from Sherlock Holmes' adventures to nickname our freckled readers. Now that summer has arrived in earnest, we can count on at least one letter a day with this refrain, "Please, Miss Carter, won't you tell me how I can get rid of my raft of freckles?" We've tried to lull our spotted friends into forgetfulness by telling them boys think freckles are cute, and we still maintain a poll would prove our point. We've tried to comfort them with the assurance that they're playing on Katie Hepburn's team. To no avail. So for those stubborn freckle-haters, here's a thought: In summer use a darker foundation with a covering of warm, rosy powder. There's a bleach cream available that will make freckles less noticeable in time and do wonders towards clearing summer-sallow skin. Feel better, kids?

Close-Up. Sooner or later, you'll have to undergo one. So give yourself a flawless make-up job every single day. Then you'll take close-ups in your stride and get a cool one-hundred percent rating from friend and beau.

* * * *

But if your close-up leaves you glum, pen a note about your problem to Carol Carter, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y., 16, N. Y. We have the answer to brighten things up!

Tender moment for this girl with a LOVABLE LUX COMPLEXION

"My Beauty Facials really make skin lovelier!"

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved! "I never neglect this care," says lovely Rosalind Russell. "I cover my face generously with the creamy Lux Soap lather, work it in thoroughly, rinse with warm water, splash with cold—then pat to dry." Why not give *your* precious skin this gentle care that really *works!* See if you don't win—quickly—a smooth, really lovable Lux Complexion!

ROSALIND RUSSELL

FIGHT WASTE

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S... It's hard-milled! *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

Keep Your Eyes in the SAFETY ZONE

with COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES

Here's what happens when Sun Glasses provide no Zone of Safety

GUARD AGAINST brilliant sunlight. It's hard on your eyes. Ultra-violet "sunburn" rays and infra-red (heat) rays are both annoying and harmful. These rays pass right through some sun glasses, as shown above.

Here's how Cool-Ray Sun Glasses provide the "Safety Zone"

SAFETY ZONE

COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES, made by American Optical Company*, provide the eyes with a "Safety Zone." These AO sun glasses have lenses of scientifically-compounded glass that absorbs ultra-violet and infra-red rays, and excessive light. Your eyes feel comfortable within the "Safety Zone."

"SEEING RAYS"—plenty of them that let you see clearly and comfortably—are admitted by Cool-Ray Sun Glasses. That's why you'll like them.

Cool-Ray Sun Glasses have been supplied in great quantity to the armed forces, so the civilian supply is limited. Price $1.95 and up.

COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES

Provide "The Safety Zone"

American Optical COMPANY

*World's largest makers of ophthalmic products

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR"

(STORY)

(Continued from page 46)

pletely; no, no of course I haven't; it's Tom; Tom West.

Yet she might have forgotten the lean, young stranger who was going to be her husband. Three days. It takes a fool, she thought, to meet a man and marry him in three days; it takes Theo Scofield.

Of course her mother scoffed at the idea, when she gave it any thought at all. Mother somehow was much more interested in the next tea party, in the fluctuations of her bank balance. And in the matter of marriage, Mother was all for Miles Lancing because—well, to put it simply—because Miles had money.

You never married a man about whom you could think: he's nice, but— It had to be as it was with Tom, not thinking at all, just doing, hoping and, perhaps, keeping your fingers crossed. Marriage was an odd business, as Theo had a right to know. Mother had been married four times, and just a half hour ago Theo had stood talking with a man, a stranger to her. He had been her father, and Theo had never known him because in Mother's life he was three marriages ago.

What was it he had said to her, softly, gently: "If you're like your mother, you never will be married. You've got to know clearly that you belong to this boy for good. Tell me that, and I'll wish you all the happiness in the world."

There was the music again, and she was at the end of the aisle, and someone seemed to be touching her. She saw with immense surprise that he was leaning toward her, and a moment later he kissed her, and she felt a small flurry of embarrassment that he had kissed her here, before all these people. Then she knew she was married.

It was odd how many things could happen in a little time. The honeymoon had been wonderful in the quiet and splendid beauty of Vermont; in that small space of time she discovered Tom, the little surprising secrets that were somehow more important than the large issues and the big words: That a small wrinkle shaped like an arrow appeared on his brow when he was thinking, that the fingers of his hand had a swift, moving, brown grace . . .

But then, just at the end of the honeymoon, things happened with devastating swiftness. Tom's father died, and they raced back to Boston. And abruptly, without warning, the Army ordered him to take over the West Optical Works, insisting that after his father's death it was absolutely necessary that he stay on the job of producing valuable and important range finders. That had hurt Tom; he wasn't prepared to be thrown back into the civilian world. Something in him, a sense of duty or a patriotism of which he never spoke, had demanded overseas duty.

He hated it even more because Joe Murdoch should have been able to take over at the West Optical Works. Joe was competent, brilliant at the tricky business of producing range finders, already deferred because of an old heart ailment. But, and it hurt because Joe was an old and dear friend, Joe drank and the WPB refused to allow him the responsibility.

It frightened Theo; not that Tom would be near, close to her, but that suddenly she had to make a home, prepare for a married life. Marriage was one thing when it was compounded of love and kisses and the hurried tender good-by of two people who had not very much time; but faced with all the suddenly huge details of building a common life, Theo was frightened. She turned to Sissy Mortimer for advice because her marriage to Ted Mortimer was a shining success.

"I didn't expect it," Theo said, "—so soon. I don't know what to do Sissy. Making a home—Boston—out of nothing."

"You'll do it," Sissy said.

"Help me, Sissy," Theo said.

"Of course, darling."

Mother came to visit them in Boston, staring with a faint distaste at the pleasant three room apartment in which they lived. Mother thought three room apartments were just a little common; couldn't Theo have arranged something with a bit more flash? After all one can't get very excited about an all-tile bath or an enamel sink.

"Of course if you like your little rut—" Mother said.

"I adore it," Theo said.

"As much as all that? Three rooms and a bath?"

"Three rooms, a bath—and Tom."

"Oh, yes, Tom of course. I forgot Tom."

"We mustn't forget Tom, must we?" Theo said gently.

"I always remember my husbands fondly," Mother said.

"Look, Mother," Theo said. "I like being a housewife. I like just being a wife. A plain, ordinary, common, everyday wife. The kind that makes breakfast in the morning and cleans up the house and runs out to do the shopping—"

"Aren't you forgetting something in your little paradise?" Mother said. "The patter of little feet?"

"There will be," Theo said softly. "Soon."

Mother looked at her briefly: "Well, dear, I'm glad in a way. I thought you were getting vulgarly fat."

It turned out to be a boy, and of course it was named Tom. Tommy was a strange and awesome bundle to Theo. It was incredible that anyone so young and so small could demand such a vast amount of attention, or have such an assortment of queer habits, customs and abilities. There was Tommy's voice which he seemed to exercise almost continuously, and where that huge amount of wail came from in so small a body, Theo could never understand. There was the sometimes indelicate matter of Tommy's diapers; the miles and miles of Tommy's bottles. There was Tommy's smug demand that he be "bubbled." But somehow, despite everything, Tommy grew and thrived.

Mother was passing through Boston the day of Tommy's birthday. She couldn't quite make it to the apartment. There would be only a half hour between trains she told Theo when she called her, but Theo promised to come down to the station and say hello. She came, staggering under the weight of a huge bag of mason jars she had stumbled across at a bargain, looking hot, and her slip was showing.

"What in the world do you need all those jars for?" Mother said.

"Tomatoes," Theo said. "I'm going to can them."

But Mother wasn't listening. She was waving to someone in the station, calling in her shrill, possessed voice: "Why, Miles—Miles Lancing!"

It was Miles—Major Lancing now—and there he looked very tan and very fit, and there were colored ribbons on his tunic for overseas service. Looking at him, then, all of the past, the glamorous past, rushed back into Theo's mind, and she was suddenly uncomfortably aware of the awkward bag

(Continued on page 84)

A swing-shift beauty rests. Her hours at war production are long and demanding. Housework takes the rest of her waking time. So, her sleep must be *sound!* And it *is!* For she sleeps on a Beautyrest mattress. If *you* own a Beautyrest, you're lucky. You have a mattress with 837 individually pocketed coils, a sag-proof border, busy little ventilators that keep it clean and fresh! Cherish it, for we don't know when you can buy another. (Simmons plants are roof-deep in war production.) If you need a *new* mattress now, we recommend WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress—plump, durable, *and* comfortable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! A real Simmons buy at $39.50. NEWS!—the government has permitted us to make a limited quantity of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each, the ideal box spring to use with a White Knight Mattress. Ideal box spring for *any* mattress!

BEAUTYREST— The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P.S. DID YOU BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND THIS WEEK?

Speaking of CALF LOVE

What could be neater than a NEET CALF?

In the Spring (or any season), a young man's . . . well, *eyes* . . . turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry . . . and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're *"smooth"* calves, free from glamour-stealing hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give *your* legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed . . . are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today"! This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. *Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.*

of jars in her hand.

Miles was polite, eyeing her with a sort of ironic courtesy.

"In town for long?" Theo said.

"Four weeks."

"We'll see you, of course, won't we?"

"Oh, yes," Miles said. "We must get together."

He said it like a man discussing an unpleasant spell of recent weather.

"How about tonight?" Theo said.

"Well—" Miles said uncomfortably.

And suddenly Theo knew that he didn't particularly want to come; and she was aware that out of the corner of his eye he was staring at a long, thin, cool looking blonde who was passing by. Theo felt a sudden wave of anger. Once Miles had been glad enough to look at her.

Miles left her at the station exit, and she watched the even stride of his down the street, walking with never a turning look over his shoulders. Suddenly she lifted the bag of mason jars and dumped them sharply to the gutter. Willfully she straightened her hat, pulled at the erring slip. She hurried to a cab.

"West Optical Works," she said.

She didn't know just why she had to see Tom. But she felt she had to. She stood waiting for him in the plain office, and she watched him as he came to her, anxiously.

"Something wrong?" he said.

"Wrong? No, darling. Nothing wrong."

"But to bust in this way. It's not like you. And we're up to our necks in work right now. Joe's off on another toot and—"

"Tom—"

"Eh?"

"You do love me?"

"Of course I do."

"Thanks."

"You mean that's all you wanted. You came busting in here, breaking up a lens test, throwing me into an uproar just—"

"Isn't it important, Tom?"

"Of course it's important but—"

"Then there can't be any 'buts,'" she said angrily.

She saw someone waiting outside the door, one of the workmen, waiting for Tom.

He said: "When are you going to grow up, Theo?"

And then without waiting, he went out, and she saw him hurry down the corridor with the workman. She watched him, feeling again and more sharply that same sense of shock and outrage and surprise that she had felt with Miles Lancing.

She poured it out to Sissy in the kitchen of her three room apartment, speaking willfully and angrily: "Am I different now, Sissy? Have I changed?"

"You've become Mrs. Thomas West," Sissy said softly.

"And does that mean that Theo is dead? That I have to give up everything?"

"It depends on what you mean by that."

"I don't feel different. Not inside. I still want fun and laughter. I like to have people say nice things to me. That isn't wrong. It can't be wrong—"

Tommy began to cry then. And suddenly the whole place seemed hateful. Boston, the apartment, cooking and cleaning, shopping and miles of baby's bottles. Martha, the maid, came in, her broad face very calm. Theo flung past her into the bedroom. In the closet she found one of her old dresses, the pretty one.

"Where are you going?" Sissy said.

"I don't know," Theo said. "I'm going to join the Army."

The Officers' Club was still the same. It was still the same room where she had met Tom in those almost-forgotten days when she had been Theo Scofield, and life had somehow been fun and laughter. Nothing had changed. And she knew, in a sudden pleased moment that not even she had changed. Because the very young flying officer whistled, low and slow, when she came in. Someone was at the piano. Across the room she saw Miles Lancing, and she flung a triumphant smile at him.

It was wonderful until Tom came in. That was the first time she looked at the clock. Was it as late as that? It couldn't be. She'd walked in only a moment before, meaning to stay only a little while, just time for a dance and a joke.

Tom didn't say anything until they were in the taxi going home.

"I thought we were going to celebrate the kid's birthday together," he said. "I didn't expect you'd be out playing pin-up girl with the Army—"

"I only dropped in to—"

"Dropped in? For hours?"

"I didn't realize . . ." she began.

"You don't realize a lot of things."

Then, there in the taxi they were staring at each other, and there was something close to hatred in their eyes. They were silent, then; silent with the terrible silence of bitterness.

Theo fled to Sissy. But at Sissy's apartment there was no answer to her ring. Instead, in the lobby, she found Joe Murdoch. He looked a little the worse for wear, but if he had been drunk he didn't show it.

"Sissy isn't in?" Joe said.

"She isn't," Theo said. "But you should be. You should be in at work at the West Optical Works."

Joe smiled crookedly: "All right, Mama."

"Come on," Theo said grimly.

Joe had to drop off at his place to change. Theo refused to let him out of her sight; she was afraid he might go off on another drunk. Joe was strangely quiet; he asked her to wait in the living room of his apartment while he changed. Then he walked toward the bedroom.

There was someone in the bedroom, Theo suddenly realized. She shrank back against the wall, and then very clearly she heard the voice say: "Joe, sweetheart, are you all right?" Through a mirror Theo could see into the bedroom, and in one sickening moment the whole thing was clear.

It was Sissy there in Joe's bedroom, moving about as if she were perfectly at home. She crossed to Joe and kissed him, and it was a kiss that gave the whole story away. Joe, desperately, was trying to act natural, but it was too late.

They all knew it was too late even when Theo in a determinedly gay voice called: "Hi, Sissy!" And then Theo fled. She couldn't stay to listen to the forced explanations that would come.

She didn't know how long she wandered around in the streets of Boston. Yet through every street the haunting thought followed her. That it should be Sissy. Why, Ted and Sissy Mortimer were the perfect married couple.

And it meant: That dingy scene in Joe's bedroom. Theo felt cheated. Marriage, so they told her, was based on honor and trust. Or was Mother right after all? That marriage was a selfish game that each partner played to his own advantage. Like Sissy. Why did it have to be Sissy, she thought hopelessly; for somehow Sissy had been a symbol to her.

Back at the apartment she found that Tom was gone. Martha told her that Joe Murdoch had called, and then the two of them had rushed off together. Tom had left word that he was going to Vermont and wouldn't be back until the next day.

Here, safe in her own apartment, under her own roof, the whole problem became unbearable. Was that what marriage was? Is it all a cheat, she thought, living with a man even if you don't love him, out of habit or because of convention or for security? No, that wasn't what she wanted.

That was why, at five o'clock that morn-

(*Continued on page 86*)

You were such a pretty baby!

YOU HAD THE BLUEST EYES, the softest cheeks, the most enchanting smile. I loved you the minute I saw you.

And like all fathers, I wanted to give you everything in the world . . . the stars to play with, the moon on a silver platter, a beautiful dream every night.

Something interfered with a lot of my plans, baby; there were too many birthdays made up of makeshifts before things started breaking my way. But maybe *this* birthday, the fur coat I saw you admire will make up for all the other times you pressed your little nose against shop windows . . . looking wide-eyed at treasures beyond our reach.

Maybe that very becoming Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat is saying it all for me, my darling — saying that I always wanted to give you beautiful things.

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NAME ....

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ing, Miles Lancing found her curled up on the sofa in his apartment. He was tired; he was just back from a long test flight. As the light of the snapped electric switch filled the room, Theo sat up.

Miles said: "Is it Christmas? Are you my present?"

Theo said brightly: "Hello, aviator? Don't fliers ever come home?"

Miles said, still standing there, very seriously: "You poor kid, why did you leave Tom?"

"Leave Tom?"

He understood then, and he said harshly: "Is that why you came? A little test game for yourself? Or some other silly idea? Trying to play both ends against the middle, Theo?"

"No," she said slowly, "it's not that only—"

"Only what?"

"Only I'm here," she said softly.

He didn't move toward her at all: "You're here," he said bitterly. "Yes, you're here. Here with all your stupid, selfish tricks. You ran out on Tom tonight because of whim. Because you're still so wrapped up in yourself that you don't see that marriage cuts both ways."

"Miles!" she said.

"I'm not through," he said. "I loved you once. Maybe I still love you. But I can see you for what you are. A vain, little, pampered, silly fool."

She stood up white with anger, trying to sweep past him out of the apartment. But as she passed, he reached for her and in a savage movement he kissed her.

"Theo," he whispered. "Theo. I've dreamt of you. I've tried to get along without you. But I couldn't."

She hardly moved in his arms, and she said in a tired voice: "It's no good, Miles. Because everything you said to me was true, I suppose. Maybe you were right."

And then she left him with the same thought hammering in her mind: Marriage is for fools. . . .

Then the whole incredible mess came to a climax. Tom had gone to Vermont with Joe because Joe wanted to get married. There was a girl there, and Tom, knowing nothing of Sissy, had urged Joe to marry her and had gone up with him, believing that marriage would settle Joe, help him. And Joe and his bride, a shy, quiet girl, had come back to Theo's apartment. Come back to Theo's apartment at the same time that Sissy and Ted came in.

It was a scene Theo would remember all of life: The amazed, incredulous look on Sissy's face, that terrible moment when Sissy wavered in the room and fainted, and suddenly everyone knew why; everyone, even Ted and Tom. The whole ugly thing was in the open, and the next few hours were a nightmare until the house was empty again, and there was only Tom and Theo, alone now, and together.

It might have been all right even then if Tom hadn't gone tearing at the thin, frazzled shreds of his emotions. He'd had faith in Sissy and Ted, faith in their marriage and by symbol in all marriage. It was just the sheerest bad luck that he stumbled on the fact that Theo hadn't been at home the night he went to Vermont.

He stared at her: "Where were you?"

She couldn't hurt him anymore, and in the state he was, he wouldn't understand. "Please, Tom," she said. "We'll talk about it some other time."

How could she inflict her own torments and doubts on him now? He had been shocked enough, hurt enough. She wanted to help him, protect him. But he wouldn't leave it alone.

"You told me you were out to a movie. You weren't, were you?"

"No."

"Where were you, then?"

"Tom—"

He said slowly: "A man? You were out with a man?"

She said helplessly: "I was out with Miles Lancing."

"All right," he said harshly.

"Tom," she said, "it's not what you think."

"What am I supposed to think?" he said.

"Tom," she pleaded, "trust me, I had to find out. I had to find out whether I could trust myself. Whether I could trust you."

"That's a new one, isn't it?"

Then, suddenly, her own nerves were gone, and she couldn't go on, trying to explain it calmly, as it had happened.

In a very tired voice, she said: "I'm sorry, Tom. But that finishes it, doesn't it? It's all over now. It's good-by."

"Yes," Tom said slowly. "I suppose that's what it does mean."

She had been in Reno three weeks when her father called her from San Francisco. And because she had liked the quiet man who had been her father and because she wanted to know him better, she went.

Her father didn't try to talk to her. He told her only that in marriage you had to be sure and then left her to herself. She liked to sit in the large room that overlooked the ocean, in the darkness.

It was odd how the images formed there, in the dark, against the background of the swelling Pacific. They seemed almost real. The young Princeton boy who had once proposed marriage to her, the man in Reno—old and wise—, the pursuit flier who on one mad week-end had decided they were meant for each other.

The images faded out. But not quite. There was one more. It was somehow a little more solid, a little more substantial than the rest. It seemed almost real. And then with a little shock she realized that it was real, and that Miles Lancing was in the room waiting for her to speak.

"Theo," he said softly, "I had to come. Knowing you were here, I had to come and see you. Listen to me, Theo, I'm leaving again for active service. But I want your promise before I go. Promise to marry me. We could make a go of it—"

It was like an echo of what she had been thinking. "Yes," she said. "I think we could. But don't you see, Miles, once there was a man I thought I could marry and be happy with. I could have made a go of it with him, if I'd tried. I married him for a reason, and that reason, somehow, still holds good. I love him, Miles. And I wish I could tell him that I could make a go of our marriage—"

Miles said: "Tom?"

Theo nodded: "Yes, Tom. Do you know where he is, Miles? I've tried to get in touch with him but he's gone. He applied for overseas service, and this time they let him go. Miles I've got to talk to him. . . ."

Miles smiled crookedly: "I'm a pretty funny looking duck to play Cupid."

But somehow he arranged it. And speaking into a phone her voice went out, thousands of miles, through the whole labyrinth of wires, across an ocean to an island somewhere in the South Pacific where a lean, young man who was a fighter pilot listened, intently at first and then with a foolish, ecstatic grin.

It seemed a little silly, because it was something she could have said any time, without trouble or for a nickel call; maybe it wasn't portentous enough for the miracle that allowed her to speak across thousands and thousands of miles.

"Tom, darling, I love you and Tommy loves you and we both miss you terribly. And we want to stay married. Can you hear me, Tom? We want to stay married."

It was as simple as all that because marriage is always simple if you see it straight and hold to what's true and good.

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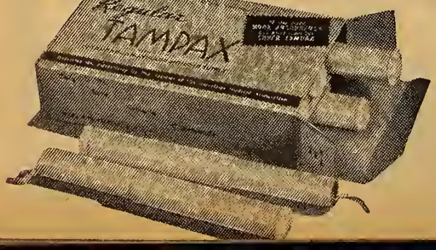

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO JUDY

(*Continued from page 45*)

through the M-G-M gate to her dressing room. Slaps on her hair—the picture calls for a 1903 wig—puts on her face and bids Vincent Minelli, the director, good-morning at 9. Eats all day long. Lunch is a mere item. Dot, Mary and Evelyn see to that. They're in make-up, hairdressing and wardrobe respectively, but their object in life is to fatten Judy up.

Choochoo meets her at the door, goes racing madly round the house to denote joy, then comes back for their dance. Judy hums a tune, and they waltz together, and Choochoo trips her up—on purpose, says Judy. Because she's a rowdy—an aristocrat with a barrelhouse personality.

Being clean depresses her, but not for long, because it's easy enough to go out and roll in the dirt. What really gets her down is being clipped in pompoms, the way any self-respecting French poodle should be. Choochoo can't stand it. The Scottie next door hangs around the drive, waiting for her to get home from the vet's. She slinks past him into the house, flops in a corner and refuses to be comforted by food, blandishments or rubber mice.

"You're beautiful," Judy assures her. "You're the ritziest dog in the world."

Her eyes lift, two mournful questionmarks. "What have you done to me?" It takes a day to mend her broken heart.

moanin' in the mornin' . . .

She'd rather eat nails than bother cooking for herself, but likes to fuss when someone's coming over—the most exciting part's waiting to see whether everything comes out at the same time, which it never does.

Once in a blue moon she has dinner in bed—mostly to use up the bed-tray her mother gave her. She can't say she enjoys it. One end of the tray starts tipping, and things start sliding, and she starts grabbing, and any resemblance to elegance in a maribou jacket and exotic perfume becomes purely ludicrous—you get more of a Joan Davis routine—so the bed-tray goes into mothballs for another six months.

She knows lots of lovely ways to spend an evening. At least twice a week she answers letters from boys in the service. Naturally she can't answer all the mail herself, or she'd be doing nothing else. It's sorted, and she gets the specials. Like the one from some RAF boys who'd named their plane after her. In Italy they met up with a Yank crew who'd had the same idea. So the Yanks gave the Tommies their insignia—Judy's tilted nose between her pigtails. "And now we're fighting side by side," wrote the English flyers.

A Scotch boy wrote that his company had voted her their favorite leave-at-home girl. Which sounded like a left-handed compliment, till she realized that a leave-at-home was a furlough.

What breaks her up are the kids who write: "I'm nothing but a rookie, but I happen to like you very much. You don't have to answer, but could you send a picture, I'd be so grateful—"

Her impulse is to write back, "I'm nothing but a girl, and suppose I'm busy, what's that compared with your murderous routine, and don't be grateful because I and millions like me are so deep in your debt, there's no word to cover it."

She never knows when she's going to be called for a command performance. Once she was hauled out from the hairdresser's. Of course she *knew* that these broadcasts went overseas, but a few weeks ago something happened to make her realize it in a very extra-special kind of way.

every day in every way . . .

Artie Shaw, back from duty in the South Pacific, phoned her.

It seemed he'd been ill with dengue fever on that distant island, and the hospital was full, so they'd stuck him in officers' quarters. He could hear people talking and the radio screeching, but no one paid any attention to him, and he was feeling awfully sorry for himself. Then a voice on the radio said, "Here she is," and a girl said, "Hello, fellows," and it was Judy.

He never had anything give him quite such a lift. Lifted him right out of his miseries. Sounded so friendly and homelike. Across thousands of miles of water, the voice of a girl he knew. And even if those other guys didn't know her personally, she still meant home to them—home and the neighborhood movie and a soda at the corner drugstore with their own girls. "So keep it up, Judy."

As if she wouldn't, anyway. Only now when she gives these command performances, it's as if she were planting herself over there right among the boys.

Sometimes she phones her pal, Betty Asher, and they go to a movie. You can have the musicals, they'll take the tear-jerkers. Judy's a fall guy for love and patriotism. All a fellow'd have to do to get her Academy Award vote is walk in tempo to the Army Air Corps song and walk out again. They wept through "Jane Eyre" in a projection room. The projectionist couldn't believe his eyes.

"We *loved* it. Oh Judy, couldn't you *die*, just watching that Orson Welles stalk across moors—"

Judy nodded dreamily. "In a cloud of capes and whips and horses and dogs and Joan Fontaine."

Sometimes she just stays home with the radio, Choochoo and a book. Her reading's interrupted at intervals by Choochoo and the rubber mouse. Choochoo's no dope, why should she play by herself when that girl's around? So she takes her nose and shoves the mouse under the couch and comes scratching at Judy. Judy digs the mouse out, plants it in the middle of the rug, tells Choochoo a thing or two and goes back to her book. Things are quiet for a while. Judy looks up to make sure they stay that way. "Choochoo! Stop edging over to that couch!" Her head drops on her paws. What couch? Who's edging? Next thing Judy knows, the black head's at her knee.

Bedtime's around eleven, but that doesn't mean sleep. Judy's bought books on how to fall asleep, yet the art escapes her. When everything else fails, she sticks a pillow under one arm, a blanket under the other and trails from bed to bed. She's been known to cast a speculative eye at Choochoo's ample bed on the back porch, but generally winds up on the living room divan.

It's true she's had an occasional day off during the making of "Meet Me in St. Louis," but these have been mostly consumed by the dentist. Because Judy doesn't just go to the dentist and done with it. She needs a day to let the idea begin to seep in and another couple of days to steel herself and a day to decide that maybe she doesn't have to go after all—till at last comes the day when the tooth's really jumpin' and she goes.

Once in the chair, panic grips her.

"Look," says the dentist, "have I ever once hurt you badly?"

"No, but some day you will, and then I'll have to punch you right in the nose."

He's reaching for that fiendish drill. She's got to stop him!

"How can anyone like a dentist?"

"Why, don't you like me?"

"That's beside the point. What I mean is, how can a girl like a guy who, when he was 12 and you asked him what he wanted to be, he said a dentist!"

"We're very helpful people. Open your mouth."

"Helpful! The only way you could help me is to pull 'em all out and give me false teeth."

"Open, Judy."

the yanks are coming . . .

The drill gleams closer, she scrounges down in the chair, lower and lower, but she can't get away from the drill, the drill keeps chasing her.

"Look, I really don't feel very well, I'm underweight, I just got out of the hospital, I'll come back next week."

"Now wait a minute."

"No, I don't have to wait a minute, it's *my* tooth, it aches *me*, not you, let it decay, did I ask to have teeth?"

Novocaine, gas and ether don't work on Judy. He reaches for a needle.

"You can't give me a shot. I have no veins."

"You have wonderful veins. Like forget-me-nots in spring."

"Ouch!!"

And a few minutes later, "Feel better now, Judy?"

"Like forget-me-nots in spring," she murmurs. . . .

Then, of course, she has Saturday evening and Sunday, which she frequently spends at her mother's in the valley. The times are out of joint unless she sees her niece twice a week. Judaline's five now. She's named after Judy, she looks like Judy, she's left-handed like Judy and has a habit of passing on Judy's stale jokes. Except for bad jokes, Judaline wants no part of show business. She hates movies. "They're all sad," she says.

"Don't you want to be in pictures when you grow up?"

"No, thank you just the same."

On the other hand, she feels no prejudice against actors and developed a mad crush on Peter Lawford, when Judy took him out there to dinner one night—went all gay and feminine on him.

Being an only child presents no problems since she creates brothers and sisters at will. Right now she's got a pair of each, good and bad. For reasons clear only to Judaline, the good brother makes barrage balloons at Douglas. But it's the bad sister who comes in handiest.

"Now, Judaline, you know that was naughty to do."

"Oh, but I didn't do it. That was my bad sister Alice."

No one, thinks Judy, ever paid her mother a prettier compliment than Judaline. It was Mrs. Garland's birthday, and Judaline was helping her in the kitchen.

"Nanna, how old are you today?"

"Forty-eight."

"Goodness, that's pretty old, isn't it? But don't you mind, I'll love you, no matter how old you get."

"Oh pooh! You'll grow up and get married and forget all about me."

She thought that one over. "By the time I'm old enough to get married," she said slowly, "you might be flying around with the angels." The small figure pressed close, earnest eyes uplifted. "You know something, Nanna? I bet when you're up there, you won't be just a plain angel. I bet you'll be God's partner."

When Judy's not at her mother's week-ends, she may go out dancing on Saturday

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Lovely Dana Jenney

night—with Van Johnson or Peter Lawford or Freddie De Cordova. Any place where they play a nice rumba—Clover Club or Mocambo or a little place on Sunset called the Serapi, that she and Van like. Or wherever Joe E. Lewis happens to be billed. She'd walk barefoot to hear him sing "The Guy's Got Me on a Blitz." Of course, if she can talk her escort into the Orpheum, that's so much velvet.

She'll wear a suit or black dress and preferably no hat. The ways of Judy with clothes are strange and wonderful. She likes them well enough but hates to buy them. Driven to it, she'll run into a store, grab a dress off a hanger and get out.

Three months later Betty says, "I've never seen you in that new dress."

"Neither have I. It hasn't been altered."

About a year ago she bought the hat of her dreams, and she's worn it once. It was photographed in Vogue—toast straw with a toast-colored veil—had a page all to itself and deserved it. She called John Frederics. "I want the hat on page 35." When it came out, she swooned. No week goes by that she doesn't put it on for her own pleasure, but since that first night she's never worn it out. Somebody might turn and look and say, "Get *her!*"

On the night of the Academy Award show, she got out her 4-year-old mink to wear and thrust it hastily back into the closet. The lining wasn't ripped, it had quietly fallen away, so that the skins showed. "Some gentleman," said Judy, "would help me off with my coat and yell, 'It's alive!'" So she wore her ermine bolero—bought when she was 15—and people said, "How pretty. New, isn't it?"

That proves you should never throw anything away—a rule Judy lives by. Why buy hats, when you can cut a lei of shell-pink flowers apart and run them up into a snood? Or twist two strips of lace around hairpins, stick one here, one there.

the well-dressed tapeworm . . .

As for dresses, the possibilities are endless. When Judy stands meditatively at the door of her wardrobe, Betty hands her the shears. Once she took a violent dislike to the turquoise vest in her black dress, just as she was ready to leave for a party. So she ripped the vest out, folded a black lace veil and had Dorothy tape it to her.

At the party a girl asked where she'd bought the dress.

"Oh, a little shop called What the Well-dressed Tapeworm will Wear."

For Sundays at home there's a regular routine. Betty comes over. They both sit all week, they both need exercise, they don't feel like a rip-roaring game of tennis, so they walk four miles up the canyon and four miles back. Their walk is enlivened by dogs and bees. No dog has ever bitten Judy, no bee ever stung her, but she knows that some day they will.

So the strange dog comes out, and she tries to underplay it. Stares straight ahead.

"Think he's going to bite?"

Betty, the interpid, steals a glance. "No, his tail's wagging."

"Don't look now, but here comes that nasty character."

The nasty character's an Airedale, whose name can't be Jenny, because he won't make up his mind. Won't bite and won't wag his tail.

"Maybe our stocking seams are crooked," Judy suggests. "There's a bee headed this way, and to me he looks hungry."

"Ignore him," says Betty.

Safe home again, they fix some food and relax with their favorite Sunday night broadcasts—Drew Pearson, Winchell, Fred Allen, The Weird Circle . . .

That's all Judy's done for three months, just work. Nothing's happened. Nothing to write a story about . . .

"MISS PRECIOUS CARGO"

(Continued from page 39)

eight, while a phonograph played records for them. Then on the dot of eight, Keenan and Bill arose from their seats among the GIs and started making like burlesque.

"We will now give away ab-so-lute-ly free one solid gold set of false teeth with every package of Mrs. McGillicuddy's Headache Pills," Bill bellowed.

Keenan promptly out-bellowed him. "I rep-re-sent the Super California Fruit and Nut Company. Reserve your patronage for well-established concerns."

Nonsense stuff. Then Bill up on the stage introducing himself and Keenan. Giving with the latest news from home. "Roosevelt's still in there, boys. Hedy Lamarr is still beautiful. And 'Mairzy Doats' is still on the Hit Parade."

"What," demanded a stupefied voice from the audience, "is 'Mairzy Doats'?"

You didn't have to plant a stooge to say that, either. These kids had never heard of the song. It hadn't been written when they left the States. So when Andy Arcari came out with his accordion and introduced them to "Mairzy Doats," the GIs laughed like hell. They said, "What's the world coming to?" They said, "Has everyone gone nuts?" But they loved it.

"That," Paulette remembered, trying to ignore the splashing that continued from the bucket, "was where I came in."

She had worn the white dress with the sequins tonight. That dress had already gone through over two months of three shows a day in China, Burma and India. By now "white" was the last adjective you could truthfully apply to it. For weeks Bill and Keenan had been making ribbing remarks about "tattletale grey." But today Paulette had found a GI who used to be in the cleaning business. And the GI had found some high octane gas or something. And tonight when she came on stage, it had really been a thing. Dazzling white dress, green gloves, *Paulette.* The boys had roared like fight fans.

"What's the matter?" Bill demanded reprovingly. "Haven't you guys ever seen a pair of gloves before?" Then he had got a load of the pristine splendor of the dress. "In the middle of the jungle the girl finds a dry cleaner! Paulette, you're killing me. Fellows, did you ever see anything quite so beautiful?"

They were crazy about the act when Bill put her in a trance. "Madame Svengali Goddard who does mind reading." Paulette sat on the stage looking as mesmerized as possible, while the audience asked her silly questions. "Madame, what is the date on this 1932 penny?" She couldn't answer that one. "Madame, what is the name of the Sergeant in charge here?" "Stinkie," said Paulette.

Oh yes, it had been a good show for its purpose. But now Paulette's mind was back on the rat in the bucket. The splashing seemed to be getting definitely feebler. Slower . . . slower. Now it had stopped entirely. With a sigh of relief, she lay back, took a deep breath and slowly relaxed. In another minute she was off.

You got so you could sleep almost anywhere, any time, on a trip like this. You had to. You went from post to post by plane, and always at night. So you would spread a coat on the tin floor of the plane and sleep. Or even sit up straight in one of the "bucket seats" that lined the sides, and your eyes would close and you'd tear off a quick nap. Till Keenan touched your shoulder and said, "Okay, Mabel, this is it."

That was the catch phrase for the en-

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tire trip. Not the "Mabel"—Keenan called her that for no good reason. But the "this is it" part had started way back at their embarkation point. They had been told that night to be ready to start any minute—they were "alerted," as the Army puts it. There was a little nervous tension in the group, of course. They were going to make a trip no other entertainers had made. They would cover the China, Burma and India field, and it would take three months, and it wasn't going to be any picnic. They would start out tonight, the four of them, and fly and fly and fly till they got to the end of the line, in China. Then they would work their way back, doing shows all the way. But anything could happen in that kind of a set-up.

They had sat around there, thinking about it, and then there was a banging at the door, and it swung open with a crash. A huge sergeant who looked like a cross between Vic Mature and Gargantua, stood in the doorway.

"Okay, folks," he barked. "This is it!" Very dramatic.

They tore around like mad for fifteen minutes, getting things into bags, doing all the last-moment little jobs, dropping everything they picked up, from excitement. Then the sergeant came back. He seemed to have shrunk a little.

"Planes have been delayed two hours," he announced gruffly. "Relax."

So all the way, whenever they would land somewhere, Paulette would say, "This is it. Now we're really here." Or Keenan or Bill would say politely to the officer in charge of the installation, "I guess this is it, sir. This must be the end of the line." But somehow there was always another stop ahead. And another. Till at last they were only two hundred and forty miles from Canton—and this *was* it.

The most unexpected incident of the entire trip was their arrival at General Stillwell's headquarters. Unexpected to them, to Stillwell, to everyone. It was an accident—they weren't really supposed to have come that far—but it was wonderful. When the plane landed they were instantly surrounded by a milling mob of Chinese soldiers, with a sprinkling of Americans. They were taken to see the General, who was as surprised as a General ever is at anything.

"Now that you're here," he said, "could you put on a show? Could you do it in forty-five minutes?"

"The war," said the General, "can wait forty-five minutes. Mr. Arcari, I hear you play the accordion. I've fooled around a bit with it myself. How do you handle 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling'?"

So Paulette and Keenan and Bill stood around, first on one foot, then on the other, for ten minutes, while the General talked accordions with Andy. It struck Paulette funny. Here she was, the only white woman within hundreds of miles and a movie star besides, and the General wanted to know about "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." Meanwhile, Chinese soldiers were putting up a tent for her to use as a dressing room. One brown-faced boy with a merry grin, gave her his cap for a souvenir, and accompanied it with a message. The message, translated, said, "I hope some day I will be allowed to put up this tent for you in Tokyo."

The Chinese used two names in radio code for this slim, grey-eyed girl who had come so far from Hollywood. One was "Miss Precious Cargo." The other was "American Girl with Electric Form."

Take the time the troupe made that most perilous trip of all—the flight over "the Hump," the Himalaya mountains. They got a presidential citation for that, by the way. That's how dangerous it was. It was a clear night, with the moon shining like crazy. You could see the mountain peaks all silver and beautiful. You could even see the Jap airfields in the valley below. The plane was flying very high, and it was terrifically cold. There was danger all around, of course. Danger of a crack-up. Danger of Jap planes. Danger of ice forming on the wings.

Paulette sat there looking like a bear cub with a crocodile's snout. That was because she had on a fur coat over her uniform, woolen underwear beneath it, high fur boots, ear muffs with a fur cap over them, a parachute and an oxygen mask. She was trying to keep warm, trying to breathe normally in this extreme altitude. Trying to persuade herself that the pounding of her heart was from the altitude not because she was scared half out of her wits. Clumsily she scribbled a note to the pilot with a fur-gloved hand.

"Dear Sugar 6 Peter (the code name for this pilot)," she wrote. "What kind of band is on the radio tonight?"

The note came back addressed to Madame Cheesecake Number One. "My dearest Miss C, what kind of band would you like? We want you to be happy. And do you feel all right?"

"If I get too much oxygen, what will it do to me?" Paulette wanted to know.

"It will make you go like this." The pilot fluttered his arms in a flying motion.

Paulette giggled into her oxygen mask. "Give me some more." Then she looked down at the moonlit sinister beauty of the country below and thought of something else. "Do the Japs know we're here?"

The pilot nodded casually. Paulette swallowed hard. She grabbed the pencil again and wrote feverishly. *"What did they say?"*

"They're plotting our course. But relax, my dear Miss C, nothing will happen."

Oh sure. Relax. Flying over the Hump, with the Japs plotting your course. The funny part was, Paulette did relax. Just because the pilot made with the nicknames and gagged about everything, and made her laugh.

Almost as much as Keenan, who was a walking Joe Miller joke book, having been brought up on gags from the cradle by his comedian father, Ed Wynn. Bill, too, knew plenty of comedy angles. Andy made the music. Paulette was just the stooge.

Keenan gagged off stage as well as on. But one time when they made a landing for fuel on a tiny island in the middle of the ocean, his gag blew up in his face. They had just gotten off the plane and had breakfast. (They were always having breakfast, because the time changed so fast as they flew that wherever they landed, everyone was just sitting down to powdered eggs and coffee.) Anyway, after breakfast, Keenan inquired the name of the officer in charge.

"Major so-and-so," he was told.

Keenan beamed. "Say, I know that guy. He's a hell of a good egg and an old friend of mine. What a chance for a gag!" He grabbed the phone, and was connected with the Major's office.

"Good morning, Major," said Wynn, in a deep Shakespearian voice. "This is Orson Welles speaking. I have just landed with a troop of forty to put on a show here. I need some props right away. I would like one marble bathtub, two white horses, three camels, a la-a-rge banquet table complete with food—" There was a click at the other end.

"What do you know?" said Keenan. "The guy hung up. He must have recognized my voice. Guess he's on his way down here to say hello."

The major was indeed on his way down, but it is doubtful if the words he had on his mind included hello. He stalked

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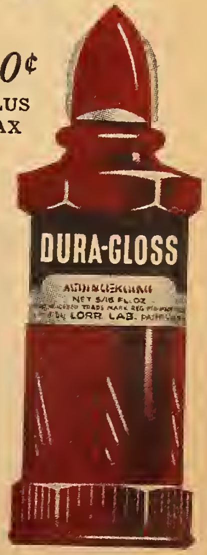

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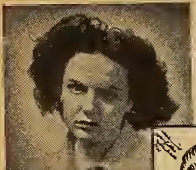

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into the mess hall looking like a khaki thunderstorm. Keenan took one look and buckled at the knees.

"Oh, my God! I never saw this character before in my life! There must be two majors by that name."

Paulette, who had been laughing like a lunatic up to now, held her breath. This could cause trouble. The major was *not* amused. Then Bill Gargan stepped in.

"How are you, Major? Remember me? We met last year in New York."

Fortunately, the major did remember. His granite countenance cracked around the edges. Everything was going to be all right. But Keenan didn't pull another gag for two whole days!

Anyone who has not been over the route the troupe took can't have much idea of what conditions are like. The poverty of those countries is almost incredible. There was great difficulty even in some of the large cities in getting the most ordinary necessities of life. Inflation has taken over. Paulette once paid three thousand Chinese dollars for a basin of water to wash in. Frequently she couldn't get water at all and had to use tea for her face instead, and brush her teeth in grapefruit juice. She ran out of cold cream and got a bottle of castor oil at an Army hospital to use instead. When there *was* water she shampooed her hair in two small basins of it. The GIs loved that nice, shiny, clean-smelling hair. One day at a camp in India, Paulette was surrounded by a bunch of soldiers asking for autographs. They were crowded in so close that back of her a young private's nose was pressed right into Paulette's freshly shampooed hair. He took a deep breath, then another.

"Oh, boy!" he said happily. "That will keep me going for another year."

One of the fighter pilots on the plane going over, used to brush Paulette's hair for her by the hour. As a reward she gave him a large autographed picture. At their first stop at a camp in India, the young pilot strutted around showing it off to everybody.

"My girl!" he informed an Indian bearer, pointing to the picture.

"*Not* your girl," said the Indian coldly. "Paulette Goddard. Cinema."

Oh, sure, they'd all seen her in the movies—Indians, English, Chinese, Americans. But they were pretty curious about what she looked like in person. The plane would land at an installation, and everyone would rush out and stare.

"Well, hello!" Paulette would say gayly to the crowd. But they were shy. They just went on staring silently, their eyes taking in the heavenly sight of a girl.

"Please," Paulette would beg, "somebody *say* something. Can't you say hello?"

Then the storm would break. Everyone cheering and calling greetings and flocking around. Bill and Keenan shaking hands with them all, and Paulette—always—picking out one GI and kissing him.

The soldiers did odd, touching little things. Like the joe who rushed up one day just as she was leaving and said, "Here, Paulette!" He thrust a beautiful little ring into her hand and was gone. The plane took off, and she never saw him again, never knew his name. But she wears the ring now, always.

At one jungle post, Paulette was dressing for the show in an ambulance, as usual. There was a knock. "Come in," she said, and a very GI hand appeared. It held a bouquet of orchids as big as your head. There were, in fact, exactly a thousand of them. The soldiers had been picking them for hours. Paulette promptly put on a purple dress to match and arranged the flowers into an orchid hat that would have knocked Lilly Daché cold.

AUGUST 11

We know lotsa things, secrets 'n' stuff—and we're going to spill *all* in September's MODERN SCREEN. Interested? Well, better pick us up August 11 if you don't want to be let down—we're the hard-to-get kind.

Then there was the boy in China who brought her a bullet hollowed out and filled with water, and violets in it. Like a tiny vase. The violets were cool and lovely and seemed suddenly to make the grim reality of war recede a little. They were so much like home. "They sort of reminded me of you," the boy said shyly.

Things like that pulled her heart right to pieces. These kids—doing a tremendous job, hating it, but doing it to the very best of their ability. And all the while thinking wistfully of home. The truck driver on the Burma road who wants to finish the war in a hurry and get back to piloting his taxi around Brooklyn. The tall Texans who always yelled, "Take a nice tall glass of milk for me when you get back to the States." The boys who gave you a phone number on a piece of paper and said, "Look, would you call Mom when you get back? You can't tell her where I am, but just say I'm okay." Paulette had about five thousand of those messages by the time she got back.

She wore a uniform, traveling—a regular USO Camp Shows uniform. Because she had to wear high boots, she shortened the skirt to exactly four inches above the knee. And you know Paulette's knees! But she always changed out of the uniform before each show into an evening dress that would *really* put their eye out. Scarlet or purple or the white sequin number. She was there to give those kids as much glamour as she could manage in a jungle installation a million miles from nowhere.

Before she left for home, she gave away all her dresses and sweaters—everything but shoes and uniform, to the few girls she met out there. Flight nurses and Red Cross hostesses. The Red Cross is doing a terrific job. The troupe saw its representatives at even the most remote outposts. Serving coffee and doughnuts, doing anything that had to be done.

Keenan and Bill were pretty wonderful to Paulette. They took care of her like a kid sister. They were sweet. They kidded her all the while, of course. Bill insisted that the first time he was ever propositioned by a girl was the night the Army gave Paulette a whole empty barracks to sleep in. She was scared to death. Bill came over at bedtime to see if she needed water or anything, and Paulette grabbed him frantically and pulled him inside.

"Darling!" she said. "Please come over here and sleep! And bring Keenan and Andy with you!"

They met a lot of exciting people on the trip. General Stillwell, who gave them a scroll calling them "Uncle Joe's Dead End Kids," because they had gone clear to the end of the line. General Chennault, who is myth and magic and inspiration to everyone who meets him. Lord Montbatten who entertained them in New Delhi. But somehow those aren't the people Paulette remembers oftenest. Instead she thinks of the GI joes, who sweat and swear and work like Army mules. The boys who waved good-by after every stop and said "Good luck, Paulette. And thanks for coming." Paulette thinks it should be the other way—"Thanks, boys for letting me come. It's been tops!"

"ONE PUNCH" LUNDIGAN

(*Continued from page 49*)

Montezuma, Bill Lundigan was making with the feet in boot camp. As this is written, he is at Quantico, Virginia, enrolled in the Photographic Section of the Ciné School, taking training that the Marine Corps puts to crucial combat use.

His family is of the opinion that he should make an excellent fighting man. Not, you understand, that he ever deliberately *picked* a fight, but from the time he and his brothers were small fry, their father encouraged them to learn how to handle themselves.

bill, the battler . . .

When two of the boys got into a wrangle, they were equipped with gloves and sent out into the huge Lundigan back yard to settle the difference of opinion. It usually required only a few positive blows; the Lundigans were too devoted to slug it out with squared-circle venom.

Bill won his first fight when he was six. The evidence was not on his face nor skinned from his fists, for this time his clothes were the guilty informers.

"What happened to your clean shirt, Bill?" asked Mother Lundigan.

"A kid grabbed me and tore my shirt so I hit him—hard," said Bill. "Then he hit me back, then I hit him real hard, and he went away and left me alone."

Sometime later, when he was going through the Boy Scouts, knot by knot, he earned his hundred yard swimming pin and wore it proudly on his sweater. While proceeding innocently down the street one evening, Bill was assailed by a newsboy who saw the pin and made a flying tackle at same, hoping to make the jewelry spoils of war. He hadn't calculated on the Lundigan leather training. Bill's educated fist shot out once, twice, three times. The newsboy lost interest in Boy Scout pins.

As practically every one of Bill's fans who has seen his work in pictures such as "The Fighting 69th," or "North West Rangers," or "Dr. Gillespie's Criminal Case," "Back To God's Country," "International Squadron," or "Salute To The Marines"—is well aware, the Lundigans are a family of six. Beg pardon—nine. They are Mr. and Mrs. Mike Lundigan, the proud parents of four praiseworthy sons, and the following line-up: Bill, the oldest, Bob, who is an armored infantry lieutenant now overseas, Jack, and Ted. Bob is married to Muriel, and Jack is married to Eugenia and is the father of Miss Sharon Ann. That makes a total family of nine.

It is a particularly well-integrated family, about which the slogan "All for one and one for all" suddenly seems simple truth and never fraternal corn.

The sharing began when the boys were little, and the best dressed Lundigan was the first one up in the morning. They swapped clothes as fast as they became the same size.

Bill was the tidiest of the boys. He didn't always hang up everything, but he certainly wanted his outfit to be spotless and well-pressed the next morning. To this end he was frequently found working over the ironing board despite a twitting from Jack whose ensembles were strictly on the foot-loose and fancy-free order.

This insouciance sometimes came to Bill's attention. So did ears squashed too firmly to the ground during football practice, or knuckles remembering too well the black loam encountered during a marble game. A friend of the family once remarked, upon asking for Bill and being

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ONCE this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people thought she was approaching middle age.

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told he was upstairs at that moment, "It seems to me that every time I come over to see you, I find that Bill is busy bathing one of the boys."

In addition to being Vice-President In Charge Of Soap, Bill was also Assistant General Fun Maker. Partly because he always entered into any game with enthusiasm, and partly because he was a handy man to have around in a pinch. One Christmas Jack received a motor scooter, but the weather was too bad to try it out during the first ten days of ownership. However, one freezing night in January, blue with frost and cracker-brittle with crisp snow—Jack and Bill tried the scooter out on a hill. Mrs. Lundigan waved them good-by and issued maternal caution.

lundigan casualty lists . . .

A few moments later the front doorbell rang, and some psychic impulse sent her running to answer. There stood Bill, holding Jack. "Send for the doctor," said Bill between white lips. He carried Jack up to his room, put him down gently, then hurried to get a wet towel to wash Jack's face, crimson from the long cut above his left eye. The doctor took three or four stitches in the wound, and the scooter was retired from service for several months.

Some time later, Bill was a casualty. It was a result, not of athletic adventure, but of financial ambition. From the time Bill was old enough to convince customers of his sincerity and knowledge of stock, he had helped his father in Mr. Lundigan's shoe store. For this labor, he was paid (and so were the other boys as they grew up and attained poise enough to talk combination lasts, short vamps and hand-turned soles) a salary of $2.50 per week. But his generosity constantly pauperized him. He was always buying presents.

To bolster the exchequer, he was constantly thinking up new lines of enterprise. One day, during a quiet period in the shop, Mr. Lundigan glanced around to find that his eldest son was nowhere about. He was just ruminating over the mysteries of juvenile conduct when he heard a reverberating shout from a spot only a few inches away from dead center of the store doorway, and hurried out to find Mr. William Lundigan in the newspaper business. It seems that Bill, loitering near the doorway, had heard nearby newsboys burst forth with an extra. The newspaper office was only a block down the street, so Bill had bee-lined down, secured an emergency position on the paper and gone forth with energy and a dauntless pair of lungs.

You've been wondering about the casualty caused by his financial manipulation? To wit: Bill had a very pretty girl friend whose father owned a confectionery. Seeking to add to his income and to be handy in case the lady of his heart-flutters should appear, he applied for a job at the candy shop. As a likely lad was always needed, Bill was put to work. "What's the deal about all this candy?" he asked politely, moistening his lips so as not to drool.

In the established practice of sweet-vendors, the proprietor told Bill that the employees were allowed to eat all the candy they wanted. A sound policy.

Bill tried the chocolate creams and found them delightful. Then he unpacked some goods and put them away. He tried the nougats and approved them. Then he swept the stock room. He tried the milk chocolate cherries and decided they were all right. Then, rather slowly, he cut wax paper. He tried the fudge—all three flavors—and decided that there was something vaguely peculiar about the flavor. So he washed a window. And sampled the chocolate-coated nut meats. They were definitely, absolutely . . . oh, well. He didn't feel very well, anyway. As a matter of fact, he couldn't recall any period of his life at which he had felt sicker.

He lagged over to the shoe store, his face a dill-pickle green. "Working in a candy store is awfully tiresome work," he confided. Then he went home.

The first gift he ever bought for his mother was an indication of the Lundigan taste. Mrs. Lundigan's birthday is November nineteenth, perilously adjacent to Christmas for the junior budget. However, Bill—just beginning high school—had been attending to all manner of odd jobs since the term began that fall. He had his eye on something highly appropriate.

The Lundigans always have made much over birthdays—even this year when only one son could be present at Father Lundigan's natal celebration, they had a big cake, candles, presents beside his plate, and two voices joined in singing "Happy Birthday To You."

subtle propaganda . . .

On that long ago day, there were five masculine melodists to chant the refrain. And when Mrs. Lundigan unwrapped the parcel from Bill, she opened her eyes and rounded a soft little *OH* with surprised lips. Bill, from his earnings, had purchased a lapis lazuli pendant.

Bill's birthday falls on June twelfth. The year he was to be graduated from high school, he was somewhat explicit about the fact that it would be extremely unfair for anyone to overlook a person's birthday just because one happened to be getting a diploma at approximately the same time.

A day or so later he was late for dinner. He apologized roundly and condemned the fact that he lacked a watch. "A wrist watch," he said without reference to any holiday near or far, "is a very useful item."

In the ensuing weeks, he mentioned—with the utmost casualness—the general type, size and price of desirable wrist watches. He mentioned certain friends who were almost certain to get watches for graduation and how lucky they were.

On June thirteenth, that ticking to be heard came from the Lundigan wrist.

l'amour, l'amour . . .

Bill's romantic life began at a very early age. When he was a gay blade of six, he came home from school one day and took up a certain problem with his mother. "Do you and Dad know some people named Forester?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mother Lundigan warmly. "Your father and I know the young Foresters very well and like them."

"Well, their little girl—her name is Florence—came up to me at school today," said Bill in the tone of a deacon at whom a pretty parishioner has made eyes, "and told me that she knew my mother and father. I just wanted to be sure."

After that, there was an understanding between Bill and Florence. The understanding seemed to be that Bill would carry her books home from school, and that she would sit in idolatrous admiration when Bill—against his better judgment—sang in the church choir. However, his juvenile revulsion to singing in public restrained him from any musical feat of memory. Even from learning "Gypsy Love Song," his favorite melody. Currently, his taste runs to Chopin, Debussy and Wagner.

For three years, Bill and Florence were an item. They attended the same junior parties and agonized over the same math problems. When Florence was absent from school one day, Bill had his mother call up the Forester home to learn the reason: Florence had measles.

The next day Bill, without a word to anyone, extracted a sizeable sum from his odd job earnings and ordered flowers for Florence. It was his initial experience in gallantry, and when his mother commended him for it—after she had talked to Florence's mother—he blushed way up to his tousled blonde crop.

In the days that followed, Florence's measles gave way to spinal meningitis, and Florence—at nine—became a brown-eyed, dark-haired memory. As Bill grew up, he used to say to his mother occasionally, "Do you know who would fit into this gang of ours? Florence."

In high school days, Bill had his quota of romances, one of which appeared to be quite serious. However, after he came to California, the girl married another man. For many months Bill and Columbia's Marguerite Chapman were a constant twosome, but this romance, too, seems ended.

During this formative period, Bill did most of his studying on the floor in front of the radio. During a particularly good program he would say, "That's where I'm going to be some day—handling a show like that." No one paid much attention.

Yet, after his second year in University, he secured a summer time job in the Syracuse radio station. He was doing commercials and gradually organized a series of daytime shows. When fall came, Bill had another of his heart-to-heart talks with his father. "I'm not going back to school, if you don't mind, Dad," he said.

contracts without contacts . . .

Mr. Lundigan had cherished a longtime ambition for his eldest son to study law. He felt that Bill could build a brilliant future for himself, not alone because of his abilities, but because the Lundigans knew many influential persons in politics. Mrs. Lundigan had long been Democratic State Committeewoman, and the Lundigan home had entertained such guests as Governor and Mrs. Al Smith, Governor and Mrs. Lehman and dozens of other celebrated politicos. On a radio occasion, a group of announcers were tried out for a job of emceeing a convention. When Bill won the competition, the sponsor said cheerfully that Fate had singled out, to introduce Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt over the air, the only contestant who knew—on personal terms—the Roosevelt family.

Despite his family contacts, Bill didn't want to study law. He had made his own opportunity in radio and had gone forward under his own power. He believed in the future of that industry and wanted to be a part of it. Yet, while he was on vacation in New York, the long arm of Universal Studios reached out and tapped him for a screen test. Bill, returning to Syracuse after the holiday, had a long talk with his parents, cosily draped over various items of kitchen furniture.

"If this goes through," said Bill dazedly, feeling as if he had bought a cheap ticket in an overseas Steeple Chase, "I'll hear on the fifteenth," and sure enough, on the morning of March fifteenth, Universal telephoned . . . not the New York office, but the Hollywood authorities themselves.

Bill had been in Hollywood only a few months when he began to be conscious of a serious lack: He missed his family as he had never missed anything before.

He wrote twice, three, and four times a week; occasionally he telephoned. The theme of this ardent literary effort, and the gist of all wired conversations was: "Please come to California." The Lundigans discussed it and decided that in union there was happiness.

Currently, whenever Bill gets leave, he makes a bee-line for a certain homelike apartment in Hollywood where his mother has (by dint of much point manipulation) a steak, chocolate cake and apple pie.

M-G-M has a nice feast waiting for him too: A juicy contract going into effect the day the war is over. Great day.

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Try again next time if your store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

WHAT A BLONDE!

(Continued from page 73)

when other people are sleeping. One day when things were looking pretty desperate, Lou Costello offered us his pine-panelled trailer. It was on the back lot of the studio, but who could be fussy? Anyway, the river gurgled just 20 feet away, and the woods in back were thick and green. Lovely. Only trouble was, you couldn't stick your head out for air without finding a pack of Zulus camping in the front yard. Well, Zulus are O.K. and so are Indians and Zombies. But the day I rolled out of bed and looked square into the face of that thing . . . holy smokes! It had two heads, both green, and hair on its cheeks and . . . Well, anyhow, that afternoon we moved. It was too bad though, except for those roving extras, it was just like Central Park."

"Did I hear you say Central Park? And if you did, please say it again."

"Central Park."

The rookie smiled. "I sure like the way that sounds."

"I like the way it looks," said Susie. "We rode through it one night in a buggy."

"A what?"

"A buggy."

"Yeah? When?"

"Couple of months ago. I'd gone to New York for a week or so, but the first few days weren't too much fun. Just night clubs and stores, and they look the same anywhere. Then one night from my hotel window, I saw a hansom in the street below."

"Gee," said the soldier, "on my next furlough in New York that's what I do, first thing."

"And then we went down to the Battery and took a ferry over to somewhere."

"Staten Island?"

"I don't remember. But anyhow, it was cold and awfully drizzly, and the ferry looked like a Toonerville Trolley, only bigger. Next morning my throat felt like an emery board, and they dumped me into bed with a temperature. But I didn't mind, really, 'cause the night before had been so much fun."

The soldier let out a slow sigh, then grinned. "Gee! You'd be *some* date!"

VAN JOHNSON

(Continued from page 37)

coach seat in which he rode to Grand Central Station. He had been down to New York only once before in his life. That was when he was fourteen.

There had been an argument with his father one morning and, as happens to all youngsters, Van decided he was wronged and would leave home. A letter from his mother shortly before had asked, "Don't you think it's time you came to visit me in New York?" So Van had packed up his spare wardrobe, taken the Fall River line and a train out to Long Island to the little town where his mother lived. "What would you like to do?" had been her first question.

"See shows!" Van had answered without a second's hesitation.

So his mother gave him money every day or so—carfare into Manhattan, the price of matinee balcony seats at Broadway theaters. Van took in just about every play running on Broadway that summer. He saw actresses like Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Tallulah Bankhead, Ethel Barrymore. All by himself he sat in the peanut gallery and drank it in. Afterwards, he rode the commuter back out to Sunnyside, L. I., his brain racing with the afternoon's glamour. Van's mother was generous. It was her way of making up to him after long years of separation.

No one had ever pampered Van before with such treats. He stayed on with his mother, and when school opened in the fall, he enrolled there. The Long Island kids were plenty tough and mocked him for a hick, and he soon got homesick for Newport. Then his grandmother had a bad fall and developed pneumonia. Van was called home right before she died. He hadn't seen his mother or New York since.

ridin' around in the rain . . .

Now he had her address tucked firmly inside his pocket—a new address, out on Sheepshead Bay, because his mother had married once more. Van cashed his $5 bill into change, with plenty of nickels. He squeezed into the subway a cop recommended and headed for his mother's. He thought maybe she would give him a place to sleep. But getting to his mother's new address was something else.

The subway rocketed through the tubes, and Van almost snapped his rubberneck off trying to make sense of the street names and numbers on the shiny tiled stations that flashed by. He rode for hours it seemed, although it was really minutes.

It was late at night before Van finally found his way to his mother's house and pounded on the door. It was raining, his hatless red mop of hair was plastered forlornly down on his face, his cheap raincoat was soaking, the trousers of his new brown suit were a soggy black and the straw suitcase no longer shiny. The only thing not wet about Van was his spirits.

new worlds to conquer . . .

His mother opened the door—and almost fell over at the sight of her bedraggled son. But she made him dry off and told Van it was all right for him to stay there. In the morning she pressed ten dollars into his hand. "You can't go around New York without a hat," she told him. She ironed out his crinkled trousers, and Van set out for Broadway. He didn't buy the hat—but there were those actorish brown brogues. . . .

The only friends Van had in New York were two girls from Newport. Beth and Ann were daughters of U. S. Navy commanders, and they were both crazy about the theater. Like Van in Newport, they dreamed of coming down to New York and crashing Broadway. With him, too, they used to snag occasional walk-ons at the Casino in summer plays and stand around in awe of the great stars.

The summer Van got his clam frying job at "The Barnacle" Beth and Ann left Newport. They told Van good-by. "We're going to New York all by ourselves," they exulted. "Mother has given us fifty dollars to join Equity. We're going to stay at the Rehearsal Club, where Margaret Sullavan and lots of famous stars have lived. It's the real theater atmosphere."

"Gosh—are you lucky!" Van had marveled. He knew nobody would ever give him fifty dollars for anything, unless he earned it. At that point, getting out of Newport and living in New York seemed like a wild, impossible dream. And when Beth and Ann sent him back letters packed with famous stage names and glamorous activities and even reports of real jobs in Broadway shows, Van's stomach squirmed with envy.

They had been on Broadway all summer. Van regarded Beth and Ann as veterans and authorities on what to do. He looked them up the first day, as full of questions as a watermelon is seeds.

Beth and Ann had all the answers about the brave new world of the theater. They weren't really serious about Broadway like Van was. To them it was fun no end and a big lark. But they did have some good ideas. About whom to see and when and how to do it. About how to eat on pennies and where to go for lunch and what gyp-joints to stay away from. About the set-up of agents and the kind of front to put on. They taught him Broadway lingo and sharp talk. Van was a good listener and an eager beaver.

One thing Beth and Ann wised Van on was this: Beginners on Broadway have to sell themselves. Before they ever get near a real job on a stage, they have to convince an agent they've got personality. Beth and Ann had stories galore of how other youngsters had sold themselves, with this or that outstanding quirk or facet of their personalities; they related their own efforts to make an impression. "You've got a swell smile, Van," they told him. "Sell it! Use that smile until every agent on Broadway knows it. That's your selling point. Now remember."

Van didn't forget. His smile won him his first chance at a part—and within the first pavement-pounding week, too. Van started out cracking Broadway agents' offices like he used to crack clams. He'd make two dozen a day, shagging from one end of the bustling, bewildering street to the other, sitting and waiting, trying to warm up cold-eyed secretaries. But for four days he never got beyond the inevitable swinging gate that separated the sheep from the goats. He was just another starry-eyed kid, and nobody knew him from Adam. He'd come down town from Sheepshead Bay on an early subway, pound away at casting offices all morning, slip his nickles into the Automat at noon and burn up his suede shoes all afternoon. He had to catch the 6:40 express back to his mother's house or he wouldn't eat. Van liked to eat, so he usually quit at six sharp. But on the fifth night, hustling past the French Casino Building on Broadway on his way to the subway kiosk, Van spotted a light burning in an office. He'd played musical chairs in that particular agent's office the day before for hours and never had got past the secretary. A bright thought struck him: Maybe at this hour the job hunters would be gone, but the agent would still be at work.

shot in the dark . . .

Sure enough, the office door was open, but the reception room was empty. The agent, Murray Phillips, was in his private office, but his wife was at the reception desk. She eyed Van.

"Mr. Phillips isn't in," she said. Van smiled. She looked at him again. "I remember you," she said.

"You *DO?*" Van turned on his smile.

"Yes," she said, "now that you smile. Wait a minute." She opened the private door and called to her husband. "Maybe this one is it." The gate swung open, and Van had his first interview. He kept smiling, and he lied glibly about all the experience he'd had. The job was a singing spot. Van let on like he was an undiscovered Sinatra.

"Okay," Phillips finally said. "Be down at nine tomorrow morning, Cherry Lane Theater, for an audition."

Van never even missed the dinner he'd skipped that night. He spent the evening

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wandering up and down Broadway looking for the Cherry Lane Theater. Somehow he pictured it a glorious, resplendent house, and he saw himself walking regally in the stage door while Broadway crowds gaped. A first crack at Broadway will do that to anyone—especially a romantic, head-in-the-clouds small town boy like Van Johnson was then. But it didn't turn out to be exactly a crack at Broadway. Finally, Van discovered that the Cherry Lane Theater wasn't on Broadway at all. It was down at Greenwich Village. And next morning when he showed up there, it was hard to mask his disappointment with that winning smile. The Theater—a favorite breaking-in place for intense Greenwich Village hopefuls (Jennifer Jones and husband Bob Walker used to act there in their hungry days), was a tiny, dark little box where roaches and rats chased around at will, it seemed to Van.

But the tiny stage was lighted, and the cast members were already rehearsing. All had been chosen except Van. When they stopped the rehearsals for his audition, Van felt curious eyes burn on him.

The piano player banged a chord. "Okay, kid," he said. "What will you sing?"

Van sang "I'm in the Mood for Love" with his hands awkwardly in his pockets. His throat felt dry and cracked, and he was sure he squeaked.

"Try it again."

tempest in a teacup . . .

Van did. Then he sang a couple of other songs, and his voice came back to him. He kept smiling, too, bravely, although he was scared silly. But he got by.

"Okay," said the director curtly. Then he turned his attention to the others. Maybe because Van's spot wasn't half as important to the show as it was to Van. "Entre Nous" was the name of Van Johnson's first stage job. It was a series of sketches and skits, blackouts, jokes and songs. Most of the cast were eager, anxious kids just like Van Johnson, pathetic kids who thought, like Van, that "Entre Nous" would unlock Broadway's gates pronto. They all worked like beavers, hauling up the curtain, shifting scenery, doubling in the ensemble between their specialties. And all of them found themselves without a job in four quick weeks.

It didn't discourage him. Far from it. Looking back, Van can see what a small-time break it was, how pathetic and struggling all the kids were, how tiny the tempest in a teacup. But he built it up in glowing terms to himself, and he wrote his Newport pals, Lois and Mary and Dorothy Gladding, and his father about his big "success." They thought it was wonderful, too, all except his dad. He wrote, "I'll expect you home soon."

"Entre Nous" did something else for Van. It initiated him into a little crowd of ambitious kids just like himself. His happy knack of making friends eased him in at once. He became a member of "The Penn-Astor Club."

That's what the bunch who hung around the Penn-Astor Drug Store on Broadway called themselves. Every member was deep in the business of making Broadway budge. All toted little kits of their photographs and address books with agents' phone numbers. All were broke and all were hungry. They'd gather there at lunch time, pass on job tips, gossip, describe good news and bad breaks.

Smile. . . . Smile. . . . Smile. Van was to get that every inch of the way to Hollywood. People liked him when he smiled. But sometimes it was hard to remember. Finally it got to be a habit, no matter how Van felt. Smile when the show opened, even if you were scared white. Grin when it flopped and closed, even if you were

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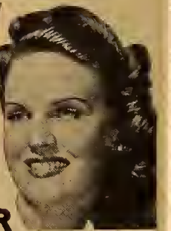

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stony broke. Smile when the agents said, "Sorry!" Van had to kick himself in the pants more than once to keep pressing forward, smiling, shoving his way in, being aggressive like you had to be on Broadway if you ever expected to get a foot in that fame door. He was breezy and brash with his pals. He still said, "I'll do it!" to every chance that popped anywhere. But underneath Van remained the shy country kid from Newport, and he's still that way today. But he was lucky. On the rare times his nerve failed him, something would force his hand. Like his break in his first big show "New Faces."

tap-happy . . .

He was back from Boston only a few days and out massaging the pavements again when the Penn-Astor Club grapevine came through with an important flash. They were looking for youngsters who could dance at the Vanderbilt Theater. And the show was strictly big-time, a Broadway production. Van hustled up there—but this time, instead of his builder-upper brown brogues he changed to a pair of tap-shoes with metal tips.

When Van arrived at the Vanderbilt, it looked as if every hungry young actor in New York was on hand for a try-out. The theater was dark inside and gloomy. Van found a seat on the front row and propped his feet disconsolately on the orchestra rail. "I can't go up there and try out with all this mob," he told himself. "I haven't a chance." He was sitting there, deep in the dumps and ready to call it off when the dance director stepped out on the stage. He looked over the candidates before he said a thing. His eyes traveled up and down the rows. A metal gleam caught his eye—Van's tap-tips. They were the only ones visible. The director was in a hurry, and he had a big chorus to cast.

"Hey you!" he yelled. "You with the tap-shoes. Come up here!" Van found himself climbing on the stage, still dazed and surprised. "Do a time-step." Van did. "Okay." Van had a job—just like that.

Because "New Faces" was a big show on Broadway. It ran nine long months, and every week Van Johnson drew his forty dollar equity minimum. It was another pot-pourri of sketches, blackouts and song and dance numbers. Van hoofed in the "ensemble," which is polite for chorus; he stooged in a specialty number and helped out the stage manager.

But "New Faces" was more important to Van than just his first steady job on Broadway. It put him at last completely on his own. With a few frogskins in his wallet, he could afford to pull out from his mother's house, because that welcome was wearing off. She really didn't understand Van any more than his father did.

too busy for love . . .

Van found a room in a brownstone house on 45th Street—six dollars a week. Bed, bureau, basin and the bathroom down the hall. There wasn't much closet space, but that didn't bother him. He still had just his brown suit, a few theatrical costumes he'd had to buy, the straw suitcase and the red-and-black skullcap he wore in a collegiate number for one of Dorothy Gladding's Newport shows.

Van was still a rabid movie fan. After the evening's performance in "New Faces," he'd take in the midnite show at the Capitol, watching Lew Ayres in "Doctor Kildare" and a dozen others right after dancing before Broadway audiences. On odd afternoons sometimes he could squeeze in a matinee, look at other Broadway hits.

Van hadn't forgotten Newport. Whenever he had the price of a ticket he would run up for the week-end. Each time his father thought certainly he'd come back to stay, he'd be surprised again when Van went back to New York. Van still saw Beth and Ann. But Lois had left Newport and it wasn't until much later, when Van was doing all right in "Pal Joey," that he found a note nestling in his hotel mail box one night.

"If you are red-headed and can fry clams," it read, "call Such-and-Such." Van called the number and took Lois to dinner. They spent the evening, Van recalls, talking about Lois' husband and baby.

Romance had never entered Van Johnson's life halfway seriously since he left Newport. Pretty girls were on all sides of Van every day, and their charms were well noted for future reference. But there were two good reasons why he paid them little mind. Girls cost money—and Van couldn't afford them. They took time—and Van didn't have any to spare. Because Van Johnson hadn't forgotten that to get anywhere in show business you had to get better every day. He took dancing and singing lessons constantly, even when he had to put the fees on the cuff.

Van nursed no false pride about money. He'd take any salary if he needed the dough (and he usually did) or saw a chance to learn something. In lean periods he'd run off to a tank town and sing and dance with a pick-up unit for cakes and coffee, right after holding down a solid spot in a Broadway show. After "New Faces" his next New York job was at the Roxy Theater as a chorus boy at thirty dollars a week. He did a little stooging with Abbott and Costello, too, in a slapstick act. He wasn't purse-proud. And by keeping circulating regardless of salary Van managed to make his own breaks.

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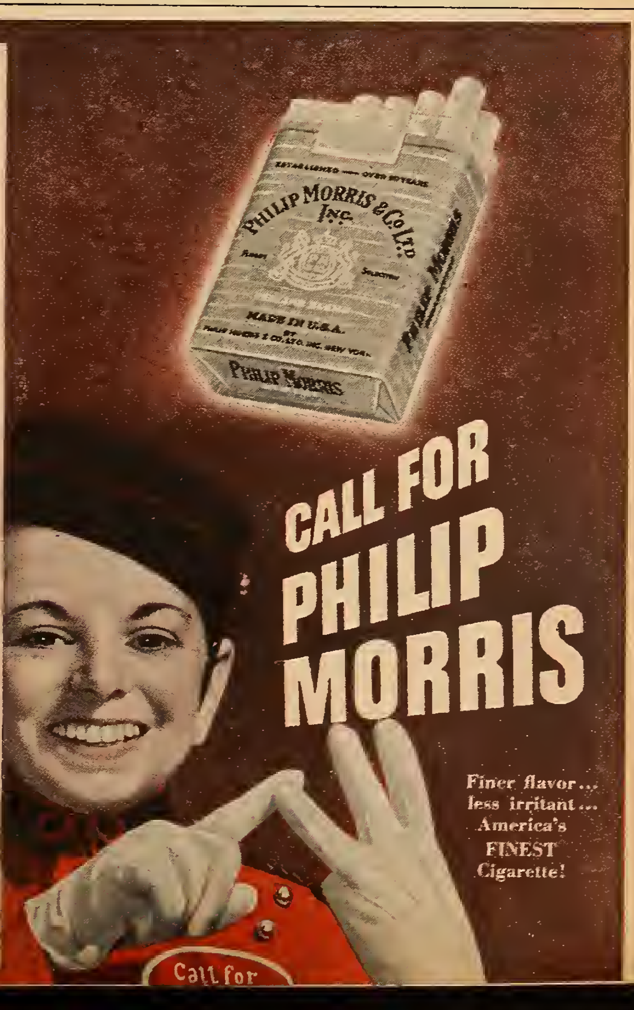

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At the Roxy, for instance, an acrobatic dancer named Lucille Page spied him in the "ensemble" and liked the way he looked and danced.

"How'd you like to work up a dance act with me?" she asked. Van would, definitely, as always. "Sure." Lucille was the wife of Buster West, the famous Follies specialty dancer. In no time flat Van was on the road touring wth "Buster West and Company," wearing a sailor suit, singing "September in the Rain" and learning plenty about dancing from Buster. He hopped from city to city—new ones he'd never seen before—Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington at seventy-five dollars a week and expenses. But when Lucille discovered she was to have a baby, and the act broke up, Van was right back on Broadway snatching at a chance to join up with a new male harmony team at fifty dollars per. Work was work, and you could always learn something.

They opened at Buffalo, the Eight Men of Manhattan, as they called themselves. Van had a solo, and he was sharp in the swing arrangements. He stuck and came down with the outfit to the Big Town to be booked in the city's smartest sky club, the Rainbow Room. The Eight Men wore white dinner jackets and bow ties and followed a singing star named Mary Martin, who was then the toast of the town because she had sung "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" in a Broadway show.

tip to toe . . .

Rainbow Room or not, he reverted right back to the chorus on his very next job. The Broadway producer, George Abbott, getting together "Too Many Girls," heard Van's inevitable audition and barked, "No—no—not the type—next!" That might have wilted anyone but Van Johnson. But what can you do with a guy who won't be licked and says, "All right—I'll try out for the *chorus!*"

It wasn't just a chorus job Van was after. But that was a way in to nab the understudy spot for Dick Kollmar, one of the stars. Van never let his chorus work slip an inch. He was the hardest worker in the ensemble, but he spent his spare time at rehearsals with Jerry Whyte, the stage manager, learning the script of the show and the Rodgers and Hart songs backwards. It was a long chance, but sometimes those are the babies that come through, even if they seem to pick the most awkward moments.

Because Van was stretched out in his hotel room with freight cars rolling across his tummy the day it happened. He'd got hold of some poisoned food in a Broadway eatery, and he was as sick as a horse with the heaves. In fact, he reached for the phone to call up and report that he couldn't make the performance that night. Just as he grabbed the handle, the phone rang.

"Dick Kollmar's sick," the stage manager told him. "You go on in his spot tonight."

"Sure!" Van promised bravely.

He went on that night in a daze, singing, "I Didn't Know What Time It Was." Van wasn't kidding. He didn't. He was so bushed he could have bawled.

Later, when Dick Kollmar took off two weeks to marry Dorothy Kilgallen, Van subbed again, and for the first time he hit the Broadway columns and Big League publicity. People knew who he was. When Abbott got "Pal Joey," his next show, together, Van was in with a song and lines. He pushed his luck with every tiny break that popped up, too. Like the time in rehearsal when Gene Kelly finished one of his wonderful fast dances and found himself out of breath. Gene was supposed to go into a song next. "I'm too winded for that song right after the dance," he said. He looked at Van standing nearby, ach-

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ing to sing it for him. "Give it to Johnson."

going up . . .

Johnson took it. Johnson took everything anyone offered. "Sure—I'll do it." He got a dance spot with June Havoc, too, and before "Pal Joey" had played a week on Broadway. Van Johnson was at last a Name—a pretty small one, but still a Name. Leland Hayward, the Hollywood agent, offered to manage him, along with Gene Kelly and June Havoc. Van knew he was getting somewhere.

At last, too, he was making respectable money, a hundred and fifty a week. Van could afford to have a few friends and see a little life. Gene Kelly had taken a fancy to the eager, ambitious, personable Van. Gene was courting his wife, red-headed Betsy Blair, then and Gene and Betsy and June Havoc and Van were a foursome.

But now Leland Hayward got busy on his clients, ripe for Hollywood with a hit show on Broadway. Gene Kelly's offer came first, then June Havoc's. One Saturday morning Van's telephone rang.

"Can you take a plane to Hollywood tonight?" Hayward asked. "Columbia wants to make a test."

He flew out that night after the show. Van had never been in the air before, and it was rough. He was sick. They whisked him to a sound stage bright and early Monday. Van sang a song and did a dance and then he did a scene they handed him from "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" with Janet Blair.

That night Van was back on a plane headed for New York, and he played "Pal Joey" Tuesday night. He had barely had a quick glance at Hollywood. He had rolled around on airsick legs most of the time. But the soft whirr of the camera stayed in his brain, and he knew something mysterious had happened. When the news came that Columbia didn't think he was worth the price Hayward was asking, Van's spirits sagged. "Pal Joey" closed about that time, too, and Van didn't bother to start snagging another job. Instead, he went home to Newport to visit his dad.

He had barely gotten there before the telephone in the big house on Ayrault street rang. "Long distance," the operator said. "Hollywood calling."

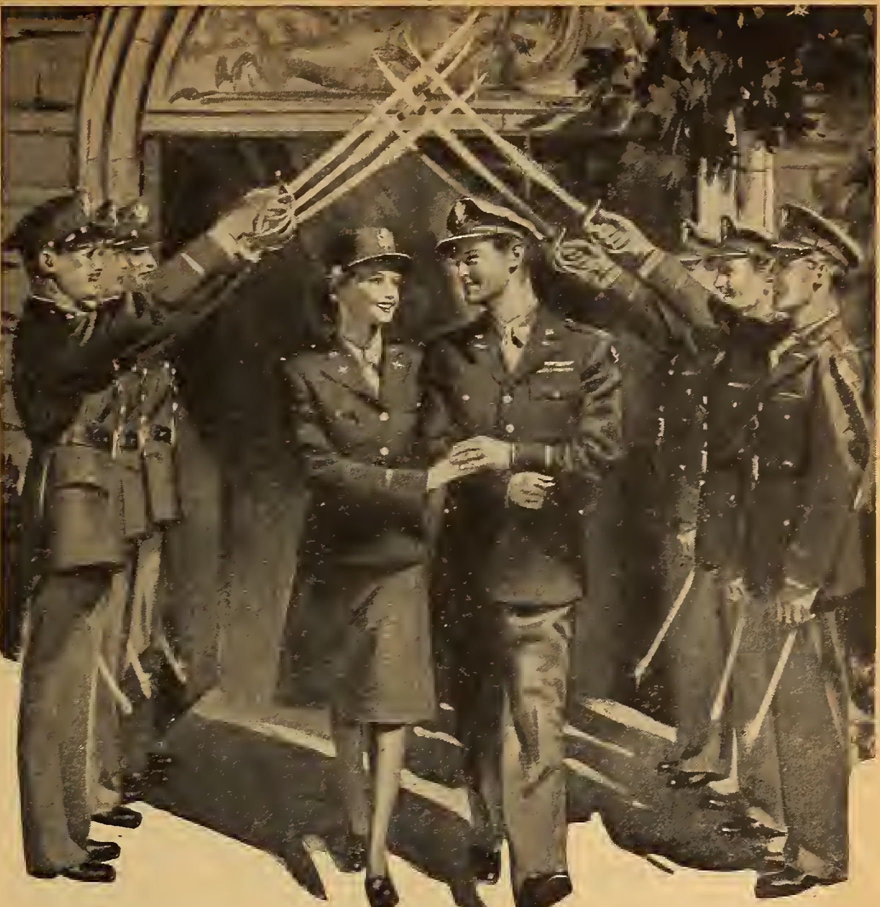
A businesslike voice came over the wire. "This is Warner Brothers. We've just looked at your Columbia test. Will you come out right away on a contract?"

Van took a train west this time. He piled on at Grand Central lugging a brand new suitcase, a portable typewriter, a bag of apples and a book. The book was titled "The Sun Is My Undoing"—and there were plenty of times afterwards that Van Johnson wondered how he'd ever picked such prophetic reading matter.

Because the band wasn't exactly lined up to welcome Van to Hollywood.

When he strutted up the ramp into the blinding sunshine, the only crowd was a mob of anxious travelers who bumped the suitcase out of his hands. The only music was the organ in the patio. "That can't be for me," thought Van, "or can it?" Van was just another forgotten man. He sat and he waited, and he haunted his mail box at the desk, and he asked the switchboard girl if there were any calls until she began to get nasty about it. Van knew his way around Broadway, but this Hollywood was something he had never run up against. It was like punching a feather pillow—nothing happened. All he got was a nice voice at the studio saying, "We'll let you know when we need you." His check came by mail right on time every week.

It was worse because Van didn't know a soul in Hollywood. Gene Kelly was on his way out to start at M-G-M, but he'd married Betsy Blair at last and was taking



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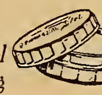

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a leisurely honeymoon trip through Mexico. June Havoc was in town, at RKO, but busy as a ladybird. Van would go over, hang around the set and watch her, but he felt like a hanger-onner. They'd go out on scattered nights, but most of the time Van just sat and killed time.

After five months he got the news. His option wasn't taken up. He was fired. And then, just to show you how screwy Hollywood studios can be, right after he got the old heave-ho, Warners' hired Van for the lead in a picture!

It was just a programmer, a B or maybe a C, called "Murder in the Big House." It took 12 days to shoot, and Van worked from eight in the morning till eight at night. Faye Emerson and Van had the leads. He played a reporter, and he'd never played a dramatic part in his life. There weren't any songs or dances. He was raw and awkward in front of a camera; half the time he walked out of the frame. His face was loaded with make-up and his hair long. He wore an old suit of Dennis Morgan's. He went to see the dailies every night, and he crept out of the studio feeling low and lonesome, back to a little fifty-dollar-a-month apartment he had rented. When he saw his other Broadway friends, Desi Arnaz and Eddie Bracken, who had been with him in "Too Many Girls," Van was vague about what he was doing. They were all going places—June, Gene, all of them—except Van. When he finished "Murder in the Big House," Van walked off the lot and packed his suitcase. He sold the little car he'd bought, purchased a ticket to New York.

But Van's luck wouldn't let him down—not yet. Before his train left he went to dinner at Dave Chasen's star-favored dinner spot. Lucille Ball, who is Desi Arnaz's wife, had invited Van and June. In the middle of his steak Van heard someone say, "Hello, Van!"

It was Billy Grady, M-G-M's head talent scout. Once on Broadway he had spotted Van and suggested he try for an M-G-M contract, but to Van then that was a wild dream, and he didn't think he was ready. Now Grady looked like an angel.

"How are you doing?" he asked.

Van couldn't help laughing. "Great!" he answered, with his wonderful smile, "I've just been fired, and I'm going back to New York tonight!"

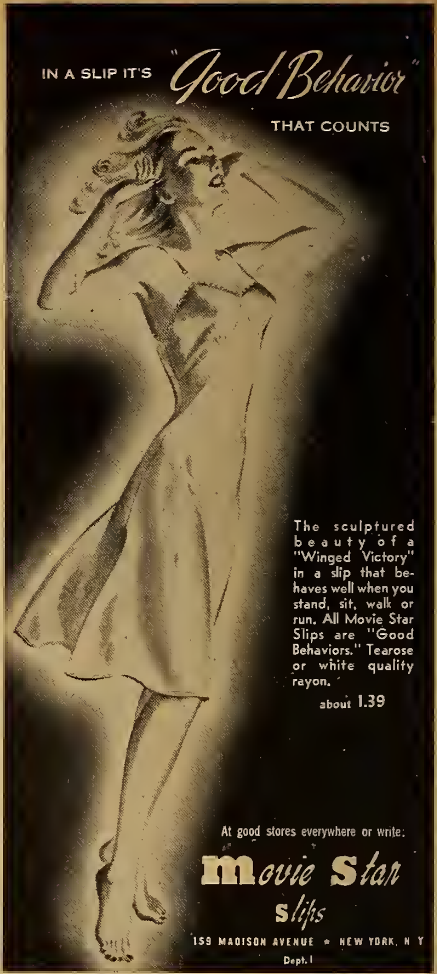
"You ought to have come out when I told you to," said Grady. "But come over and see me anyway before you leave."

"Sure," promised Van, "Okay." He turned to Lucille Ball. "He's just being nice," Van explained.

"Like heck, he is!" chorused the girls. "Don't you dare leave tonight. Get over there the first thing in the morning."

Mr. Grady wasn't being just nice at all. He knew a good picture bet when he saw one; that's his specialty. This time Van's test was set up right. Lillian Burns, M-G-M's dramatic coach, prepped him. He made the test with Donna Reed in a scene from "Seven Sweethearts." Two days later the contract was signed and sealed.

All in all, Van Johnson has had the warmth and understanding to which his own warm sensitive nature responds at M-G-M. He's still shy enough to creep into his own previews alone and modest enough invariably to be sure he's terrible. But that's a good sign. Starring in M-G-M's "Crime Does Not Pay" shorts, as Jimmy Stewart and Bob Taylor did before him, Van has climbed steadily up, through the "Dr. Gillespie" series to "Pilot Number Five," "The Human Comedy," "A Guy Named Joe," "The White Cliffs of Dover" and now, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." So it would indeed be a happy Hollywood ending right here to the success story of this Newport, R. I., native, if tragedy hadn't



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struck Van just when he was really starting to roll.

That was the night he went to dinner at the home of his pal, Keenan Wynn, and then decided, as he had a million times before, to take in a movie. They were running "Keeper of the Flame" at the studio. Crossing Venice Boulevard, only two blocks away, a fast car smacked into him broadside, and Van found himself in the gutter with blood streaming down across his eyes. "Is it raining?" Van asked.

I won't go into the gruesome details except to say that by all rights Van should have ended his wordly as well as his Hollywood career then and there. He lost three quarts of blood.

At that it was seventy-two hours before the doctor gave him a prayer to live. And even as kind as everyone was to Van at the studio throughout his brain operation and the long weeks of convalescence, he was still haunted by the deathly fear that he would lose his memory and never again be able to learn his lines.

But just to show you what Van Johnson is made of—no sooner had he set foot on the lot than three pictures wanted him.

"Sure—I'll do it," said Van, as always. And there he was, just out of his grave on a rain check, bicycling between three pictures at the same time!

But out of all tragedy peep some gleams of good, however small. In the hospital Van read "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," the saga of Ted Lawson, that flying Yank with all the guts in the world, and because Lawson had spent plenty of time in operating rooms and looked death in the eye, Van felt that maybe his own crack-up, however uninspired, has made him have a better feel for the part that is his very best bid for stardom so far.

Because it looks as if Van will have to resign himself to being a Hollywood star for quite a while. His smash-up made him a pretty thorough 4-F. He has to take it easy from now on, and while making movies is no rest cure exactly, it's more in line with his current physical capabilities than lugging a rifle and full field pack.

But whether in uniform or out, Van Johnson stacks up today as quite a beloved Hollywood hero to a lot of people.

LEO GOES TO WAR

(Continued from page 33)

Metro's legion of star soldiers have earned a lot of things—rapid promotions and responsible posts, campaign ribbons galore and things like Distinguished Flying Crosses, too. Although when they went in, almost to a man they could agree with Clark Gable.

Clark stated it bluntly the day he signed up as an Air Corps private, got his long, black hair cropped GI style and his moustache obliterated. "I don't know beans about the Army," he said. And like Jimmy Stewart, he added, "I'm here to learn."

That's the attitude that has made first class fighting men out of most of M-G-M's silver screen variety. Take the case of Bob Montgomery, pardon, Lieutenant-Commander Robert Montgomery, U.S.N.R., Guadalcanal veteran, ex-PT boat commander, invalided home once, now back hunting Japs somewhere in the South Pacific. Commander Montgomery didn't get salty that way overnight or by rolling over in bed and calling up his favorite press-agent.

Jimmy Stewart—excuse—Major James Stewart, U. S. Army Air Corps, holds the "first to go" record at M-G-M. Jimmy signed up on March 22, 1941, nine months before Pearl Harbor. But actually, Bob

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Montgomery got the first preview of World War II's triple feature horror bill. Bob was in England making a picture when Hitler's hordes swept like a bloody flood across France. In no time flat, Montgomery was at the wheel of an Allied ambulance, bouncing over the shell-pitted roads hauling shattered French *poilus* back to base hospitals. He was bombed and strafed, and once a Stuka swooped down on his ambulance to murder a patient within and leave Bob miraculously unharmed. Bob lived through the hell of the Fall of France.

What he'd seen made him fighting mad. What he craved to be was a fighting man. So in July, 1941, before Pearl Harbor shook America out of bed, Bob enlisted in the Naval Reserve and was commissioned a lieutenant. Next day he left for London assigned to Naval Intelligence as Assistant Naval Attache to the American Embassy. Before the war the Montgomerys had made many trips to England. Bob had pals in British government circles, and the Navy thought he could do a swell job there.

90-day wonder . . .

But like all Americans who put on Navy blue, Lieutenant Montgomery fretted at his cozy desk job. But like Clark Gable, Bob realized he "didn't know beans" about the Navy. You don't officer a U. S. fighting ship in war-time unless you know your Navy stuff from away back. Montgomery started looking around for ways and means.

At the Embassy he uncovered an old-time chief petty officer with hash-marks up to his elbows, a living handbook on the U. S. Fleet. He was stationed at the Embassy at night. Bob promptly applied for night duty and got it. In the quiet midnight hours he tossed his dignity aside, worked into the CPO's confidence and finally frankly asked him all he knew.

When Lieutenant Montgomery was transferred back to Washington, still in Naval Intelligence, he was a pretty fair book sailor, but nobody suspected it—not yet. There was one thing the chief hadn't been able to teach Bob—navigation. That's pretty mathematical and technical stuff, but Bob knew what he wanted and how to get it. He boned on navigation at night, and when he knew he was ready, demanded the examination for a deck officer. It was a pretty brash thing for a green reserve "wonder" to do, and there were plenty of sly smiles among Bob's gold braid Annapolis colleagues, which vanished when he passed the stiff exam with high marks. Bob applied then for the PT boat training school at Newport, R.I., got it—and at last he was a real fighting Navy officer.

By now Commander Robert Montgomery has a record any blue water sailor can be proud of. He has served on a British destroyer in the North Sea. He's acted as Liaison Officer between the British Admiralty and Vice Admiral Robert Ghormley. He commanded a PT boat before going into action aboard a U. S. cruiser in the South Pacific in the early days when the Japs had the upper hand there. He was operations officer with a destroyer squadron that raided the Japs in Kula Gulf. And when malaria sent him back stateside, he had plenty of battle stars on his campaign ribbons and a mighty impatience to get back to sea.

the human comedy . . .

In fact, after he got better, Bob was put in charge of a naval shore unit in San Pedro near Hollywood, but he quickly wangled a way to get back out where the guns roar. That's where Commander Montgomery is today, back hunting Japs—and you can bet as long as there's any naval action going on in this war, he'll find a way to be in the middle of it. He tells one on himself when he was a shore skipper at San Pedro.

Among his duties there was the unpleasant business of disciplining his men. One day a sailor was up on the carpet for some regulation rap. At the same time, one of Robert Montgomery's old M-G-M pictures was playing at the local Bijou. The sailor had taken this in, and after Bob bawled him out in his best official manner, the sailor sighed, "Gee, Sir, I wish you were still funny like you used to be in pictures!" Bob had to laugh at that, which wasn't the thing to do.

Jimmy Stewart can match Robert Montgomery's rugged record card for card. Like Bob, Jimmy wanted to swap punches with the Axis in person and knew he could handle the job from the moment he took a voluntary induction way back in March, 1941, asked for the Air Corps and got it. But like Bob, too, there were all kinds of strikes chalked up against him. If anyone anywhere has earned his Gold Oak Leaves and the Distinguished Flying Cross which brightens his blouse today, it is Major James Stewart, who was just Private J. Stewart hardly more than a couple of years ago—going through all the GI tortures that ganged up on Private Hargrove.

Being the first major movie star to line up in khaki, Jimmy, naturally shy, found himself in a spotlight about as big as the one he'd left behind in Hollywood.

He got the deglamorizing treatment at once. Mustered for mail call at Jimmy's processing camp, the sarge called his name, "Stewart!" Jimmy stepped out and back in ranks, only to hear "Stewart!" again. It was kept up for a couple dozen times because Jimmy's mail stack was still Hollywood size, and that was the Army way to rag him for his swooneroo popularity. He did KP then, too, policed latrines, and when he got his first treasured stripes as Acting Corporal, he marched his squad right into a fence! But by taking it all good-naturedly, working hard and facing his drab duties as seriously as any colossal movie part, Jimmy Stewart did Hollywood a very big favor indeed. Because he was the first to show that an M-G-M glamour boy could take it in any company.

major now . . .

I saw him on a furlough when he had just got those Acting Corporal's stripes, and we talked about life in the Army. He was studying everything in the Air Corps book then between duties, but he wasn't too hopeful about ever getting what he wanted—combat flying. At that point he hadn't had a finger on a fighting plane control. He was drilling rookies like himself around dusty barracks grounds. "They say I'm pretty old to fly," he said gloomily. "But gosh, I'm only thirty-three." Old for the Air Corps just the same, but nevertheless, Jimmy Stewart beat that age rap. Next time I saw Jimmy, he wore lieutenant's bars, and he was instructing basic flying. He had some new gray streaks in his mop, but he said he wasn't worrying about that. "I'm just hoping I can keep my head on my neck, gray or not," Jimmy cracked with a twinkle. He was taking green pilots up six hours every day then at Mather Field, and anybody knows that's rugged work on the nervous system. But Stewart stuck it, and soon he was flying four-motored Fortresses and instructing Fortress pilots. Then he got attached to a Fortress Squadron himself training at the Sioux City field and was on his way. Pretty soon it was Captain Stewart, overseas, with a B-17 bomber squadron roaring off on missions over Berlin. Too old? Not Jimmy Stewart, pardon again, *Major* James Stewart, DFC.

[illegible]u won't be hearing much from Major Stewart about his exploits in the air blitz on Naziland. He's still the shy guy who doesn't talk much. War correspondents abroad have found him clam-like copy, the very opposite of what a reporter would expect to find in a Hollywood movie star. But Jimmy Stewart knows that this time he doesn't need publicity. He's making good as an American fighting man, not a Hollywood star—but don't think all of the ham has been processed out of him.

In fact, before he left for the war front, Jimmy sneaked into a movie at the post theater one night when they were showing his last hit, "The Philadelphia Story." He sat way in the back so the other soldiers couldn't see him and sat all through the picture, just to see what the GI's really thought of him as an actor. When they gave him plenty of applause, Jimmy was almost as pleased as he was the day he got raised to Corporal. He sneaked out before it was over, but his face was tingling with a bigger thrill than his first Hollywood première handed him. "The ham in me," Jimmy explained then. "I guess I'll always have it."

Clark Gable wanted real action just as bad as Jimmy or Bob Montgomery—maybe worse. Clark had a very personal reason to get away from Hollywood and lose himself in a rugged job after Carole Lombard lost her life gallantly winging her way home to Hollywood from a bond-selling tour.

dead-eye Gable . . .

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had no idea Clark Gable had enlisted as an Air Corps private until he walked in and told them. He didn't want any possible favors or furor. He just wanted to get to work and get over there as quickly as possible.

Clark was no flier. He's well into his forties, and if Jimmy Stewart at thirty-three was considered too ancient to fight in the clouds, Clark was practically senile and falling apart. But you get action quick in the air, and Clark had an idea he had something war planes could use—a knack for guns. Clark's major hobby for years had been big game hunting in the West.

But the Air Corps had bigger plans for Gable than aiming guns—if he could prove he was still tough enough to take it. They obliged him on the hurry-up business, shooting him right down to Miami Beach, Florida, as an air cadet, in competition with young men in the prime of youth. He asked no favors, and he got none. They gave him the works.

There was a funny thing about that trip at the start. Right before Clark enlisted, he'd been invited to spend the season at a palatial Miami Beach estate. His expectant hosts thought it would be good for him to get away from Hollywood and get hold of himself after the Carole Lombard tragedy. They didn't know about his Army plans. When he signed up, Clark wired his regrets.

A few weeks later he was walking a night guard tour right past that palatial estate, in a militarized zone now, toting a rifle, obscure in his private's uniform, minus moustache, minus Hollywood haircut, minus identity. Inside, Clark could hear people having a gay time. He grinned to himself in the dark. What a gag if he'd walk in just like he was and say "Hello." But he shook his head. The people inside never knew that their star guest invited from Hollywood was guarding the joint!

Clark's popular in the Air Corps. He's a man's man, and he's trimmed off twenty pounds and about ten years so nobody dares call him "Pop."

A year after he got his commission, Captain Clark Gable stood up to be decorated with the Air Medal, for "courage and

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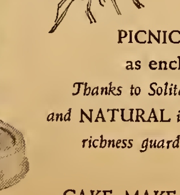

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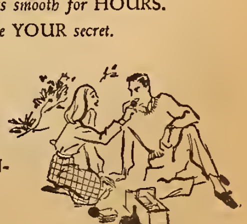

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coolness and skill" in bomber missions over Germany. An "exceptionally meritorious achievement," the citation read.

Clark's unit brought back some fifty thousand feet of film, taken in air combat. Editing that with the First Motion Picture Unit in Hollywood into a dramatic Air Corps record of their private invasion has been Clark's job for the past few months, and aside from a few dates, he's spent most nights huddled over the reels of film at the laboratory. Any day now the picture he brought back will be ready for theaters, and then Captain Clark Gable will be off to a new assignment.

When people ask him if he'll be coming back to pictures when his war job is done, Clark grins and shrugs his wide shoulders. "Haven't even thought about it," he replies. But you can bet his old alma mater, M-G-M, has.

It's funny, looking back at the peacetime hobbies of these M-G-M stars, how they've paid off for America when the chips were down. Clark Gable's gun, camera and rugged outdoor living. Jimmy Stewart's puttering around in his pleasure plane. A few years ago they were good for chuckles—like the time Jimmy coaxed Katharine Hepburn aloft when they made "Philadelphia Story," and got so nervous with his precious passenger that he skittered all over the Burbank field on one wheel when he landed, to give M-G-M bigshots heart failure. Robert Taylor, on one of his first solo flights, sat his buzzer job down in a watermelon patch and had to talk fast to keep an angry farmer from beaning him with a hoe.

the gal behind the guy . . .

There's no joking about Lieutenant Robert Taylor's flying today. It's a dead serious matter, with both the Navy and Bob. His job is to teach naval air cadets their stuff at the Naval Air Station in Livermore, California. It's a full time job and a pretty responsible one, and he flops into his bunk at bachelor officers' quarters every night with the chickens, except every ten days when he draws forty-eight hours leave and a trip to Beverly Hills and Barbara. The Taylors are trimmed for wartime living as much as any Hollywood couple. Bob and Barbara used to live on a rolling ranch in Northbridge, surrounded by horses and all the comforts of country squires. Then they moved into a big Beverly Hills house, and when Bob left, Barbara closed most of it up, but she still rattled around in what was left. Now that's sold, and the home Lieut. Taylor visits is a mere matchbox as Beverly homes go, six rooms—so small that even the tourist bus drivers haven't discovered it yet and would be ashamed to point it out if they did.

Barbara Stanwyck deserves a certain share of credit for Bob's new career in Naval aviation green. She always has been deathly afraid of planes. She took one ride with Bob years ago. It was a rocky ride on a bad weather day. Barbara remained frozen in her seat all the way and climbing out of the plane afterwards, said, "Thank goodness I'm on the ground and believe me I'm going to stay here!" She has never been up again.

But in spite of her almost pathological horror of heights, she never let out a peep of protest when Bob told her his service plans. Long before Robert Taylor got a crack at his commission, he spent all his vacation time at a private desert plane training school, adding up his hours until he had a total of 110 solo—nothing to get worked up about these days—but a solid start which came in handy. By the way, Bob Taylor's air bug bit him away back in 1941 when he made "Flight Command" in San Diego at the Naval Aviation base.

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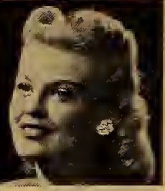

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Playing a make-believe Navy pilot and skimming the waves in the Navy's fast fighters made him crave to fly. But he never dreamed that one day he'd be wearing Navy wings himself.

commencement jitters . . .

Bob had the right background—a degree from Pomona College, a college athletic record and a manly personality that long ago smacked down the "Beautiful Bob" stuff which his super good looks hung on him. In his thirties, Bob knew he was too old to zoom Hellcats around. But he hoped maybe to be a transport pilot or instructor. He had his bags all packed when he got orders to wait—the class at Dallas was filled, and it would be twelve weeks before he could get going.

That's when he made "Song of Russia" —after he was sworn in as a lieutenant (j.g.). Maybe it wasn't the best picture Robert Taylor ever starred in—but you have to remember Bob had other things on his mind then, and it had to be a hurry-up job. Anyway, what should happen but the picture ran over schedule, and Bob found himself behind the eight ball when he finally showed up. Not only was his class all youngsters right out of college and sharp as tacks, but starting late gave Taylor an extra handicap.

He made it at last with flying colors, but there was a time or two when the escapes were squeaky indeed. Not the least of which being the day his class graduated. They scheduled him for a speech at the exercises before the class. Newsreel cameras were on hand for the big event, and Bob was all slicked, pressed and polished up.

A Navy captain, the guest of honor, spoke first. He'd spent a life in the regular Navy, remote from audiences, and he'd never seen a camera before. Just the same he gave a magnificent talk with perfect poise, and his stage personality was terrific. But when Bob climbed up on the stand he got the shakes, stammered, blew his lines and in general acted like a high school boy in the senior class play. The newsreels had to ask him to do it over and was Bob's face red! One of them cracked, "Are you sure you're the same Robert Taylor who used to be in pictures?"

"N-no," answered Bob. "To tell you the truth, I'm not." He wasn't kidding, either, at that point.

the hard way . . .

Another of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Bobs—Bob Sterling—rates a special star on M-G-M's service honor roll, because of all the front-line stars in Hollywood who have earned their wings, he's the only one who made it from scratch as an air cadet along with the rest of Uncle Sam's raw nephews.

Bob left the lot quietly in November of that year, took his pre-flight training at the big Santa Ana Training center, which is just a jump from Hollywood, then his primary training at Thunderbird Field in Phoenix, Arizona, his basic at Pecos, Texas, and finally his advanced at Marfa in Lone Star land, where something new was added to his shoulder straps that made him Lieutenant Robert Hart (he uses his real name). That ate up a whole year of his young life, and now he's an ace instructor at the B-25 Transitional School, Mather Field, Sacramento, California, where he can run down to spend weekends with his wife, a perky blond gal you might know named Ann Sothern.

The year Bob Sterling spent remodeling himself from an actor to a pilot the hard way was rugged enough, but it was even tougher being a brand new bridegroom without a bride practically all of that

LOST: *One husband's Heart*

Another quarrel! Bill was drifting away from Kay. If only she could understand his coldness! Then she went to see Dr. S. Quite frankly, he told her about the "*one neglect*" most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene. He advised Lysol, the method so many modern wives use. See what happened!

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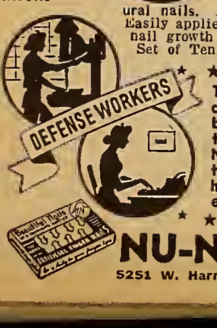

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time. Bob and Ann met on the lot at M-G-M, fell in love and had reached what the old folks used to call "an understanding" just when he felt duty call.

When he reported at Santa Ana for his pre-flight, he told Ann, "It's right close to home. I'll be up every other night or so." The minute he got himself processed, he found all that was just a rosy pipe-dream. Pre-flighters at Santa Ana didn't even get one step off the base for eight weeks.

Well, that's the way it was most of the time—although the minute he wound up that hitch, Bob and Ann didn't take any chances. They eloped to Ventura one Saturday after Ann finished work in "Cry Havoc" and had a brief honeymoon, even if she had to act again on Monday and Bob had to fly off. Until her lieutenant hubby finally settled down (for awhile) at Sacramento, Ann had those lonesome wartime widow blues, with brief peeks at her old man every third or fourth month.

With all their separations, however, Bob Sterling and Ann Sothern have had a pretty cosy connubial time of it, when you have a look at what a jinx war cooked up for Greer Garson and Richard Ney—there I go again—*Lieutenant* (j.g.) Richard Ney. From start to finish, their romance has been a no-decision tug-of-war between Cupid and Mars, ever since Dick, in Detroit with a "Life With Father" stage company in 1942, decided it was time to quit acting funny and act tough. He enlisted in the Naval Reserve then and went off to Notre Dame and then on to New York to bone up for an ensign's commission.

All that was after Richard Ney and Greer Garson made "Mrs. Miniver" together in Hollywood and discovered their feelings for each other weren't strictly mother-and-son like they played on the screen. When Dick finished his training and came to the West Coast for sea duty, he had about forty-eight hours in Hollywood which he used to excellent advantage in persuading Greer to become Mrs. Ney. So they went right down to take out a marriage license and the clerk said, "It's good three days from now." Neither one had considered California's notorious "gin marriage," three-day-wait-law. At that point Dick had *one* day. He left the next night, a single and very desolate ensign, for the Aleutians, which isn't exactly the kind of bright and cheery spot designed to improve a case of absent lover blues.

short order honeymoon . . .

Ensign Ney served ten months in the foggy Aleutians aboard a troop ship, he saw the bloody action of Attu, and when ten long, gray months had slipped by, Ensign Ney found himself on a second leave in Hollywood, and that's when he took Greer to a little church in Santa Monica and tied a sailor's knot. Right away—you might know it—he got orders to sail—so the happy bridal pair had a honeymoon of exactly twenty-four hours!

The next time they saw each other was in Boston, where Richard's ship was in port, and Greer was on a bond tour. It was Greer's last stop, and Dick had orders to ship out of San Pedro, next door to Hollywood, on his next cruise, with ten days to report.

That trip together across the country and the few days left in Hollywood is about all the happy home life Richard and Greer Garson, have had. Dick earned his j.g. half-stripe on his next mission to the South Pacific although Greer had to learn that good news from the Navy post office return address on his letters—he forgot to mention it!

When he returned from the Pacific, Lieutenant Ney asked for duty on small craft—he thought he'd see more action that way—so they shot him right on to the Naval Sub Chaser Training Center in

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Miami, Florida. Dick isn't counting on any home life until after the Japs and Germans surrender—unless Greer Garson turns stowaway.

Of all these stars, perhaps the best prepared for hostilities was Van Heflin, who had lighted in Hollywood just long enough to win himself an Academy Award in his first year on the screen. Van didn't have to adapt civilian hobbies or start a brand new life from scratch. He was already a reserve officer in the Field Artillery—had been ever since he fired 75's down at the University of Oklahoma.

destination unknown . . .

He hadn't progressed much in all that time, it's true, because who thought we'd ever be in another World War? So Van was still a second looey when the shooting started. But he remembered enough trigonometry to have his commission reactivated, and got back in uniform in November, 1942, rubbing off his cinema studio rust at Camp San Luis Obispo, and landing a spot instructing new troops at Camp Roberts. Then he got stung by that fatal Air Corps bug and wangled a transfer. It paid off right away because last year Van got sent on a foreign mission that's one of those military secrets, and his wife, Frances, kept the Christmas tree up even if it dripped needles all over the rug until Van got home in February. He'd never missed a Christmas celebration with his daughter, Vana, before, and no war was going to ruin that record.

Van's still a second lieutenant in the Air Corps, at present sticking around in the States in a combat officer replacement pool awaiting overseas orders, which he's pretty sure to have with the shooting going on in Europe, if he already isn't in there by the time you read this.

War can't change Van Heflin's easy amiability and swell sense of humor, or the friendly personality that won him popularity prizes in Hollywood overnight. On his last foreign mission, Van was greeted at his military destination by an Air Corps colonel. Van saluted, and the colonel returned it. Then he stuck out his hand. "Hello, Van," he said, "remember me?"

Van looked blank. "No, Sir."

"Well," chuckled the officer with the eagles. "You were my commanding officer in the ROTC at Oklahoma. Yep, I guess you started me on my Army career."

Seems he had gone on to West Point after college, entered the Air Corps, won his wings and had risen to a full colonel while Van, who used to bark him around the field, was still only a shavetail. Nobody but a guy with Van Heflin's funnybone would ever tell that one on himself—but so far it's Van's favorite war story.

Bill Lundigan had an even more embarrassing moment blitz him in the Marine Corps. Bill's a corporal now, in training at Quantico, Virginia, with the Marine Cineschool, photographic section. When he gets through there, he'll probably be getting action films in the can like the Tarawa record that Captain Louis Hayward's marine camera unit brought back from bloody Betio and the Marines picked corporal Bill Lundigan to narrate.

But last June Bill Lundigan was a lowly "boot" at the recruit depot in San Diego. Marine boots hold the record for enduring the ruggedest smacking-down treatment of any outfit, and Bill was doing all right as honor man of his platoon, a featured performer on the "Halls of Montezuma" radio show and a quick raise to a Private, First Class stripe, when a certain picture he had made in Hollywood came to the base theater, and—er—sort of upset him. The picture was "Salute to the Marines." Bill

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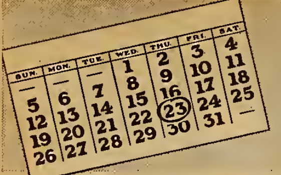

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had made it with Wally Beery about six months before he joined the Leathernecks. All he knew about Marines then was what he'd read in the papers. But his uncle was a Devildog in 1917, and that's why Lundigan decided on the USMC.

Well, being a young and handsome actor then, M-G-M had put Bill in the part of a dashing lieutenant who rescued all kinds of other Marines, gave orders right and left and turned out to be a hero of heroes. It seemed swell to Bill Lundigan on the set—but when he marched into the Marine Base theater with his buddies and saw himself swaggering around on the screen and heard the—er—caustic remarks they made, he wanted to crawl into some dark hole and die! For far from being a glorious officer braving shot and shell, Bill, at that point, was the lowest species of Marine—a boot, getting the pants swatted off him and quaking with fear at a sergeant's growl. It took him weeks to redeem himself!

As a matter of fact, casing the records of all the other fighting stars of M-G-M, you can't find a one who hasn't made a name for himself in the fighting service that any American can be proud of. Lew Ayres overcame a mess of unfavorable publicity because he had the character to stand up for his convictions, and despite a start that promised little, has risen to become a staff-sergeant in the Medical Corps in action somewhere in the South Pacific.

Melvyn Douglas, too, crossed up the critics who accused him unfairly of seeking a soft job in Washington by promptly enlisting as a private, distinguishing himself in Officers School at Washington and Lee College and quickly winning his captain's bars. He's in the Special Service Division of the Army, overseas. Jean Pierre Aumont abandoned the biggest natural Hollywood build-up any foreign sensation has had since Charles Boyer opened his hypnotic eyes into a Hollywood lens, to rejoin the ranks of the Fighting French, after Jean Pierre had already seen enough fighting in the big Blitz to satisfy the average man, with a *Croix de Guerre* to prove it. Lieut. (j.g.) Richard Carlson, Staff Sgt. Desi Arnaz and Seaman Richard Quine are star names that Leo the Lion likes to purr about, too.

And John Carroll, tempestuous, wild-haired John who loaded Hollywood with legends of his unpredictable antics, who blew star-making opportunities right and left and never in his life settled down to serious business, even when it meant thousands of bucks in his jeans—Lieutenant John Carroll is now serving with the Fourth Fighter Command of the Air Corps in Algeria.

They're all on the Victory team and proving every day to Tojo and Hitler that it's risky business to sell Hollywood actors short when the shooting starts. It seems you can make screen love to Garbo and Hedy Lamarr for years and years without necessarily turning into a cream puff. But some people, of course, will never be convinced.

Bob Montgomery was in London on duty once when General Bernard Montgomery arrived secretly after making himself Britain's number one hero with his brilliant North African heave-ho of the Hitler mob.

One night outside a theater a London crowd gathered on a tip that the General would show up. Gawking his own neck, Bob heard one Londoner inquire, "I say, what's all the fuss?"

"I think, old chap," said the other, "they're waiting to see Montgomery."

The first Briton snorted. "Dashed stupid, if you ask me," he barked. "All this bloody fuss over a movie actor!"

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MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR

(*Continued from page 46*)

dressing room buildings on the M-G-M lot. One is for featured stars and the other is exclusively for the highest ranking women. When Lana went into "Marriage Is A Private Affair" she moved into a dressing room flanked by Greer Garson and Hedy Lamarr . . . Although this is John Hodiak's fifth picture, it will be the first time audiences will see his face *au natural.* Metro shaved off his beard, washed the oil and dirt from his face, dressed him in tailored clothes and present him for the first time as he really is . . . John, incidentally, didn't test for the part of Lana's husband in this picture. Miss Turner happened to see the test he made for "Lifeboat"—suggested him for the role . . . Keenan Wynn, a close personal friend of Lana's, returned from his South Pacific tour and asked to see the picture. Lana took him to see it, told him it was complete except for the sequence in the jungle where a Marine acts as interpreter for the vocal love-making between Lana and John Hodiak. Keenan asked to see the script, saw great comedy possibilities in the small part and begged to be allowed to do it. As it turned out, it's one of the high spots in the picture and Keenan added much to his screen credit by doing it . . . Lana, noted on the Metro lot for her self-designed hair styles, models several glamorous new hair-dos in this one. Her hair has grown eight inches in the year she has been away from the screen. It was her own suggestion that Hodiak give her pig-tails a hard yank in one scene to prove to fans that all the luscious blond hair is really connected to Miss Turner . . . Lana also introduces the new short evening gown to the screen. Her wardrobe in the picture is entirely Irene-designed—even to the aprons . . . It took Miss Turner and one maid exactly 45 minutes to get Lana into her wedding gown. This was caused mainly by the row of 78 tiny buttons which had to be undone each time Lana took off the dress. Even the studios are finding it impossible to get zippers . . . Cecelia Callejo, the castanet player, is world-famous for her clickity-clack rhythms. Has played everything from Bach to Boogie-Woogie with them—appeared several times in the Philharmonic Auditorium. She's married to Robert Presnell, a Lt. Col. on General MacArthur's staff . . . Rope-twirling Dorothy Hackley was discovered by Lana Turner as she was doing her act in a Hollywood night club . . . Alex D'Arcy returns to the screen after an absence of a year and a half. Alex received his medical discharge from the Army just in time to go into this picture . . . Biggest task of the entire picture was teaching Lana to flip pancakes. Studio cook was brought to the set to demonstrate the art to Lana. She'd think she had it mastered, the cameras would roll, Lana would begin her lines, throw the flapjack into the air—and invariably toss it into Director "Pop" Leonard's lap!

SORRY!

When we ran the beautiful kodachrome of Linda Darnell in the May issue, we forgot to mention that she's starring with Dick Powell in "It Happened Tomorrow."

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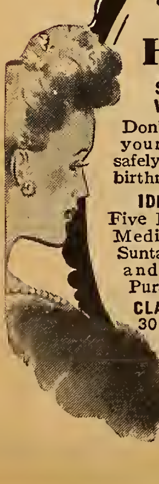

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SUSY-Q

(Continued from page 58)

for both of us—"

He called her a few days later. M-G-M wanted a girl to play in "Tish."

"Not me," said Susan.

"Look, honey, you're free as a bird. They've got no strings on you. Come along for the ride. Come along for the fun of telling 'em to go jump in the lake."

So she went along and had the fun of being signed for Tish. And the fun of playing opposite a big, cute, easy-going Irishman named Richard Quine, who showed her round the lot and made her feel at home and listened to her squawks. Because all through "Tish" she was terribly depressed by forebodings that her Warner history would repeat itself.

silver threads among the gold . . .

"I don't want to be under contract again. What I think I'll do, I'll go see Mr. Mayer. 'Mr. Mayer,' I'll say, 'do you think I can be an actress? If not, will you please let me go because I'm getting old—' "

"That sounds like an excellent idea—"

"I haven't got nerve enough to go see a bus boy, don't be silly—"

But talking to Dick always left her a little less depressed.

One day came a message that Mervyn LeRoy wanted to see her. Despite two years at Warners', she was still a greenhorn. "Who's Mervyn LeRoy?"

Having been enlightened, she toddled down to the "Random Harvest" set, couldn't find any Mervyn LeRoy, couldn't see what he'd want with her if she *did* find him, concluded that the whole thing was a gag and went to lunch. On her return, people swooped. "Where have you been? Mervyn LeRoy's looking for you—"

"Look, if this is your idea of a joke—"

They convinced her it wasn't—half-convinced her, anyway. Still a little leery, she went off again, pushed through the heavy door, picked her way over cables and came face to face with a short, boyish-looking man. "Hello. You're going to play Kitty in 'Random Harvest'—"

"I'm nothing of the kind, don't be silly. What's Kitty anyway, and who says I'm going to play it?"

"I do." Her mouth opened—and shut. Her color turned from normal to red, to green, just like a stoplight. "I'm Mervyn LeRoy," he grinned.

Susan bounces back. The first shock over, her natural skepticism reasserted itself. "They've probably tested everybody from Ouspenskaya down, and now it's my turn—" (Actually LeRoy had had those despised Warner tests run off and picked her on the strength of what he saw in them. So the two years hadn't been wholly wasted.)

Her pretense of coolness lasted till she got the script home that night. Next morning, happy as a clam, she went flapping out to the set in search of Dick. His eyes looked heavy, but she was too full of her own affairs to wonder—just sat and babbled about this marvelous thing, and Dick responded the way he always did—

The assistant director came up. "You can leave for Detroit tomorrow, Mr. Quine—"

"You going to Detroit, Dick?"

"Yes." He looked away. "Just got word that Dad died—"

"And here I've been— Oh Dick, why didn't you tell me?"

"It's all right, Susan. This is my trouble. Don't let it spoil your happy day—"

Falling in love with Dick was such a natural process that she doesn't remember

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when it started, and starting Kitty was another kind of milestone, one of the many pushing-ahead steps that in three years, found her being co-starred with Jean Pierre Aumont and Bob Taylor. The family continued to be amused, though less hilariously. Mom still thinks it's funny that Susan should be an actress, but yields to majority opinion. Bob alone refuses to be budged, won't even admit that his sister's in pictures. All that bothered him about entering the service was, suppose the fellows should track down a relationship between Susan Peters and Bob Carnahan. On his last leave, he was telling Susan about a girl he'd met—

"Kind of cute and blonde. Only—"

"Only what?"

"She found out I was your brother."

"So what happened?"

"So I never went back."

She made up a song for him, called, "I'm the Blot on Your 'Scutcheon—"

Meantime, love flourished along with the career. Up to then, Mom and Susan had never seen eye to eye on men. When daughter liked them, Mother didn't and vice versa. But Dick took an apartment in Mrs. Carnahan's house, and she fell in love with him. Asked him to breakfast, dinner and lunch till he was eating more meals at her table than Susan. He'd take them both driving and never left the house without bringing back some silly little thing. "Bless his heart," Mother'd croon. "Most kids his age don't know where to hang their hats." Susan would have suspected Ma of throwing Dick at her head, except she couldn't because he was there already—

"don't let him faint" . . .

They were married last November in a Westwood church. For six days, Dick was in a daze. At the license bureau, he didn't have two dollars—at the wedding, he almost fainted. All Susan could see as she walked down the aisle was Dick's paper-white face and his pants-leg shaking in the breeze. She took his hand and felt all his weight against it. They knelt together, and he almost missed the step. Susan didn't have time to be nervous for herself. She was too busy praying, "Please God, don't let him faint—"

After the reception, Dick couldn't find the car keys. Susan had to go back and wait for an hour and a half, till the keys turned up in the middle of the street where he'd dropped them. They drove through a beautiful brushfire in Topanga Canyon to a beautiful week at Santa Barbara. Then six beautiful weeks in San Francisco, where Dick's Coast Guard unit was stationed, and they lived in a basement—pitch-black but divine. Then she had to go back to work—

Dick's stationed nearer home now and gets in quite often. For a while they stayed with Susan's mother and spent all their spare time at auctions, gathering stuff for the French provincial farmhouse they plan to build after the war. This stuff they'd send home to Mom, who got a lot of healthy exercise climbing over chairs and tables to reach her front door.

the mouths of babes . . .

Dick was an old hand at auctions. Susan was new and all of a dither. Her business manager, who'd never let her spend any money, said she could buy anything she wanted for the house.

So the first thing she wanted, of course, was the first thing she saw. Service plates. "What am I bid for these twelve lovely service plates?"

"Fifty cents—" called a voice.

"A dollar—"

Susan blushed for them. Only a dollar, that was terrible. "Five," she chirped.

There was a long and painful pause, during which every head in the room turned to look at Susan. Dick's face was a ripe scarlet, and she couldn't be sure whether he was going to protect her or crown her.

"I'm sure you don't want to pay five dollars a *piece* for these plates," said the auctioneer, and was kind enough to let her have them for a dollar and a quarter. For the rest of the evening, Dick did the bidding, though Susan recovered sufficiently to poke him when she wanted something—

As for the plates, they're the worst-looking objects you ever set eyes on and repose on a pantry shelf. But every now and then when Dick's around, Susan ogles them ostentatiously. "Aren't they the most beautiful plates you ever saw?"

"If they're so darn beautiful, why don't you put 'em on the table?"

"Oh, I don't have the things to go with them yet."

Pretty soon she's going to start breaking them accidentally.

She calls Dick Ichabod Crane because he's so long, and he calls her Little Mother because she's always got the neighborhood kids underfoot. They also call each other "Dear," because it's such an expressive word, conveying all known emotions and any combination thereof. Like, "Dear, where did you dig up those cigarettes, they taste like tired shoes." Or, "Dear, you're an awful dope, but I love you—"

Dick found their apartment while Susan was ill. It has an upstairs and a downstairs and a kitchen built by a man who couldn't cook, because you have to climb on a stepladder to reach the closets. Before she ever had a chance to set eyes on

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it, Susan was whisked to the hospital for a major operation. When the worst was over, Dick had their furniture moved.

"For which relief, much thanks," sighed Mother. "But don't you think she ought to convalesce at my place?"

"No, I've got a furlough and I want her home."

"*That* will last till you get tired of cooking."

She done him wrong, though. He fixed delicious trays every morning and served wonderful meals every night. Susan should know, being a super-cook herself. The only difference is, Dick has to start at noon for a 6 o'clock dinner. Susan whips up a meal in no time, including Dick's pet dessert, pies.

Certain things they agree on, and others they don't, which makes for stimulating variety. Both love the outdoors, swimming and horseback riding. That's what they used to do on Sundays. Then they'd come home, read the funnies and listen to spook stories on the radio. With Susan, it's spooks or nothing. With Dick, so long as the radio's on, he's happy—

"Dear, do you *like* commercials?" asks his wife.

"Huh? Oh—I didn't even know it was on."

"My dear mother," says Susan bitterly, "used to listen to soap operas. I thought I was lucky to get away from *them*. But at least she'd *listen*—"

His only other failing is slowness. It takes him exactly one hour and one-half to dress. It takes Susan exactly ten minutes. He thinks he's the world's best driver, and she thinks she is. He likes her in sports clothes and tailored suits, with her hair up. She likes pigtails and slacks.

He gets tired of her bringing home animals and makes her take them back. One Great Dane, he contends, is enough for any apartment. Thunder, the Dane, is almost as tall as Susan and a good deal heavier. She gave up a honey bear to get him. It was just that this executive at M-G-M didn't think she ought to have a honey bear—

"But he's mine, I bought him—"

"Well, you sell him again and I'll give you a Great Dane instead."

So one day she phoned her mother.

"I have a Mother's Day gift for you—"

"A Shetland pony?"

"No."

"A Great Dane?"

"Yes, and I hope you'll be very happy."

Mother'd been kidding. Her jaw dropped when Susan brought Thunder home. But she grew more than reconciled. In fact, now that her daughter's turned Indian giver, she grows indignant. "Mother's Day gift! You might at least have had the grace to let me keep him over the week-end."

Dick still brings her things like blue elephants with pink ears. If she doesn't have a baby to play with them soon, she'll begin to feel guilty. They exchange monthly anniversary gifts, but they've made a little ruling—nothing personal, it's got to be something for the house. Once he gave her salt and pepper shakers. Once she gave him a bean-pot.

"It's charming," he said, "if you'd just fill it up with beans."

Next time he came home, the bean-pot was full.

"Dear," he said, "did I ever tell you you're wonderful?"

"Yes, but tell me again—"

"You're wonderful."

"Why?"

"Because you cook the best beans and bake the best pies and some day, if you mind your Ps and Qs—"

"You mean Ps and Quines—"

"Who knows? You might get to be the best actress in town."

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Just rub it on the gums

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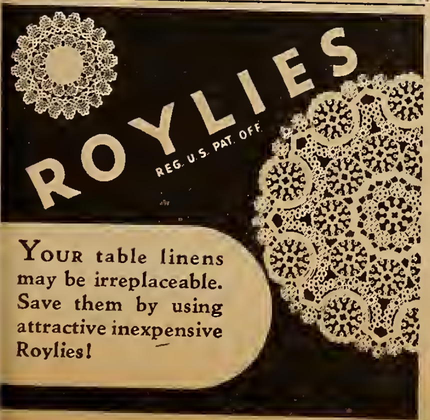

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DUCHESS ON WHEELS

(*Continued from page 43*)

Greer Garson is a pedal veteran. She first began to ride when going to kindergarten at the age of five, her bright locks were the bane of her childhood and she ached under the taunting of her school mates who called her Copper Knob, or Rusty or Carrots.

Greer's profound consideration of this problem nearly cost her life some years later. She was cycling down the street when she caught sight of one of the boys who persisted in town-crying her coloring; quickly she wheeled behind a street car. In her haste to escape she failed to notice that her maneuver had placed her between two streetcars, traveling in opposite directions. She had presence of mind enough to lift herself, with a hand braced on either trolley, away from the bicycle, the handlebars of which were much wider than Miss Garson, and which were crunched in the collision.

Two horrified motormen, having applied emergency brakes, came gasping into the narrow breach, expecting to find at least mutilation and possibly death. The only casualties were Greer's bicycle, her books, and several square inches of skin scraped from the Garson arms and chin.

Despite almost having once lost her life she continued—but with less drastic action—to avoid those who might mention her coloring, until she had reached a post-adolescent period.

One afternoon, walking past a group of laborers she noted that all work ceased as she appeared; turning scarlet she marched hurriedly on, eyes clinging to the distant horizon. "Now tell me," said a cockney to the world, "wot's wrong wiv *that?*"

Abruptly, a redhead came into her own.

Her struggle with the matter of natural coloring, however, may well go on forever. When preparations were being made to start her current picture, "Mrs. Parkington," Greer suggested that, since Mrs. Parkington must age from an extremely young girl to an ancient matriarch, she be allowed to wear a black wig. There was, she pointed out, a great make-up problem presented by attempting to age red hair. Black hair was something else again; it could be changed clearly and dramatically.

One of the men at the make-up conference shook his head. "But if you take away your hair, Miss Garson," he protested, "you take away everything!"

Miss Garson's eyes twinkled, a certain omen of a forthcoming wisecrack. "I resent very much," she retorted, "the suggestion that I am like Samson."

She won her point; she wears a black wig throughout the picture, and those who aren't afraid of being considered maudlin, stumble around the M-G-M lot uttering six syllable adjectives about the way Greer Garson looks in brunette guise, Samson or no Samson.

The sport of cycling, long absent, returned to the life of Greer Garson when she was working in "Random Harvest," the picture that she describes as "proving that I *wasn't* born with a bustle."

She was so good on the little bicycle used in the picture (having bought herself a "skimmer" with three gears) that Mervyn Le Roy presented her with a large white bicycle at the end of the picture which she promptly presented to Dick to use on those rare times when the Family Ney whisks off for a rationless ride.

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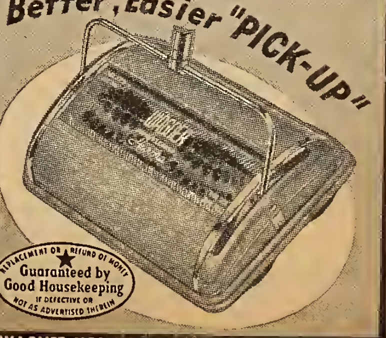

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calliope comrades . . .

Greer has always been mad about the circus . . . the aerial acts, the wire walkers, jugglers and acrobats, Clyde Beatty's thrilling act with the great cats, and of course, the clowns.

The clowns at Los Angeles' most recent circus were the best she had seen for some time. Greer told her husband, "They are *really* as funny as I *think* I am when I'm cutting up."

In one portion of the nonsense, one clown was being pursued by another carrying an outsize croquet mallet, clearly bent on mayhem. The escaping clown leaped through the windows of the trick house which was being moved around the ring, and made for Miss Garson, who was excitedly leading the cheering section, calling, "Come on, Horace, come on," impartially to both pursuer and pursued.

It would be difficult to say whether the audience enjoyed the clowns as much as they did the sight of the allegedly-aloof Greer Garson mixing in with the fun.

As the Neys and Mrs. Garson had arrived somewhat late and without proper reservations, the indulgent management had placed chairs for them in the front row where neither they, nor the oogling audience, would miss anything.

Halfway through the performance, the manager gifted the trio with three giant cones of cotton candy. Greer accepted with a juvenile's shout of delight and ate the final elusive wisp with pleasure. That finished, she turned her attention to the clown's burning house act, complete with buckets of water. One of the clowns rushed over, tilted his bucket and swung toward Greer, who leaned back, covered her face with her hands and shrieked. Of course the bucket was empty, but the whole thing was a wonderful gag, a gag almost as sure-fire shriek-producing as Lieutenant Ney's asking, "When are you going to shear Gogo again?"

It seems that one day, Greer looked at her large white French poodle and decided that he needed a haircut, so she marched him out to the back yard and set to work with the clippers. Gogo kept seeing imaginary rabbits that he should chase, and Greer had to hold him very closely. At last she finished, and backed away to view the result. Gogo's appearance was sleek; so, unfortunately, was the left sleeve of Greer's white lambskin jacket; in her preoccupation with Gogo she had run the clippers from wrist to shoulder in one narrow, but hide-baring swathe.

good samaritan . . .

Greer's love of animals of all kinds had a hectic beginning. As a small girl she used to be a consistent summertime guest at her grandfather's place in Ireland, and one day Greer decided—being naturally neat and anxious to be of assistance—that some new-born kittens needed a bath. She took the first, blind and mewing, to the trough where the horses were watered, and turned on the faucet. She was giving the small cat a thorough-going shower when she was caught by Mrs. Garson. Greer's mother explained a cat's aversion to water and rushed the kitten into the house where it was wrapped in heavy towels and placed behind the stove.

That night, Greer was ordered to include this sentence in her prayers, "And please, God, make me kind to animals." Feeling, however that her intentions had been misunderstood, she refused to repeat the supplication.

But whether she would repeat the sentence or not, since that time she has been too tender to kill even a beetle in her Victory Garden.

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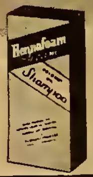

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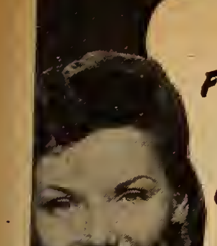

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no pinky-lifting . . .

In addition to circuses and animals, Greer Garson has another love: parades. She arrived in Boston on a recent bond tour, and there—without being quite sure that the gods would grant the benison—met her husband, whose ship had luckily put into port. They had just finished their first eager burst of conversational "catching-up" when the blare of bugles and the shrilling of fifes floated up to their twelfth story hotel suit. "A parade," burbled Mrs. Ney to her husband and made for the nearest window.

"But you've been the chief interest in dozens and dozens of parades during the past few weeks," he protested in surprise.

Miss Garson, by that time, was leaning as far as possible out of the window, waving frantically. "Exactly," she found a moment to call over her shoulder. "I've been *in* the parades. I haven't been able to watch or to wave at them," and she hung there in extreme enjoyment until the last caisson, the last tank and the last straggling urchins had passed.

Those who know Greer Garson well grow lyrical about, not only her bounding enthusiasm and unfaltering good-sportsmanship, but about her spontaneous warm-heartedness. While on a bond tour last spring, the troupe appeared in a Canadian city which honored Miss Garson by presenting her—when she appeared upon the platform—with a corsage-spray of rare and lovely orchids.

Also on the platform were two elderly, workworn women who had been introduced as gold star mothers. After having expressed her thanks for the flowers, Greer moved swiftly across the stage and pinned the corsages upon the mothers.

Incidents like this explain why the Cinematic Grand Duchess is referred to on her home lot as "just a swell girl."

KELLY IS THE NAME

(*Continued from page 41*)

magic heels the way Kelly did in "Cover Girl," they had to whip up one of those quick rivalry rumors between Gene and Fred Astaire. Hollywood has had to have a phony feud of some kind since the days of Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson, and the Bing Crosby-Sinatra one was expiring for lack of legs to carry it along. Somebody asked Gene what he thought of Fred Astaire. (They're good friends, by the way, and right this minute Gene is working out a routine with Fred for the Ziegfeld Follies.)

Gene spoke right up: "Fred Astaire? I think he's a great artist. There's a lot of things in his dancing I wish I had. And," he added without a speck of false modesty, "I've got a lot of things Fred could use, too." Just like that.

Gene Kelly can take some scaring to shake his faith in himself. Take that "Cover Girl" miracle dance. It's quite a story in itself: And it shows what brand of stuff this Kelly guy is made of.

Gene had been laying for just such a chance since away back. When he was dancing on Broadway and even before in his home town, Pittsburgh, his mind was ticking off dreams of things he'd like to do some day on the screen with its swell possibilities for trick effects. Gene shoots at the moon in his dreams, and for his money the highest type of dancing is to express an inner struggle by active rhythm. All great ballet dancers, Nijinsky and all the rest, have put across a mental or spiritual theme when they tied into the pinnacles of their art. It isn't easy, even on a stage where there's a flesh and blood contact between a performer and his audience.

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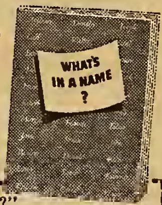

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It had never been done on the screen, but Gene Kelly didn't see why not, being a Kelly.

double-exposure . . .

When "Cover Girl" came up, Gene said, "This is it!" He played a guy with a love problem, and the script called for a dance. Why not fight it out with his inner self in a double-exposure dance?

"Because," said the Hollywood wise men, "for one thing, you can't pan and dolley in double exposure." "You can't do this and you can't do that. It's never been done." "About time, then," answered Gene. But they had another argument: "Besides, waltzing around with your shadow like that will make audiences scream. They'll give you the old guffaw, the belly laugh, the yack-yack."

"Not if it's artistic," argued Gene.

Gene Kelly found a big shot willing to take a chance in Harry Cohn, Columbia's boss. He went home and stayed up a couple of nights until 5 A.M. sipping coffee and working out his dance and his ideas how to do it. He huddled and checked with cameramen and technicians. And he came up with a test that made Harry Cohn say, "H-m-m-m-m. Well, okay. Go ahead. Let's see what you can do." From then on it was up to Kelly, and he knew it.

It would take a scientific thesis on movie camera and sound technique to explain how Gene Kelly came through. How he mastered problems like jumping over himself, sliding down a fifteen-foot pole with his shadow, dancing up and down stairs with the little man who wasn't there and whirling around lamp posts and things with his *alter ego*, right on the off-beat.

But I can give you some idea of the aspirin-quotient Gene Kelly tied into: He had to match one dance with another on a pre-recorded sound track, synchronizing every muscle he moved to beats of music. Every time his toes lit on the stage, they had to light on a certain spot marked off with chalk and tape to a quarter-of-an-inch exactness! He had to practice it all until he could do it blindfolded. Because the stage Gene marked off personally looked like a lesson in geometry which had to be covered with a black velvet cloth when it came time to shoot. There were a million technical angles—split-hair camera frames, scores of critical moments that had to jibe to a gnat's whisker or the whole thing would be ruined. When Gene tries to explain it, it sounds like a Rube Goldberg wacky invention—and even when he made it, he'd look up at juicers and gaffers and veteran set workers in the rafters, and see some of them shake their heads like they thought he was stark nuts! In the scene where Gene and his shadow grab a lamp post at exactly the same time, the cameraman who filmed it said it was impossible to get. And even when he saw Gene's timing work out on the print right before his eyes he gasped, "I still don't believe it!"

That's the kind of thing Gene Kelly put across for the first time in movie history. He never knew until three weeks after he made it (it took three weeks to develop and print the Technicolor double-exposure) whether any of it was worth a match to burn it up, either. But I think the best indication of the Kelly character came on the very last moment of that master dance.

three strike homer . . .

If you saw "Cover Girl"—(and you'd certainly better after all this if you haven't!)—you'll know that's when Gene ends his dance tussle with his inner self by hurling a garbage can smack through a window and shattering the image along with the glass into a million pieces.

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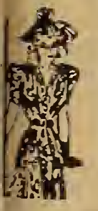

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It was the last half of the ninth with two out and the bases loaded to Gene when he made that scene. And he had three strikes in the form of three panes of plate glass to win the ball game. If he made that scene successfully, he had reason to believe the rest was okay, and he had made screen history. But what a scene!

They called in a glass-expert. "Can't do it," he judged. "If you hurl that heavy, weighted can through that plate glass, it will cut you to pieces, put out your eyes." He figured it out scientifically, and the answer was that Gene was due to get punctured by a million glass bullets.

"I'll put up my arm," Gene argued. "I'll close my eyes when I throw it." The expert shook his head. "That glass will murder you."

"Well," cracked Gene, "I'm sorry I've got only one life to give to my art. But I'm going to do it!"

The news got around the studio that day. Actors from other sets—cameramen, technicians, executives, secretaries—everybody who could get away sneaked on to Gene Kelly's set. He had an audience and maybe it was a little morbid. The news was, "Come on over and watch Kelly kill himself!"

They brought in three panes of glass—the limit in these war shortage days. That meant three takes, and if those didn't work, the whole dance was wrecked as far as Gene was concerned.

And Gene had to hit the glass in the exact spot where his double-exposure image made a bull's eye.

Well, the first time everything worked out fine—except that when Gene hurled the can, darned if it didn't bounce off the glass by some miracle and roll back on the stage! But the glass cracked—one pane down. Gene went through it all again, wound up and let fly. It broke in the wrong place and the jagged glass splinters shot angrily out around him. He threw up his arms to cover his face—and it didn't look so good to Kelly.

Charles Vidor, the director, said, "Let's print that one, Gene. What if you did flinch? Nobody will notice it, and it's natural anyway. Let's leave well enough alone. You're all in one piece, aren't you?"

But Kelly, the stubborn Mick, shook his head. "I'll do it right this time," he grinned, "if I get my throat cut!" And he did, hurled a *schmeiser* right on the button with his last strike, his last pane of glass, even though the stuff shot around him like a fragmentation bomb, any wicked splinter of which could have disfigured Gene.

Gene can't quite savvy how come a screen star can't take chances and be just like anybody else—a guy who does a job and leads his own life. His jaw still drops now and then with amazement at what goes on since he's made a few pictures.

hideaway tank in the aquarium . . .

In New York, for instance, where Gene heads after almost every picture, he was a pretty successful Joe around Broadway after earning his name in lights with "Time of Your Life," "Pal Joey" and such. But he could walk around Broadway without losing his cuff links, hanky and whatever else was loose. "Now it's just like Sinatra without the bow-tie," Gene cracks. "Like having a nice cozy hideaway tank in the Aquarium!"

After finishing "Christmas Holiday," Gene went to Manhattan with Betsy, his wife, before setting out on a USO tour of Army hospitals. He got mobbed. It made him sore at first until he saw a bunch of fans huddling in a pouring rain outside a theater just for a peek at him. Then Gene was touched. He got wet himself then, as a sort of penance, and signed his name until he was silly.

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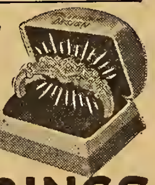

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Gene stayed at the Algonquin, the small quiet, storied hotel far removed from the swanky Pierre, Sherry Netherlands or Waldorf Towers where most dazzling Hollywood stars rough it in New York. He didn't have an idea anyone knew where he was. But no sooner had he registered than the room phone rang, and a voice said "Hello, Gene! This is Rita Hayworth." Gene took it, straight, honest guy that he is. He chatted away telling Rita how glad he was she was in town—only to find out in the end it wasn't Rita at all—tee-hee—but Mamie Schultze or somebody from Brooklyn or somewhere. His wife Betsy fell for the same gags. A girl called saying she was Dorothy Kilgallen, the Broadway columnist, and both Gene and Betsy who know Kilgallen well, were fooled.

public property . . .

Of course, Gene Kelly has been a Hollywood celebrity only a short time, and he'll probably get used to being public property and stop being surprised at living under a magnifying glass—like he was when fans started writing and demanding. "Where did you get that scar on your face?" It's just a tiny scar, left of his nose, and Gene got it very unglamorously when he fell on his face one kiddie time. He'd never thought much about it; in fact, in his first pictures he never bothered to cover it with make-up.

But it's my guess that no matter how long it takes Gene Kelly to get hep to odd acts of Hollywood movie fans, he'll never start staging acts himself—that is, away from the camera. The only time on record so far that Gene has been guilty was the day his daughter Kerry arrived.

So today they call Kerry "M-G-M's $80,000 baby"—(as a gag, of course, she really didn't cost all of that). But it did so happen that the day she picked to make her entrance, Gene was lined up for a super-Hollywood scene in "DuBarry Was A Lady" with a couple dozen chorus girls, a thousand extras, bands, and what am I offered, hanging around as a background for Gene's cut-ups. Then at lunch he got the news from the doctor. Gene rushed out of the studio—extras, showgirls and dance bands notwithstanding—and he did all the things every hospital waiting-room B-picture papa ever did—like wringing his hands, wearing out carpets, chain-smoking cigarettes, pestering nurses, turning green at the gills and getting palpitations of the heart.

But that's what happens to the canniest guy at a time like that. So even Gene Kelly is human, I'm happy to state, though serious about his work and in general on the cerebral side about his fun and outside interests.

Betsy and Gene Kelly are about as perfectly matched a pair as you can imagine. Betsy's a slim strawberry blonde or gingery red-head—I can't quite make up my mind. She has freckles and one of those wistfully sweet, little girl faces that belie her brains. Betsy's charm reminds you of Janet Gaynor's in her early "Seventh Heaven" days, and by the way, one of these days, if Gene goes off to war or something, and she decides to resume her career, you're going to hear from Betsy Blair. Not many people know she has already starred in a Broadway play, "The Beautiful People," and has a personality that is pie for the movies—and Technicolor—wow!

Be that as it may, it's one of those pure Irish luckpieces that Gene and Betsy ever got together. Gene remembers he was a dance director getting together a floor show for Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe on Broadway when she came wandering in looking for a job. Gene was in shirtsleeves at the time, with a crop of whiskers and

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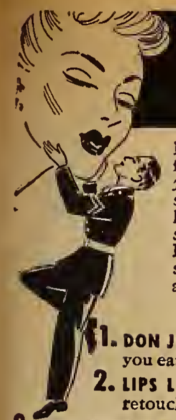

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looking like a stage hand instead of the boss who was picking the girls. When Betsy strolled up to him asking questions about the place, she didn't have any idea to whom she was talking. "I'm a very fine dancer," she told Gene then.

prize apple . . .

"Oh, is that so?" he retorted, stifling a grin, and advised her to come back tomorrow when the boss would be around. When Gene turned out to be the boss, Betsy blushed like a beet, and maybe that's why Gene picked her for the show, although she actually did turn out to be a "very fine dancer," the best in the crowd and the hardest worker. That intrigued Gene so much he started taking her out. Then to his amazement he discovered Betsy was not just a dancer but the girl with the highest I.Q. in her New Jersey school district. She'd actually graduated from high school at 14! Every time he took her out, Gene found Betsy wiser and sweeter, and when he got his Hollywood contract after "Pal Joey," he couldn't imagine leaving without her. Gene still thinks Betsy is twice as smart as he'll ever be, with the natural wisdom edge all girls know they have over men.

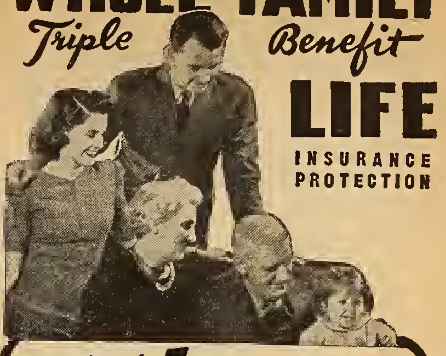
Gene and Betsy are always doing something worthwhile together in the self-improvement line. They learned Spanish and French together, and now Betsy goes to UCLA to Russian classes and Gene has promised to take it up with her. He already knows his economics and sociology, so Betsy's taking those courses, too, to catch up. I wouldn't call the pair dull intelligentsia, eccentrics or bookworm whacks, at all. But they'll never be behind the times, that's a cinch.

It's no pose, either. Gene has always resented social discriminations since his school days when he earned honors as an athlete, dancer and student, only to find snobby fraternities barred to him because of religious prejudice. He has studied all phases of political science and sociology—and just to show you how well he knows his stuff, Gene was invited back to his old alma mater, Pittsburgh University, not long ago to address the student body on—not show business, dancing or Hollywood—but current aspects of those two solid subjects above.

something for the boys . . .

Gene Kelly's current ace enthusiasm is entertainment for service hospitals, which as anyone knows, are growing day by day as the war gets grimmer. Gene was up in Portland, Oregon, last year with Dinah Shore on a war bond rally when Dinah was called back to Hollywood, and he found himself with a few days on his hands and nothing to do. He got the idea of visiting a service hospital nearby and what he saw made him think. Then he volunteered for the USO-sponsored hospital tour that he just completed before going into "Anchors Aweigh." That convinced him, as follows: That those GI patients are the hero boys who need bucking up—that not only during the war but after it, for a long time. Ed Wynn and a bunch of other Broadway and radio entertainers discovered the same thing about the same time. So by now the ball is rolling to organize a regular actor circuit to handle that great and human need. Naturally, Kelly is right in the thick of that.

In fact, the other night Gene got a bright idea about the hospital circuit on the way home from a meeting where he and other Hollywood actors had met to talk over ways and means. He dropped into a delicatessen and brought three cheese sandwiches and a bottle of beer for himself and a pint of ice cream for Betsy. Betsy ate her ice cream and snoozed off, but



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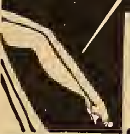

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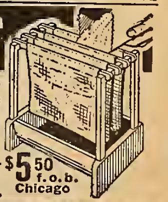

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Gene burned the bulbs until 6 A. M. working out his big idea.

That's about the only vice Gene Kelly has, night-owling—and the reason he's that way is because somehow he's mentally sharper when the sun goes down. It's no dissipation complex, because, like I say, he really loathes gyp-joint night life. Gene sticks to beer generally and right now isn't smoking at all. He does, though, when he gets into a tough routine or picture. "Just," he complains, "when I need oxygen, I chain-smoke carbon monoxide!" The "Cover Girl" dance practically asphyxiated him, and ever since he has sworn off. But he's afraid of a backslide when the going gets tough on a set.

Being a dancer and a former athlete of no mean rank, Gene is always conscious of, and respects, his physique. It's a swell one—smallish, but muscled and bouncy. Gene played football, baseball, basketball and about everything else in school and made the teams with no trouble at all. He's always been a swell skater and hockey player and swam like a porpoise, before a tricky sinus kept him out of the water. Besides, the kind of dancing Kelly does is no easy-chair exercise. He goes through no health regime that way either—keeps in trim, oddly enough, by playing touch-football with the neighbor kids in his backyard and in the noon hours with camera crews. The other day he disappeared and stayed away by himself all afternoon. Betsy asked where he'd been.

"Roller skating," replied Gene. He's pretty fancy on skates, so he'd been rolling happily around a public rink all by himself all afternoon.

dancing master . . .

Matter of fact, despite his keen noggin and adult thoughts, there's a lot of the kid about Gene Kelly. He likes kids, too, and spent much time with them in his dancing school in Pittsburgh which still bears the tag, "Gene Kelly School of the Dance" and which his sister runs in the Smoky City. He has the patience and know-how of a born teacher, as Judy Garland found out on the set of "For Me and My Gal." And in "Cover Girl," Phil Silvers, the funny man, who had never ripped off a step in his life, found Gene talking him into something.

He kept shouting "No!" when Gene suggested that he do a dance.

"Make a sap out myself stacked against you and Hayworth—are you crazy?" protested Phil. But Gene had a reason—Phil was in a gay street scene where the rest of them danced merrily and darned if he was going to let Phil spoil it. Phil danced, even though Gene worked his legs off and almost sweated him into a collapse.

When the picture came out all Silvers' Hollywood chums expressed their amazement. "Didn't know you were a dancer, Phil," they said.

"I'm not. Kelly hypnotized me!"

Gene's always anxious to see youngsters get a break, too. When he made "Christmas Holiday," he spied talent in his stand-in, Joe Thornton, and promptly staked him to tuition in the Actors' Laboratory, a swell dramatic training school in Hollywood, and talked Director Siodmak, too, into giving Joe a bit in the picture.

But about that kid-stuff and Kelly: Gene could double for Junior in plenty of ways around the house. He won't drink his milk, for instance, calls it a "boring drink" and can't understand why Betsy loves the stuff. He hates vegetables. His worst abomination is a tie, and when he goes to the city and has to wear a hat and a tie both, somebody almost has to get him down and put them on him. He hates to shave and dreams of living where he could grow a beard and get away with it. Gene's

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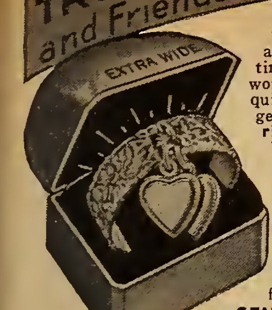

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not too responsible about money, either—he's always running short and borrowing lunch money from an extra or somebody at M-G-M. As a handy man and householder he's pretty hopeless, too. About his only domestic achievements so far are a couple of lamps made out of wine bottles. Gene puts them up in the front room every now and then, but he notices they disappear pretty mysteriously and pretty fast.

Some of his more relaxed personal habits, Gene confesses, have been picked up since he came to California and started letting down in the sun. There are a lot of things you have to do in New York, like keeping dressed up, that Gene can do without, but he hasn't gone *all* California yet. Gene thinks New York is a great place to visit, and he definitely would not hate to live there. Matter of fact, that's just where he'd like to live, with trips to Hollywood instead of vice versa. But he's really not picky. Gene is convinced Los Angeles, or Hollywood, or whatever you'd like to call it, is due to be the biggest city in the country one of these days with all the arts—not just acting—centering around here. So he's getting himself resigned to the scenery. Gene likes the mountains and the seashore both—but what people see in the desert baffles him. He took Betsy to Palm Springs, and although they left to spend a week they came back the same night!

The Kellys just aren't the type to rusticate. Gene would look awful and feel still worse in overalls and a pipe. They're still city minded—no ranchos dancing in the back of their heads—chickens, cows, horses or any of that barnyard stuff. Gene admits it. He would like a dog for Kerry when she gets a little older. He likes dogs all right but not unless there's room for them to run. He had a mutt once in New York, but when he saw all the other pavement pups jogging along the concrete on leashes with a hothouse complexion, he took his up to a friend's farm in Maine and left him there.

Matter of fact, Gene Kelly isn't the least bit worried or anxious about his comforts or fun in the future. He feels there's a plenty big worry and all kinds of work to be done right now to get this world back on the tracks. If you merely mention the subject he'll go on for hours about the actor's function in wartime. He doesn't think it has been clearly defined, and that as a result there's a lot of fumbling the ball and checking signals with misdirected effort here and there. Gene is 1-A in the draft and was called up for a physical by his New York board when he was back there last. But he got a deferment to entertain the soldiers, and so he's back off the GI roll call for a few more months, anyway.

He's just as frank as honest and as intelligent about that situation as he is about everything else. "In my honest opinion," he'll tell you, "I think actors are worth more, in most cases, as entertainers. But it just happens that a lot of them like me want to get in there with everybody else and shoot real bullets. There's nothing wrong with my health. I'm young and I'm tough enough, and I want to get into a soldier suit."

Well—that's a new way to look at the draft, and incidentally, it's as refreshing as a breeze in July. There are some other Kellys from Pittsburgh, particularly one nicknamed "Commando," who has done all right with himself in this scuffle and wears the Congressional Medal of Honor to prove it. It would never do to let another clan of Kellys—especially right in your own home town—give you the back of their hand. You know how guys named Kelly feel when there's a scrap going on. Kelly is Gene's real name.

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WAITING FOR JEAN PIERRE

(*Continued from page 55*)

away is more like a blessed vision than an actuality.

Another thing that is keeping Maria busy is the sculpting of a bust of Jean Pierre. While she works, Maria's thoughts go over the letters he has written, the anecdotes he has told, the little things he says and does which make him so dear.

She hollows the eyes of the clay: Jean Pierre has deep-set eyes, blue and penetrating, that can see through spirit as well as matter. He wrote from London, after he had arrived and conferred with both British and French officials, "I like these people very much because they are mentally clever and straight in their ideals."

In perfecting the jawline and the mouth of the bust, Maria was careful to delineate the modesty of expression, a modesty continually being expressed in his letters.

reunion in Oran . . .

There was, for instance, the occasion when he reported to his commanding general at Oran. The general had heard a good deal about Jean Pierre Aumont.

He looked hard for a moment at Lieutenant Aumont and then boomed, "If you are as good as your friends tell me, we will win this war very soon."

Jean Pierre swallowed hard, blushed scarlet and finally produced a small voice which whispered, "Yes, mon général."

But on the whole, Jean escaped the "stigma" of his fame very well. The men in his outfit generously ignored his eminent past and treated him, from the beginning, like one of themselves.

With her palet knife, Maria was careful to mold the clay to the strong curve of humor about Jean Pierre's mouth, to the gaiety and whimsy he can find in any situation. A situation say, like the time, when lined up for general inspection in North Africa, he was recognized by a colonel who swooped down upon the modest lieutenant and embraced him with true French fervor. That this was a violation of military regulations amused Jean Pierre; that it was a spontaneous outburst of warm friendliness touched him—the colonel had been a technical adviser on a French Aumont picture.

Then there was the case of the Misplaced Major. Lt. Aumont was introduced to this officer, who proved to be very cordial, inviting Jean Pierre to be his guest for dinner on a certain night. When the evening arrived, Jean Pierre—in pressed uniform and polished brass—presented himself at the major's door.

After he had recovered from what appeared to be a momentary astonishment, the major was obviously delighted.

As the evening closed on a warm, comradely basis, Jean Pierre thanked his host for a lavish dinner and begged the opportunity to return the hospitality at some immediately future date. The major was charming. "We were so honored that you were able to drop in on us," he said.

As Jean Pierre strode back to camp he suddenly saw the light—he had called on the *wrong* major!

The Aumont humor repeatedly slipped past the censor as, husband-like, Pierre tried to let Maria know where he was stationed at the time. "I have just met so-and-so," he wrote. "He is a very clever guy—or, should I say *chap*, eh wot?"

In one of her letters to her husband, Maria wrote to say that a friend of theirs, a retired business man, was keeping his garden in thriving condition—when his moods allowed him to work.

This particular gentleman has a standing personal feud with anything Russian, regardless of Russia's place in the Allied war effort, and so, referring to the recent Russian successes, Jean Pierre wrote, "Is our kind friend still doing his gardening—or have the headlines upset him too much to hoe?"

In another letter, Maria wrote of the astounding case of the Masticated Spectacles. It seems that, in the Hollywood French colony, there is one gifted individual who—without ill affect—occasionally nibbles at a bit of glass. One day, at a gay holiday party, this guest devoured the eyeglasses of another guest who considered the feat less remarkable than rude.

Maria could just see Jean Pierre's blue eyes twinkling as he commented on this tid-bit with ". . . having lost his glasses, I don't see how V . . . could possibly have *seen* the joke."

In shaping the outline of the head, Maria was careful to emphasize the breadth and height of Jean Pierre's forehead, and the fine curve of his backhead—unmistakable clues to his tenderness and devotion.

love memory . . .

He spends a great deal of time with a friend who, knowing Maria well, is able to imitate her accent perfectly—even to her troubled "J's." As she has repeatedly told her lieutenant, "I have difficulty to say my yays," so the name emerges from the Montez treatment something like "Hon Pierrrrrrre."

And so, in far-away Africa, Jean Pierre asks over and over, "Say my name as Maria says it."

Jean Pierre has a great capacity for affection, deeply cherishing his brother, Francois (nicknamed "Poum") and his friends, Charles Boyer and Claude Dauphin. M. M. Dauphin and Jean Pierre are serving together, and Jean Pierre wrote, "between us is a warmer and deeper feeling than ever before. We have so much to say to one another that we speak together until four or five in the morning. I have shown him all of your pictures, and he adores you already."

Great as is his affection and admiration, Lt. Aumont also allows himself an occasional burst of husbandly criticism. On the boat going over, he was shown a rather cheap publication in which appeared Miss Montez of Hollywood, wearing a white bathing suit. It seemed to her husband that the suit was rather more brief than necessary, and it required several transatlantic exchanges of heated mail to explain the situation, reinforced by Maria's statement that she is never again going to pose for cheesecake.

One evening, when her precious clay sculpture was beginning to mold into a clearly-defined and satisfying likeness of Jean Pierre, Maria left it long enough to attend a friend's party. Afterward, she and three other guests returned to her home for an impromptu concert and to finish their chat.

After they had gone, she went to the small workroom and discovered that one of the guests—perhaps from prankishness, perhaps from malice—had taken palette knife and scraped the face flat s that the formation of the features wa reduced to a shapeless mass.

Maria spent an entire day crying bitterly over such unkindness. Then sh resoaked the clay and set to work onc more. There were more letters to be read more dreams to be dreamt—the wor would go swiftly.

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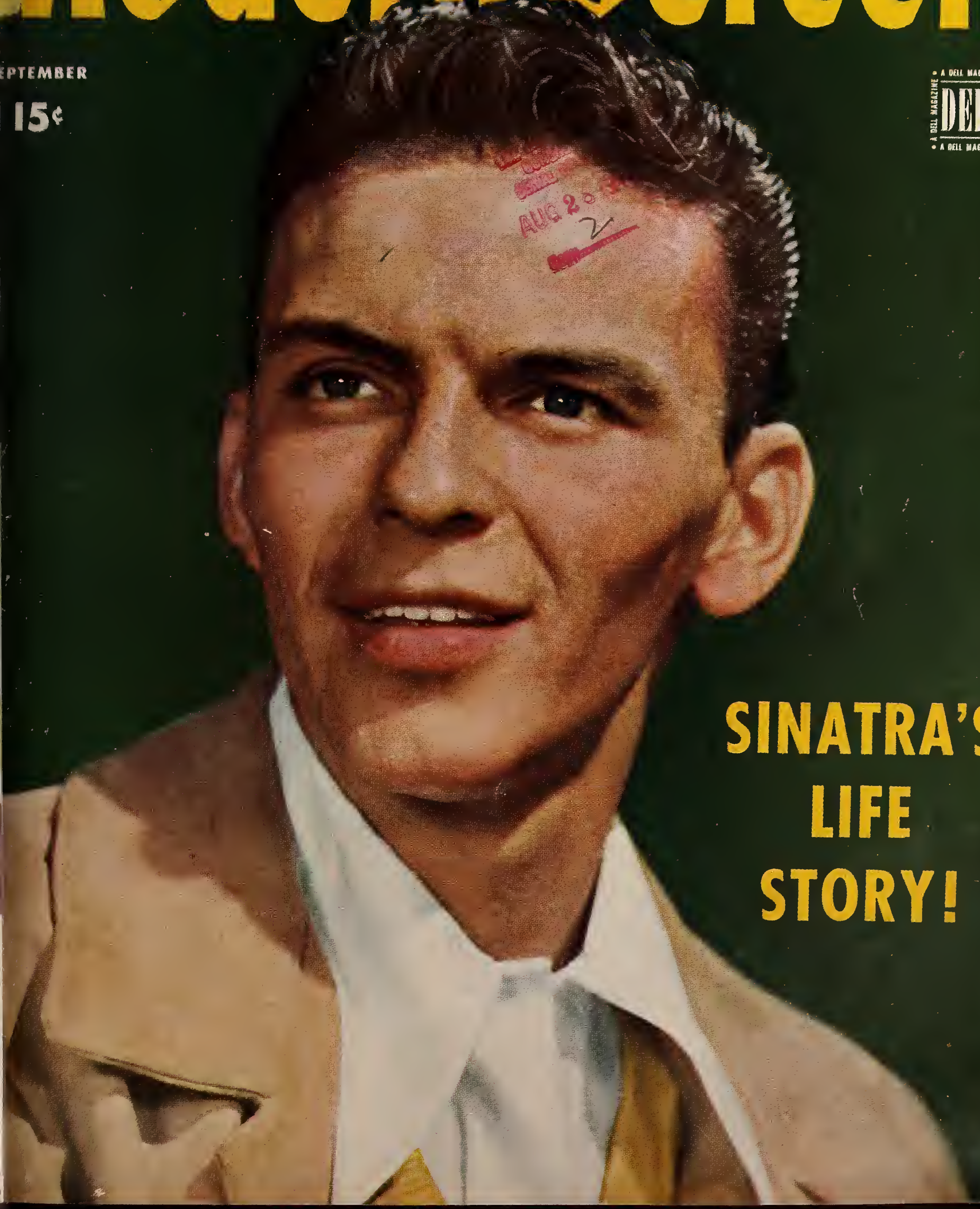

AUG 2
2

SINATRA'S LIFE STORY!

JG 19 1944
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A lovelier you... Skin's Softer, Smoother

with just One Cake of Camay!

Tests by doctors prove Camay is really mild

A softer, fresher, more captivating complexion -*for you* . . . with just *one cake* of Camay . . . when you change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Yes—doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions . . . on girls with skin like YOURS! And most complexions simply bloomed. They looked clearer, fresher . . . with the very *first* cake of Camay.

. . . it cleanses without irritation

These tests gave proof of Camay's *mildness* . . . proof it can *benefit* skin. The doctors reported, *"Camay is really mild. It cleansed without irritation."* No wonder Camay can bring such exciting new beauty to skin.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

So easy—you simply cream Camay's mild lather over face—forehead, nose. Rinse warm. Add a cold splash for oily skins. Repeat morning and night.

That's all—and with your *first* cake of Camay, your complexion takes on softer, sweeter appeal!

Mrs. John Louie
OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

"A lovelier complexion may mean romance—so do try my Camay," suggests Mrs. Louie. "I found my first cake brought delicate new softness to my skin."

Your Camay is precious—make it last!

Vital materials go into soap. Be patriotic . . . use *just* what you need.
★Whip up a lovely Camay lather . . . with just a few rubs on your cake. ★Return your Camay *at once* to a dry soap dish. ★Tuck your Camay slivers into a bathmit for *grand* lather!

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

A radiant smile wins admiration!

Let your smile bring new happiness. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

LET YOUR HOPES SOAR, Plain Girl! It doesn't take beauty to rate special raves.

Watch the girls who score the biggest hits—the girls who invite popularity and romance. See how often their appeal lies *in their smiles!*

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a smile that hesitates, timid and uncertain—but one that is gay and flashing, bright as dancing sunbeams. Remember that such a smile needs sparkling teeth—bright teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush" a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink", *see your dentist!* He may tell you your gums have become sensitive—denied natural exercise by soft, creamy foods. And he may, as many dentists do, suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage".

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, aids the health of the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Circulation steps up in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Start today to let Ipana and massage help you to have brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more radiant smile.

On Top of the World—that's the girl whose smile is a sparkling charm. Let Ipana Tooth Paste and massage help you keep the heart-stirring radiance in your smile!

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Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We made lots of promises about what to expect in this year of grace and the Number Twenty anniversary of M-G-M.

★ ★ ★ ★

One of the promises was "The White Cliffs of Dover". And from the success and the opinions, guess we've a right to say—promise fulfilled.

★ ★ ★ ★

Another—and what another!—is the forthcoming "Dragon Seed".

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll see "Dragon Seed" on the billboards. You'll see "Dragon Seed" on the express trucks. You'll read about "Dragon Seed" in your newspapers. You'll hear about "Dragon Seed" on the "M-G-M Screen Test" radio program.

★ ★ ★ ★

And all the shouting will be about something that deserves the shouting.

★ ★ ★ ★

Pearl Buck's best-seller is the story. M-G-M, you may recall, is the producer of her "Good Earth". But "Dragon Seed" makes this former remarkable production pale into whatever things pale into.

★ ★ ★ ★

Mask of Katharine Hepburn by famed W. T. Benda

Katharine Hepburn as "Jade" gives one of the outstanding performances of this or any year.

★ ★ ★ ★

But others—Walter Huston in particular—Aline MacMahon, Akim Tamiroff, Henry Travers—are right up there. As is the splendid direction of Jack Conway and Harry Bucquet.

★ ★ ★ ★

Pandro Berman produced. Misses Roberts and Murfin did the screen play. It's all a wonderful package.

★ ★ ★ ★

This tremendously dramatic, unquestionably tender personal narrative stands in the foreground of China's magnificent resistance to inhuman aggression.

★ ★ ★ ★

Other publications are calling "Dragon Seed" the Picture of the Month. Certainly that. It is really the Picture of the Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

But even more—it is the Picture of the Hour.

—Leo

modern screen

STORIES

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To hypo the fans overnight with his "Damian" in "North Star," to make Farley Granger more than just a name on a dog tag ... 40

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Presenting the other Errol Flynn—the art gallery owner who climbed out of the headlines into a million G.I. hearts 42

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Rich, glamorous Alice Faye once confided to a friend, "Some day I want a houseful of kids." That friend was Hedda Hopper, and here she tells us how that dream came true 44

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By day he was a regular fellah setting up the kids to a round of tootsie rolls in grandpa's store. But at night he was mama's sleepy little lamb. Life story, part 1 46

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He could be veddy lifted-pinky, but Dana Andrews is just a joe with 11 hits behind him and a chock-full career ahead 52

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Young Dix was an angel warbling "Onward Christian Soldiers" in the church choir—until the cherub on his right hissed "Pantywaist" 56

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COVER: Frank Sinatra in RKO's "Step Lively." Photo by Pagano

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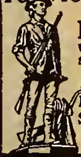

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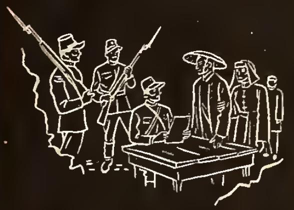
Pearl Buck's best seller has become one of the truly fine motion pictures of our time . . .

The glorious story of a girl with a fighting heart and the man who fought by her side . . .



Katharine Hepburn as the brave and lovely "Jade" gives THE performance of her career . . .

For its tremendous drama and great tenderness, a triumph that exceeds even "The Good Earth"!

M-G-M's

DRAGON SEED

KATHARINE HEPBURN
WALTER HUSTON
ALINE MacMAHON
AKIM TAMIROFF
TURHAN BEY

Hurd Hatfield • J. Carrol Naish
Agnes Moorehead • Henry Travers
Robert Bice • Jacqueline de Wit
Frances Rafferty • Robert Lewis

Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts and Jane Murfin • Based on the Novel by Pearl S. Buck • Directed by Jack Conway and Harold S. Bucquet
Produced by Pandro S. Berman

M-G-M
Twenty Years Of
Screen Leadership

Spark from Casanova's (Gary Cooper) cigarette fires wife's (Teresa Wright) parental mansion, touches off series of major catastrophes.

Fannie Hurst LOOKS AT "CASANOVA BROWN"

■ "Casanova Brown" finds its way, straight as the crow flies, to your funny bone, and your approval.

Cheers, *International Pictures,* for your first-born.

Here is farce without doors, a house afire without bells, all accomplished without mirrors or hokum. It's a foamy, pleasantly light soufflé that doesn't bog down.

If possible, corral a seat in the loges and sink in deeply because you are going to have a good evening. But don't worry too much if there are only ordinary seats to be had. Anyway you look at it, you'll have a good time at "Casanova Brown."

Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell are the authors of the play from which this picture has so adroitly *(Continued on page 8)*

For additional movie reviews by Virginia Wilson, turn to page 10

THE MOST WARMLY HUMAN STORY . . . THE MIGHTIEST PANORAMA OF THRILLS EVER FILMED!

Five women in love! Intrigue in Washington! Flaming passions at Versailles! Famous stars . . . 12,000 players . . . surging through 200 sets . . . echoing with 87 beloved songs!

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WILSON

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ALEXANDER KNOX · CHARLES COBURN
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RUTH NELSON · SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
VINCENT PRICE · WILLIAM EYTHE · MARY ANDERSON
AND A HUGE CAST OF 12,000

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Directed by HENRY KING
Written for the Screen by LAMAR TROTTI

THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN 50 YEARS OF MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!

Goodnight Sweetheart

Ladies and Gentlemen—
It's a Sweetheart of a Picture!

Yes! It's gay with that youthful romantic spirit! It's reckless with the kind of abandon that makes for swell fun when you join in the joy! It's a grand cast in a grand screen treat!

Starring
Robert LIVINGSTON
and RUTH TERRY

with HENRY HULL
GRANT WITHERS
THURSTON HALL
LLOYD CORRIGAN

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

(Continued from page 6)

emerged, with Sam Wood waving his expert directing finger. The cast is the sort which once in a blue-moon causes an author to mutter into his beard: "They bring to my lines a darned sight more than I ever put into them!"

Notably heading the players is Gary Cooper at his Gary Cooper-ish best.

If you must know the story, all right, but it's far better that you wait and get it for yourself. The reason is obvious. "Casanova Brown" is zany! And first rate motion picture zaniness has to be seen to be fully appreciated.

It's about Casanova Brown, college professor, who can trace his lineage back to that cut-up Giovanni Casanova, whose proper noun of a name has become synonym for "improper."

Let us hasten to assure all, however, that our local Casanova commits his delightful indiscretions within the conservative framework of the American way. Let us also hasten to assure that Casanova Brown, college professor, ceases being scholarly almost before he begins.

In the opening scene he steps off a New York train and pleads with his waiting fiancée (Anita Louise) to never again permit him to visit New York. There is portent of impending events in "them thar words." And do they impend!

A father-in-law to end all father-in-law traditions, fabulously played by Frank Morgan, lurks around the corner. So do half-million-dollar houses afire, maternity wards, kidnappings, altar hit-and-missings. It's all literate, high-grade nonsense, as epicurean as Casanova Brown's famed ancestor himself, which starts early and is sustained throughout.

"Casanova Brown" succeeds in packaging a juicy 1944 version of his ancestor's goings-on that is certain to slide uproariously down the American gullet.

Trapped by something known as love, Professor Casanova, while on this visit to New York, which was originally for the purpose of selling a manuscript on the spicy subject of his Venetian ancestor, meets a Barnard college student and almost immediately ups and marries her. All this, mind you, while back home he has a very beautiful and very blonde fiancée, who is going to be waiting at the train when he arrives home and to whom he is going to say portentously, "Never, never let me go to New York again, my darling."

Clutch your brow along in here. But there's a flashback sequence which will straighten things out for you. At the point where Casanova Brown steps off the train, neither the audience nor his fiancée know that he has been married, and that all in that same brief interim, the marriage has been annulled.

a'waitin' at the church . . .

The major complication sets in on the day of his impending second marriage when a letter summons him to a maternity hospital in Chicago. This letter falls into the hands of that outrageous old bounder, his nearly-but-not-quite father-in-law.

Desperate, Casanova Brown is forced to take papa-in-law into his confidence. Together they figure out, that by plane and grace-of-God, Casanova can make-it and sneak-it to Chicago and back, before the wedding ceremony that afternoon.

The story, by way of Casanova taking father-in-law into his confidence, moves, via flashback, into the story of marriage number one to the smoky-haired Barnard student, which is played for all it is worth by Teresa Wright.

The arrival of young couple number-one at the half-million-dollar home of the Barnard college bride, is the scene of as comic a fire (which incidentally razes the house to the ground) as you will find in a celluloid library of motion pictures.

The sophomore bride's mother is played by Patricia Collinge in the key of mild and delightful dementia. An ardent disciple of astrology, she reads no good in the stars' version of her new son-in-law, and is instantly as opposed to him, and for just about as logical a reason as she is to cigarette smoking.

In his anxiety to propitiate his new mother-in-law, Casanova, caught smoking, inadvertently crams the lighted fag into his coat pocket. After a while his father-in-law leans sniffily forward to casually inquire, "Aren't you on fire, my boy?" Thereafter ensues . . .

It is after this marriage is annulled by way of parental interference between two young people who basically love one another, that Casanova steps off the train and is met by his waiting fiancée.

We now emerge from the flashback to marriage number-one and catch up with Casanova Brown on the day of his impending second marriage.

Only a few movie hours from the altar, Casanova makes his hurried dash for Chicago to ex-wife and child.

His arrival at the maternity hospital; the devices of bride number-one, who has lured him back to her side as she lies on her hospital bed after having borne him a daughter; the processes by which father-love came to Casanova; the kidnapping; the ultimate calling on-again of a called-off marriage while the infant daughter of these two reunited lovers gives an exultant little belch, tells as inadequately on paper as the story tells brilliantly across the screen. You've got to see it to appreciate it.

Never mind about lovely fiancée waiting at the church. You still like Casanova Brown, and you know that beauteous betrothed number-one will find quick compensations.

Even in those rare moments when all this farce widens and ever-so-slightly thins out, it is sustained above the danger line by consistently good direction and acting, which starts with Sam Wood, moves brightly through such principles as Cheers-for Gary-Cooper, Bravo-Frank-Morgan, Swell-Trouper Teresa Wright, Applause-for Patricia-Collinge and for Sweetness-and-Light Anita Louise and so on down through a competent list that hasn't a black mark against it.

From all of which you will deduce that "Casanova Brown" is a honey of a movie. Which it is!—*Int. Pictures released by RKO*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

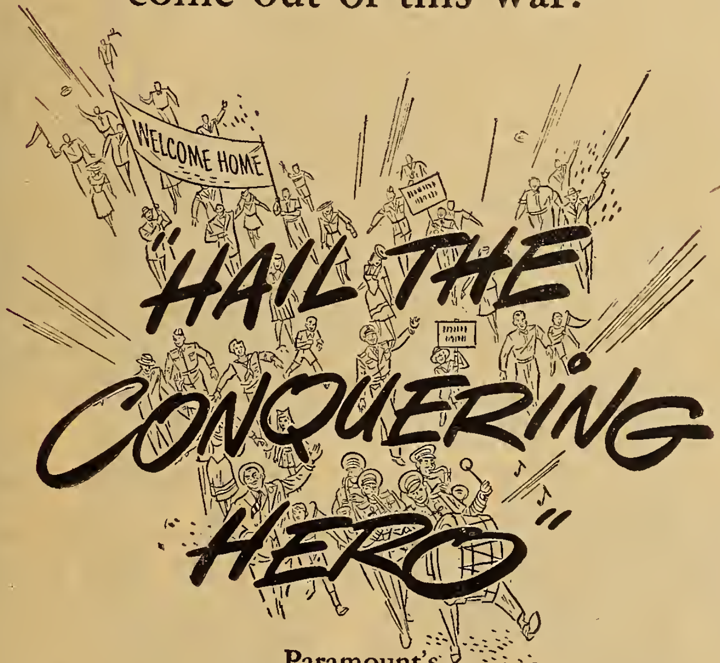
Nancy Kelly and Preston Foster were scheduled to appear at a Bond Rally being held at the Monesson, Pa., railroad station. In view of the fact that it was getting late and the stars had only a half-hour to spare between trains, the Master of Ceremonies decided to start reading Mr. Foster's speech about the three wounded soldiers who were present as guests of honor. When he got to the middle of the speech, the stars arrived and dashed up to the platform—with Preston Foster going right into the same speech, word for word, but with much dramatic inflection!

I wonder if Mr. Foster knows yet why that hysterical, but very appreciative, audience went into such gales of laughter at his truly moving rendition!

Joan Kelly,
Donora, Pa.

From the man
who gave you
"THE MIRACLE OF
MORGAN'S CREEK"

Preston Sturges...
your favorite
humorist...with
LOVE and LAUGHTER gives
you the greatest comedy to
come out of this war!



Paramount's
"Miracle" men are at it again

EDDIE BRACKEN

the unwilling father of "Morgan's Creek" becomes the unwilling hero of Oak Ridge

Ella Raines

Life's new candidate for a gal who'll go far!

William Demarest

Papa Kockenlocker becomes a Marine Sergeant—and on him it's becoming!

Raymond Walburn • Franklin Pangborn
Elizabeth Patterson • Bill Edwards

Written and Directed by **PRESTON STURGES**

what a riot!
what a heart!

The story of a man who
didn't go to war... but became
a hero to his home town!

EVEN IF YOU CAN'T
Wear One
of These

...YOU CAN STILL DO A
War Job!

IF you think you can qualify for enlistment as a WAC, WAVE, MARINE or SPAR, apply now. You are needed! Men must be freed for *active* service.

But other war jobs need doing, too. So if you can't serve in uniform, don't quit. Less glorious jobs are equally vital to victory!

Find your right war job today. Every woman working will speed the day when our men return victorious. Read the Want Ad section of your newspaper to see what war jobs now are open, and consult your local U. S. Employment Service Office for advice.

Published in co-operation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries by the makers of

☆MIDOL

When you've got the job, keep at it! Avoid absenteeism by remembering Midol. Use it regularly to relieve menstrual discomfort—functional cramps, headache, blues.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

MR. SKEFFINGTON

"Mr. Skeffington" is a long and elaborate picture founded on a very simple theme. The theme is one our grandmothers were fond of stressing—"Beauty is as Beauty does." In this picture, beauty does very badly indeed. Fanny Skeffington is beautiful as all get out, but she's an extremely unpleasant person. You want to hit her over the head with a vase of the flowers her admirers are always sending her. That is probably a tribute to the convincing intensity with which Bette Davis plays the part.

Fanny does have one person she cares about—her brother, Trippy (Richard Waring). It is to protect him and give him the wealth he has always taken for granted that she marries Job Skeffington (Claude Rains). Job is a clever, patient man, the head of a large Jewish brokerage firm. He knows Fanny has married him for his money, but he hopes to win her affection. Fanny however, continues to have a string of adoring beaux and treats Job with casual indifference. She does have a daughter by him but is more annoyed than anything else by the event.

As time goes on, it becomes more and more difficult for Fanny to remain a great beauty. It takes more time and work, and she needs more admirers to bolster her ego. She has no time left at all for Job. Anyway, she blames him for the death of her brother and for the fact that she has a growing daughter. When she finds that he is unfaithful to her, she is genuinely surprised. But she promptly takes that chance to divorce him and even persuades him to take the child.

Eventually Fanny becomes something of an institution—"The Beautiful Fanny Skeffington. How ever does she do it?" Her taste in men runs to the very young, very athletic type now. Such as Johnny Mitchell (Charles Drake). Then her daughter (Marjorie Riordan), a grown woman now, comes home. And at the same time, Fanny gets diptheria and loses the beauty that has enabled her to get away with so much. The results of that loss are far reaching indeed.

"Mr. Skeffington" is a fascinating picture. Claude Rains, Walter Abel and young Richard Waring are particularly good.—*War.*

P. S.

Bette Davis requested Vincent Sherman as director for this one. Argued with him intelligently and at great length, once production started, as to how Fanny Trellis should be played . . . If you'll take a good look at the picture of Bette that hangs over one of the mantel-pieces in the veddy formal home, you'll be seeing the very first painting Bette has ever commissioned to be done of herself. The role of Mrs. Skeffington interested her so much, she had the portrait painted, then loaned it to the studio. After the picture finished, she shipped the painting to her New Hampshire farm house . . . Claude Rains, portrayer of the title role, came close to the finger-nail chewing stage when production on the picture dragged out to twelve, finally fourteen weeks. Rains had a commitment to go to England for a picture with Vivien Leigh, and with every day that passed, chances for transportation to the British Isles grew slimmer. Finally made it, and will play half the title role this time, in "Caesar and Cleopatra" . . . One of the most charming performances in the entire film is a small bit by a ten-year-old girl during a scene in a crowded dining room. She is Sylvia Arslan, who so impressed Director Sherman with her work in an earlier picture of his, he had the little scene written in for her . . . Cameraman for "Skeffington" was Ernie Haller, one of the best cinematographers in the industry . . . Bette's hair-do and make-up took three, sometimes four hours to get ready, included sheets of facial rubber manipulated to form wrinkles and bags under her eyes. Extremely uncomfortable to wear, the harsh make-up nearly ruined the Davis complexion.

THE SEVENTH CROSS

This is the story of seven men, and of seven crosses in a concentration camp that wait for them. It is in particular, the story of one of these men—George Heisler (Spencer Tracy) and his fight for freedom.

Back in 1936 most of Germany was heiling Hitler with wild enthusiasm. But there were doubters, even then. Men, wiser than the rest, who foresaw the tragedy he would bring upon. These doubters, when discovered by the Gestapo, were put into concentration camps. Sometimes—not often—they escaped. Seven of them escape one foggy night from Westhofen. George Heisler is one of them. The break is led by a strong and determined man, Wallau (Ray Collins). He knows that their chances of reaching freedom are slight, but death is better than the concentration camp. Wallau is especially anxious for George to escape. George was a brilliant idealist when he came to Westhofen. He has been tortured until his mind is almost a blank. Still, a spark remains.

The seven men separate once they are outside prison walls. In that first breathless moment, they are hopeful. Then the siren sounds, dogs howl. George, lying half buried in the mud, hears a man scream. He knows that someone has been caught. But he doesn't know it's their leader, Wallau. Nor does he know that seven crosses are to be set up in the yard. Wallau is hung to the first one. The six others wait . . .

Day by dreadful day, George tries new avenues to freedom—and finds them blocked. Day by day, he reads of the capture of his comrades, until only one cross remains empty. Leni (Karen Verne) whom he dreamed of in prison, has married. She refuses—flatly, angrily—to help him. Still, there are others. Paul (Hume Cronyn) and his wife. A man named Sauer, who is afraid, (Continued on page 14)

NOW YOU CAN SEE IT AT POPULAR PRICES!

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN

If you like
ROMANCE
with your
ADVENTURE
-you'll love

WARNER BROS'
story of the man who made the Wild West wild with laughter and the girl he crossed a continent to find!

Starring

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BILL HENRY · WALTER HAMPDEN · ROBERT BARRAT · JOYCE REYNOLDS · Screen Play by Alan LeMay · Adaptation by Alan LeMay and Harold M. Sherman · Additional Dialogue by Harry Chandlee · All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by Mark Twain Co., and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman · Music by Max Steiner

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer · Produced by **Jesse L. Lasky** · Directed by **IRVING RAPPER**

BLIND DATE to WEDDING DATE

FOR THE GIRL WITH LUSTROUS HAIR

How thrilled I was when Kay called. "All set for a keen date? Bob and his buddy are home on a weekend leave." "Wonderful," I cried, "but my hair's so dull and dingy, I feel downright gloomy."

"Why Nestle Colorinse can help in nothing flat," Kay said. "Try it tonight after your shampoo." Did it work? I'll say! Just look at the sparkling highlights—the richer, warmer color, the glorious sheen it gave my hair. Besides—Colorinse leaves hair so much softer and silkier.

Jim Reed, my blind date, noticed too—says he's going to spend his whole life with my bright, sparkling head on his shoulder. I'll spend mine singing the praises of Colorinse.

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

121 pictures rated this month

We're listing just the very topnotch films that we think ought to be on your "must" list. Ratings are gleaned from our critic and newspaper critics the country over. 4★ means unsurpassed excellence, 3½★, very good, and 3★, good. C denotes that the picture's recommended for children.

Movie	Rating
A Guy Named Joe (M-G-M)	3½★
Action in the North Atlantic (Warners)	3½★
Adventures of Mark Twain, The (Warners)	C 3½★
Amazing Mr. Forrest, The (PRC)	3★
Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble (M-G-M)	C 3★
Around the World (RKO)	3★
Bathing Beauty (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Battle of Russia (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Best Foot Forward (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Between Two Worlds (Warners)	3★
Black Parachute, The (Columbia)	3★
Bombers' Moon (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Casanova in Burlesque (Republic)	3★
Christmas Holiday (Universal)	3★
Claudia (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Cobra Woman (Universal)	3★
Corvette K-225 (Universal)	4★
Crazy House (Universal)	C 3½★
Cross of Lorraine, The (M-G-M)	3★
Cry Havoc (M-G-M)	3★
Dancing Masters, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Days of Glory (RKO)	3½★
Desert Song, The (RKO)	C 3★
Destination Tokyo (Warners)	4★
Detective Kitty O'Day (Monogram)	3★
Diary of a Nazi (Artinko Pictures)	3★
Drifter, The (PRC)	3★
Fire in the Straw (Benoit-Levy Production)	3½★
Fired Wife (Universal)	3★
Flesh and Fantasy (Universal)	3½★
Follow the Boys (Universal)	3½★
For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount)	4★
48 Hours (Michael Balcon-British Production)	4★
Gangway for Tomorrow (RKO)	3★
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Gaslight (M-G-M)	4★
Ghost Ship, The (RKO)	3★
Gildersleeve's Ghost (RKO)	3★
Girl Crazy (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Girl in the Case, The (Columbia)	3★
Going My Way (Paramount)	C 4★
Guadalcanal Diary (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Gyandev of India (Prabhat Studios)	3★
Happy Land (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Henry Aldrich Plays Cupid (Paramount)	C 3½★
Hi Diddle Diddle (United Artists)	3★
His Butler's Sister (Universal)	3★
Hitler Gang, The (Paramount)	3½★
Home in Indiana (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Hostages (Paramount)	3★
Hour Before the Dawn, The (Paramount)	3★
I Dood it (Paramount)	C 3★
In Old Oklahoma (Republic)	3★
Invisible Man's Return, The (Universal)	3★
Jam Session (Columbia)	3★
Johnny Come Lately (United Artists)	3★
Kansan, The (United Artists)	3★
Lassie Come Home (M-G-M)	C 4★
Law of the Saddle (PRC)	C 3★
Let's Face It (Paramount)	C 3½★
Lifeboat (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Madame Curie (M-G-M)	4★
Man From Down Under, The (M-G-M)	3★
Man From Frisco (Republic)	3½★
Man From Music Mountain, The (Republic)	3★
Mask of Dimitrios (Warners)	3½★
Men On Her Mind (PRC)	3★
Moon Is Down, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Mummy's Ghost (Universal)	3★
Mystery Man (United Artists)	3★
Navy Way, The (Paramount)	3★
No Time For Love (Paramount)	3½★
North Star, The (RKO)	4★
Northern Pursuit (Warners)	3★
Old Acquaintance (Warners)	3★
Once Upon A Time (Columbia)	C 3½★
Paris After Dark (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Passport to Destiny (RKO)	3★
People's Avengers (Artinka)	3★
Phantom of the Opera, The (Universal)	3½★
Pin Up Girl (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Princess O'Rourke (Warners)	3½★
Riding High (Paramount)	3★
Roger Touhy, Gangster (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Russian Story, The (Artinko Pictures)	3★
Russians at War (Artinko Pictures)	3★
Sahara (Warners)	4★
Secret Command (Columbia)	3½★
Seven Days Ashore (Universal)	3★
Shake Hands With Murder (PRC)	3★
Show Business (RKO)	C 3½★
Siege of Leningrad (Lenfilm)	4★
Silk, Blood and Sun (Maya Films)	3★
Silver Spurs (Republic)	C 3★
Someone to Remember (Republic)	3★
Song of Bernadette (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Song of the Open Road (United Artists)	C 3★
Spider Woman, The (Universal)	3★
Stormy Weather (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Story of Dr. Wassell, The (Paramount)	3★
Sweet Rosie O'Grady (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Thank Your Lucky Stars (Warners)	3★
Two Girls and a Sailor (M-G-M)	4★
They Met In Moscow (Moscow Film Studios)	4★
This is the Army (Warners)	C 4★
This Is the Life (Universal)	C 3½★
Top Man (Universal)	C 3★
True to Life (Paramount)	3½★
Trysil Knut (Triangle Films)	4★
Up in Mabel's Room (United Artists)	3★
Vi Hemslavinnor (Swedish Film)	3½★
Virgenque Forjo una Patria (Clasa Film)	4★
What a Woman (Columbia)	3★
We've Come A Long, Long Way (Negro Marches On, Inc.)	3★
Where Are Your Children? (Monogram)	3★
Whispering Footsteps (Republic)	3★
Whistler, The (Columbia)	3½★
White Cliffs of Dover, The (M-G-M)	4★
Wintertime (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Youngest Profession The (M-G-M)	C 3★

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Fibber McGee and Molly

IN

Heavenly Days

WITH

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Barbara **HALE** · Don **DOUGLAS** · Irving **BACON**

Produced by Robert Fellows · Directed by Howard Estabrook

Screen Play by Howard Estabrook
and Don Quinn
Original Story by Howard Estabrook

Another
of the
great
RKO
RADIO
PICTURES

To Families and Friends of Servicemen:
This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 10*)

but finally helps anyway. And Toni (Signe Hasso), who risks her life for George. In the background is the Gestapo always searching. But searching, too, is George's best friend, Franz, who can get him out of the country if he can find him. Which will get to George first?

The extraordinary cast of this inspiring picture includes Agnes Moorehead, Jessica Tandy, Katherine Locke, and Felix Bressart. Spencer Tracy and Signe Hasso are superb.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Signe Hasso spent most of her spare time in front of a radio mike—broadcasting her mother's poems to Sweden via shortwave. Signe's mother is Helfrid Larsson, famous Swedish painter and poet. Signe has also been contributing Hollywood articles to "Veckojournalen," the Swedish equivalent of our "Life" Magazine. . . Hume Cronyn sold his second short story to a Canadian publication. Has been commissioned to do a picture-story of Alfred Hitchcock. After a tour of Army Camps with the "Seventh Cross," Hume returned to the New York stage. . . . Ray Collins, veteran of more than 900 roles on stage and screen, is "the voice" in this. . . . Miss Hasso had the honor of being the last star to pose on the famous white bear rug of photographer George Hurrell which has been the background for most of the women stars in Hollywood for many years—George auctioned it for War Bonds. . . . One scene in the picture called for the sound of laughter of children at play. Director Fred Zinneman searched for likely-looking children—then couldn't get so much as a smile from them. As a last resort he took one of them for a "horsie ride" on his back, recorded the sound of the other three calling and laughing. Trouble came when he stopped—Fred had enough sound track, but the kids hadn't enough horsie rides. He spent the rest of the day giving each of the four a ride in turn. . . . Reproduction of the Cathedral of Mainz was the biggest task ever given the Metro prop department. Structure was 366 feet long, 150 feet wide, 89 feet high and was held up with 56 pillars. Was so real and awe-inspiring, cast went around the set on tip-toe, not speaking above a whisper.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO IN SOCIETY

If you're in search of an intellectual evening, this is not for you. But it's funny, and it doesn't involve any mental effort, and it has Marion Hutton as well as the Sultans of Slapstick. Abbott and Costello play a couple of plumbers who are let loose on Society. They aren't even very *good* plumbers. You ought to see Lou Costello trying to fix a leaky drainpipe. He hits it a crack with a hammer, the pipe breaks, water spouts over and starts filling up the bathtub. He cuts a hole in the side of the tub to keep it from overflowing. Final result: Abbott and Costello float triumphantly out of the bathroom in the tub, on something resembling the Johnstown flood. That gives you an idea of what to expect.

Their call to fix the drainpipe results in their being invited—by mistake, of course—to a week-end party at the home of Mrs. Roger Winthrop (Margaret Irving) veddy social. Their friend, Elsie Hammerdingle (Marion Hutton), lady taxi driver, is also invited—also by mistake. Young Peter Evans (Kirby Grant), who has more money than there is in the world, has fallen in love with Elsie, which irritates Mrs. Winthrop quote a lot. She had planned on marrying her daughter Gloria (Anne Gillis) to him and his bankroll.

Abbott and Costello are not equipped sartorially for a country week-end in the grand manner. But there are a couple of other guests, about the size of Bud and Lou, who mysteriously lose their luggage on arrival. From then on, the plumbers are the best dressed men in the place.

The boys' delight at all this is dimmed by the arrival of a well-known thief named Dexter. What makes it awkward is that they owe him a thousand dollars, and he is blackmailing them into helping steal a valuable painting. The boys refuse to help, and Dexter's pal starts making with the knives. Bud and Lou escape for the moment, but by then the painting has disappeared, and they are accused of stealing it. It is probably revealing no great secret to tell you that the boys capture the thief and turn out to be heroes. After all, this isn't a mystery story—it's a comedy and a good one.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Abbott and Costello return to the screen

Love begins with your lips when you dare to wear IRRESISTIBLE's most ravishing lipstick shade . . . RUBY RED. Its enchantment is positively hypnotic . . . like a fire that flashes from a priceless ruby. The secret WHIP-TEXT process gives your IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK luxurious creamy smoothness, making your lips so much lovelier longer! Get this exquisite, exciting lipstick today.

10c—25c SIZES

Irresistible LIPSTICK

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after an absence of more than eighteen months. Costello was seriously ill, and Abbott refused to make a picture without him. . . . Lou is the owner of a brand new producing company. His first contract actress was Anne Gillis (remember Becky in "Tom Sawyer"?) Lou, acting as Anne's agent, sold her contract to Universal so she could work with him in this picture. . . . Two of the most famous gag-men in the funny business worked on this one: Sidney Fields and Hal Fimberg. Sidney is the Mr. Guffey of the Eddie Cantor program. . . . Dance director George Dobbs spent weeks touring public swimming pools in California looking for eight beautiful girls. Wasn't necessary for them to be able to dance, sing or act—they were just to sit and look gorgeous in a bathing suit. . . . Cast and crew were taken on location for one week—to Pasadena, a half-hour's drive from Hollywood! In peace-time this is commuting distance. Gasoline shortage forced the studio to pack the whole gang into a bus and take them out for several days. . . . Arthur Treacher has competition in the person of Wm. C. Davidson in this picture, with the two men attempting to out-buttle one another. . . . Pay special attention to Kirby Grant, young romantic lead. Universal is grooming him for stardom—holds high hopes for his success in the movie world. . . . In case you didn't know, Marion Hutton—the gal who does such a terrific job on those three songs—is Betty's sister. . . . Villain Tom Gomez spent seven years on the New York stage with Lunt and Fontanne. . . . Edmund L. Hartmann was writer and co-producer, Jean Yarbough directed.

DRAGON SEED

You probably read "Dragon Seed" by Pearl Buck, and thought it would make a wonderful picture. M-G-M thought so too, and assembled a top flight cast to do it justice. Katharine Hepburn has the fascinating role of Jade. Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Akim Tamiroff and Hurd Hatfield make amazingly effective Chinese. But the one you'll probably pin your gaze to is handsome Turhan Bey.

Can you imagine a household where a woman who can read is not only a novelty but a problem? Ling Tan (Walter Huston) and his wife (Aline MacMahon) regard the educated Jade, who is married to their second son, with both awe and concern. It is better that a woman cook and wash and bear children than play with words printed on paper. The oldest son, Lao Ta, looks at his own lazy wife, Orchid, and thinks that at least *she* knows her place in the household. The youngest son, Lao San, says "If I had a wife like Jade, I would beat her." Jade's husband, Lao Er, is ashamed of his wife's unruliness, and yet he loves her and is proud of her, too. One day, to show his love, he buys her a book. That brings happiness to them both, and soon Jade tells him that she is to bear a child.

But the quiet farm with its rice paddies and grain fields is not as remote as it seems from world events. The Japanese are heading that way. "We are men of peace," says Ling Tan. "Surely they will not molest us." Jade and her husband disagree, and go to join a group of rebels in the hills. Ling Tan is indeed sadly wrong. The Japs come through, taking their usual course of murder and rape. Orchid falls victim to them. The sons of the house escape, eventually, to the hills. Ling Tan and his wife remain, although starvation and death hover like vultures. Their daughter is married to a merchant, Wu Lien, who is friendly with the invaders. He spies upon his wife's family and their activities. But before he can report his discoveries to the Japs, Jade

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That's why it's to your interest not to confuse Kleenex Tissues with any other brand. No other tissue is "just like Kleenex".

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. . . so I changed to FIBS* the tampon that's *easier to use!*

I never dreamed there could be such a *difference* in tampons . . . that a tampon could be so *easy to use*—'til I tried Fibs, the Kotex* Tampon for internal sanitary protection!

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(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

comes back—as rebellious and as beautiful as ever—and takes matters into her own hands. The women of China, as well as the men, have learned to be ruthless. Some day when peace comes, they will return to being women. But now they must first of all be patriots.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Walter Huston was so impressed with the set of the Ling Tan home, he plans to build one patterned after it on his 1000-acre ranch in Potterville, California, after the war. In place of the pond in the Ling Tan garden, Walter will build a swimming pool. . . . While in production, Walter expected son John home from overseas duty, but John didn't get home till weeks later. . . . Wei Hsueh, technical advisor for the film, is a Chinese student. Came to America after the Japanese invasion of his homeland. . . . Frances Rafferty's fiancé, Lt. Dewey Barnes, came through 25 bombing missions over Germany without a scratch—was almost killed in a California bus crash on his way to see Frances at the studio. . . . They'd planned a double wedding ceremony with another couple. Came the war, and the two men were sent to opposite sides of the world. Friend's fiancé returned home first so Frances acted as maid of honor instead of Bride No. 2. . . . Prop department constructed an entire Chinese village on the desert near Calabasas, California, for earth scorching scene. . . . Tiny Winifred Woo (9 months old at the time) objected vociferously to chewing on machine-gun shell until bright prop boy (who used to be a baby himself) suggested coating it with sugar. . . . Katie Hepburn never misses having a swim every morning before breakfast. 6:30 a.m. studio calls didn't stop her. She was paddling around in the hotel pool some mornings as early as 5:00. . . . Parents of Hurd Hatfield feared the movies might make a "sissy" out of Hurd—changed their minds when they came out from New York to watch their son work in "Dragon Seed." Happened onto the set the day Hurd, surrounded by flames, was having great hunks of plaster dropped on his head. Mother thought they were trying to kill him. Dad, a New York attorney, had only one comment, "Let me know if you decide to sue!"

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

Eddie Bracken in a picture directed by Preston Sturges is getting to be a major event. This one is even funnier than "Miracle at Morgan's Creek." Eddie is still the fall guy in a tough spot—bewildered, harassed and rebellious. Ella Raines plays his girl, and William Demarest is wonderful as a Marine sergeant. A comparative unknown named Freddie Steele turns in a superlative performance as a Marine with a "mother complex."

Woodrow Truesmith (Eddie Bracken) was a Marine himself for all of a month. Then he was given a medical discharge. Reason: Hay fever. For a lot of boys that would have been disappointing but not tragic. For Woodrow it's a catastrophe. You see, his dad was the town's biggest hero of World War I, and was killed at Belleau Wood. Everyone, including Woodrow's mother (Georgia Caine), expects Woodrow to follow in his footsteps. So when he's discharged from the Marines, he writes his mother that he has been sent overseas. He goes to work in a defense plant but manages to have letters mailed to her and his girl from Guadalcanal. He even writes Libby (Ella Raines) that he doesn't love her any more, so she won't

FREE OFFER!

Want a super-scrumptious mag for free? We'd love mailing you a FREE SCREEN ROMANCES packed with stories of all the latest movies and colored portraits of the stars. All you have to do is fill out this questionnaire. The first 500 we get will rate a copy of SCREEN ROMANCES, so be sure your coupon is in the mail by the 20th of August.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

MODERN SCREEN Spends a Day with Alan Ladd .... ☐
"Wilson" ☐
Boy Wanted (Farley Granger) ... ☐
Can't Help Lovin' that Man (Errol Flynn) .... ☐
Three of a Kind (Alice Faye)—by Hedda Hopper .... ☐
Frank Sinatra, Life Story Part I .. ☐
The Guy Next Door (Dana Andrews) .... ☐
Terrible Tommy (Tommy Dix) .. ☐
Dark Angel (Lena Horne) ...... ☐
G.I. Johnny (John Payne) ...... ☐
Tender Comrades (Donald O'Connor) .... ☐
Good News—by Louella Parsons. ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? ....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference ....

....

....

My name is ....

My address .... City .... State ....

I am .... years old.

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Joan Roberts

★

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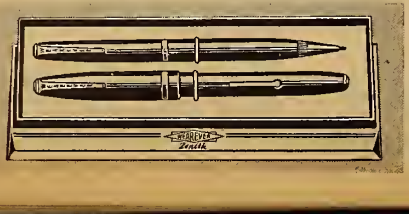

be sitting around waiting for him. Because that's the thing—he can't ever go home now and let them know he isn't a Marine at all.

At least *he* thinks he can't. But when he buys drinks one night for six Marines who are temporarily out of funds, they have a different idea. "You oughta go home," Bugsy (Freddie Steele) tells him. "You got a swell mother. Go home and make her happy." The Sergeant agrees with Bugsy. Before Woodrow knows what it's all about, he *is* home, in a handsome Marine uniform, with a flock of medals and six devoted buddies to tell everyone what a hero he was at Guadalcanal. Woodrow doesn't like any part of it, but he's outnumbered.

Only the thing gets out of hand. The whole town turns out with brass bands and flowers. They tear up the mortgage on his mother's house and even decide to make Woodrow mayor. That does it! Woodrow's got to get out of this mess, but fast. The trouble is, every time he tries there are six Marines to stop him. Until finally he thinks of a way . . .

You'll have an elegant time at "Hail The Conquering Hero."—*Par.*

P. S.

Eddie Bracken's first solo-starring picture gives him the chance to hit the height all comedians dream of—making a long, poignant, tear-jerking speech. His, at the story climax, runs seven minutes, and Eddie did it in one "take". . . . It was during production of this picture that Ella Raines announced her year-old marriage to Captain Kenneth Trout. MODERN SCREEN, incidentally, may take a bow for discovering Miss Raines when she first came to Hollywood. Doyle Brentano, a member of the Hollywood staff of M. S., met Ella and recognized star possibilities in her when others passed her by. Doyle introduced Ella to Hollywood and its Ways, guided her to the right agents and through the portals of the motion picture studios. Miss Raines finally landed a contract and now is headed for certain stardom. Mr. B. is in the Navy for the duration—has been in the South Pacific for nearly three years. . . . Production on the picture began with fifteen days on location at the Paramount ranch. Setting for the town of Oakridge, Calif., is the Morgan's Creek town with $1700 worth of changes. Store fronts were changed, and a church was added where the Morgan's Creek jail had been. . . . Working during the heat of summer, the crew guzzled 65 five-gallon jugs of water, 60 gallons of lemonade, 50 gallons of milk, 30 gallons of coffee and ten gallons of tomato juice. It took 1900 pounds of ice to keep these beverages cool. . . . Everyone rode to and from location in buses—sometimes as many as 15 were needed to transport the 175 extras. . . . The theater where Betty Hutton and Bracken held their morning rendezvous in the "Miracle," is still called the Regent. However, the bill has been changed from "The Lady Eve" to "The Palm Beach Story." Notice the statue in the park. It's supposed to represent Gen. Jacob Zabriski but is really the statue of Joel McCrea (The Great Man's Lady), with a new plaster beard!

THE CLIMAX

Universal seems very fond of a formula which combines opera with a "horror" plot. A sort of "Frankenstein at the Metropolitan" effect. Not that Frankenstein appears in this. The horror is supplied by that efficient purveyor of shudders, Boris Karloff. The opera department is presided over by lovely Susanna Foster, a swell actress and a handy girl with an aria.

Karloff plays Dr. Hohner, who is a familiar figure backstage at the opera. He was engaged to Marcellina, a great soprano who disappeared mysteriously ten years before. When he hears young Angela (Susanna Foster) sing, he is thrown into a turmoil of emotion. It is as though Marcellina's voice has come back to haunt him.

Other people, too, are impressed by the similarity in voices. Count Seebruck (Thomas Gomez) decides to star Angela. This delights the handsome music student, Franz (Turhan Bey), who loves her. But it infuriates the opera's present star, Jarmila (Jane Farrar). Dr. Hohner hears of a plan which is to go into effect the following week. He tells Angela she needs throat treatments and takes her to his home one night. There he shows her souvenirs of Marcellina, including a long string of pearls she wore the night of her disappearance. He winds them around Angela's pretty neck and would probably have strangled her there and then, had not his housekeeper Louise (Gale Sondergaard) appeared.

He does succeed in hypnotizing Angela into thinking she has lost her voice. The first time she tries to rehearse the star part, her voice breaks completely. Young Franz knows something is very wrong but isn't sure what. Then Dr. Hohner takes Angela home to "cure" her, and from that moment she is a bad insurance risk. The shudders are coming at regular intervals now—is everybody happy? If you like your creeps accompanied by music, this is your dish.—*Univ.*

P. S.

The mansion interiors may seem familiar to San Franciscans—the rooms and furnishings are actually part of the famous Mark Hopkins estate, formerly of Nob Hill, San Francisco. Universal Studios purchased the entire salon of the Hopkins home, had it shipped to Los Angeles in sections. The furniture is priceless—hand-carved in France, shipped around the Horn in the days of the California gold rush. . . . To make hypnotic scenes authentic, studio prop department rented the revolving disc, which hypnotizes Miss Foster, from a psychiatrist . . . discovered it's a dangerous instrument in the hands of an amateur when Susanna, after staring into it for several minutes, slumped in her chair. First Aid brought her out of the deep faint, left her with a terrific headache for several hours. . . . Edward Ward, musical director for the picture, was lavish with his praise when Susanna reached A above high C while recording vocals. . . . Dot Lawrence, so anxious to make a success of her biggest role to date, kept hurting herself in fainting scene during rehearsals. Director Wagner told her to read the lines for the rehearsal but not to faint again until the final shooting. Came the "take," the lights were set, the cameras were ready, the actors took their places, and Wagner gave the command to "roll 'em" . . . Dorothy was cued, "You will sing tonight." She picked up her line, "Tonight??" then slowly turning to the director, "Do I faint now, Mr. Wagner?" . . . Boris Karloff's five-year-old daughter has never seen a picture of her daddy. She's not allowed to see the spooky movies he makes, and all his stills are so gruesome Mrs. Karloff won't have them in the house. . . . Production was held up a whole day when Boogy-man Karloff lost his teddy-bear! Boris won't go before the camera unless the ragged bear is sitting on the script in his dressing room. He left it home one morning and refused to work until it was brought to the studio!

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Remember the way it goes? Here below are 20 clues. On pages 93 and 113 there are two more sets of clues, and on page 122 are the answers. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score, you'd have to guess all 20 questions on the first set of clues. 20 questions . . . at five points each . . . adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star for you. Simple, no? Go ahead, you quiz-ical brighties, and no cheating! 71's average this time, 78's good, 85 or so is in our class this month, and anything over is strictly genius. No fair peeking at page 122 for the answers, either.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Prexies 2 schools *pour la danse*
2. Rooney's "Uncle Spence"
3. Husky-voiced good fairy
4. Oriental actor-artist
5. Warners' Walter
6. Headlined with "Dear Diary . . ."
7. Matinee idol of gay 90's
8. $15,000 a week teddy bear cuddler
9. Sepia songstress
10. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch
11. Jean supplanted Joan
12. Jilted gag man
13. 44-inch cover girl
14. 3rd generation genius
15. Comedian of the *hour*
16. Written, directed, acted by—
17. Switched from sax
18. The siren of San Domingo
19. Smartest of 3 smart girls
20. Mixes cauliflower with ham

(*Continued on page 93*)

I LOVE A SOLDIER

Paulette Goddard and Sonny Tufts were a "natural" in "So Proudly We Hail." You fans demanded that they be starred together, and here they are.

Sonny is still playing a big, lumbering, good-hearted guy. Paulette, as Eve Morgan, is the wise-cracking type who goes out with a different soldier every night, and has no intention of getting involved with any of them. But when she meets Dan Kilgore (that's Sonny), her resolutions weaken. Dan and his friend Stiff (Walter Sande) have come on a solemn mission. Their buddy has been killed, and he left his dog tag and watch to Eve. Dan is furious when he finds that she doesn't even remember the guy. He gets into quite an argument with her, but somehow it ends with their going dancing. When Dan finally gets on the train that's to take him East, Eve realizes that here is one soldier she won't forget.

Fine. It looks like a promising romance, doesn't it? But Stiff, who has gotten very friendly with Eve's pal, Sissy (Mary Treen), happens to mention that Dan has a wife in New York. So Eve decides to concentrate on her welding job and never think of Dan again. Even when he comes back from New York with word that his wife has started divorce proceedings, Eve isn't having any. A girl is a fool to get married in war time.

One reason she feels that way is because her roommate's husband is missing in action. The roommate is going to have a baby, and the whole thing, Eve reasons, is the result of letting your emotions run

One **sure** way to **stay** sweet—after every bath, use Mum!

Don't take chances with underarm odor. Guard your charm with Mum!

YOU'LL step from your bath flower fresh! And right there . . . at that moment . . . you can begin to risk underarm odor. For underarms need special care. Too often a bath just isn't enough!

A bath removes *past* perspiration. But to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor—always use Mum!

Mum's a wonder for *s-p-e-e-d!* Only half a minute to smooth it on—and your charm is safe for hours! Use Mum any time—*even after you're dressed.* Mum's safe for fine fabrics. Safe for skin, too! Try Mum. You'll like it.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable. Use it this important way, too.*

SWEETLY FRESH . . . at this moment! But give your charm a *future!* Mum takes only 30 seconds—yet keeps bath-freshness lasting all evening long.

1. Mum takes only 30 seconds—keeps underarms fresh for hours.
2. Mum won't irritate your skin, won't harm fabrics.
3. Mum prevents the risk of underarm odor without stopping perspiration—guards charm faithfully!

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Are You in the Know?

In WAVE slanguage, she's —
☐ A destroyer
☐ On see duty
☐ Being convoyed

WAVES have words of their own! For instance, "being convoyed" means being on a date. "See duty" means the movies. The girl above is a *destroyer* (pretty WAVE)—and busy at her job. Any girl can sail through dates or duty with confidence, on calendar days—when she chooses Kotex. Because Kotex is the word for *protection* in sanitary napkins. That special *4-ply* safety-center gives extra protection where you need it *most*. And Kotex has no wrong side to confuse you and cause embarrassing accidents!

Is she headed for—
☐ "Heart" trouble
☐ A high date quota
☐ Complexion blues

Snacks at the hamburger bangout are fun! But too many "fries" and double desserts may bring complexion blues. Go easy on rich foods. With sensible diet, daily scrubbing, your face can defy the keenest ogling. You can challenge costume closeups, too, on "those" days. Kotex sanitary napkins outwit telltale lines — for those patented Kotex ends are *pressed flat* — they don't show, because they're not thick, not stubby like *some* napkin ends. They're scientifically designed to keep Kotex snug-fitting...smoother!

Which is most likely to get the job?
☐ The girl on the left
☐ On the right
☐ In the center

Want to launch your life career, or land an after-school job? That first interview is important! Be alert, brief, frank. Show the boss you mean business, and *look* it—like the girl on the right. Then, stick to your job, *every* working day. You can, with the help of Kotex. Kotex is more comfortable—has *enduring* softness, so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. No bunching, no roping, as flimsy napkins do. You'll find Kotex holds its shape . . . actually *stays soft while wearing!*

Know your napkins —

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

IT'S A WISE GIRL who discovers that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex Deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest *destroys* odors. It's unscented, safe, *sure*. *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

away with you. She sends Dan back to the camp where he's stationed and tells him she never wants to see him again.

Of course it's easier to say those things than to stick to them. Eve finally weakens and goes out to camp. She finds that Dan, broken-hearted, is drowning his sorrows in anything alcoholic that's handy, so she decides she'd better stay around and keep him out of trouble. But the only way she can get an apartment in a military area is to be the wife of a soldier. So she poses as Mrs. Daniel Kilgore, which leads to more complications than you can imagine. Sonny will really get you in this one.—*Par.*

P. S.

Director Mark Sandrich took his cast and crew to the Bay City (San Francisco) for seven weeks so all exterior shots would be authentic. For seven straight nights they worked in The Mole, famous transportation center where trains meet both the ferry boats and the Bay Bridge. Because the Mole is rushed during arrival and departure hours, work could not begin until 10:00 p.m., had to be finished before 5:00 a.m. . . . Although a fun house set was built at the studio for close-up work, background interiors were taken in San Francisco's own Playland. . . . Sandrich had to use a cablecar on a hill. It was impossible to use an actual one and hold up traffic. Studio obtained official permission to use an abandoned cable line on Clay Street, ran their own cable and operated it themselves. This is actually the site of the first cable line in the world. . . . Several hundred University of California students were used as extras, playing men in uniform and their girl-friends. . . . Sonny started the picture 15 pounds lighter than he was in last movie. Lost them on personal appearance tours and doing camp shows. While in production, Sonny and his wife rented a small home in Stone Canyon, several miles from the studio. Because of war restrictions, they couldn't have a telephone installed. Company had to send telegrams for any changes in working schedule. . . . Frank Albertson, playing a soldier, was allowed to wear his own uniform which he kept after being discharged from the Signal Corps. . . . Sheila Anne Corrigan, age 21 days, who takes the part of Ann Doran's baby in the story, has a real soldier daddy in North Africa. At the time the pictures were being taken of small Sheila Anne, her own daddy didn't know of her existence—will see her for the first time when the picture plays the North African circuit.

SONG OF NEVADA

Here's a Roy Rogers' picture that opens in—of all places—a New York night club. But don't worry. It soon has you back riding trail with Roy and Trigger. It starts in New York because John Barrabee (Thurston Hall) has come there to get his pretty daughter Joan (Dale Evans). He wants her to come home to their ranch in Nevada. Joan, however, is engaged to a Park Avenue wolf named Rollo Bingham (John Eldredge) and wants no part of the great open spaces any more. Barrabee has to take the plane West without her.

Engine trouble forces them down in the desert. Barrabee goes for a walk and hears the haunting strains of an old cowboy song. That, and the smell of frying bacon, brings him to Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers. As a result, Barrabee misses his plane, and joins forces with Roy for a ten-day trek through the Nevada mountains. When they get back to civilization, Barrabee finds that his plane had crashed, and all the papers have carried accounts of his death. Joan and Rollo are at the ranch, grief-stricken, yet anxious to settle up his estate.

Barrabee at first intends to go and tell them that he is alive. Then he decides that perhaps by being a little more subtle he can keep Joan in Nevada. So he sends Roy to see her, with a contract dated the day of Barrabee's supposed death. A contract to drive the Barrabee horses in the big coach race that's held at this time every year and which will have every other big cattle man out there do or die-ing.

Joan, suspicious at first, soon becomes very friendly with Roy. Far too friendly to suit Rollo. They go on rides and picnics together, leaving Rollo, who is not the athletic type, to bite his nails at home. But Rollo is no dope, and he pulls a trick out of his Park Avenue top hat that discredits Roy completely. Joan, disillusioned, agrees to marry Rollo and leave for New York immediately. Then Barrabee "comes back to life," and things take another sudden turn—this time in the right direction.

Roy's homespun charm comes through to you in this picture more effectively than ever before. There are several big singing and dancing numbers, too, to help lift it above the level of the ordinary Western.—*Rep.*

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Well . . .

Fancy meeting you here! Or didn't you know that I'm practically a native Hollywoodite? Well, I am—or *was* for the past two weeks. You see, here I was at my Information Desk, dripping with dirt (the gossip variety) and packed to the gills with odd items to soothe your fevered brows, but somehow I felt guilty—how could I be your Cinema-Snooper-In-Chief without ever having been THERE? So I went. And now I'm back. And, oh my, if you thought I was on the beam *before,* well, just you send in those toughies this minute—I'm so heaped with hep I feel like the granddaddy of all Encyclopedia Britannica's!

Remember the address: Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Charles Shore . . . *HOW CAN I OBTAIN PICTURES OF BAND-LEADERS AND BAND VOCALISTS?* Oops, now that *is* a problem. If they are biggies as popular as Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, Kay Kyser, etc., you just address your requests to the studio where your hero last appeared in a pic, or else to the network they broadcast from. However, if they are neither picture personages nor radio headliners, then better watch Downbeat mag for their schedule, and write them at the theater at which they are appearing.

Arlene Krasnoff . . . *ARE THERE FAN CLUBS FOR GENE KELLY AND VAN JOHNSON?* Uh, huh—Dorothy Caton, 3317 Lake Avenue, Rochester, N. Y., has the Kelly Club and Renee Lee, 25 Lefferts Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., prexies the Van Johnson Club—and gosh, I think you may be interested in the swell organization for Bob Walker started by Joan Humphreys, 7 Porter Road, USNA, Annapolis, Md.

TRUSHAY* . . . THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Smooth it on before you tackle daily soap-and-water jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously *different* idea in lotions! Trushay, used *before* you wash undies—*before* you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps *prevent* soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it *all* these ways. Ask for it today—at your favorite drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A different spelling

PRODUCT OF

P. S.

Picture was held up several days while studio searched for three of the few remaining Old West men who can handle a six-up team (Note to dudes: A team of six horses). . . . Finally found Joe and Bill Yrigoyen and Post Parks to do the job. . . . Took five days of hard and dangerous riding at the Republic ranch to film the sequence. . . . Roy, who left on completion of the picture for a War Bond tour in the East, obtained special permission from the ration board to use his butane-driven truck and trailer for the trip. Last year Roy went by train, shipped Trigger in a baggage car, with Trigger so ill at the end of his train ride, Roy had to cancel all shows for three days. Seems Trigger is used to his specially built trailer—enjoys traveling in it and none other! . . . Roy's fan mail reached an all-time high while this picture was being filmed. Received an average of 55,000 letters per month (160 of them addressed to Trigger)—a Hollywood fan mail record. Answering kept six secretaries going continually. Roy now has to buy his photographs 100,000 at a time. . . . That's a blond wig on auburn-haired Dale Evans when she sings, "Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back". . . . Studio won't permit Dale to change the color of her hair—afraid they may never be able to get it back to its lovely natural color. . . . Paul St. Croix and Ray Burwick, champion ropers, spent long hours teaching entire girl chorus the fine art of roping. Incidentally, Tom Garrett, featured in this number, holds seven roping championships—is one of the few men who can do the Butterfly, Ocean Wave and Rollover. . . . Thurston Hall climbed on a horse for the first time in eight years—spent entire day in bed, flat on his stomach!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Dear Gang:

I don't know whether you'll remember me or not, but I'm the gal in the mail room who used to drive you slightly bats when I went around moaning, "Roy Rogers . . . Roy Rogers."

Well, about three months ago, I was in an auto smash-up that cracked the old cranium and laid me up for three weeks. I was feeling pretty down-in-the-dumpish, wasn't allowed to read or write, so all I could do was languish on my bed of pain and go over and over in my mind the two meetings I'd had with Roy—the one at the Rodeo last October and the second time when you sent a squad to fetch me because Roy was in the building, and you didn't want me to swoon if I bumped into him accidentally.

One day, I was right in the middle of reel two of my Rogers memory movie, when the nurse came floating in with a huge, tremendous, colossal—well, big, bouquet of the reddest, longest-stemmed, most—well, beautiful, American Beauty Roses. You guessed it, Roy had heard of my accident (did the little bird that told him come from 149 Madison?) and sent over the flowers with a lovely card saying he hoped I'd be well soon and that . . . well, the doctors still don't know how I cut my expected four-week convalescence to two-and-a-half—but we do, don't we?

So, thanks, Roy Rogers. I thought it was impossible, but you're even sweller than I'd imagined.

Ann McVey,
Springfield, L. I.

BRIDE BY MISTAKE

Suppose you were young, beautiful and had several million dollars. Good, eh? You like that. All right. Along comes a guy, very attractive, and apparently falls madly in love with you. You fall, too. Your heart goes bumpety bump and all the rest of it. You can see that he's working up to a proposal. But then you think "*Does* he really love me? Or is it the money that's putting that glow in his eyes?" And you have no way of finding out.

It's to avoid just this situation that Norah Hunter (Laraine Day), lovely heiress, has her secretary Sylvia (Marsha Hunt) pose in public as Norah while *she* pretends to be Sylvia, thereby eliminating all fortune-hunters in a hurry. Of course, the whole thing is a bit hard on Sylvia's new husband, Philip (Allyn Joslyn). He objects to having his wife act as a sort of amatory test tube. But Norah likes the arrangement for various reasons. One of them being that it leaves her free to shoot pool—her favorite pastime—instead of appearing in public.

There's an Air Force base near Norah's home, and one day she has Sylvia invite some of the boys over. They are all nice guys—handsome and pleasant. There's really no reason why it should be Tony (Alan Marshall), instead of one of the others, that Norah falls in love with. But since when has love needed reasons! She shoots pool with him, beating him very badly and then suggests a walk. Unfortunately, while she's getting a coat, Tony meets Sylvia—"the rich Miss Hunter" to him—and forgets about the walk entirely.

Norah invites him to their beach cottage for the weekend. He has eyes only for Sylvia. Norah is furious, and husband Phil is equally furious. "Tell him who you really are," he says. "You can't expect

Like mother - Like daughter

both say

"GOODBYE DANDRUFF"

Yes! You say "Goodbye Dandruff" the very first time you use Fitch Shampoo, for Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application. It's the ONLY shampoo whose guarantee bears the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms. And when you use Fitch's, you say "Hello" to radiant, sparkling hair because Fitch Shampoo brings out all the natural highlights, makes the hair antiseptically clean. Good for all colors and textures of hair . . . requires no after-rinse . . . economical. Try Fitch Shampoo TODAY. Sold at all drug counters

Available in 10c, 25c and 59c sizes.

The Truth about Soap Shampoos

SOAP SHAMPOO

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

FITCH SHAMPOO

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

Fitch's
Fitch's
Dandruff Remover Shampoo
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Removes dandruff or money back

Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER **SHAMPOO**

any guy to ignore twenty million bucks." "Then I don't want him," says Norah coldly. But she *does* want him. She wants him like hell. That's why she decides to take a chance on a long shot . . . and you'll find yourself with your fingers crossed, hoping it works!

Alan Marshall is giving the downbeat to all the girls' hearts lately. He's so-o-o attractive!—*RKO.*

P. S.

Set for the Hunter mansion covered virtually every square foot of one of the studio's largest sound stages. Set was constructed right after Government ceiling on set costs was lifted—is the largest Hollywood set built since the regulations were imposed. . . . First venture into the field of light comedy for both Alan Marshall and Laraine Day . . . Veteran comedy star, Slim Summerville, returns to the screen in one of his most important roles to date. He and crony Harry Langdon, who worked as gag-writer on the picture, kept cast and crew giggling through entire production. . . . Note to fishermen: Fish aren't so easily dragged from the Pacific as the surf-fishing sequence might lead you to believe. Live specimens were taken in tanks to the beach, hooked onto the lines and cast into the surf. . . . The lawn sprinkler sequence was filmed at the famous Pickfair, home of Mary Pickford. Miss Pickford turned the entire rental fee over to charity. . . . The dresses worn by Marsha Hunt and Laraine, which shrunk so quickly to a mere eighteen inches, were treated with a special chemical. The material wasn't harmed by use of this chemical until it came in contact with water.

THAT WASN'T YOU, WAS IT?

Saying you didn't rightly care whether or not your Bill came home earlier than expected? Or came home at all?

No. No, couldn't have been.

It couldn't have been you because you and every other gal like you has *some*body out there doing the dirty work. And let's not kid ourselves—it *is* dirty work. Vicious, heart-breaking, lonely sacrifice.

But then, that isn't news to you, is it? Maybe this *is.*

That if you're between 20 and 36 years of age with a normal physical set-up and 2 years of business or high school behind you, you're eligible to become a SPAR. We'd rather not go into the usual routine about Mainbocher uniforms or learning a profession or the glamour of being part of your country's gre-at war effort—we'd rather not because we know that no inducement could make you do something which you weren't sure, deep inside, was the right thing for you—and him.

So send in the coupon, won't you? It means a three cent stamp and two seconds' worth of scribbling.

It may even make sure that come V day, you'll have Bill to hang on to—instead of a gold star.

Please send me free booklet—"Facts About SPARS."

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

The above offer is free and does not obligate me in any way.

ADDRESS THIS TO: SPAR INFORMATION EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN, 149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Ever hear the 3 secrets of daintiness?

Summer still has many a sultry day in store; many a stuffy, sticky night. So it's good to know these 3 secrets of keeping cool, fresh and fragrantly dainty with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. They're 3 secrets you can depend upon.

❶ **HOW TO KEEP COOL**—First, your bath! Then dry yourself gently. Next shower your body generously with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. It quickly dries up lingering moisture; makes your skin smooth as new satin; sets the stage for *cool comfort.*

❷ **HOW TO LOOK FRESH**—Next, before you dress, smooth some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum over the trouble spots. You know, those places that chafe easily. You slip into your girdle slick as a wink . . . no chafing or rubbing.

❸ **HOW TO STAY FRAGRANTLY DAINTY**—Finally, for dramatic climax, Cashmere Bouquet Talcum gives your whole person a haunting, sweet perfume . . . the "fragrance men love". So—be sweet! Be fresh! It's such an inexpensive luxury.

Cashmere Bouquet is the largest selling talc in America. Buy it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

By Jean Kinkead

Co-ed

Is there a ban in your house on tobacco, men, make-up? If you're smart, you can get it lifted—peaceably!

■ Have you a problem parent? Oh we know you wouldn't swap your Mom for a million all-wool sweaters, but frankly—occasionally isn't she a bit of a drool? And Pop—salt of the earth and all that—isn't he just a touch *young* about some things? From your letters we gather as much, and we decided it was time, but high, to discuss the situation. Draw up a chair, tot, while we draw up a plan of attack.

NO CAMOUFLAGE! We know, you're fourteen, and all the other gals look so smooth and grown-up, and you look like something out of 5-B with no lipstick, no zing, no nothin'. When is a girl old enough to use the stuff? Well, we've buzzed around and asked people, from math teachers to Marine Captains, and 13½ to 14 would seem to be the general consensus. We even got the leading magazine on child-rearing to agree with us, which makes it practically official. Now how to get Mom's okay? Explain to her that you don't want to look hussy-ish, but neither can you stand the peculiar looks your bare face is beginning to net you. Get her to put you on proba- *(Continued on page 91)*

. . . "Bride by Mistake" is from an original story by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, co-authors of "Three's a Family" . . . Production was under the supervision of Sid Rogell with Nick Musuraca handling the camera department.

THE CONSPIRATORS

Did you ever try to visualize the romantic feminine spy of fiction? If you did, it's ten to one your vision looked like Hedy Lamarr. And that's just the kind of part Hedy plays in "The Conspirators." The whole cast is terrific, with Paul Henreid doing the male lead and Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre in supporting roles. The scene is bustling, crowded Lisbon, where everyone waits for a plane to any place that's free from Nazi domination.

There is espionage and counter espionage. Perhaps the most powerful group is the Underground, led by an enormously fat and clever man, Quintanilla (Sydney Greenstreet). But the Nazi spies are powerful, too. As soon as Vincent Van Lyn (Paul Henreid) steps off the plane, they know he's the "Flying Dutchman," who has hounded the Nazis in Holland. They watch his accidental meeting with the beautiful Irene (Hedy Lamarr), with Quintanilla. They are amused at the conflict aroused in him by the discovery that Irene is the wife of Hugo Von Mohr (Victor Francen) of the German Embassy.

Vincent spends his first night in Lisbon at a nearby fishing village, where he meets wise old Migual (Vladimir Sokoloff) and his lovely granddaughter, Rosa (Carol Thurston). The next day he sees Irene again and knows that he is really in love with her and that she loves him, too. But when he leaves her and returns to his hotel, he finds a member of the Underground in his room—murdered!

Vincent is taken to jail as the murderer. There his doubts of Irene grow. And outside, the Underground has doubts, too. The evidence against Vincent is almost conclusive. When he escapes from prison, they are sure the Nazis must have helped. And the Nazis are equally sure he was helped by the Underground. Vincent is in danger now from every direction. Only Irene believes in him. But Quintanilla discovers that one member of the Underground is a traitor—and it can't be Vincent.

The rest of the picture is equally divided between suspense and action, and you won't want to miss a moment of it.—*War.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A boy walked into the photo lab at the Sam Goldwyn Studios, and on being told that the prints he was supposed to pick up wouldn't be ready for some fifteen minutes, he announced he'd wait around outside. Well, one hour passed and then two, and finally, in popped the boy, breathless and apologetic. After taking a severe reprimanding from the lab head "because boys are not allowed on the set during shooting," the boy responded with only a bowed head and a sheepish grin.

The moment he was gone, we turned to the supervisor and screamed, "In case someone should ask, that so-called messenger boy you just bawled out happens to be 'California', who's been knocking them dead in "Stage Door Canteen." That happens to be Lon McCallister!"

We haven't been reprimanded for the past six months!

Muriel A. Rahmn,
No. Hollywood, Calif.

—this One Complete Cream is all you need!

Long days of film-making, war work! Yet Donna Reed's skin always looks flower-fresh, flawless . . . She relies on Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—it *does everything* for complexion beauty, *easily, quickly . . .*

Donna Reed
appearing in
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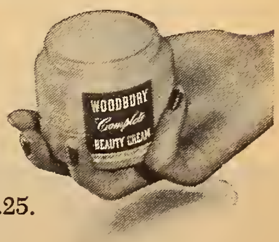
Tonight, *every* night, take the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars: First, cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—then use as your night cream, for extra softening . . Use for glamorizing daytime clean-ups, as well . . . Jars 10¢ to $1.25.



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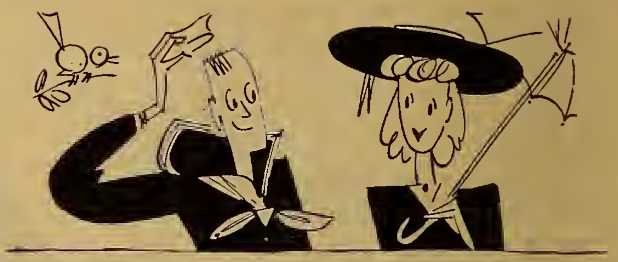

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Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's cagey to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Jean Kinkead, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. See box on page 93 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

★ Be a Better Dancer!—by *Arthur Murray* .... ☐
How to be a floating vision on the dance floor. Complete, easy-to-follow directions on how to fox-trot, waltz—all the turns and tricks that'll help you follow your partner. Also dance floor etiquette, what to wear and how to be popular with the stag line. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Here it is—our new, revised 32-page booklet that tells all about the stars. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and reams of other data everyone wants to know. Complete section on your favorite Western stars, too. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk
Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 21 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

"Cabin in the Pines" bedspread with ready-to-hang matching draperies is woven with bright embroidery on a tan background.

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Getting ready to go back to school is a dress rehearsal for the kind of wife you will make in tomorrow's world. **GAIL RUSSELL,** starring in **"OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY,"** a **PARAMOUNT PICTURE,** shows how Bates bedspreads with matching draperies do just about the entire decorating job quickly and inexpensively. Bates bedspreads are wrinkleproof, washable, rugged and right for all who face the problem of temporary residence. What's more, the spreads serve as extra covering at night. War work comes first at Bates . . . that's why your store may be temporarily out of your favorite bedspread or drapery pattern.

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You'll have far more allure for him

With shining hair, kept smooth and trim!

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene
with Hair Conditioner reveals
up to 33% more lustre than soap
. . . yet leaves hair so easy to
arrange, so alluringly smooth!

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Men notice and remember the girl with glamorous, shining locks! So don't let soap or soap shampoos dull the lustrous beauty of your hair.

Be beauty wise! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. See the dramatic difference after your very first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

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And remember! Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!

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NOTHING LOVELIER, nothing smarter than this simple classic hair-do—particularly if your features are regular and your face is small. It's a wonderful hair-do for a snood with a perky bow on top. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner deserves the credit for the extra lustre and silken smoothness!

Drene Shampoo
with
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Product of Procter & Gamble

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

All cake soaps and liquid soap shampoos leave a dulling film on hair. Drene never leaves any dulling film.

•

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

To our Readers...

■ An angel of mercy flew in from Hollywood the other day (by plane, of course), and asked me for a million dollars . . . angel by the name of Mrs. Darryl Zanuck. But the million is positively *not* for 20th Century-Fox. It's for Naval Aid Auxiliary, a warm-hearted gang out on the Coast that seems to have adopted the whole darned U. S. Navy.

To get on with my story—I must admit I was stunned. I reached dubiously into my pocket, wondering who the heck Mrs. Z. thought I was. Then she explained.

She broke out a list of stars' names so long that I wore out two pairs of glasses going through it. Dozens and dozens of Hollywood's biggest stars have autographed cute little cards with the Naval Aid emblem in color on them. Each card with a famous signature on it can be bought by a MODERN SCREEN reader for a quarter. And the supply is unlimited!

Your quarter will work like a dog for the Navy. Your quarter will buy milk for sailors' babies, roll bandages, organize canteens and nurseries. Your quarter will do so much that you will be embarrassed to take any return for it.

But that's the way the blessed Mrs. Z. wants it. Payment in full for each and every good deed. You can't beat those angels! Anyway, here's how I see it. Roughly, MODERN SCREEN has a circulation of a million. Roughly (or tenderly) four persons read each copy. And four million quarters makes up that million I was reaching for when Mrs. Zanuck so thoughtfully interrupted me.

All in all, it's the best bet since the Fifth War Loan!

Al Delacorte Executive Editor

P.S. Coupon and complete list of stars on p. 94 and 95.

Alan Ladd

modern screen spends a day with Alan Ladd

■ Grand Central at rush hour is quiet by comparison with the Ladd menage. Alan was being kodaked by a passing G.I., and a lonesome looking guy with a lamp was wandering around the garden when Sue spied the M.S. gang. She shooed Laddie up to shift into his longies and then scurried off after an "atmosphere" slouch hat (which you won't see, 'cause there's wasn't any). What with the outdoor shots having to come first to catch the sun 'n' stuff, Photog Gus Gale was having a merry time chasing after Jezebel till Steve Brooks, of the Paramount publicity staff, gave out with some puppy noises—with the poor hound falling for the gag every time! Then there was the day-too-early interviewer and the kibitzing naval house guest on leave who popped out of dark corners and—well, the pix were shot, the info got—and Al and Sue send you all their love.

Home is swell, but Al's still G.I.-ish, hoarding headlines and buying Alana bonds with his loot from a D-Day pool.

An ardent Victory Gardener, Laddie is slightly frustrated 'cause no matter what he plants—it comes up onions! He likes 'em, tho, *plus* 6 other courses!

Alana's first disillusionment was learning Alan placed second on M. S. poll. She's positive all pix of men are Alan, even to pointing to Crosby and yelping, "Dado!"

Patient to the point of (Sue's) exhaustion, Alan objects to questions on sleeping habits, thinks that's going *too* far. Admits he and Sue can and *do* talk till cock crow.

Alan got a sentimental urge to peek at his uniform, found a moth had once had same idea! *Item:* The G.I. wardrobe will have to start from scratch comes the happy re-entrance day.

Alana, whose first word was "pretty," is a gold-digger from way back, makes a grab at anything as long as it glitters and thinks heaven means jiving to Daddy's "Pistol Packin' Mamma."

modern screen spends a day with Alan Ladd

A. *Walbridge* hates dressing or discarding ties, esp. those from fans. Once shared upper with Sue for 3 days—fully clothed!

Though Sue's hog-tied the "bad-man" into home front K.P., Alan keeps up with G.I. gossip, nearly blows a fuse each time a pal moves up a notch or gets himself be-medaled.

As a Pappa, Alan scares easy. Not so Mama, who had baby at 2:30, phoned friends at 3:00—and when her sec. called the next A.M., chirped, "Oh, I just had a baby."

modern screen spends a day with Alan Ladd

Alan had over 300 stills of Alana before she was a year old but though he's shot hundreds of feet of her with Sue's gift, a movie camera, he's never seen "the little animal"—no projector!

Two birds, one stone idea: In "Two Years Before The Mast," Bill Bendix beats the tar out of Al while the cameraman gets seasick and Donlevy, Dekker and Fitzgerald *sing!* A fella's gotta rest sometimes!

It's really big-time, the Ladd marriage, with, if it were possible, Sue being ever more sociable than her better half. Save for Army interlude, they've missed just 3 luncheon dates in 5 years together, still haven't run out of dialogue!

Alan gets meemies at signs of swank so comes mess, Sue pretties dining room table, Al pronto shifts stuff to kitchen. Will give in though for formal dinners.

Sue's intent on padding the Laddie chassis, a wee bit on the willowy side since his illness. Those shoulders are the real stuff, though, developed from high school shot-putting and studio grip days.

About the only Ladd squabble to date has been on post-war plans, with Al holding out for a cross-country sightseeing tour against Sue's insistence on a shopping spree of the Scandinavian countries: Danish china, Swedish crystal, etc. Compromise may result in a flying jaunt to S. America.

That heavy ring Al sports is camouflage for the wedding bond he refuses to remove. Completely relative-less, Al's whole life revolves about his "girls," so he's still crushed over Alana's first reaction to him—hysterics—and discards idea they were due to fact he was first male she'd seen.

Though he's been angling for re-induction, Al's Army status is still uncertain. In the meantime, he's being coached by a prominent psychiatrist for his role of a paranoiac in the B'way hit, "Guest in the House," his next Par. pic.

Kay Kyser and the new and very umm Mrs. K., Georgia Carrol, are frequent guests, with Amateur Alan reducing gin rummy to strip poker. Kay insists that just a few intense sessions made it possible for him to afford a wife!

Well, it's been a good life and a long day. There's nothing to do and nothing to worry about. Will Cook's youngster pass her measles on to Alana? . . . Wonder if we'll find that house with 5 bedrooms? . . . Is Joel McCrea really going to find me a ranch? . . . zzzz . . .

Al's not the talky type, so this one's straight from former director Ken McGowan. 3 years ago, Ken contributed moral support to Al's interview with Frank Tuttle for "This Gun For Hire." Now that he's turned actor, guess who boosted him to Tuttle for "The Great John L.?" *Yep!*

modern screen spends a day with Alan Ladd

1. In the peaceful world of 1909, Woodrow Wilson was prexy at Princeton, favorably known for his liberal books and articles. Favorite student was a football player (Bill Eythe).

2. He was completely appalled when three Jersey Democratic politicos, Ed Sullivan (J. M. Kerrigan), Senator Ed Jones (Thurston Hall) and Jim Beeker (James Rennie), paid him a visit one evening, asked him to be state governor.

"Wilson"

By Maris MacCullers

Twenty years ago this man fought so that we might have peace. His is the story of a mighty soldier . . .

3. He stumped the state, fervently speaking for what he believed. Struck by his sincerity, the voters elected him.

4. In 1912, he, wife (Ruth Nelson), and daughters (Mary Anderson, Ruth Ford, Madeleine Forbes) moved into the White House.

5. Tragedy struck when his wife died after a slow, painful illness. In the midst of torturous grief, he worked to keep us out of the European war. Happiness came when he met gay Edith Bolling Galt, whom he later wed.

6. In 1916 he was re-elected because he had kept us neutral. But he knew jig was up day Sec. of State Lansing (S. Logan) and German Ambassador (T. Selwart) came to him with Kaiser's orders for resumption of sub warfare.

7. War came, but Wilson continued his crusade for peace. Preached to soldiers his doctrine of post-war world league. All nationalities had blended here in America, why not in the world?

STORY: He was a slight man, thin and small boned, a quiet man. If you noticed anything at all about him, it was his eyes; there were lights in his eyes, a deep burning fire that sometimes flashed with all the sudden violence of summer lightning. He was no longer young, a man (*Continued on page 97*)

PRODUCTION: "How did you manage to borrow those paintings from the White House?"

It was Vice-President Henry A. Wallace speaking as he was conducted around a Technicolor set for Darryl F. Zanuck's production "Wilson." The set was an exact duplication of the lavish East Room in the White House, the (*Continued on page 86*)

8. Out of peace conference with Lloyd George (C. Brooke), Orlando (A. Filauri), Clemenceau (M. Dalio) League was born.

9. He was convinced that success of League depended on American support, and against doctor's orders, he toured country begging people to join. At term's end, he was old and paralyzed and defeated in the election.

10. But his ideal still lived. "The fight's just begun. You and I may never live to see it finished. But that doesn't matter."

By Kaaren Pieck

boy wanted

Farley Granger's got a yen for pies and people

and a knack for answering the *darndest* want ads.

Farley *Earle* Granger caroling with pals Roddy and Virgie MacDowall. One of Palladium gang, his only H'wood date so far has been co-star Jane Withers.

■ He'll be nineteen in July, he's an only child, he's full of boyish enthusiasm and Farley Granger's his real name. Graduated from high school on February fourth, he was inducted into the Navy twenty days later. After six weeks of boot camp in Idaho, he came home on furlough. The first person he looked up was Sam Levene, the second was Roddy MacDowall. Roddy's two years younger, and Sam's considerably older, but for different reasons they're his best friends. His dearest possession is the St. Christopher medal Sam gave him.

He's crazy about Anne Baxter, (*Continued on page 105*)

Apprentice Seaman Farley mourns storaging super collection of "distinctive" ties, swing 'n' sweet discs; votes Mom's pies and N. H'wood H.S. battles with civics and math "most likely to be missed."

6 feet tall, 159 lbs., Farley is the Gable he-man type, is an ardent swimmer, skater and huntsman. Doesn't smoke partly because he doesn't relish the stuff, mostly due to parental objections.

Overnight a star, with a background of riches to rags, 18-year-old Farley formulated his own blueprint for happiness: "Have something to do, someone to love, something to hope for"—and followed it through!

Grange was slated for top spot in "Guest in the House" when "Greetings" arrived; was naturally disappointed yet eager to follow in steps of Dad, World War I vet.

Old wish to meet Bergman fiascoed when, upon introduction, he "blew up," was rescued by Ingrid. (With Hope and V. Mayo on "Princess and Pirate" set.)

can't help lovin' that man...

Rejected 7 times, Errol's requested special service assignment, keeps busy in meantime with art gallery, rabbit ranch—and running after silver fox presented him in Alaska! (Above, with Nora Eddington.)

■ Errol Flynn gets his newspapers in the morning, with the movie gossip columns carefully extracted.

"I find," he says gravely, "that I live more happily that way."

Flynn has many disarming qualities. Not the least of them is the way he meets the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. No bitterness, no self-pity or bravado. Cool pride, mixed with plenty of grit and more than a dash of humor.

Having finished "Uncertain Glory," he put himself at the disposal of the Hollywood Victory Committee and was sent, with four others, to entertain our troops in Alaska. "What about material?" they asked.

"Don't worry about material. Just go through that file and take your pick."

The file held nothing suitable for a combination of one romantic (*Continued on page 114*)

Practical jokester Flynn once introduced butler as visiting duke at "Prince" Romanoff's eatery—3 mos. later underwent plastic surgery as result of Dan Topping brawl! (With A. Smith at CBS show.)

Errol was instant hit with U. S. Alaskan troops when he made "entrance"—riding piggy-back on pilot's shoulders! (With co-trouper M. O'Driscoll and bearded sailors at Adak.)

Even the gags had beards, but when Errol kidded the pants off himself, those GI's loved it!

Felled by sprained ankle, Flynn took few days off set of Warners' "Objective Burma," was crowned with raw egg by tipsy gal at Mocambo! Newest venture is silent partner-ing penicillin combine.

By Cynthia Miller

At one time, Alice insisted she'd retire if career interfered with family life. Just decided she can combine both, intends to trek with Phil when he subs for overseas-ing Kay Kyser.

4-months-old Phyllis was termed "Miss Harris" till Poppa Phil could meet her and okay choice of moniker. Gifts were practical, unlike gee-gaws which greeted Alice, Jr.'s arrival.

by Hedda Hopper

"Tookie" Harris has "adopted" Phyllis, big-brothers her and Alice, Jr., all over the place, pulls a proud poppa routine at his military academy, was gigged for passing photos around.

Alice's proposed S. A. jaunt (all set down to last "¿como esta?") was nixed by studio despite O.W.I. okay. Orders are to regain weight before starting next pic. Made "The Gang's All Here" before baby came.

three of a kind

That ace snooper Hedda Hopper discovers another blonde in Phil Harris' life.

■ We stood over the cradle in the pink and blue nursery at Alice Faye's home. Phyllis—Alice's second daughter, a three-week's old bundle from Heaven—fluttered her wee hand and stirred in her sleep.

"Every Alice Faye fan across the world would like to be in my shoes right now," I said, "they'd give their eye teeth to trade places with me."

"I wish they could all see her," said Alice. "All of them, from Australia to New York—all the fans that have written letters about her coming, sent gifts and made me feel they weren't impatient about my interrupted career. My fans have been perfectly *wonderful*! Why I've only made two pictures in the last three years, but their letters keep pouring in all the same."

"I'll tell them about her," I said, indicating the mite that has cost Twentieth Century-Fox a couple of millions at the box-office, to put it conservatively. "And I'll tell them about you, too," I told Alice, Jr.

This tow-headed riot who put the studio back another fortune, was having her second birthday. She was modeling a red bathing suit not much bigger than a postage stamp and hugging a huge doll to her chest.

"You're like two peas in a pod," I told Alice. "Junior has your hair and eyes and smile. Yes, and your coloring. She's what the past generation used to call the spittin' image of her ma."

Alice, slim and white and gold in a trailing chiffon negligee was lovely enough to (*Continued on page 79*)

CBS' Frankie started his radio career singing over obscure New York stations just for the experience and the 70c carfare home to N. J.

Frank Sinatra

By Jean Kinkead

He'd had a drag on a cigarette, sworn a few times. At 4, he was a man—almost!

■ If you haven't heard of The Voice, you simply don't *know*. You're not "with it," as the kids say. You are, in a word, obsolete. At twenty-six, this skinny, big-eyed youngster with the ever-so-slightly Hoboken accent, is the biggest thing in the whole darn entertainment world. People talk about him in New York and Montreal and Mexico City. They talk about him in Italy and Australia and North Africa. They even talk about him on those tiny Pacific islands that are just specks in your Atlas, if you can believe this tale brought home by some Navy boys.

Seems replacements had just reached this one island, and one of the new lads had a vic and a stack of records. "Look guys," he said, "some swell Sinatra!" One of the kids who'd been on the islands for ages spoke without looking up from his magazine. "If it's anything like that lousy sherry your pal just tried to sell me, keep it, chum." The first boy stared at him, a long incredulous stare. "You've never heard of Frank

The Voice at the age of 3. Sentimental, he still carries a gold mezzuzah (tiny cylinder with Ten Commandments inscribed) from neighbor who tended him when parents went out.

In pipe-and-ukulele era, he was ardent Vallee fan clubber. Attributes his singing technique to two influences—T. Dorsey's "sliding" trombone and Ziggy Elman's "plaintive" trumpet.

Sinatra," he intoned in a low, awed voice. Then he banged his fist into his palm. "I wish I were home," he said. "I could exploit you." And don't think he couldn't.

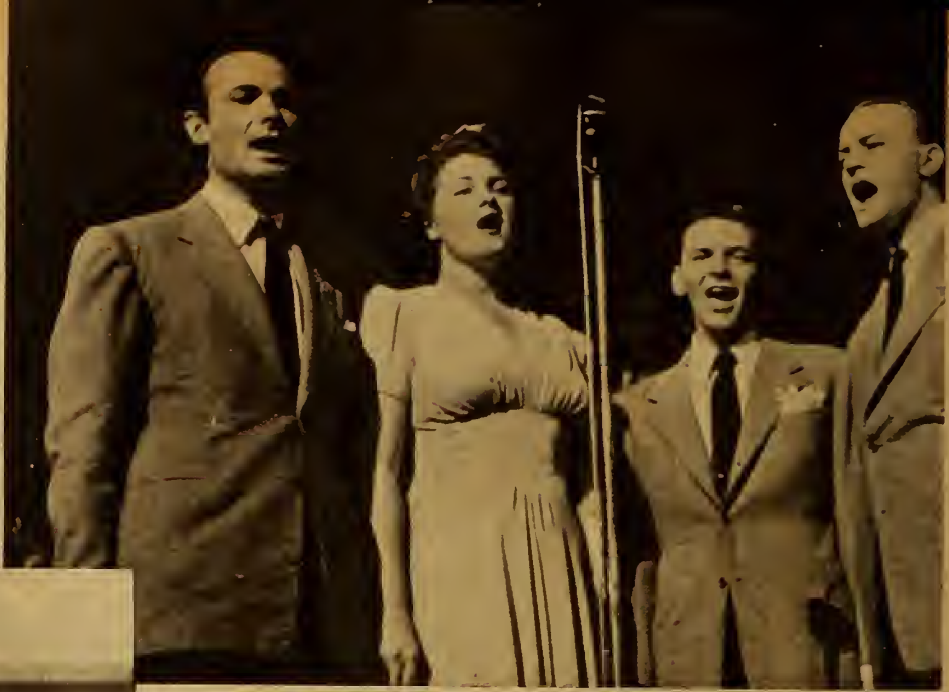
Funny, you'd never have thought in the old days that Frankie Sinatra was eventually going to knock the world for a loop. In fact, one morning not so very many years ago, you wouldn't have thought he was ever going to brush with the world at all.

It was a little past midnight on December 12, 1917. The doctor wiped the sweat from his forehead and looked out of Nathalie Sinatra's bedroom window for a long time. Snowflakes swirled through the darkness, rested briefly on the window-pane and then were gone. A second of existence, then nothingness. How like this little boy, he thought, looking at the still face of the child he'd just delivered. A flicker of a heartbeat at the end of his stethoscope, then no sound at all. How to tell the (*Continued on page 49*)

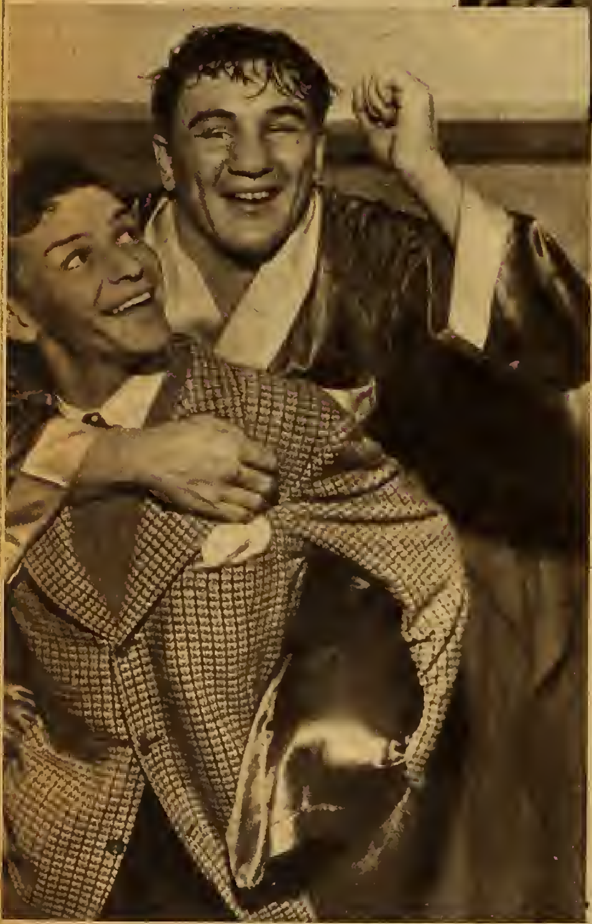
At 2, with his mother on boat trip off Jersey shore. Every summer he stayed with an aunt at beach. Neither parent was musical, hoped Frank would become civil engineer

Frank Sinatra

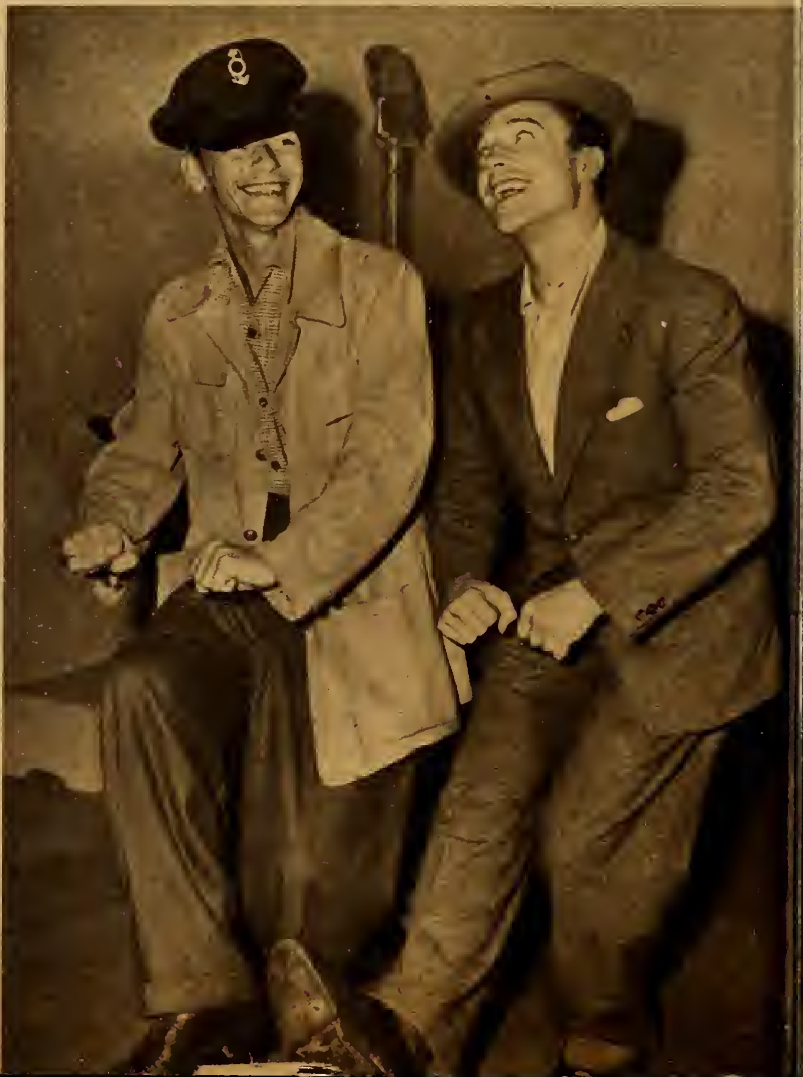
(Continued)



His Career—Took first crack at it in high school renting out orchestrations to local bands, provided *he* was hired to sing! Business grew with acquisition of public address system. Arrived when he joined T. Dorsey's Pied Pipers.



His Pal—197-lb. boxer Tami Mauriello is his idol, with whom he'd gladly swap jobs. Tami'd rather croon! Sinatra gives chums and family credit for his success.



His Job—Takes it seriously. Only fear is that voice will crack, visits throat specialist weekly. Gene Kelly's teaching him to dance for "Anchors Aweigh."

father who was waiting on the other side of the door; and the mother, the brave little mother, smiling now as she slept.

And then beautifully, incredibly, it happened. The still face puckered, and a yell heard all over Hoboken came out. Awed, the doctor picked him up again and looked him over. Sound as a dollar. It couldn't be, and yet it was. Science had no explanation for it; it remained for Frankie himself to grow up and give the answer. "Heck, any cluck can be born," is how he figures it, "it takes a ham to do it dramatically."

His dad heard the yell and dashed into the room, wild-eyed. "What was that?" he croaked hoarsely.

"Your son," the doctor told him, placing the bundle in his arms.

"Our little boy," Mr. Sinatra breathed, doting on him, "our beautiful little boy."

Beautiful was stretching it a little. Frankie was not too smooth as an infant. It had been an extremely difficult birth, and his head was slightly battered. One of his earlobes was missing. In addition to which he was very fat—all of fifteen pounds—and very red. For his father's dough, however, he was okay. He was handsome and good. He was the king. For the old man's dough, he still is.

(*Continued on following page*)

His Baby—He's wild about both kids, Nancy and Frankie, Jr. Latter came Jan. 10 in Jersey City when Frank was on Coast. Picture was wirefotoed few hours later to proud Pop chewing inevitable stogey.

His Family—"Nobody comes before my wife Nancy. When I was knocking out the gaudy sum of $20 per, she kept on grinning, making those bucks go a long way."

His Fans—He staunchly defends them against hecklers. They, in turn, go so far as, "I'd gladly give my life if it would mean his happiness." Less intense, Duke of Windsor invited him to table at Waldorf, confided, "I do a bit of singing myself."

Frank Sinatra

Continued

In the months that followed, it was Mom who had to make with the discipline. Mom who no-noed bric-a-brac tossing and ink-spilling. When she could keep a straight face that was.

One day before he was a year old, Nathalie was entertaining one of her cronies while Frankie was on the loose somewhere in the house. All breakable objects had been put out of reach, fire hazards had been removed, and he was quite safe. For thirty uninterrupted minutes the two gals chatted.

"Good child, isn't he?" the friend mentioned eventually.

Nathalie expanded a little. "Good as gold," she smiled. "Hardly know I have him half the time." Whereupon Frankie entered on all fours, his face smeared with butter, bits of liverwurst and dill pickle. It developed that he'd just discovered he could pull himself up on the icebox and maneuver the catch.

"Ma-ma," he beamed, reeking of garlic.

It was a moment for *(Continued on page 110)*

His Arranger—Alex Stordahl steals Frankie's stuff! When he mounts podium at studio broadcasts, bobby sox squeal *almost* as ecstatically as they do for the Voice himself!

His Rival—Crosby's his pal. First time they p.a.-ed together they sang "People Will Say We're in Love," to tune of $20,000 Bond sale!

His Conquest—At Metro, Sinatra won admiration of everyone, from top star Lana Turner to greenest grip. Same story on RKO's "Step Lively" set.

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

"Such a darling"—"and what a glorious complexion," you think when you see Suzanne Sherwood.

She's another engaged girl with that *soft-smooth Pond's look.*

"Pond's Cold Cream is the only cream in the world for me," she says. "I love everything about it—its softness, its whiteness, and the grand way it cleans my face and makes my skin so smoothed and refreshed."

THIS IS SUZANNE'S BEAUTY CARE

She smooths snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat, and pats briskly to soften and take off dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with *more* Pond's, working her cream-coated fingers round in little whirls to *extra-cleanse* and *soften* every bit of her lovely face. Tissues off again.

It's no accident engaged girls like Suzanne, society beauties like Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney and Britain's Lady Morris love Pond's Cold Cream. Ask for *your* big jar today. Use it night and morning, for daytime clean-ups, too!

This is Suzanne • Eyes, shining grey • Hair, chestnut • Skin, smooth as ivory

Suzanne Sherwood, engaged to Richard Roosevelt Colburn, Air Force Officer

Suzanne's Ring—a handsome square-cut diamond set in platinum. Her romance started with a "chance" Suzanne sold Dick at the Officers' Club in Buffalo.

In training as photographer's assistant, doing special work in industrial photography, Suzanne spends exciting days on location at some of the biggest war plants in the country. Like so many Pond's engaged girls, she is learning a job that plays a real part in America's war program.

All kinds of jobs need women workers —in plants, stores, offices, transportation. Check help wanted ads in your local paper. Consult local U. S. Employment Service about how *you* can help.

She adjusts camera for engine-room shot

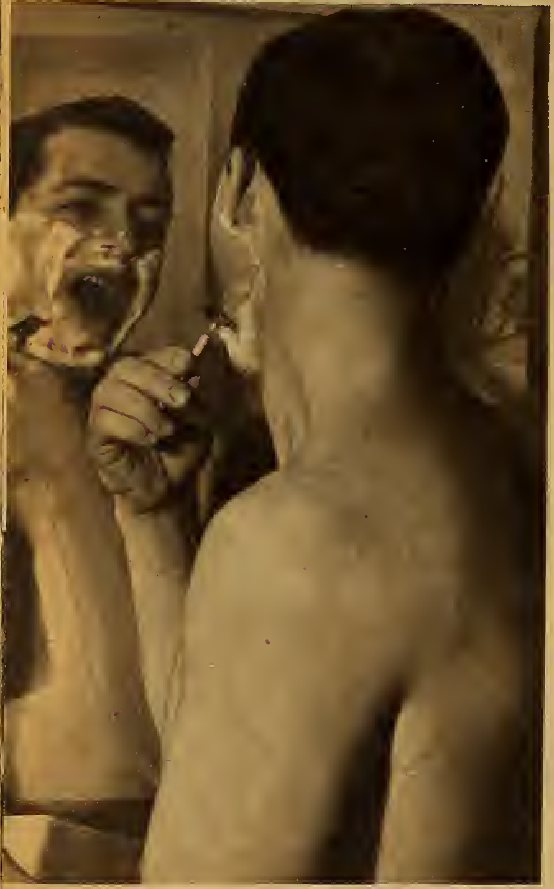
Ask for the Luxury-Size Jar of Pond's —help save glass. You'll *love* the way the fingers of *both* your hands can dip into this wide-topped Pond's jar.

TODAY MORE WOMEN USE POND'S THAN ANY OTHER FACE CREAM AT ANY PRICE

the guy next door

By Kirtley Baskette

The star nobody knows, the heart throb with a Ty Power fan for a son—that's Dana Andrews!



Heavy pic schedule prevents Dana's indulging in riding, swimming, hiking so the ex-college athlete keeps down to 168 by hoeing.

■ One night recently, after a swank Hollywood premiere, a big, handsome, pleasant-looking fellow and his pretty blonde wife stood on the forecourt curb of Grauman's Chinese theater waiting for their car to be brought around. They listened to the loud speaker drone out the names of Hollywood's exalted big shots—"Mister Zanuck's car—Mr. Goldwyn!—Mr. Mayer—Mr. Cary Grant—Mr. Gary Cooper—Miss Greer Garson, please—" and on and on.

He had given the starter his name long before—"Dana Andrews." Then he waited and waited expecting every next name to be his. But the minutes ticked by, and nothing happened. Everybody got his car—everybody but Dana Andrews. Dana waited almost an hour, then he

Moderate in most things, Andy enjoys his 3 squares a day, with emphasis on meats and salads; occasionally runs riot with chain smokes but makes up for it by rarely touching hard drink.

Dana's 2-A status is strictly a family-occupation deferment though he's itching to get in. Hates folk who "wanna-see-my-operation" him, never refers to sometimes painful cracked ribs.

Dana A

Dana cracks he's been "discovered" about 10 times, never forgets that when he was under contract to Goldwyn, fattest roles came on 20th's lend-out.

Andy answered offer to rename Dana Point, Calif., "Dana Andrews" with, "It might have been different a year ago—for $1000 I'd have changed *my* name to Dana Paint!"

Title of "highest paid nurse in H'wood" came when, after once minding neighbor Jimmy Kerns' child, Hal Wallis offered to up contract by $50,000 if Dana'd agree to be *his* baby watcher!

the guy next door

Continued

nabbed the starter. "Hey, how about my automobile? I was here before all these other people."

"Yeah, I know," said the starter. "But look, Buddy, this shindig is strictly for movie stars—not ordinary guys like you. Now, why don't you just go out to the lot like a good guy and get it yourself?"

So Dana went out to the parking lot and got it himself. He never told the starter that he was one of the stars of the picture.

Things like that are always happening to Dana Andrews. Hundreds of people still send him letters addressed "Miss Dana Andrews," not even being sure whether he's male or female. Movie-wise columnists tag him a "newcomer." When he walks around Hollywood, not even the tourists give him a tumble. And in the out-country, despite the recent hits he's bunched like (*Continued on page 128*)

Janet Blair

Terrible Tommy

He's a big boy now, this Dix fella, but the kid's had a hunk o' livin'—a movie star, a slugging boy soprano—almost a G.I. cantor!

Signed for one number in "Best Foot Forward," Tommy was long-termed after first rushes. Drawing raves on recent Major Bowes hour, he boomed WAC drive, is still awed over hit reception of his song, "March of Dimes."

"It's less painful not being in love," chirps Tommy, but admits he prefers blondes—and chocolate pudding! Mobbed in Ala., he sold 3 million bucks of bonds, will hit legit after war for "real work." (On "BFF" set.)

■ Sunday was tough on Tommy. Any other day you could race out of the house and find half a dozen guys around the front stoop pitching pennies or knocking each other's heads off. Sundays you'd just sit on the steps all morning and watch the kids on their way to Sunday school, all pressed and starched and cleaner even than on promotion day. Yes, it was tough, all right. Ten times a morning, Tommy'd whine, "Why can't I go to Sunday school, too, Ma, huh?"

"Because you're still too young, Tommy."

"Yeah? Then how come my friend Johnny goes, and he's younger even than I am?"

"Maybe he's brighter."

When Tommy had finally worn his mother down, the choir master pounced on him for the soprano section because his voice was clear and high and wonderfully true. For a while it looked as though it was going to be all right. Tommy liked to sing. He also liked not being alone on Sundays. Mrs. Dix began thinking maybe she'd been wrong about Tommy being too young. Then, one Sunday, just as she was sticking the roast in the oven, Tommy burst into the kitchen.

"Hey, Ma! I quit!"

"What do you mean, you quit?"

"Sunday school. I quit. I told them today I wasn't gonna be stuck in no soprano section with a bunch first-grade kids I could knock down with one finger. I told them if I couldn't be a baritone, I wasn't going to sing in their old choir. I'm not gonna have all the guys goin' around calling me panty-waist."

"And what did the choir master say to that?"

"He said I was a soprano and that's how I was gonna sing."

Mrs. Dix reached for the hairbrush. And Tommy, in spite of himself, went on being a soprano. "But of course," says Mrs. Dix, "a boy soprano's got (*Continued on page 95*)

By Sylvia Katz

The Greatest
Romantic Comedy
of All Time

If you think
Mr. Deeds
Went to town
Keep an eye on
Casanova Brown

International Pictures, Inc.,
presents

GARY COOPER · TERESA WRIGHT

in

Casanova Brown

"A great lover in spite of himself"

Directed by SAM WOOD
A NUNNALLY JOHNSON Production
with FRANK MORGAN · Anita Louise
PATRICIA COLLINGE · Edmond Breon · Jill Esmond

Produced and written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson · From a play by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell · Presented by International Pictures, Inc. · Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

"GOOD ENTERTAINMENT IS INTERNATIONAL"

Dark Angel

Wistful guys from Tuskegee Air Base, prim Plaza patrons—they all say the same wonderful things about Lena Horne!

By Rosemary Layng

■ Lena Horne stood in the wings at Carnegie Hall, waiting to go on. Café Society Downtown was giving its first big boogie-woogie concert, and Lena had been with the troupe for just a week. She was scared numb.

Somehow she found herself out on the stage, and first thing she saw was a face in the third or fourth row. It was soft with sympathy and alight with encouragement. The deep eyes smiled. "Come on," the smile said. "We're *for* you." Throughout her four songs, Lena's eyes clung to Marian Anderson—whom she'd never met—like a kid to its mother's hand.

When it was safely over and no one had beaten her, the loveliest thing happened. Miss Anderson asked to meet her. She doesn't remember what was said. Only the voice and the face and the heavenly kindness. "She's like a queen," breathes Lena softly.

It's characteristic that the outstanding memory of that evening should be her meeting with Marian Anderson. Her own success? Of course it was important. But to say merely that she's ambitious is to give the story false emphasis.

For herself, she's pleased in a quiet way. "It was a beautiful engagement," she'll say. Or, "The kids are always good to me." But for her people she exults. Any tribute paid her is a gift she can bring to them. Such gifts are her treasures, whoever makes them. That's why her quietness blazes into excitement over Marian Anderson, over Paul Robeson playing "Othello," over George Washington Carver, the great negro scientist in whose

(Continued on page 73)

A young matron is perplexed

A charming wife and mother who is in her "40's" (although she doesn't like to admit it) has lately found herself confronted with embarrassing symptoms due to the functional middle-age period peculiar to women (often designated as the *menopause*).

What is she to do? This problem has bewildered many a woman!

In case *you* are annoyed by hot flashes and feel nervous, restless, irritable, highstrung, so tired, weak, and a bit moody at times—all due to this cause—why not try *famous* Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms?

For almost a century—Lydia Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of grateful women—rich and poor alike—to go smiling thru such middle age distress.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. *It helps nature!* Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit! Follow label directions. *Worth trying!*

Lydia E. Pinkham's

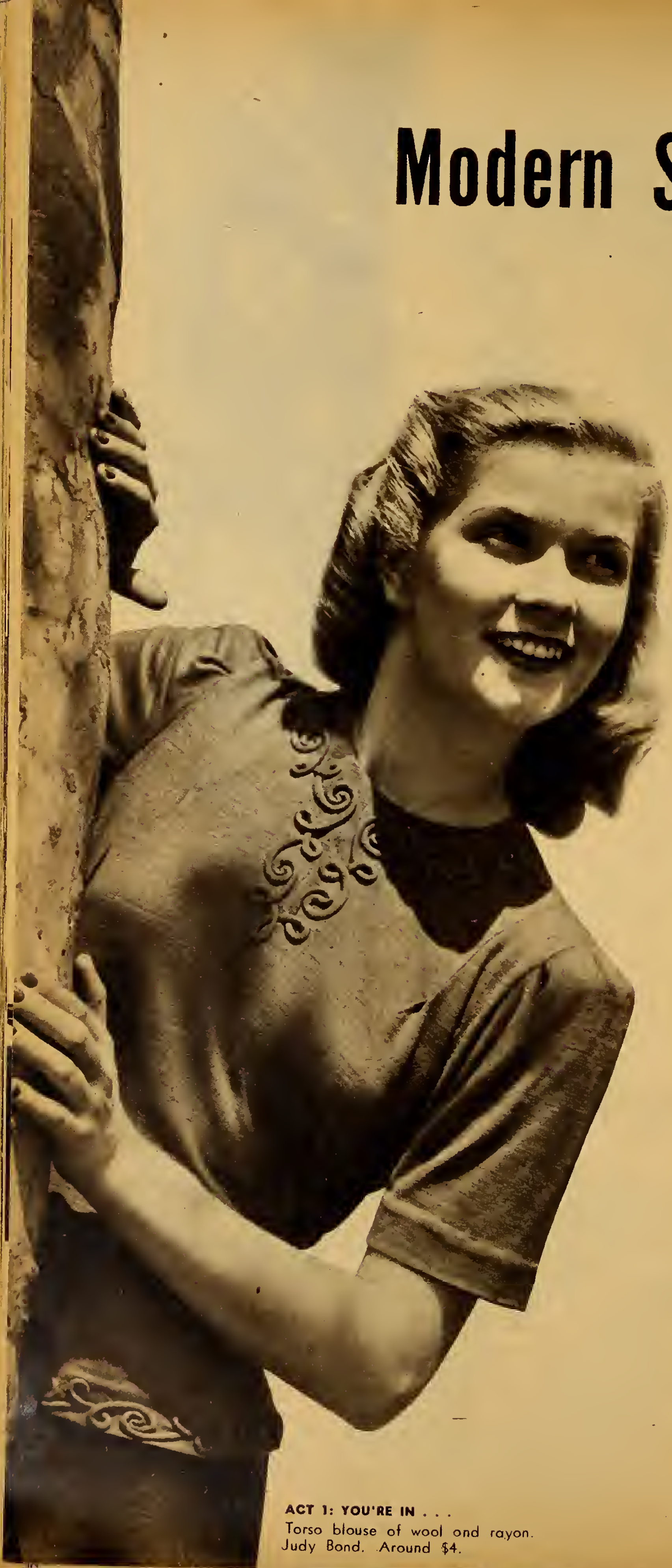
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Modern Screen's Fashion

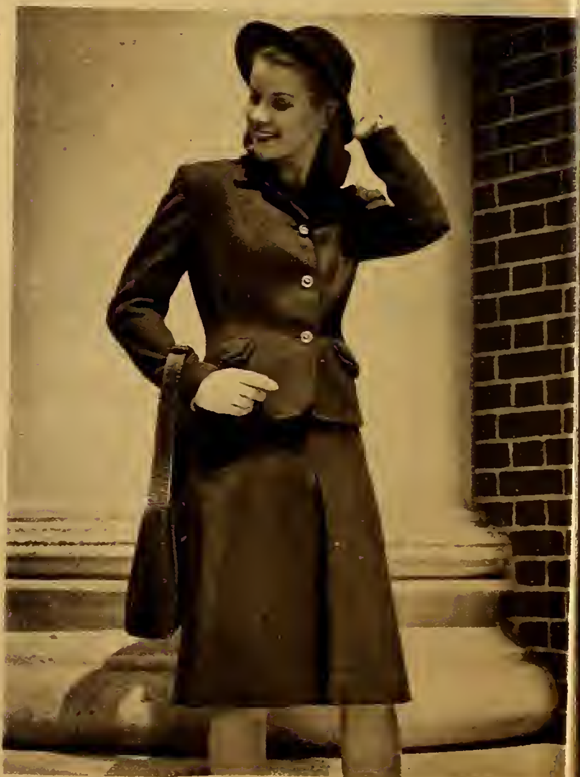
■ You came through Summer on a shoestring—that is, if you were stringing along with *me*, you did. So by now you should have a little extra to invest in a suit or topcoat. And if you also happen to have a housetop handy, I'd like to get up there and shout, "Plunge, pal, plunge!"

I mean it! Spend a little more here and save somewhere else—because when it comes to a suit or a coat, you just can't fake. Especially if you've been convoyed by a lad with an eye for tailoring. So please—when you're tempted by one of those floozy "here-today-gone-tomorrow" jobs—just close your eyes and count ten. You'll count savings in the long run if you hold out for stuff that stands by.

The first thing (*Continued on page: 64*)

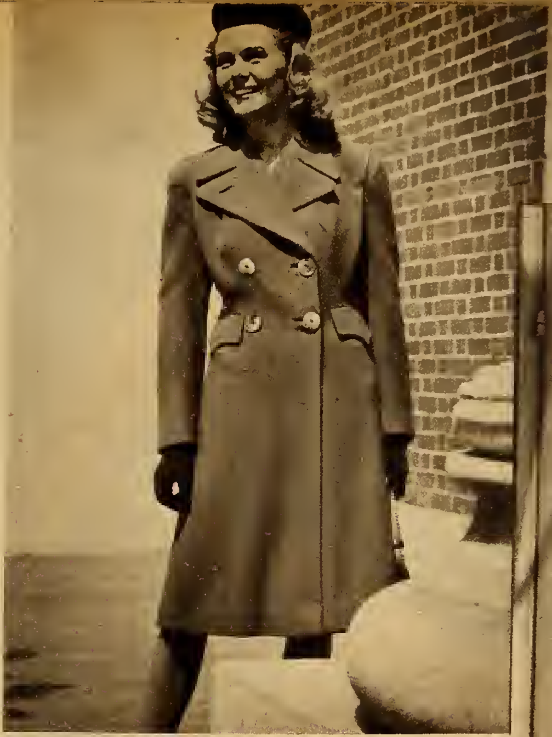


ACT 1: YOU'RE IN . . .
Torso blouse of wool and rayon. Judy Bond. Around $4.

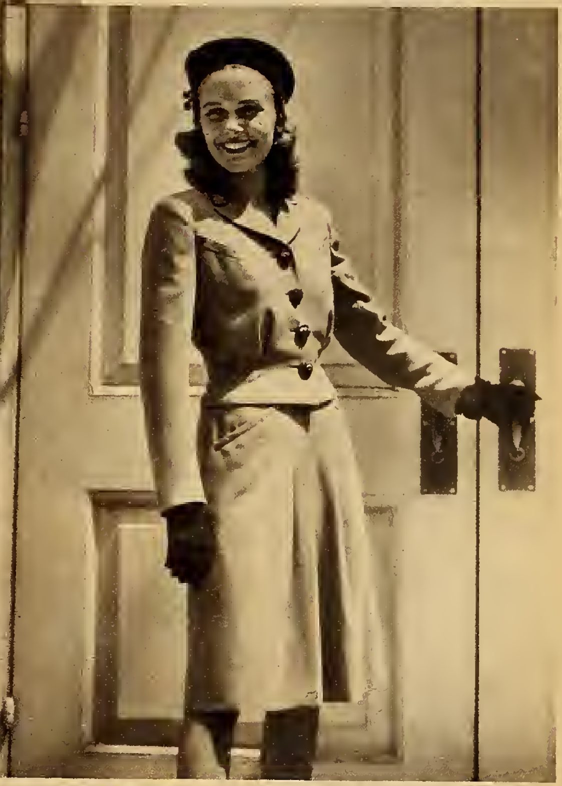


ACT 2: YOU'RE PLUS . . .
in a two-piece basketweave suit. Jaunty Jr. About $29.75. Brewster cloche. Around $4.

Guide



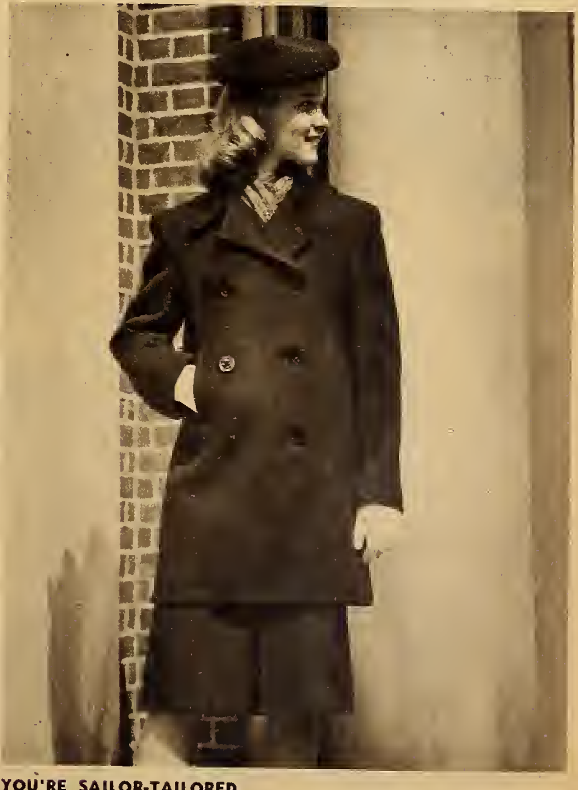
YOU'RE SMART . . . 'cause you wear "flange fronts." Printzess Deb, about $42. Beret by Brewster, about $4.



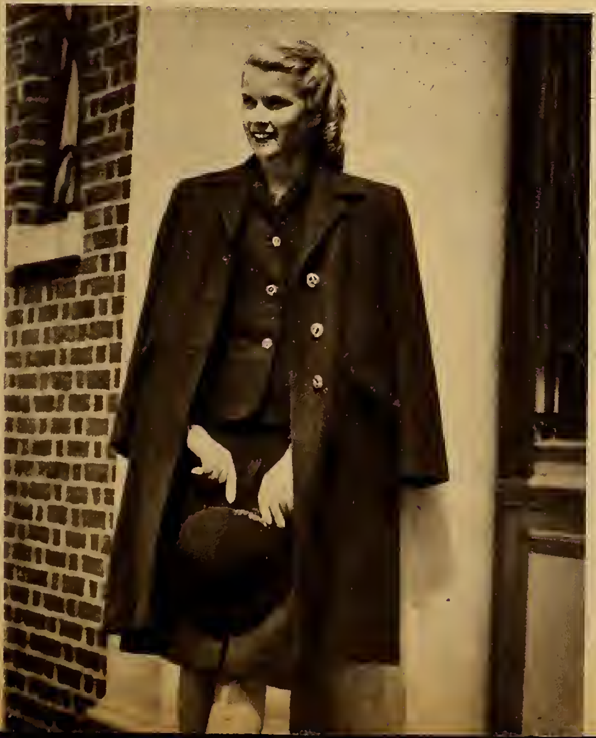
ACT 3: YOU'RE TOPS . . . when a topper matches your suit even to the "new penny" buttons. About $29.75.

By Marjorie Bailey

It pays to shell out lavishly when you're marketing for a suit 'n' topper



YOU'RE SAILOR-TAILORED . . . wearing an all-wool melton pea jacket. G.I.-dea'd by Rosalie Tailleurs. Around $22.75.



YOU'RE YOURSELF . . . in short, rather than long, long jackets. By Jr. Deb in all-wool flannel. Around $29.75.

"GI JOHNNY"

A juke box blares, a G.I. razzes, "Icy showers, phooey!"—and Pilot Payne knows this is home.

■ You'll find John Payne at his favorite table in the corner by the juke box of the Service Club cafeteria at Buckley Field these evenings.

G.I. Johnny. Khaki cap sticking out of his pocket. Chair tilted back against the shiny red and chromium juke box. Tanned fingers softly drumming on the table in beat with the tune.

His usual cronies are with him. For like any other Joe, John Payne has his own buddies—his own G.I. gang. Privates Buddy Lawler, Hollywood dance director, Archie Hall, radio announcer, wiry little Tony Marano, Brooklyn welterweight, and Stanley Billingsley, often referred to politely by the rest of them as a "former civilian."

Through the door (*Continued on page 119*)

Photo by AAF Training Command

Proof of Flight Leader Payne's pull came when exec's revealed he tops fan mail records of all 20th-C. heroes. Turned down discharge though bedded with old wounds.

Johnny spent most of leave with mother in Va., found time to date Sheila Ryan, give rush act to former Mrs., Anne Shirley, to whom he's given custody of their child.

By Maxine Arnold

Why Lucille Ball wears Woodbury Rachel

LUCILLE BALL, STARRING IN "MEET THE PEOPLE"
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

✓ it gives an exquisite ivory tone . . . brings a heavenly clear, fresh look . . . and such smoothness!

Girls! Want to be *loved?* Be lovelier. Wear *your* Woodbury shade . . . Hollywood directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for EACH skin type. And the Color Control process blends Woodbury Powder color-even . . . makes it *stay* color-fresh on your skin . . . creates clinging, velvet texture that veils tiny blemishes. Choose your shade *now* from the 8 enchanting Woodbury Powder shades.

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! . . . Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost . . . All 3 for only $1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢

MODERN SCREEN'S FASHION GUIDE

(*Continued from page 60*)

to remember is: *read your tags.* Today they always tell you what's in the fabric (it's the law). When it says "100% wool," you can be pretty sure it will hold its shape. Manufacturers don't put their labels on things unless they're proud of them. The Printzess people, for instance, make a big issue of "fashions that live in fabrics that last"—which just about sums up what I'm trying to put across.

About that suit of yours—maybe you and I are going to have an argument. But I still hold that those baggy jackets that reach down toward the knee department don't do right by your pretty curves. After all, who wants to be styled by a juke box? Mark my word, the fad's going to leave everybody high and dry before long.

This doesn't mean you have to go around looking like something left over from last year. Novelty pockets and fancy-pantsy skirts with unpressed pleats are here to stay for a while. So are trick buttons (and if I'm wrong about that, you can always switch next season). You can also do things for yourself by going for a new torso slip-over blouse.

Companion toppers are *made* to go over suits, so of course they're cut generously through the shoulders. But no matter what kind of coat you buy, be sure you get the same kind of "room service." I don't have to show you what Chesterfields look like, but I'd like to point out that they look better than ever in bright new colors, like kelly green, or fuchsia or purple.

The new fitted reefer is another good example. Its shoulders are cut "Adrian" style, and wool melton's the fabric for it. "Flange" sounds like a $64 word but don't let it get you down. It simply means those front shoulder tucks that make you look wider up top and slim of waist.

In spite of all the furore over tunic-length coats, I'm scared of 'em for you. You see, I *know* you. When I'm not looking you'll be slinging one on over your full-skirted dirndl or somethin'. And nothing looks cornier. But, if you can remember to keep a neat, slim hemline underneath, then take a whirl at the short pea-jacket. The one our candid camera caught for you is tailored by the same outfit that delivers to the United States Navy.

Of course, the best coat or suit in the world will start looking drippy if you don't give it the right kind of a break. So—once more—won't you wear at least a *ghost* of a panty girdle to keep from "sitting this one out?" Also remember (the way men do) to unbutton your jacket or coat whenever you sit down. And look—I'll get down on my knees, if it'll influence you to put your outfits on hangers instead of on the chair—and to brush away all dust before it grinds in for keeps. One thing more—when your woolens get rained on, just let then dry off by themselves in an airy place. If they're the right sort, you'll find they come out of it better than if you hung them by the radiator or made with the electric iron.

* * *

One of these days I'd like to do a whole chart about all the tricks there are for keeping wardrobes in condition. Meanwhile, write me if you want to know where to buy the reliable clothes I've shown here. Or, if you've got a clothes problem that's sort of special, write and I'll give it my sort of special attention. Marjorie Bailey, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16. N. Y.*

Daffiest Army experience was getting $1.25 to see himself in "Follow the Boys." Theater was so jammed he ushered to get in. With Peg Ryan in "The Merry Monahans."

Don plotted for weeks to get off for Gwen's graduation exercises at Los Angeles High. She's keeping house nearby in Long Beach. He recruits Spars by personal-appearancing before prospects' impressionable kid sisters.

tender comrades

By Jeanne Karr

The Don O'Connors may sing and dance and talk in jive, but they love in waltz time.

Bedded in Army hospital for several days, he may be medically discharged. Visited Peggy on set, met her dancing partner at age of 3, Bob Boniface.

■ It was 5:30 on a February morning in San Pedro. A car drew up at the camp gates, disgorged a boy and his bags and drove away. His face looked older than his eighteen years, as he stood watching the car till it disappeared. Then he slung three pairs of shoes over his shoulders, picked up grips and odds and ends, passed through the gate and started down the hill toward camp. Loaded like an Army mule, his progress was slow. The shoes kept slipping, and he kept hoisting them up. Once he had to trudge back for some stuff he'd dropped in the road. Finally the mists swallowed him.

Meantime, the car was heading back to Los Angeles, a boy at the wheel, a sleeping girl scrounged up like a kitten in her white fur coat. Presently she stirred, and her head felt for the shoulder on which she'd fallen (*Continued on page 66*)

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT! PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM...
PUT FRESH THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM, UNDER THIS ARM! SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION-PREVENTS ODOR BETTER.

Use FRESH and stay fresher!

• See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

KEEPS YOU FRESH AS A DAISY!
FRESH
CREAM DEODORANT STOPS PERSPIRATION

asleep, but the shoulder wasn't there.

Her eyes flew open. "Where's Don?"

Joe, who'd gone along to drive her back, said gently: "He's gone, Gwen. He kissed you good-by while you were asleep, didn't want to wake you, couldn't stand to see you cry any more—"

wailin' woman . . .

She burst into tears.

"He said he'd try to call you before they leave," Joe put in hastily. The sobs only grew more convulsive. "Look, honey, that doesn't do any good. You'll just make yourself sick."

"I can't help it," she wailed. "Look—just look at these things I've got on—Don's slacks, Don's old plaid shirt. He made me wear them this morning because I wouldn't be warm enough in my own clothes. He's so thoughtful and sweet—and I never even kissed him good-bye." Her head went down on her arms against the dashboard and Joe let her blubber in peace all the way home.

Lots of words, pro and con, have been written about youthful marriages, lots more about war marriages. Gwen and Don O'Connor have read none of them, and if they had, it wouldn't have made any difference. From the first, it was as though they'd been swept to some magic island that held only the two of them. Everything else was like the murmur of far-off waters. From the first, they were serenely sure of themselves and each other. So long as they went hand in hand, nothing could touch them.

Don had enlisted in the Army Air Corps and finished his last picture at Universal. He'd worked hard in order to roll up a backlog for the studio that had given him his break—which turned out to be a break for themselves as well. He left with "This Is the Life," "The Merry Monahans," and "Patrick the Great" still unreleased.

There was one more piece of unfinished business to attend to before he reported to Uncle Sam.

"Wait," urged the mothers. "Wait till you're older. Wait till after the war."

"Why?" asked the children, "when we're in love now, and always will be."

So they were married on February 6th, and parted a few days later at the camp gates. Don, eighteen, and a Volunteer Flight Trainee, was shipped to Amarillo. Gwen, seventeen, finally stopped crying and went back to school.

"Your eyes look funny," said her best pal. "What's wrong?"

"Don's gone," quavered Gwen, "and you may now call me Mrs."

"Really? Why?"

"Because I'm married, Stoop!"

It was funny, being married and having everything just the same except that Don wasn't there. Nothing was different at school, only once in a while as she passed through the hall, she'd hear a stage whisper: "That girl's married to Donald O'Connor." Nothing was different at home except, when the phone rang, she knew it wouldn't be Don. Every afternoon she'd race home to look for a letter. He wrote every day, she wrote twice a day. His letters were all about how much he missed her, and life down there, and how much he missed her. In her letters, she had to tell him exactly what she did from the minute she got up till the minute she went to bed. Those were his orders.

He said the worst of camp was waking up suddenly at 5:30, and she could well believe it, because waking up slow is his favorite sport. He said he generally fell in in his underwear and overcoat and never had his socks or shirt off for four weeks. But he passed the psychological test for pilots—only twenty-six passed—

(*Continued on page 87*)

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

● Paulette Goddard retains her title of the Queen of the Unpredictables in Hollywood.

There are plenty of people who believed Paulette would never marry any man who was not rich—or influential—or both.

They said: "There's a girl who knows what she wants. And she'll always get it."

Well, apparently, what Paulette wanted was the man she loved and has loved for several years—Burgess Meredith. He is a grand person—a wit and a gentleman. But "Buzz" is far from rich, and being in the Army for the past two years hasn't made him any richer.

He is a fine actor—but his name is far from being as important as Paulette's.

Yet, soon after the wedding, Paulette told me, "I know this marriage will last. We are so congenial, so happy and companionable. Both of us have had unhappy marital experiences in the past. This is the third marriage for both of us. But I think you will realize how deeply we feel when I tell you that this is the first religious ceremony for either of us."

* * *

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and most of the luncheon crowd had cleared out of the Brown Derby in Hollywood. There were still a few stragglers. Joan Fontaine was being interviewed for a newspaper story in a booth near the door. Gracie Allen and George Burns were having a snack following a broadcast rehearsal.

Part-picking Fran Neal sharing Lt. Van Heflin's last leave at Mocambo before he goes overseas; is glad baby Vana's hair is red, proving own's real!

Sonny Tufts started work on garden before moving to new home—hit solid rock. Swears place is built over marble quarry! (At Ice-Capades.)

Gene is changing baby Antoinette's first name to Daria, will follow her Lt. Cassini to Fort Riley at finis of "Laura." (At Clover Club.)

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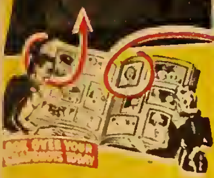

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GOOD NEWS Continued

But suddenly—the little cigarette girl and the cashier behind the counter gave a gasp that couldn't have been more excited if a Robot bomb had ricocheted through.

Coming through the door was a skinny young man wearing a bow tie—and perched precariously against his shoulder was a four-months old baby in a blue cap, wrapped in a pink blanket.

"Hi, girls," said Frank Sinatra, grinning, "Want to see *him*?"

Whereupon, Frankie sat his son on the cigar counter and unbundled him so the girls could get a good look. You might think this would make Master Sinatra cross—but he just gave with the "goo's."

"That's enough of that," said Frankie, "who do you you think you are—Frank Sinatra?"

By this time, Benny, the popular waiter at the Derby and himself the father of four (with a brand new baby boy), dashed up to join the admiring group. "How about a quick plate of spaghetti for me?" asked Frankie, seating himself in a booth and parking the baby beside him on the seat.

"But Mr. Sinatra—don't you want one of us girls to hold the baby while you eat?"

"Don't be silly," said Benny. "We men know how to mind a baby, don't we?"

"Sure," agreed Frankie, "I'm minding *him* today."

* * *

Has the Lana Turner-John Hodiak romance dimmed before it even got started? Everybody was sure "Hi" Hodiak was Lana's secret heartbeat right after she and Steve Crane broke up.

Mebbe so. But he's stepping around lately with Judy Garland. Or is this just to throw the know-it-alls off the right track?

By the way—you MODERN SCREEN fans who have written to me show more interest in Hodiak than any other star. Where are you Alan Ladd devotees?

* * *

Speaking of Judy—when my doctor husband and I were invited to dinner at her home, he said: "How come we are invited to crash the younger set? I can't go because I can't find my bow tie!"

But did we live to eat those words! When we arrived at Judy's comfortable, rambling Brentwood home, there wasn't a jive hound in sight.

On the contrary—there was Charles Jackson, author of the best-selling "Lost Weekend"; Robert Nathan, who wrote "The Portrait of Jenny" and also Judy's latest picture, "The Clock"; Louis Brown, whose "See What I Mean" is much discussed; Marc Connolly and the Ira Gershwins, among other literary and musical lights.

But far from being arty or high-brow—it turned out to be a wonderful evening. Judy sang all her new songs including the "Trolley Song." Danny Kaye gave with some brand new numbers and routines and was never funnier in his life.

I think Judy is happier than she has been in a long time. She certainly looks better—and what a hostess! The food was divine.

* * *

PURELY PERSONAL: Joan Fontaine, I believe, inspires more "catty" remarks in other women than almost any other movie star. Maybe that is because she is young and beautiful and won an "Oscar." On the other hand, Joanie doesn't go out of her way to be cordial to women at parties. (And I don't mean me. I've always liked and admired her.)

Studio bosses haven't begun to realize the terrific popularity of Turhan Bey with girl fans. I sat next to an M-G-M executive at the sneak preview of "Dragon Seed," and he almost swallowed his gum at the demonstration that greeted Turhan's appearance. "And all along I had thought *this* picture would put him over," he grudgingly admitted.

Billy Wilder, Paramount's wonder boy director (he made "Double Indemnity") has an interesting idea—whether you agree or not, when he says: "No actress under 35 years of age should ever win The Academy Award. She hasn't earned it until she is that old."

* * *

Mickey Rooney is head over heels in love again with—surprise, surprise!—his ex-wife, Ava Gardner. Before he donned his uniform, they both admitted they might re-marry. If they don't, it won't be Mickey's fault.

* * *

Remember several months ago we printed in this column that Betty Hutton was dying to fall in love? Well, Technical Sergeant Walter Diel is willing to be THE man in Betty's life and encloses the following original poem to prove it:

"I wish you'd miss me when you're at a bar,
And someone's humming "Journey to a Star."
And someone's using Shalimar—
I wish you'd miss me.

I wish you'd miss me when you're One of Three,
And Two go dancing to a rhapsody,
And leave you staring at a Daiquiri . . .
I wish you'd miss me.

I wish you'd miss me when Sinatra sings,
And when they're playing any song of Bing's,
Or if they're zinging "Holiday for Strings" . . .
I wish you'd miss me.

For when the endless, friendless night is due
I want you to know . . .
I'm missing you, too."

* * *

Bill Eythe is such a nice boy, and he's carrying such a big torch for Anne Baxter that it is too bad that she won't change her mind about NOT marrying an actor!

Bill has other dates now and then, and there are other pretty girls in Hollywood. But Anne is the only one for him—anyway, at THIS writing.

* * *

Never can quite figure out Helmut Dantine. He's a moody young man. One minute—walking in the clouds. The next, down in the dumps. But he is always honest.

When I asked him if he were having trouble with Warners' about starring, in the remake of "Petrified Forest," he said frankly:

"I'm not happy. I didn't want to do the former Humphrey Bogart role. It's his part, and I didn't want to follow in his footsteps. But I am not pouting—or remaining away from the set as some people have said. I'm trying to make the best of an unhappy situation."

Some say he is still carrying a torch for his wife, Gwen Anderson. One of his steadiest "dates" in Hollywood is Myrna Loy.

* * *

Now that Alexis Smith is married to Craig Stevens—her real and legal name is Mrs. Gail Hughes Shikles, Jr. because that's Craig's real and legal name.

* * *

Steve Crane (he's Lana's ex) has been trying to date Betty Hutton. So far—not much luck.

* * *

Lon McCallister's back in town with the Army's permission to emote in "Winged Victory." But that didn't mean that Lon could go back to his own nice, comfortable little home and take it easy. No, sir—he moved right out to the camp barracks and went back on strict Army regulations with the 300 other soldiers of the "Winged Victory" unit.

Lon came over to my house one afternoon with two other boys from the "acting" Army. "They're former New York press agents," he explained, introducing Joe Heidt and Bill Doll. "They wanted to meet you."

"Since we hit Los Angeles," Bill and Joe told me, "Lon is the most popular guy in the outfit. He's got all the good telephone numbers."

"I suppose all the guys want to meet Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner and Olivia de Havilland," I guessed. And believe you me—the answer was a surprise! Seems the kids are out and out scared of the "glamour queens." In the order named—the boys want to meet and ask for a date:

Peggy Ryan
Jeanne Crain
Joan Leslie
Judy Garland—even if she is "big league."

* * *

They used to say that the Frank Sinatra Bobby Sockers opened their mouths and squealed. Now they call it "opening their big Booby Traps!"

* * *

Just about the time you'll be reading this you will be seeing "Janie." And I'm wagering a guess right now that it is going to be the favorite picture of 1944 for all 'teen agers.

This movie about a sub-deb who accidentally becomes hostess at a hotcha party for service men, is a lulu and a honey. It's got everything including a "blanket party" which I wouldn't advise you kids to try to copy without a chaperone—even if it is all just good harmless fun.

Come to think of it—"blanket parties" aren't anything new. Back in the days of the Revolutionary War (no, I wasn't there) they went in for "Bundling"—which meant that it was perfectly all right for various and assorted people to wrap up in blankets and snuggle into one bed to keep warm!

Just try *that* idea on your Maiden Aunt sometime!

But the bright particular star of "Janie" is Joyce Reynolds who looks about 16 but who is really 20. She's as fresh and young and gay as the latest Dinah Shore song.

She was born in San Antonio, Texas, and came out to California two years ago to enroll in the University of California at Los Angeles. It was while she was playing in "Alice In Wonderland" on the campus, that a Warner talent scout saw her and signed her in a hurry.

Joyce worries about only one thing—bathing suit photographs. "I look so *Dietrich*," she told a surprised publicity man who thought she looked like—just a young girl in a bathing suit.

* * *

The following letter comes from Larry Adler:

"Several weeks ago a young sailor in to see our show confided that he mightily liked to play the drums. Always one to take a hint, I called on the gob during my act, and while I played the harmonica, he beat the skins on a little madrigal of mine called "Hand to Mouth Boogie."

The next day was "I Am An American Day" at Soldiers Field. I took the sailor out there with me, and before 60,000 people sitting under umbrellas, we conducted an *intime* jam session. The crowd loved it, and when the gob took six choruses of the boogie for a ride, they whistled and screamed their approval. The kid undoubtedly stole the show.

Would you be more interested if you knew his name was JACKIE COOPER?"

* * *

Not since the day Maria Montez became the bride of Jean Pierre Aumont has she donned the beautiful, form-fitting white lace dress with the full skirt in which she was married.

But the other day she brought it out—and

SHEER WITCHERY

You know that "beautiful feeling"... a touch of your favorite fragrance... a wisp of veiling across your eyes... and sheer, clinging Hudson Hosiery to make you beautiful. Full-fashioned, extra-long lengths, no-seam styles. At leading department stores.

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That all-important letter torn?
You feel you're in a scrape?
Don't worry-you can save the day-
Just use some Texcel Tape!

A chart to do? In yellows, greens
And reds and blacks and blues?
Use Texcel Tape in place of ink-
It comes in many hues.

A thousand office uses all
Commend this tape to you.
In fact, there's just no end of things
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For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out,
It holds with plenty of brawn.

Since all the Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
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you will see it on her in the big love scene in "Bowery to Broadway."

"Just for Jean Pierre, I am wearing theez," she said. "Maybe he will see zee picture somewhere in France or wherever he eez—and he will be happy because he will know I am playing those love scenes with *heem* again." Sentimental? Sure. But typically Montez.

* * *

There was something very heart-warming and sweet about the baby shower Mrs. John Wayne gave for Loretta Young, who is one of the most ecstatic about-to-be mothers in Hollywood.

Everyone wanted to give Loretta a gift for that baby because we all knew how hard she had prayed that she and her husband, Lt. Colonel Tom Lewis, would be blessed with a child.

Jean Arthur, who so seldom goes any place, showed up for this event, bringing beautiful hand-embroidered pillow cases and sheets in pink and blue. "No," laughed Jean, "I didn't do them myself. Why, I can't even darn a sock."

But no one was more thrilled than Ann Sothern as the big, exciting-looking packages were unwrapped. Annie is "expecting" herself—and she said she was getting lots of good ideas. "I never dreamed a baby needed so much," she admitted.

But the gift that touched Loretta most was the one from her husband, who was overseas. He had cabled "Jo" Wayne to buy a handmade dress, and Loretta, with tears in her eyes, said the baby will wear it when it is baptized.

* * *

The Darryl Zanuck party honoring Walter Winchell was *tres* gala. The bright colored umbrella tables were set out on the sand at the beach house, and a sumptuous dinner was served while it was still daylight over the Pacific Ocean.

Olivia de Havilland, who has put on a little weight, I'm afraid, arrived with Major John Huston. These two are together everywhere when he is on leave, and they seem very much in love.

Gene Tierney, carrying a parasol in shocking pink, to match her dress, came with Lt. Oleg Cassini. They seem so happy, and it is wonderful to be able to tell you that their baby, who has been so ill, is getting better and stronger.

Joan Blondell, with a wonderful suntan, came with a well-known magazine editor. Joan Bennett came direct from a broadcast, and Myrna Loy, who is so slim these days, was lovely in a flowered print.

I had a long talk with Barbara Hutton Grant, who says that this time she is going to put up a fight for her little boy, Lance. Cary was on a hunting trip, so he wasn't with Barbara. On advice of her lawyer, Barbara is making no comments about her ex-husband's suit, but she adores her little boy, and she's determined that nothing is going to take him away from her. Cary is crazy about him, too, and calls him "General."

There were many other stars—but none more attractive than Winchell's own pretty daughter, Walda.

* * *

Sonny Tufts swears its true:

Several months ago his Macaw bird got a job in a Paramount picture at $25 for a day's work.

The other day, the casting office called and asked if the bird could work again. "We can't pay $25 this time," the casting director explained. "Would you be willing to take $20?"

"Sure," said Sonny—and lived to regret it! The Macaw, perched on his shoulder while he had talked over the 'phone, *bit* him! Guess that's one good way to take care of a nasty agent who's doing you dirt.

I have the greatest admiration for Ida Lupino. Whether it is a ladylike word or not, Ida has guts.

She has been worried almost out of her mind about her husband, Captain Louis Hayward, who came back a hero from that nightmare at Tarawa. When his nerves collapsed, and he was sent to the Corona Naval Hospital for a long rest; many friends were afraid that Ida would collapse, as well.

Instead, she has gone about her work, kept her chin up and, what is doubly hard for any woman—she hasn't talked about Louis' illness. It is as though she were pretending that he was not ill at all. Whenever I ask her about him, she always smiles when she replies: "Louis is just fine, Louella—just fine!"

* * *

A dressing room to end all dressing rooms is the new suite Paramount is whipping up for Betty Hutton. Raoul Pène Du Bois, who did the out-of-this-world dream sets for "Lady In The Dark," is the decorator. And believe me, girls, it's something!

Step into the room, and it seems to be a golden and green bower (Betty's favorite color scheme). But sections of the walls are on pivots and just by pressing a button, Betty can swing her golden bower into a complete wall of mirrors.

Hope the little bombshell star never starts swinging one of her songs in front of all those mirrors. WHAM!

* * *

If it turns out that you like Ross Hunter in Columbia movies, you can thank your boy friend, Frank Sinatra.

Maybe Frankie has never even heard of Ross, but he is indirectly responsible for his contract, and here is how it happened:

A talent scout was in Cleveland looking around for actors. He was bowled over one day when an entire parade of Bobby-Sockers paraded past his hotel bearing placards: "DOWN WITH SINATRA! UP WITH HUNTER."

Happily imagining there was a VOICE lurking somewhere, the scout investigated only to find out that the Hunter referred to was a *school teacher!* And what's more—he'd never acted, and he couldn't warble a note.

But he was good-looking, 23 years old and looked like a swell camera bet. The upshot was a test, and the result a long term contract with Columbia.

* * *

Listen, you 14 and 15 year old girls—don't diet too strenuously. Remember little Ann Gillis who used to play child roles on the screen?

Hadn't heard anything about her for a couple of years until the other day I ran into her in the beauty parlor. She's 17 now and a beauty. I asked her where she had been and what she was doing that she wasn't in pictures?

"I got too fat to work," Ann admitted honestly. "When I was about 12 I began to put on a lot of weight. I went straight up the scale to 135 pounds. I did everything I could to get it off. Almost starved myself and exercised violently—but still I stayed fat.

"Finally, about a year ago, the weight started to come off. Not all at once but a couple pounds a month. When I asked my doctor, he told me that what I had thought was excess fat in my early 'teens was just 'baby fat.' It is awfully hard to get off and seems to take forever!

"But now that I am grown up Nature turned the trick and practically did my reducing for me. Now I weigh 106," and Ann pivoted to show me her new streamlined "figger." Wish Mother Nature would turn a trick like that for me!

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Young Up 'n' Comings at Palladium: Jane Withers, who GI hostesses with Beverly Hills bike tours, and Van Johnson, still shaken by Capt. Ted Lawson's visit to "30 Sec. Over Tokyo" set during amputation scene.

Gloria DeHaven Clover Clubbing with Ted Briskin. Glo's the gal who's been heart-shuttling between Dave Rose and Bob Mauch, of the "Prince and the Pauper" Mauches; will soon finish "Thin Man Goes Home."

"Dee's" recent jinxy streak covered a bout with flu, a bruised jaw from a "Xmas Hal" too-real slugfest—and a pool dunking while chasing after a pet canary! (With Felix Jackson, rumor's nominee for the Durbin hand.)

DARK ANGEL

(*Continued from page 58*)

honor she christened a ship last year, over her visit to the Tuskegee Air Field. These are all symbols of the achievements of her race. "If I'm getting to be a symbol, too, in my very small way, that makes me happy."

In New York a group of colored children from the Billy Rose show called on her. They brought her a box of dusting powder. They were terribly sorry, they'd meant to bring her a better present, but their rehearsal checks hadn't come through yet. Then they looked pointedly at a small boy, who cleared his throat, stepped forward and said, like the Lady in the Dark: "I want to make a speech. I want to tell you that we're all very proud of you, Miss Horne."

She'll never part with that box of dusting powder.

There's nothing extravagant about her except her beauty. She has the gentleness and dignity of breeding. On her father's side, her people were educators—her grandfather was a high school principal, one of her uncles a college dean. She was brought up on books—still reads at the table when she eats alone. Her six-year-old daughter's going mad with excitement right now, because she's in the first grade and just learning to read. Lena feels for her, thinks there's no adventure quite like it.

Lena's parents separated when she was three. Part of her childhood was spent in boarding schools. At 11 she went back to Brooklyn to live with her father's parents. Her mother was an actress and, through her connections, Lena got a job at the Cotton Club when she was 15. Her grandparents, pretty old-fashioned folk, hit the ceiling. The kids she went to school with were terribly impressed. For two years her mother took her back and forth to the job, and she wasn't allowed to go to night clubs, though she worked in one. That was silly, she thought.

She also thought it was silly that the Cotton Club should have taken her in the first place, since she could neither sing nor dance. The dance steps she learned fast enough. And she'd sing in the dressing room, with the girls kidding her, but never in public. One evening Lyle Miller who, with Noble Sissle, had produced "Shuffle Along," heard this voice coming through the transom. It had a quality he liked—

"Noble's taking his band out on the road," he told Lena. "I'd like to talk to him about you."

That really made her giggle. "What would a band do with *me*? I can't sing."

"Are you willing to learn?"

"Oh—*yes!!* —But I don't think my mother'd let me go."

maestress horne . . .

There was an interview with Sissle—a very wonderful guy. He thought Lena had much to learn but was worth teaching. "I'm willing," said her mother, "but I'd have to go along. She's only 17." That suited Sissle, who's pretty old-fashioned himself.

He taught her how to walk onstage, how to wear evening gowns, how to use her speaking voice. For one number he put her into a full dress suit with sequined tailcoat and trouser-stripes, feminized by a high-ruff and a red jabot for the shirt-front. In white gloves and topper she did a tap dance routine while the boys sang. He went easy on her own singing—just two or three lines at first, with a boy singing behind her—then, as her confidence

(*Continued on page 82*)

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WIN WITH A SMILE

By Carol Carter

■ How do you like your smiles? Let's see . . . there's Garland's pert grin, Durbin's gleeful chuckle or Turner's giggle. But howsoever you take 'em, the Hollywood versions all come sunny-side up. Which is my way of letting you know that teeth out around Hollywood & Vine are strictly in the white, healthy and gleaming class.

What's *your* rating? I hope all you MODERN SCREENers are candidates for the "brilliant smile" class. But if not, begin now, this day, to help yourself to one of those grins that sparkle and glisten a girl right into good looks. Let's think a bit about teeth and why yours should have a four-star rating. Poor molars are broken bearings which slow down the body machinery and can make it eligible for the junk heap. Cavities allow disease-bacteria to enter the blood stream . . . then you're liable to different ills. So I'm practically saving your life by this warning. Too, when a neglected tooth is lost, digestion goes haywire. Your speech may get blurred and develop static. Or the loss can upset the position of the remaining teeth so that your pretty facial contours are thrown all awry.

To prevent these horrors, give a thought to tooth care. All dentists are agreed upon three pointers. (1) Clean your sparklers regularly. (2) Visit the dentist every six months, or better yet, every four months. (3) Eat properly. Which means that you'll place your menu accent on raw fruits and vegetables, whole grained breads and plain meats.

Now about cleaning. Dentifrices are not new . . . only better. Egyptians mixed powders and paste. Ancient Hindus brushed their teeth with the frayed ends of twigs. The Arabs used the "siwak," a root of the "tooth-brush tree." And that completes our history lesson for today.

Step into the economics class, please. Ah, yes. We Americans spend over $50,000,000 yearly on dentifrices. Always ones to get our money's worth, too. Which decidedly proves that dentifrices are well worth the money. Take your choice of powder, liquid or paste tooth cleaners. Your dentifrice is an important protective against decay. And how it shines those molars!

A new broom sweeps clean . . . and so does a new tooth brush. Which means away with a brush whose bristles are broken or loose. Choose one with a small head and long, firm bristles that can get around all the "corners" of your mouth comfortably. The better to brush with, my dear. Never use anybody else's brush; have one for each member of the family. It's a bright idea to own two brushes, so one may dry while the other is in use.

When to wield your brush? Morning and night, and after every meal. And how's your brushing technique? Judy Garland, who owns a devastating smile, gives us this routine: Teeth should be brushed from the gums toward the biting surfaces, not crosswise. This massages the gums and sweeps out all food particles from between the teeth. Hold your brush at a slanting angle and brush the inner surfaces thoroughly, too. Don't cheat on time . . . a good job requires at least three minutes, taking three or four teeth at a time and doing right by each group.

Don't stick your tongue out at me! Instead, every time you wash your teeth, stick it out at your mirrored image. Then, go ahead, brush your tongue, too. The tongue catches tiny food particles which need to be scraped off gently. If left on your tongue, they decay and cause bad breath.

Gargle for glamour! Yes, really. Mouthwashes are important; they're cleansing, deodorizing and mildly germicidal. They help guard against unpleasant breath . . . ssh, we mean h-a-l-i-t-o-s-i-s! Don't be one of those gals who think "It can't happen to me." Be wise, like the Hollywood smoothies, and guard against any possible trace of tainted breath by using a good mouthwash. You'll like the refreshing, exhilarating tingle a fine mouthwash leaves. Take a good mouthful. Swirl it 'round and 'round and enjoy its pleasant effect!

About this (*Continued on page 96*)

"chic" *Lovely, Longer-Lasting*
EASY-TO-DO COLD
PERMANENT
WAVE *Only* 59¢
COMPLETE
Including 50 Curlers

SATISFACTIO
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So Wonderful So Thrifty!

The "CHIC" home kit for only 59c contains everything needed for a truly lovely cold permanent wave including 50 curlers and a newly illustrated easy-to-follow direction booklet. "CHIC" is on sale at Hair Goods and Toiletry Counters everywhere.

Simple as A·B·C . . . It's easy to give yourself a beautiful cold permanent wave right in the comforts of your own home. And, you'll be thrilled with the soft, exquisitely molded, natural looking curls and waves you get with a "CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT. "CHIC" requires no heat, no machines or dryers, no harmful chemicals or ammonia. Beauty-wise women and girls prefer "CHIC."

For all types of hair . . . . . Proven tests show that women using "CHIC" get the finest results possible. A "CHIC" permanent "takes" beautifully on every type of hair . . . fine, medium or coarse . . . bleached or dyed. Excellent for children's hair, too.

It's fun to style your own hair . . It's thrilling to be admired! Keep your hair looking lovely for every occasion. For "permanent" hair-beauty, use "CHIC."

GET "chic" AT . . . DRUG STORES · DEPARTMENT

check and double check your tooth care

Here's a quiz that's fun . . . ten guides to tip-top smile allure! See if you can team the half-a-rule at left with its matching half-a-rule at right. Place each letter next to its matching number. Answers on page 96.

1——One sure way to win strong, healthy teeth is to eat a portion of

2——After you've rinsed your mouth with antiseptic mouthwash, pour some of the mouthwash on your toothbrush, thereby leaving

3——The alternate use of two toothbrushes morning and night will help in keeping

4——Any possible cavities that develop will be nipped in the bud if you see

5——If your teeth are naturally dingy in color or tobacco-stained,

6——After your teeth are brushed and your mouth feels mint-fresh, wield your lipstick deftly, but

7——Dentists agree that a paste, a powder or a liquid dentifrice is equally effective for keeping

8——The proper way to brush your teeth is to stroke away from the gums when polishing the outside walls of the teeth, and

9——After each scrub-a-dub session, insert dental floss between the teeth and

10——A neat antidote for drooping jaw muscles is gum chewing, but make sure ___

a a good dentist at least three times every year.

b the teeth free of food particles that lurk in crevices and cause cavities to make their unwelcome appearance.

c green vegetables, whole grain breads and dairy products at all your daily meals.

d that you do your oral daily dozen in private, not when boss or teacher is looking.

e brush round and round on the grinding surfaces of the molars.

f move it gently up and down to loosen any tidbits that were overlooked by the toothbrush.

g each toothbrush firmer. They'll last longer and there's less wear and tear on any one brush.

h remember to use cleansing tissue to remove any telltale traces of red on the teeth before you step away from the mirror.

i a scientifically clean brush with all unfriendly microbes squelched.

j a dark lipstick is for you. It will whiten the shady spots by contrast.

By Carol Carter

Anne Shirley in RKO-Radio's "HAPPY HOLIDAY"

Max Factor ★ Hollywood Face Powder!

1..it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2..it creates a satin-smooth make-up
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HERE IS the famous face powder created in Color Harmony Shades for each type... *blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead*... that will give your complexion a lovely, youthful-looking color tone. Try your Color Harmony Shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder today...one dollar.

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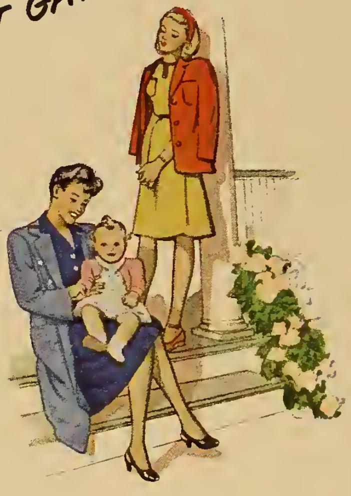
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

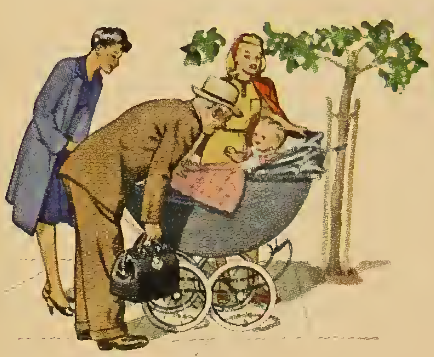
“3 Cheers for my Beauty Tip!”

(IT GAVE MARGE THAT IVORY LOOK!)



"Life's a mess!" Marge said.

“Last night I met the nicest Navy Lieutenant at the club dance—then some glamour girl danced him away. Gee,” Marge said, pointing at me, “if I *only* had your baby's radiant complexion!” Mommy winked. “That's her *Ivory Look*,” she said. “You can have it, too—ask Doc.”



Doctor told her my beauty secret.

He just happened by in time to agree with Mommy. “Stop being careless about skin care,” he said. “Change to regular Ivory cleansing! Ivory Soap has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate tender skin. More doctors advise it than all other brands combined!”

Now she's getting all the breaks!

Yep, regular, gentle cleansings with my mild Ivory gave Marge that smoother, lovelier Ivory Look her Lieutenant loves. (He says *every* girl ought to know it's easy to have that Ivory Look—with regular, gentle Ivory care.)

Look lovelier with Ivory

—the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!

99 44/100% pure

THUMBS DOWN ON WASTE—you help save vital war materials when you make Ivory last and last.

THREE OF A KIND

(*Continued from page 45*)

step before the cameras. But cameras were a thousand miles from her thoughts: "This is it, Hedda," she said seriously. "This is the real thing. I'd trade all the career stuff in the world for one of their smiles."

the bluebird . . .

A writer once called Alice Faye "the girl who has found what we're all looking for." If he meant Happiness, he hit the nail on the head.

I'd driven out to Alice Faye's home in the San Fernando Valley over winding Laurel Canyon Road, leaving studios and gossip and stories of scheming ambition farther behind me with every mile. By the time I turned onto the tree-lined road which leads to Alice's and Phil's house, movies were forgotten completely. It was the sort of country-near-town spot we're all going to have when we get rich. You'll find it in Connecticut and in Michigan and in Virginia in its various forms. The city is just over the tree-tops—a twenty-minute drive—but it's shut off from you by Nature's magic, and you can forget it completely in the wink of an eye.

The tall iron gates swung open as the car approached. They're protected by an electric eye which is controlled from inside the house. A winding lane leads to the sprawling house of fieldstone which is the Harris' castle. It's actually Phil's house—I'd passed Alice's old one a piece down the road, the one she sold when she married Phil. There were vast lawns and flowers crowding one another in the garden beds—penstemon and bachelor buttons and snapdragons and late pansies and shadows of violets like blue scarves under the trees. Blackbirds hopped along the lawns, chirped in the tall shade trees that conceal the house even from the hidden road which leads to it. There isn't an inch of that estate that isn't intended for comfort and gracious living and fun for kids—even to the kidney-shaped pool built with one end so shallow Alice, Jr., can splash there on hot days.

It's a beautiful home, and just now the nursery is the center of attention. It's a huge room—one of the largest I've ever been in. Two walls are almost entirely of glass, and the trees and pool and the garden flowers literally come tumbling into it. The baby blue that dominates its color scheme is picked up in the blue of the sky, and the pink notes of the nursery furnishings are carried out again in the flowers that peep in at the windows.

If small-fry are as curious as grown-ups, I know every kid in the country would like to see this room where little Alice and Phil spend their days. The littlest one will be called Phil because:

"We want to make sure there'll always be an Alice and a Phil," Alice said. "Besides, we think she's going to be her papa's girl."

That's precisely what Alice said about Alice, Jr., and I think it's wishful talking. At the moment Phil looks like a rosebud and has considerably less hair than her papa; but parents can see resemblances beyond the vision of ordinary mortals, so Alice may be right.

But to get back to the nursery. As I said, it's a sort of kid's dream of heaven, all blue and pink with a thick, circular rug in soft pastel tones in the middle of the floor. But the floor itself is covered with a heavy cream-colored carpet, so there's no chance of uncertain little feet slipping. The nurse's bed occupies an inglenook in one corner. And Alice, Jr.'s bed of white enameled wood with high sides, is close enough for safety's sake. There's a tiny piano—a real one—and Alice, Jr. hammers at it by the hour. She sings little songs and holds true to the key, too. This is what you'd expect with such a father and mother, but children of famous parents seldom duplicate their talents. On a long seat by the bay window are Alice, Jr.'s toys, and such a lavish assortment of modern woolly lambs and dogs and cats and dolls you've never seen. Yes, and drums and horns and colored rubber balls. There's a whole room full of carts and tricycles and the silliest tiny little bicycles. Off the nursery is the children's dressing room with Junior's wardrobe hung neatly on racks—a whole row of topcoats in pastel wools—they couldn't be more than ten inches long.

"What do you want them to be when they grow up?" I asked Alice. She replied, surprisingly:

"Well, since being an actress brought me all this—" her broad gesture included house, gardens, the picture of Phil on the baby's dresser and the nursery in which we stood with its priceless occupants—"I'd ask nothing better for them than to be what I've been. Being an actress has brought me a full and satisfactory life. It's hard work, but it's unselfish in one way: While earning your money, you know you're making other people happy."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

At the time this incident occurred, I was a student nurse at a New Jersey hospital, assigned to a very wonderful 17-year-old patient who was dying of an incurable disease. Vera had few friends and fewer interests, and during the eight months she was with us, we grew to love her and tried to gratify her every wish.

One day, she happened to mention that she'd like a picture of Frank Sinatra, and so the gang delegated me to get one for her in view of the fact that I was on night duty and therefore free to travel to New York.

Frank was appearing at the Paramount then, and I had to wait for over an hour until he came out, by which time there were over a hundred kids waiting with me. There was the natural reaction to his appearance, and in the shoving I was thrown against him and nearly fell. He caught me and noticing my uniform, asked if I were a nurse. I replied that I was and hurried on to explain my mission. Before I was halfway through, he grabbed my arm and dragged me past the shrieking mob.

Once inside, he asked me about myself and about Vera, and after I'd told him, he looked at me sadly and said, "Why do swell kids like that have to die?" Then he gave me a beautiful picture inscribed, "To Vera—best of luck and I'm rootin' for you."

Two weeks later when Frank was in Newark, he called the hospital to inquire about Vera, and when she was told about it, she couldn't answer, just hugged the picture a little closer.

Vera was only one of the small guys in this world, but it took a big man with a bigger heart to make her leaving it a little easier.

Leah Kronick, R. N.,
New York City

It was having babies that made Alice realize what her fans really meant to her:

"I never knew what I represented to the people we call fans, Hedda, until before Alice, Jr. was born. Women in Australia knitted socks and robes and little jackets for a baby whose mother they'd never met and never hoped to meet. And the notes they sent with those gifts! They brought tears to my eyes. They wrote that they thought of me with every stitch that went into them. Sometimes they recalled songs I'd sung that had lifted them out of moments of depression; mostly they loved me because I recreated romance that had long since left their lives. They made me realize that a fan is a friend you've never met, a good and loyal friend who hasn't had an opportunity of going through the ceremony of introductions. They're friends that know you from the intimate glimpses they catch in the theater or on the screen or from hearing your voice on the radio. Often they make you feel they know you more surely than the people you actually meet."

If that is the case, then Alice Faye has a world of sincere friends, if the fan mail that follows her like her shadow is a reliable barometer of friendship. There were more letters when Alice, Jr. was born than ever came concerning Alice's romances or marriage. And this second baby seems to have driven everyone but the movie moguls into ecstasies of delight. Of course, movie men are only human, and Alice Faye is a top-flight star. They were bound to think of such happy occurrences in terms of dollars and cents. But the fans eagerly followed the parties given for her—the baby showers, most elaborate of their kind ever seen, given by executives' wives and fellow players. I've described them in detail on my radio programs. Sometimes there'd be exquisite bed jackets and robes for Alice. Most often the toys were the thing—they'd range from pee-wee bicycles to boxing gloves and dolls as big as a four-year-old. Hollywood goes in for the extravagant gesture in everything, from blessed events to previews.

9-year-old winchell . . .

Alice's fans have wanted to follow her home life day by day while waiting for her to come back to the screen. They loved the fact that "Tookie," Phil's nine-year-old by a previous marriage, adored Alice, Jr. from the day she was born. He's also one of his second mother's most ardent fans. It was "Tookie," by the way, who let the cat out of the bag about Phyllis' impending arrival. Alice hadn't mentioned the fact to anybody outside the family, because she was making "The Gang's All Here" and wanted to get through the picture without any publicity about it. But "Tookie" proudly told everyone he met: "There's going to be three of us, you know." Wiseacres put two and two together, and Alice didn't deny it—she's too much of a mother for that.

It isn't hard to tell where the actress leaves off and the mother begins where Alice is concerned. The children come first, and if she ever has to make a decision with one side of her nature pitted against the other, you can bet the chil-

HAIR PINS AND BOBBIE* PINS

In uniform or overalls—on duty or off . . . active women keep their coifs "dressed right" all day long with Victory Hair and Bobbie Pins.*

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dren will unequivocally win out every time.

But we talked about her career, too, over tea. Alice had wanted to play a straight dramatic role and became interested in the part of Cissy in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." But the studio couldn't hold the picture up long enough to make this possible, so Joan Blondell went into the role Alice coveted.

"There'll be another part any day now," Alice said confidently—so confidently I felt that missing the part of Cissy was only a surface thing.

From time to time Alice has stepped out of her singing frame to play straight dramatic things, and she's been as successful in them as she has been in her musicals. The secret of this is the heart she puts into everything. She is a simple, direct, almost elemental person. Earthy, as have been so many of the world's great artists. She hasn't changed fundamentally from the girl who first came to Hollywood. At that time I met a quiet, big-eyed blonde kid who put a song over in a way that made you realize what a weapon words and music could be. Rudy Vallee, who seldom misses a trick when it comes to spotting genius, knew the value of her deep, vibrant voice and primitive approach. Much of her quick success came without any great struggle on her part. Things just fell into her lap. Lilian Harvey walked out on the "George White Scandals" and, although Alice was supposed to sing only a song or two with Rudy's band, she was given the lead role.

Alice was a nice, friendly girl from New York's Hell's Kitchen in those days—a girl who asked only to be given a chance to follow her singing career. She wanted everyone to like her, but she didn't intend to assume any fake manner to win them. She was what she was, and you could take it or leave it. She was cruelly hurt when she first encountered jealousy and competitive dislike, because she had none of that in her own make-up and wasn't sophisticated enough to project herself into the minds of others. When a battery of instructors moved in on her—people who wanted to teach her how to walk and how to talk and how to wear her fame in what Hollywood thought was the proper manner, Alice gave them a quick brush-off. She had her own notion of living just as she had her own idea of tempo and of selling a song. She became a sensation doing things her own way.

plugger de luxe . . .

She became the girl George Gershwin and Cole Porter and Irving Berlin wanted to sing their songs. The first time she stopped singing was the time her father died suddenly and left her numb from shock and grief. Alice and her mother and father and brothers, Charlie and Bill, have always been a tight family unit. Her cure for that blow was to ask for a straight dramatic role—with Shirley Temple in "Poor Little Rich Girl," and the change to the increased concentration it demanded was good medicine at the time. It also proved to her that her talent had many angles.

So Alice Faye is what I call a "yes" and "no" girl—it's as elemental as that. Things either are right for her or she wants none of them. And she instinctively knows what's right for her.

I recalled Alice's romance with Phil when we passed the open door of the game room where Alice and Phil's saddles stood among the racquets and golf clubs and other sporting paraphernalia. She caught my eye, followed the trend of my thought:

"Phil and I used to ride all over these

no time for riding right now. We used to love the hills at dusk. But now I sing Junior to sleep instead. And when Phil's here, he tells her a bedtime story. Funny, how you change."

I don't really feel people change though; they progress into something that was always intended—something fundamental in their being from the day they were born. I was watching Alice Faye play the role in life she had chosen for herself. She'd always said, "Some day I want a houseful of kids." I reminded her of it:

"This is a pretty good start," was her smiling answer.

home-grown audience . . .

"Well, this is one role you've picked for yourself," I told her. "We're always yapping about that, we actresses. I did a spate of that kind of complaining when I was an actress myself. You feel you do better in something you like and want than in some role a producer throws at you. You're certainly a star in this one, Baby, even if you're playing to a very small audience."

Then a nurse came along and dragged an unwilling two-year-old siren off to bed. The garden lay in shadow, and the birds had gone to the very top of the trees where they could still catch a bit of sun.

"I hope I'll be able to make your fans see you as you looked this afternoon," I told Alice as we said good-by. "By the way, what songs do you sing Junior to sleep with?"

Alice laughed: "You'd die," she said. "You'd simply die to hear us. I sing anything and everything that comes into my throat. Sometimes lullabys, but mostly old songs from my pictures—maybe that's a present to myself. And I sing things I hear on the radio—other people's songs. Junior tries to follow along at first; but pretty soon she's just able to say 'more, Mummy, more' in a very sleepy little grunt. She's generally tuckered out by the time we hit the old rocking chair."

On the homeward drive I found myself humming a tune Alice sang in "On the Avenue." She sat at a table, looking dreamily off into space as her husky, deep voice whispered:

"My heart's on fire, the flame grows
  higher,
But I can weather the storm,
What do I care how much it may storm—
I have my love to keep me warm."

So you'll be seeing Alice again when the studio can sell her an idea. She'll have to be roused out of the contentment and happiness which is apt to make her feel there's no hurry about picking up a career again. If it weren't for the fan letters that keep pouring in—letters that make her feel she has a responsibility to those friends she's never met—sometimes I think she might never go back at all. But the boys at the front are clamoring for her. So are folks in the Mid-West—folks in little country towns who never get to see big musicals except on the screen. They could do with a couple of hours of her songs and be the better for it. They say so very frankly. They want to escape back into the days of romance that war and work have blurred for them.

One of these mornings, very early, before the birds begin hopping on the lawns, and while the swimming pool is chill in the shadows, Alice will tiptoe quietly into the nursery and kiss the two little sleeping tots good-by. She'll turn her car down the San Fernando Valley towards the studio. That day will be good news

The girls you'll Never Meet—

Do not ask what they look like. Or where they live.

We promised to keep their personal histories secret, for these 10,086 typical American women were kind enough to write truthful, revealing letters. They told why they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins!

And the happy fact is that 8 out of 10 said, "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So remarkably comfortable!"

Users of most every type of napkin, they picked softer, safer Modess above all others! So why not try this luxury napkin? It costs no more! But what a difference it makes! Just listen . . .

¶ **You need fun in the sun** after a hard week's war work. And Mrs. L. D. says, "*Modess is the perfect answer to a wartime summer. Featherweight, cool, and comfortable—yet very safe!*" That gentle comfort comes from Modess' special softspun filler. No close-packed layers!

¶ **That dream-smooth look** can be yours if you know Miss K. B.'s secret. She says, "*Modess' downy pad adapts itself to body contours so I'm streamlined and secure!*" Because it's so wonderfully soft, Modess fits better! No revealing outlines or hard tab ends.

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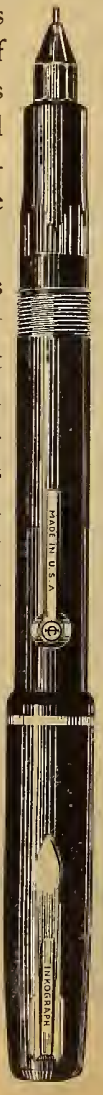

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DARK ANGEL

(Continued from page 73)

grew, a little more and more. They toured the country, and everything was going fine till Sissle got himself banged up in a motor accident and told Lena she'd have to lead the band.

They were booked at the Moonlight Gardens in Cincinnati—the first colored band ever to play there. What were they going to do without a leader? Cancel the date, of course. What else could they do? Meantime they trooped over to the hospital to see Sissle.

He called Lena aside. "You know what you've got to do, don't you?—You've got to lead the band."

For a moment she wondered if the accident had gone to his head. But his eyes were clear and quiet as always.

"I can't!" she gasped.

"Of course you can. Just get up there, talk and be your own self. Everything'll be all right."

Well, you don't let a guy like Sissle down. You take the plunge, and if you break your neck, at least he'd know you'd tried. Casabianca had nothing on Lena when she walked out that night. But lo and behold, Sissle knew best. After the first awful moments tension relaxed, she got her first laugh, the words started coming easy. Sissle was a leader of dignity, who kept the boys within bounds. But so great was the relief from strain that their bubbling spirits ran away with them that evening, and they started jumping. The folks went mad. Business at the Moonlight Gardens topped anything they'd done in months.

lost love . . .

Soon after, Lena gave up her work for love. Gave it up, as she thought, for good and all. In Pittsburgh she met her father whom she hadn't known very well up to then. They got to be good friends. She also met a young man who had nothing to do with show business. They fell in love and married. She knew nothing about housekeeping. An egg was something that came to the table poached. But she was willing and able and caught on before long. Only the marriage didn't. It wasn't a case of career vs. romance. She hadn't left half her heart at the stage door. They just weren't for each other, and when Gail was three and a half, they parted. This June they were divorced, and she got custody of their 5-year-old girl.

Lena went back to Brooklyn—to the house she'd been born in, which belonged to her dad. Her mother had re-married, so Aunt Edwina—Eddy to her friends—came to keep house for her and the baby. She got a job with Charlie Barnett's band. It was he who taught her how to project her voice. When she went to him, you couldn't hear her beyond the second row. He'd plunk himself in the last row and make her sing till every word came clear.

She was playing the Paramount with him when John Hammond heard her and offered her the spot with Café Society Downtown. It meant working alone—not as part of a band—for the first time.

"Take it," Charlie advised. "It's the best experience you'll ever get."

For which advice she blesses him. She loved that place as she'll probably never love another. Its atmosphere was unique. People came there who wanted to listen to music—actors, artists, musicians. Entertainers, dropping in to be entertained, would get up and perform as the spirit moved them. Lena worked with the top Negro names, and her own name started running from tongue to tongue. She stayed seven months and—except for Aunt Eddy and her agent—she'd be there yet.

The agent got a notion that she ought to go to Hollywood.

"What *for?* I've got a good job here." The movies never entered her head. A night club maybe, but what did a Hollywood night club have that CSD didn't? Alone, he might never have worn her down. But all of a sudden Aunt Eddy took a hand—Aunt Eddy who never butted in. Lena couldn't make it out.

"I've got a hunch, that's all," Aunt Eddy said. "Suppose you *don't* do so well. At least you'll have seen California."

She saw California all right—as much of it as you can see on foot. Once while she was married, she took a driving lesson, got scared and wouldn't try again. She'll trust her life cheerfully to the drivingest idiot, but she won't drive herself. So she spent her time walking up and down Sunset Boulevard and pining for New York. Every morning she'd pack, and Aunt Eddy would unpack. "Give it time, honey."

At last something broke. She and Katharine Dunham were engaged to open the Little Troc. But before that day rolled around, something else had happened. Her agent had taken her over to see Arthur Freed at M-G-M. "I've got five minutes," Mr. Freed said. They stayed five hours and left with a contract.

It was a pretty confusing day. All Lena remembers are faces peering at her while she sang song after song. Faces she knew—Roger Eden, who played for her, Vincent Minelli, who'd once wanted her for an all-colored production of "Serena Blandish" that never came off. Faces whose names she knew—Louis B. Mayer and Ida Koverman. Strange faces—faces that looked businesslike and faces that smiled—hours of faces and songs and faces—then talk of terms and contracts in an office—and handshakes and good wishes—

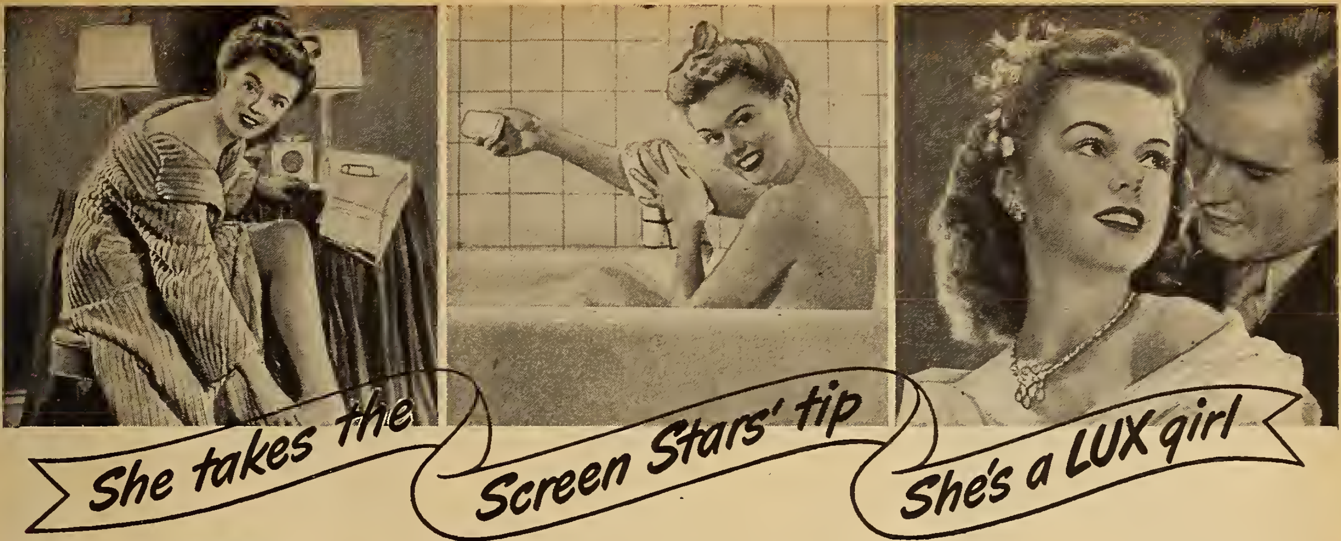
And all she could think, going home, was, "Suppose I flop. They'll be sorry they signed me."

You know the rest—the non-stop series of non-flops from "Panama Hattie" through "Cabin" and "Stormy Weather" and "As Thousands Cheer." Coming up are "Broadway Rhythm," "Spring Fever," "Two Sisters and A Sailor." Next she goes into "Ziegfeld Follies." They're so sorry they signed her, they wish she were twins. So do all the other studios. They didn't have to wait to see "Panama Hattie." They started gnashing their teeth after the Little Troc opened—

Aunt Eddy's delighted and never once said: "I told you so." Gail wasn't so sure at first. Friends took her to see "Cabin in the Sky" and carried her out screaming. She thought her mother was being killed. So Lena sat beside her through "Stormy Weather," holding her hand. Now she knows that on the screen her mother's just make-believe.

ain't misbehavin' . . .

Aunt Eddy takes care of her—sees that her diet's well-balanced and stands over her while she drinks milk or fruit juice. She's the kind of cook—God bless her, says her niece—who can make the most wonderful things, New Orleans style, out of those neckbones you buy nowadays to save points. As a matter of fact, she doesn't miss meat at all—not with the fish and cheese and egg dishes Aunt Eddy whips up. They always have a salad and



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never pastry or pies. Just lots of chilled fresh fruit.

Lena used to wear a lot of red, but every time she goes to New York she falls in love with black all over again. Thinks she looks best in tailored clothes and awful in fussy ones— The war has curbed her two pet extravagances—perfume and shoes. Except for carnation, she prefers spicy odors to sweet.

Her greatest regret is that the family refused to have her ears pierced, and she can't wear the diamond earrings that have been handed down through several generations of Hornes. Her only hobby is collecting records, and that's a recent one. With her, music appreciation is strictly from feeling. Her feelings respond to Ravel and Debussy, and her ear to the exotic patterns of Hindemith. Wagner's too heavy for her—give her "Tristan," and you can have the rest. Above all, she loves the Russians, modern or classic.

They live in a rented house off Sunset Boulevard. Lena likes California, but misses the pace and stimulation of New York and welcomes every chance to go back. Last winter the dream of her life came true. She sang with Duke Ellington's band at the Capitol. In Hollywood, she sings for servicemen at the Masquers and at the Canteen every week. But if it weren't for the camp shows, she'd find time hanging pretty heavy on her hands between pictures.

and the angel sang . . .

She entertains at both white and colored camps and prefers the colored only because they get fewer entertainers. At both, the boys are wonderful. They make her feel guilty. She's supposed to give them a good time, and they go out of their way to make things nice for her.

She's had her fair share of thrills. But nothing can ever top the three days she spent at the Tuskegee Army Air School last February.

First—to see those three or four thousand boys of her own race, from preflight cadets to near-graduates, so young and eager, rising so gloriously to their first opportunity to fly—as the record of the 99th Squadron over Anzio bears witness. Then, the welcome they gave her. She tried to talk to every one of them personally, ate every meal in a different messhall, crawled into planes, under and over them, gave a couple of shows at the hospital for kids who'd cracked up, saw the museum that memorializes Dr. Carver's priceless work for his own people and the whole human race. She was up at 6 every morning and danced every night—one night with the enlisted men, one night with the non-coms, one night with the officers. She danced blisters under each slipper-strap, had to kick her shoes off whenever she got her feet under a table for a minute.

They gave a big formal retreat for her. As guest of honor, she stood one pace behind the C.O. while the squadrons paraded, and the band played the song of each squadron. At a command, the biggest squadron halted in front of her, eyes right. An officer came up with a box of American beauty roses. She had to do something to release her pent-up emotions. She knew it was out of order, but she just couldn't help it. As they stepped smartly out again, her hand went up in a salute. The officer smiled, murmured, "Thank you." That was out of order, too, but no one got disciplined for it.

The whole beautiful experience mounted to a super-duper climax at the graduating exercises of the class of February. An escort called for her and took her to the

mothers and sweethearts were gathered. When she saw the arch of crossed sabers—the aisle of honor through which she was to pass to her table—she all but fainted. "This is the payoff," she thought. "I'll never be prouder."

She was wrong, though.

The command of the Field is shared by Lt. Col. Noel Parrish, white, and Lt. Col. Benjamin Davis, colored. Colonel Davis was away on a mission. Colonel Parrish got up to speak.

"I've given wings to a lot of you boys," he said. "You've proven that, granted the opportunity, courage and gallantry, the will and the power to learn, aren't confined to one group of people. In her way, Miss Horne proves the same thing—that charm and beauty and graciousness in women aren't confined to one group either." He turned to Lena. "Would you mind standing up, Miss Horne?" And he pinned the silver wings over her heart.

She couldn't trust herself to say more than "Thank you." After all, you can't blubber in front of a colonel and a whole mess hall full of brand-new lieutenants.

She hopes that some day the movies will present the story of a real negro—Carver or Toussaint L'Ouverture or Harriet Tubman, the slave who ran way and helped so many others through the underground. Whether or not she plays in them doesn't matter. The point is to show them.

She *would* like to be an actress, though she's a little shy about saying so. "If you're a singer, people think you're kidding when you say you want to act."

There's talk at M-G-M about doing the life of Florence Mills, with Lena. So far it's just talk, but the very thought sets Lena's backbone tingling.

"Of course Miss Mills was a great natural artist," she says, "and I'm not. But how proud I'd be to play her, if only because my people loved and admired her so."

From that angle, no one's better qualified to take on the role than Lena Horne.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

This happened in 1941. At that time, the big U.S.O. troupes hadn't started their camp show tours, and we needed a guest star for our big G.I. show. Our special services officer said he could get us a radio singer—terrific entertainer but not well known. Well, it was arranged and she managed to fly down just in time for a short rehearsal.

We did our first show and left the audience begging for more. Ten minutes rest and then another performance—all this on one of the hottest evenings of a mercilessly hot summer. We were completely exhausted after those two shows when the Colonel came backstage to tell us there were still 2000 soldiers outside who'd been waiting for hours to get in. We were pooped, just couldn't go on again. But the singer was willing. We let the crowd in and explained our inability to give the complete show; just the opening, the singer and the finale. She went on all right, heat, exhaustion, strain notwithstanding—but she wouldn't let that audience notice it. She gave them song after song until we were afraid she would drop.

She was "discovered" by those G.I.'s then and there as a great singer and great girl—Dinah Shore.

Cpl. Henry S. Leff,
Sect. A, Station 11
Pacific Wing, ATC
Hamilton Field,
Calif.

Make that precious shut-eye count! Most of us carry extra loads these days. We contribute after-hours to some war effort. (Or certainly, we should!) So every minute spent in rest must be one of *complete relaxation*...the kind you get on a Beautyrest mattress. If you own a Beautyrest, you're lucky. Those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those inside ventilators will see that *you* relax completely, sleep soundly. Take good care of your Beautyrest, because we don't know when you can buy another. Simmons' prewar Beautyrest facilities are deep in war production now! If you need a *new* mattress, we recommend WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress—plump, durable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! It's $39.50. NEWS!—the government has permitted us to make a limited quantity of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each.

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"WILSON"

PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 39)

scene a brilliant reception at which President and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson were playing hosts at a private concert by the famous Polish pianist, Paderewski.

Darryl Zanuck, who was escorting the noted visitor around the Hollywood studio, explained. The Stuart painting and the other huge canvases were not the originals, but copies so faithfully rendered that many other folk who frequent the Executive Mansion like Vice-President Wallace, had been fooled.

"Well," complimented Mr. Wallace with a smile. "You have really done something here!"

Hollywood agrees with Vice-President Wallace that Darryl Zanuck has "really done something!"

That "something" has turned out to be the costliest, longest and most elaborate production ever undertaken by Twentieth Century-Fox. The cost ran well over three million dollars. The film runs almost three hours. Here are a few of the fantastic figures:

The cast was the largest ever assembled in Hollywood, with 143 speaking parts and 12,874 players. The title role is the longest ever written, a total of 1,124 lines.

Almost forty acres and all seven of the studio's sound stages were required for the 162 sets. One set, depicting the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore in 1912, was the largest interior ever filmed. More than 1,500 extras, drilled like military platoons by a staff of fifty-three assistant directors, reenacted the almost hysterical hullabaloo of a political pow-wow. To light the scene required the greatest battery of lamps ever mobilized for a movie camera, enough power to supply a town of 100,000, and 108 electricians. In all, 6,238 technicians worked on "Wilson."

The wardrobe budget was a dressmaker's dream. Nearly 200 special costumes were created for the two Mrs. Wilsons and the three Wilson girls, who set the styles of their era. Geraldine Fitzgerald alone had forty-seven changes, the biggest closet-full of clothes ever stitched together for a movie matron. Each of them was a careful copy of an original Worth model.

The eighty-seven different melodies interwoven into the score of "Wilson" almost provide an index of the scenes.

Zanuck set out to conduct a Technicolor tour of Washington in "Wilson," and before the film is over, you have seen as much of the nation's Capital as you would on a week-end there, perhaps more, since the camera penetrates the private living rooms of the White House.

So exactly were the White House sets duplicated that Thomas Little, Twentieth Century-Fox property boss, figures the Hollywood replica of the White House cost more than the original building of the Executive Mansion when it was completed in 1800. The House of Representatives was duplicated for the screen for the first time for the dramatic scene in which President Wilson asks Congress for a declaration of war on Germany. Here the dais, the clock, the galleries, the paintings, the flags, and inlaid walls and even the chairs were all painstakingly reproduced.

Most difficult of all sets to build, according to Little, was the small President's Room in the Capitol because of the vaulted ceiling and the intricate wall decorations.

In "Wilson," Darryl Zanuck has made more than a movie. He has created a

TENDER COMRADE

(*Continued from page 66*)

and was terribly disappointed when the order came through for no more pilots, because they had enough, and he was transferred to the Morale Division.

There'd been some talk about Gwen going down to Texas for the Easter holidays. Don was against it at first. Gwen's right about him. He's thoughtful and sweet. He missed her so he could hardly bear it, but what would she do by herself all day with him in camp? He didn't want her hanging around down there, bored and alone—

She took the decision into her own hands. After a couple of boys they knew came up and told her how lonely Don was, she just sat down and wrote she was coming.

Don went out of his mind. For five days and nights he couldn't eat or sleep. Gwen's train was due at 7:30 on a Sunday. He had the day off and was up at four. Somehow the hours passed. He reached the station, only to find that the train was late. Nine-thirty, said the bulletin board. Lots of trains arrive and depart in Amarillo these days, and every time he heard a tootle, Don went crazy. He might have the wrong train. And the wrong station! He scooted around to all the other stations and got back at 9:30. Eleven-ten, said the bulletin board. He figured how far he could walk in half an hour, doggedly he tramped to that point and back. Twelve-fifty, sneered the bulletin board—

By an effort, he kept from slugging it. Twelve-thirty, huh? Okay, he'd show 'em. He wouldn't come back till 12:45—

Twelve forty-five, and the train was in. People getting off. He had the funniest feeling, nervous and shy—as if Gwen weren't the girl he'd been seeing every day for a year, the girl he'd married two months ago—as if she were some faraway dream with a halo around her. His eyes kept searching, but he couldn't find her. There was a girl who might have been Gwen—with the same kind of white fox coat—but she was carrying a baby—

Gwen and babies take to each other. This one belonged to the girl across the aisle in the train, but before they reached Texas, the baby wasn't sure which of the two pretty young things was his mother, and didn't much care. It was Gwen who carried him off the train, while his permanent ma followed with the bottles and stuff.

remote control poppa . . .

Don's heart turned over, and he raced down the platform. It was Gwen all right —Gwen in a turquoise suit under her white coat, Gwen laughing, with a baby in her arms. His eyes went from her to it, and from it to her, and his voice stuck in his throat. "How long—?" he croaked and stalled and started again—"how long since I've been a father?"

By the time they were having lunch at the hotel, some of the strangeness had worn off, but none of the wonder. He couldn't take his eyes off her. "Because next time I look, you might not be here—"

They were having a show at the field that night. Gwen waited in the wings while Don went out to sing, and got the surprise of her life when he announced, "This is a number I wrote for an extra-special girl—"

It was called "Anywhere Is Heaven When I'm with You," and of course it sounded heavenly to her, but the fellows seemed to like it, too, because they yelled for more,

Bonita Granville now Starring in "Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble" a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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Joan Roberts

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and before she knew what was happening, Don had her out on the stage and was introducing her—

"This is the extra-special girl."

Well, they whistled and stamped, and she didn't know what to do—but leave it to Don! Above all the whistling, you could hear him holler, "Quit howling, wolves. She's my wife."

It was kind of embarrassing but awfully sweet in a way.

They had ten marvelous days, getting used to each other all over again. She could only see him evenings, of course, but she managed to keep herself busy during the day. Then they'd have dinner and dance or go to the movies or just talk their heads off. It was the first time they'd really been together since they were married, and the thought of parting again was even worse than before.

Gwen had wanted to spend their last night quietly, but Don said, "No, let's dance, you can't brood so good when you're dancing." Well, they were doing a pretty good job of both when some soldier danced by and said to Don, "You're leaving next week."

"I am?" he muttered—then suddenly they both stood stock still—just like a delayed take in the movies. "I *am?*" yelled Don, grabbed her hand and rushed over to the soldier. "Whaddaya mean, I'm leaving next week?"

"Just got your orders. You're being transferred to Palm Springs—"

Palm Springs! Three hours from home! For a minute, they couldn't take it in. Then, right in the middle of the dance floor, they hugged each other like a couple of fools.

Of course, that made saying good-by much easier, though it was still bad enough. They parted at midnight on the train platform, with a porter hovering over them. Gwen wanted to stay there and wave, but it was freezing cold, and Don wouldn't let her—

And this may be as good a time as any to reveal the fact that Don's a jealous guy. He says Gwen's just as jealous—the only difference is, he's frank about it. In the old days, for instance, before their engagement was official, any fellow who showed an interest in Gwen would sooner or later get a bid from Don. "How's about

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2nd Prize. . Lt. Eugene McManus
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4th Prize. . Mr. Jos. Henderson
Portland, Oreg.
5th Prize. . Miss Marjorie Sessions
Bristol, Conn.
6th Prize. . Master John Martin
Darby, Pa.

WINNERS OF MODERN SCREEN'S "IT HAPPENED TOMORROW" CONTEST

1st Prize. . Mrs. Helen Smith
Green Island, N. Y.
2nd Prize. . Mrs. D. Kronenberger
Pittsburgh, Pa.

boxing a couple of rounds at the Y?"

They'd spar for a while, then Don would casually bring up Gwen's name and hit the guy at the same time. He'd generally catch the drift, if not at the first sock, then at the second or third. "I see what you mean," he'd say, rubbing the spot, and that would fix *that*.

The O'Connors differ as to what happened on the train platform. Gwen says Don made her promise not to talk to anyone on the trip home. Don says he told her to use her own discretion.

to love, honor and . . .

"Are you kidding?" protests his indignant wife. "Come on, let's face facts, what *did* you say?"

"I said, use your own discretion, but don't talk to anybody."

When she got back, Gwen moved out to the valley to live with Effie, as everyone calls Don's mother. Now that her husband would be coming in on leave, his home was her place. Mabel, Don's sister-in-law, had brought Gary and Jack, aged six and eight respectively, to visit their grandmother, and the kids took possession of Gwen. For their money, Uncle Don was a swell picker. "I love God first," said Gary, "and my mother and you next. Will you marry me when I grow up?"

"But I can't, Gary. I'm married to Don."

"Say, with all the worries we have in the world, do we have to worry about him, too?"

surprise, surprise . . .

They were expecting to hear from Don any day now, but the day itself was a military secret. Late one afternoon, Gwen came in from a walk with her nephews-in-law and found Effie in the kitchen, looking flustered. "You just missed Don, he phoned from Palm Springs. Never mind now, honey, he'll call again soon. Look, would you run to the bathroom and fetch me an aspirin? What with all the excitement, I've got a headache coming on—"

In the bathroom, the shower was going. "May I come in, Mabel? Effie wants an aspirin."

You guessed. The head that poked itself out from between the shower curtains, mouth puckered for a kiss, was Private O'Connor.

After dinner, they had an important point to settle. Gwen said she'd written twice as often as Don, Don said she hadn't. So she got his letters from the desk, and he poured hers out of his duffle bag, but instead of counting them, they spent a blissful evening reading them all over by firelight—which was hard on the eyes, but wonderful for morale.

Still more wonderful is the fact that Don's stationed at Long Beach now, on WAC recruiting detail, and gets home lots of evenings. They don't know where he'll be sent next, so they're making the very most of these few weeks. Almost the best part is being able to argue again. While they were separated, they vowed they never would, but think of all the fun they'd have missed. Because Gwen and Don don't feel normal unless they argue—

Over a tennis game, for instance. "You'd be great," coos Gwen, "if you'd just hit the ball over the net, for a change—"

"I'm learning from you. Over the net and into the nearest cow—"

"I'm a very good tennis player, if you care to know—almost excellent. In fact—"

"In fact, next time you're going to use a racket—"

"I happen to come of a long line of champions—"

"I say, my pet, haven't you been delicately reared!"

-the girl he can't forget
-the girl with a Solitair-lovely complexion

"Goodbye, my dearest," need not be the end of romance. Because memory-pictures of you, unforgettably lovely with a Solitair complexion, go with him in his heart, *always*. Let him remember:

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in late, she's been looking for shoes. You know how it is, you can't find shoes—

Don appeals to Effie. "She's always looking for shoes. I wonder why she never brings any shoes home—"

Gwen gives him a wifely peck on the cheek. "Darling, don't you trust me?"

"Of course I trust you but how do I know what you're doing?"

Once she hit below the belt, but on great provocation. She'd bought this hat while Don was away, and thought he'd be crazy about it. All he did, when she put it on, was give one look and say, "Makes you look like a piece of toast with an egg on top."

That's what stung. "Mickey Rooney likes it." said Mrs. O'Connor.

"And where did Mickey Rooney see it?"

"Oh, at the preview, silly, when I went with the girls."

"As a hat-picker, Rooney's a great entertainer. Now take it off." And rather to her own surprise, she did.

He calls her Stinky and Sweetheart interchangeably, but whichever he calls her, the look in his eyes is the same. She calls him Sweetheart, too, except when she's mad, then it's plain Donald. Their favorite line to describe their romance is, "He (she) chased me till I caught him (her)." After the war, they'd like a little honeymoon house. Don's satisfied to leave the details to Gwen, all he asks is a den where he can be alone with his guns. He hasn't any guns.

Gwen doesn't expect him to be much use round the house. Once he offered to help with the dishes, and dried *one.*

He insists on helping her make the bed. She has to make it all over again, but at least he tries. What really irks her is the way he throws his clothes all over—

One thing they're agreed on is children. "Ten," says Don. "Then, when we retire, we can put 'em in show business."

"Three," says Gwen. "Two boys, then a girl, so her brothers can take her out."

"Oh, a drip, huh?"

"Don't insult your own daughter."

"Excuse me, daughter, I never said you couldn't get a beau of your own. That was Mother's idea—"

Despite all the foolery, Don's grown up. He worries. He knows he can take care of Gwen after the war, he's still under contract to Universal. But he worries about now. Gwen thinks that's silly. She plans to go to work after graduation.

"I can't be a secretary, because Don would be jealous of the boss. How about a telephone operator, Sweetheart? Nothing but plugs, and girls to talk to—"

For once, he doesn't pick it up. "I want to give her everything," he says soberly. But Gwen smiles. "I've *got* everything—"

WANTED: STORY TELLERS

Have you ever sat around your chintz bower with the gang, sipping cold Pepsis with your legs curled under you and the room buzzing with your gab-gab-gab as you swapped yarns about your bunkings-into with your pet pix personalities? Hit it on the head, eh? Well, why not share the wealth, you hoarders, you? Let us in on it. What's more—we'll contribute more than Pepsi dough to your hen party. Five tender, bee-yootiful bucks! Sound good? Then make with the letters, friends, give us food for thought, and we'll B-17 out to you with a fat little check.

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 24*)

tion for a week, and if you even once look burlesqueeny, promise to hand over your paint until you're grown-up enough to use it properly. We think she'll give you the green light; now take it easy, joe!

no weeds! . . .

Dad smokes like a four-alarm fire himself, but tobacco-wise—to his way of thinking—it's strictly a man's world. The old meanie won't even give you a drag on one of his cigarettes. Okay, okay, so you're abused; but maybe in his own unsubtle way the guy has something. Lookit. It costs a lot of money to smoke; at least fifteen cents a day when you reach the chimney stage of the game. That's $55 a year, which is the price of a knockout winter coat, eleven lush sweaters, fifty-five sheer-sheer pairs of stockings or 1,100 short cokes. That, bud, is *money*.

Furthermore, many many of the lads wail that a girl with a cigarette in her mouth or a tobacco smell in her hair is about as feminine as an old tweed jacket, as love-inspiring as a top-sergeant—so much for your dad's side of the fence. From a practical angle, he's strictly solid, and for our dough there *is* no other angle. We have never been able to see smoking as a moral issue at all. If you just must smoke, then tell your dad you've weighed all the disadvantages, but they pale beside the lift that after-dinner puff gives you, the poised feeling you have with a cigarette in your hand. If it's an aesthetic thing with him, promise not to smoke within his eye-shot, but let him know you don't want to resort to behind-the-barn tactics. Talk to him man-to-man about it, and—if you're seventeen or thereabouts—we have a hunch he'll see it your way. Give him a hug when he says yes, and profit by his experience—smoke moderately.

no guys! . . .

There are all degrees of parental date-hating. Some thumbs-down dates in general; others disapprove of going steady; and some can't bear dates that keep you out after ten. Let's take 'em one at a time. Supposing they won't let you date at all. Well, if you can answer yes to all the following questions, you're grown up enough for dates, and your parents will have to be convinced. 1. Do the majority of your classmates date? 2. Has your family reason to have confidence in you? 3. Are you willing to settle for house dates and double-dates as a starter? Yes yes, yes? Good. We didn't ask you about your age, for there is no general beau age. Each locality has its own. The best way to bring your parents around to your viewpoint is to be soft-voiced and patient with them. Name the girls who have begun to go out, tell where they go and what fun they have. Explain to them that they needn't worry about you, on account of you'll only go out with the cream of the crop, and that each lad you date can come over and stand inspection first. Agree to double-date for a while and to be home at a certain hour. Tell them that you think too much of them to want to date on the sly, and that it would be utterly swoony to have them approve of your various swains. If you keep calm and speak your piece intelligently, they'll just *have* to see it your way.

Now about going steady. You can't see anyone on earth but Ted, and *they* keep insisting that you continue to go out with Bill and John and all the rest of the also-

BUSY -- BUT BEAUTIFUL

by CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN—*HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE*

Women everywhere these days are rushed for time — they've taken on war-activities in addition to their usual duties...and they just haven't got hours to spend on make-up anymore. That is why our new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick is such a boon ...at last busy women have found a lipstick that smooths and flatters their lips for *extra hours.*

Neither too moist nor too dry, Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks give your lips that well-groomed loveliness you've always wanted. In four exciting shades — Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, and Tangee Natural. Remember, try one of the new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks. For *complete* beauty while you're on duty, match your new lipstick with Tangee Rouge and Petal-Finish Face Powder, the powder that *stays* and *stays* and *stays.*

A Portrait of Constance Luft Huhn

TANGEE *Lipsticks*
with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE *Face Powder*
with the new Petal-Finish

Buy That Extra War Bond Today

SAMMY KAYE IS ON THE AIR IN TANGEE SERENADE...Listen Every Sunday at 1:30 P.M. (EWT) Coast-to-Coast...Blue Network

And your leaves and furloughs together!

Why be just "the girl he left behind?" Join the WAC . . . and you join him in service to your country, you talk the same language—husbands and wives can spend glorious leaves and furloughs *together*, subject to service needs.

The Women's Army Corps needs you now. This vital branch of the service offers three great new opportunities! Under certain conditions, you may request—1. Your army job (from 239 types of work being done by Wacs) 2. Your branch of service (with Army Air Forces, Army Ground Forces or Army Service Forces) 3. The Army Post where you'll be assigned. *Today* get full information at any U. S. Army Recruiting Station or mail this coupon.

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☐ Send address of nearest recruiting office
Name________________ Age______
Address________________
City________________ State______

Wacs—and all other women and men in the service—may obtain flavorful, *quality* Beech-Nut Gum at post exchanges and canteens. And whenever YOU need satisfying refreshment these busy days, try

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

them. Let's be sensible. Are you going to marry Ted? Gosh, no! He's Mr. Big for now, but six months hence he'll just be a name in your diary and a lot of movie stubs in your scrap book. So, hon bun, be smart. Let him take you to all the big things around town, save your sweetest smile for him, but deal the other boys in, too. Oh, we know lots of the kids go steady, and it's beautiful to see. Slave bracelets and twin sports coats. One coke and two straws. You envy them for a while, but if you've ever seen a combination break up, you know it's not all moonlight and sweet talk. Until you meet the boy you're going to marry, spread yourself a little thin. You and Mom and Pop will all be the happier for it.

What's a good curfew time? That, too, will vary in different localities, but if we had to give a general rule, we'd say eleven or eleven-thirty for fourteen and fifteen year olds, unless it's something super special; and twelve or one o'clock for the sixteen and seventeen-ers, depending on the occasion. This, too, to be stretched once in a blue moon. If you agree to a certain hour, stick to it faithfully and phone if you're going to be delayed.

no cooperation . . .

Maybe your family tolerates swains, but that's as far as it goes. Pop will just grunt a greeting at them when they come over, and Mom won't even bother to comb her hair on Saturday night. It's such a weird feeling to suddenly be embarrassed about your parents when you've always been so burstingly proud of them, but don't brood about it. Just a couple of words can fix things up. Instead of yapping, "For heaven's sake, Dad, be civil to Bob tonight!" try something like, "Dad, Bob Haines is coming over tonight. He's been crazy to meet you ever since he heard you were overseas in the last war," or "that you're a Dodger fan, too," or "that you used to play pro football." All Dad really needs is a topic, and he'll do you proud. As for Mom, she'll bloom under a wee bit of flattery. "Bill said you were awfully pretty, Mom. He wishes *his* mother had cute short hair like yours." Or, "Don't let this go to your feather cut, lady, but Johnny said he thought you were the smartest-looking mother he knew." She'll be running for a mirror and lipstick, one'll get you ten. Don't ever, *ever* belittle your parents or make fun of them. You don't know how terribly unhappy some of your unthinking jive talk can make them feel. They'd rather die than admit it, but it's true. Be just as sweet and considerate as you can be, and you'll acquire the two staunchest allies a gal could possibly have.

QUESTION BOX

How can two nice gals meet some respectable guys without resorting to cheap flirting and pick-ups? A. and L., New Orleans, La.

Your best bets would be dances or parties sponsored by your local USO, your church, the YWCA or some other reputable organization. Pick out a couple of nice, lonely-looking lads and ask them to dance. Be warm and friendly to them, as if they were guests in your own home, and watch them relax and have fun. You will too, kiddies.

I have been in love with a fellow for five years, but he doesn't know I'm alive. Should I swallow my pride and tell him how I feel? I'm heading for a nervous breakdown.
Susan T., Newark, New Jersey.

Pull yourself together, Susy. You have a really terrific crush there, but it isn't *love. Love is something based on common interests, common ideals, mutual respect. We would say that if nothing has come of it after five years, you are wasting yourself on a lost cause. However, give him one last chance. Make an all-out effort to attract him. If he just won't look your way, forget him. Concentrate on his faults, think how dopey he is not to fall for you, stop day-dreaming about him. It won't happen overnight, but if you try, you can forget this phantom romance and get on with something more tangible.*

I had a beau, but I lost him to another gal. I'm still crazy about him. How can I get him back? Bette M., Detroit, Mich.

Don't try, Bette. That's one of the lessons we gals learn hardest. When it's over for him, let him go. The only consolation is that when one member of a combination chills, it almost certainly was not a solid click. In another month or so, you would have been the one on the jilting end. Hard to believe, isn't it, when right now your heart is an open wound? Believe us, though, it's true.

I promised a sweet G.I. I'd wait. Meantime an old flame has turned up, and this really is "it" for both of us. He's in the Army, too, but come V-day, we have plans. How shall I break it to the first boy?—Donna P., Seattle, Wash.

Don't break it yet. There's many a slip 'twixt now and V-day, and maybe there'll be a Marine in the picture by then. Let the first soldier know you are dating a little bit, but don't break his heart with the news that you plan on marrying this other boy until it's all set. When the war is over, who knows—maybe the number one man will still be number one man.

* * * *

Gosh, slick ones, it is good to hear from you all. If we're a bit slow getting round to your problem, 'scuse us, won't you? We'll answer it just as soon as it hits the top of the pile. Letters with initials or those without proper addresses cannot be answered personally, of course, but we'll try to take care of as many of those as we can in our Co-Ed articles and in the Question Box which will appear each month. Meanwhile, thank you for writing, and if your sisters or cousins or aunts have problems, too, just send 'em around to us. You know where to tell them to write, don't you? Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(Continued from page 19)

1. Mad about Kerry
2. Keeper of the Oscars
3. "Maggi and Hank were a twosome . . ."
4. Learned native lingo at 20
5. Ambassador-ed to Kremlin
6. Great pianist? Great lie!
7. Three-war vet
8. Whirling dervish
9. Camp-trekking dark angel
10. Suffers for her art
11. Spit out his silver spoon
12. Borscht-circuit grad
13. Miraculous moppet
14. Loved by Louis
15. Rolling-eyed rogue
16. OW!
17. Reporter from Beaver Dam
18. M.M. . . mm . . mm
19. Giggles turned to glamour
20. Horizontal blooming rose

(Continued on page 113)

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

Her amber-eyed beauty and natural charm have made this young Navy wife an outstanding favorite with New York society. Her unerring taste is reflected in the smooth, casual perfection of her make-up. "When my skin seems the least bit rough or dull, I give my face a quick beauty 'pick-up' with a 1-Minute Mask," Mrs. Whitney says. "Right away my skin feels smoother—and looks so much clearer and brighter. Good make-up *then* is no problem at all!"

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney—one of the society beauties who loves the 1-Minute Mask

How to "re-style" your complexion with the 1-Minute Mask

Smooth a fragrant, white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes.

Leave this mask on for one full minute.

"Keratolytic" action of the cream will loosen and dissolve tiny powder-catching roughnesses and imbedded dirt particles.

After just one minute tissue the mask off—clean.

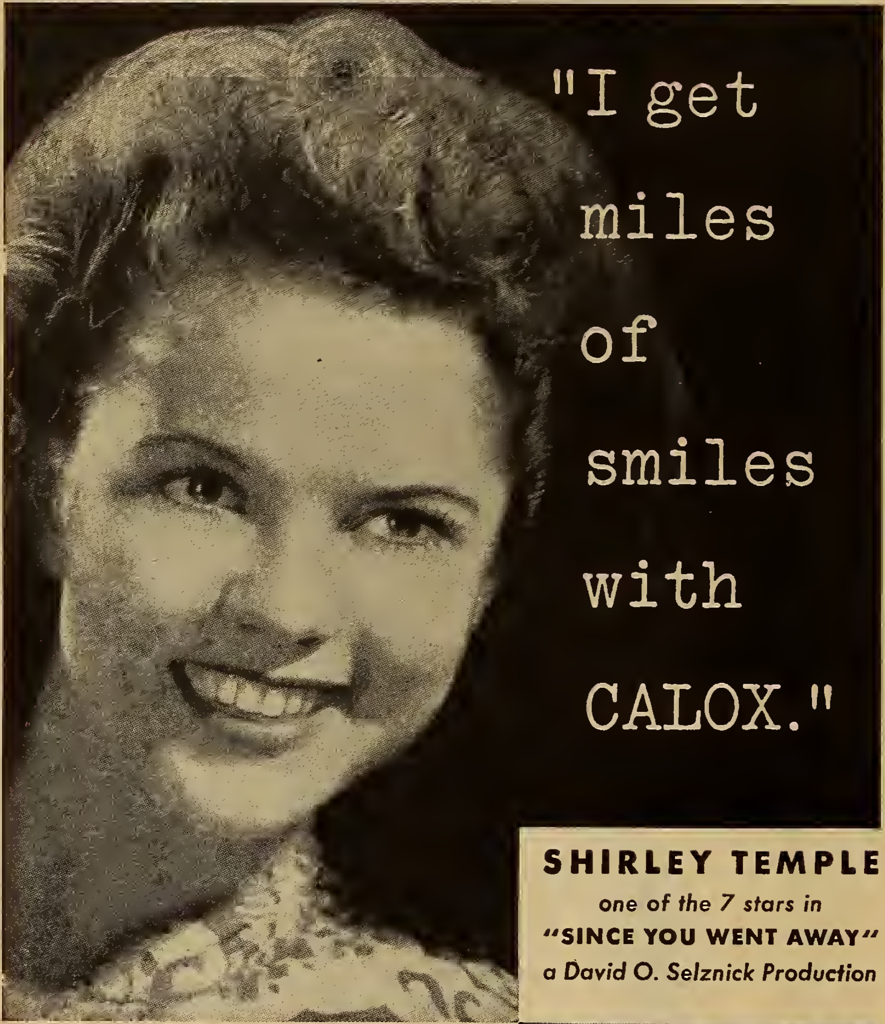
Your re-styled complexion looks lighter . . . . fresher! *Feels* so heavenly . . . softer to touch, with a *perfect* finish for make-up!

Note for split-second make-up . . .

Just smooth on a very, very light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . and *leave it on.* A wonderful, un-greasy powder base!

IMPORTANT! Conserve glass, manpower—buy one large jar of Pond's instead of several smaller ones.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE speaking:



"I get miles of smiles with CALOX."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

one of the 7 stars in

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a David O. Selznick Production

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Calox was created by a dentist for people who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with *utmost gentleness*. Calox offers you:—

1. **Scrupulous cleaning.** Calox is a multiple-action powder. It contains *five* cleansing and polishing ingredients.
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5. **Made by a famous laboratory.** McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—with over 100 years experience in making fine drugs.

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3 MILLION OFF-TO-SEA MEN NEED 4 MILLION OF YOU

We've got 'em on our list, we've got 'em on our list . . . names, names, names! One hundred and forty-eight of them, to be exact, from glamour gals to toughies, from funny mans to kidlets—all the Hollywood big-time big hearts who can't wait to start swapping writer's cramp for your quarters. Read Al's editorial on page 29 before you make like a bunny to the nearest mail box—they may not be literally pennies from heaven, but oh, what a miracle they can work!

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Mary Anderson
Dana Andrews
Lois Andrews
Heather Angel
Jean Arthur

Jane Ball
Lynn Bari
Lionel Barrymore
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Constance Bennett
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Charles Bickford
Julie Bishop
Vivian Blaine
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Barbara Britton
Joe E. Brown

Eddie Cantor
Claudette Colbert
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Laird Cregar
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Laraine Day
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Brian Donlevy
Jimmy Durante

William Eythe

Alice Faye
Fibber McGee and Molly
Gracie Fields
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Preston Foster
Kay Francis

Ava Gardner
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Gildersleeve
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson
Sidney Greenstreet

Alan Hale
Dare Harris
Signe Hasso
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Rita Hayworth
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Bob Hope
Walter Huston
Marsha Hunt
Betty Hutton

Richard Jaeckel
Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson
Jennifer Jones
Brenda Joyce
Arline Judge

Danny Kaye
Gene Kelly
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Priscilla Lane
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Lum 'n' Abner
Ida Lupino

Roddy MacDowall
Lon McCallister
Renny McEvoy
Dorothy McGuire
Irene Manning
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Doris Merrick
Carmen Miranda
Thomas Mitchell
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Lloyd Nolan
Jack Oakie
Merle Oberon
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Michael O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power
B. S. Pully

Frances Rafferty
George Raft
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Donna Reed
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Ann Rutherford
Sheila Ryan

Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Ransom Sherman
Dinah Shore
Phil Silvers
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Eric Sinclair
Red Skelton
Alexis Smith
Ann Sothern

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
John Wayne
Cornell Wilde
Warren William
Monty Woolley
Jane Wyman
Keenan Wynn

Loretta Young
Robert Young

And, by the way, if you can't trace down your rave's name, don't fret. Just drop us a line, and if it's all possible, we'll see to it that he or she gets on our list—but pronto!

(Your coupon's on page 95—use it now, won't you?)

TERRIBLE TOMMY

(Continued from page 56)

to be tough. In self-defense. One day Tommy came home with his hair clipped down to the scalp. Clean as a pin-ball. For more of the convict effect, probably. And of course if he could manage to cake his clothes up so with dirt that they'd stand up in a corner by themselves, it helped. Still," she laughs, "he was a pretty mild-looking little man. I don't think he ever really fooled anybody."

One night, for instance, he was walking his girl, Teri Keane, down Broadway when they got into a slight squabble. Teri dashed over to the cop and asked, with well-controlled fright in her voice, whether he'd please see to the man who was following her. The officer, burly but gallant, swirled around, lunged toward Tommy and then stopped dead. "Hey, miss, this your dangerous character?"

"Yes," Teri told him.

"Ya mean this . . . this *peanut* with the school books? G'wan, you're kiddin'!"

He and Teri used to do the Aldrich radio show together. (Tommy was Homer.) And after work they'd ride home on the subway singing their heads off between steps. Or on hot nights they'd ride out to Coney Island for a hot dog and a couple of turns on the roller coaster. Uphill on the coaster they'd scream just for the joy of screaming. But coming down those mile-long dips, they'd sing 'cause then the noise was loudest, and nobody could possibly hear. But if they had, they'd have said it was the loudest, meanest, fanciest harmonizing this side of Heaven.

Tommy's voice crawled down a couple of octaves practically over night. The trouble was, it left the rest of him behind. People just didn't expect this narrow, pint-sized kid to let go with that booming, pit-of-the-stomach voice. The day he tried out, nervously, for "Best Foot Forward" on Broadway, he sang "Buckle Down Winsocki," and before he'd gotten two notes out, they were laughing. After that, of course, he played it for laughs. Well, one night his Uncle Sid was in the audience . . . and you know the loyalty that runs in families. When Tommy started to sing, a ripple of laughter breezed through the audience. Uncle Sid, who knew right from wrong, jumped up and yelled, "Shut up! The kid's trying to sing! Quit the laughin'!"

When the cast of "Best Foot Forward" went to Hollywood, Tommy went with it. He'd been screen tested by a couple of Hollywood studios two years before. The two studios fought over him while Mrs. Dix

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NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York

IF I COULD LIVE IN AN AIR-TIGHT MASON JAR, I MIGHT BE SAFE FROM GERMS THAT CAUSE SKIN RASHES: BUT I CAN'T, SO MOMMY PROTECTS ME WITH BABY POWDER THAT'S ANTISEPTIC . . . MENNEN.

Germs often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More *antiseptic!* Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, *germs thrive;* but in dark band around *Mennen* powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

LOOK HOW I ALWAYS MOVE MY ARMS AND LEGS AROUND-LIKE WHEN I'M CRYING OUT LOUD! BOY, AM I GLAD MOMMY PROTECTS ME FROM CHAFING WITH THE POWDER THAT'S SMOOTHEST . . . MENNEN.

Which baby powder is smoothest is proved by round photos above; they show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer in texture. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the *best* protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby *lovelier.*

3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder

I Spelled Marriage—"M-I-R-A-G-E"

Listen to this wife's story of marriage happiness rediscovered

I married for love . . . and at first George *did* love me. Then—I can't explain when or how it began—George became more and more indifferent. Our marriage happiness began to fade away like a mirage.

I brooded so that I actually became ill. When I went to see my doctor, I started to cry and told him everything. It was then I learned how "one neglect"—carelessness or ignorance about feminine hygiene—so often wrecks romance!

My doctor advised me to use Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. "Thousands of modern wives use it," he said, explaining how Lysol makes an effective germ-killing douche that cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes. "And Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues...just follow the directions," he added. *How right he was!* I've found Lysol so pleasant to use—so easy and economical, too. It's been working wonderfully!

Oh, yes—the happy ending! It's about US, of course! George is mine again, with lots of love. That's all . . . *that's everything!*

CHECK THESE FACTS WITH YOUR DOCTOR

Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions *spread*, thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle of Lysol makes *almost 4 gallons* of solution for the douche. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. Lysol deodorizes completely. **Lasting**—keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE Lysol Disinfectant

Copr., 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

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went serenely about the moving job. For a couple of days the kitchen stove sat unhinged in the middle of the floor while the studios bargained back and forth. In the end the whole thing fell through, and the Dixes sadly hitched the kitchen stove back to its old moorings.

Things are different now. M-G-M has him tied up for after the war. But meanwhile the infantry's got him. The Jewish chaplain at his camp heard of the terrific work he'd been doing selling bonds during his furlough. Tremendously impressed, he approached Tommy cautiously one day and asked, "Son, how'd you like to be a cantor?"

"A what?"

"A cantor. We need one pretty badly for camp services."

Tommy was flattered, but the only religious psalms he knew were the ones he'd learned at Sunday School. The cantor said they wouldn't do, exactly, but it was really too bad because his voice would have been just fine for cantoring.

That's funny when you think of it, because the same voice sold forty-eight thousand dollars in bonds at the Ansley High School in Birmingham. And the kids who heard it admitted right out that Sinatra wasn't the only guy alive who counted. The next day, when Tommy was slated to sing at church, so many young faces smiled dreamily from the pews, the preacher had to change his sermon. Something a little lighter for the young folks.

WIN WITH A SMILE

(*Continued from page 75*)

business of visiting your dentist: Get to know him. Not only will he catch tiny holes and clean away any tartar, but he can also act as beautifier. Many a Hollywood star wears caps to glamourize her (or his!) smile. Dental workmanship can replace or straighten teeth. Your dentist will do his best to save the ones you have.

Chewing gum is a good exerciser of teeth and massager of gums. Too, it helps to keep teeth polished. "Maisie" Sothern shouldn't be the only gum chewer. Not with all these benefits, she shouldn't! Gum helps sweeten the breath because of its flavor, keeps the mouth pliable and helps to develop the beauty and mobility of your lips.

Speaking of lip beauty . . . don't be one of those unpleasant people who look as if the effort of a laugh is almost enough to break her in two. Practice these smile hints, then smile often—smile pretty—smile at every excuse.

Incidentally, would you like to bring a smile to someone at the other end of the world? Then reach for the pen and ink, sit right down and dash off a letter to that nice kid from next door who's now serving in France or the South Pacific.

And just to check on your smile knowledge, test yourself on the super-duper quiz which you'll find on page 76.

* * *

If you would know the names of any of these smile products, drop me a line. 'Twill make me happy to answer. And if any other beauty problem crops up, I have the solution! Carol Carter, Modern Screen, *149 Madison Ave., N. Y., 16, N. Y. Good-by until next month when I'm all set to chat about beautiful tresses.*

ANSWERS TO TOOTH CARE QUIZ ON PAGE 76

1—c; 2—i; 3—g; 4—a; 5—j; 6—h; 7—b;

"WILSON" STORY

(*Continued from page 39*)

just past fifty; and he lived in a small New Jersey college town in a pleasant house under green elms and arching oaks old as he was, older perhaps, and he was like them in some ways; the quiet power was hidden, and the living sap ran deep, and he bent but never broke before the storm. His name was Woodrow Wilson.

offer of office . . .

Just now he stood at his open door looking out to the darkness. Three men stood on the porch. They were three strange men to find on the doorstep of a college president in a sleepy New Jersey town. One was Senator Edward (Big Ed) Jones, boss of the Jersey Democratic political machine; the other two were his henchmen—Jim Beeker and Ed Sullivan. Beeker wore a hard, round, black derby; Sullivan puffed on a cigar.

"Mr. Wilson?" Jones said.

"Yes?"

"I'm Senator Edward Jones."

"Yes." Wilson's voice came drily. "I recognized you."

"May we come in? I've something I'd like to talk over with you."

Beeker and Sullivan sat uncomfortably on the edges of the club chairs in the comfortable study. Beeker's eyes looked with unbelieving amazement at the rows of books that covered the walls; Sullivan eyed the growing ash on the tip of his cigar. Big Ed walked up and down in the quiet room talking.

"You know, Mr. Wilson, you've had some pretty favorable notice in the press of the country. Your books. Your articles. People like to read what you have to say about democracy. Well, so do we, for that matter. We're Democrats, too."

Beeker laughed.

"We like to give the people what they want," Big Ed said. "We're all for good government, for honest government. Right now there's a strong liberal movement in the country. We want to get the best liberal of them all for New Jersey. After all, that's our job." Big Ed paused and then swung around facing Wilson; he said flatly: "How would you like to be Governor of New Jersey, Mr. Wilson?"

Then they were gone. In the living room, Ellen, his wife, looked up as Wilson came in thoughtfully. His three daughters—Jessie, Margaret and Nell—were bunched around the piano; Nell was playing "Chopsticks." Wilson sat down next to her and picked up the bass accompaniment.

"Wasn't that Big Ed who came in?"

"Yes."

"Is he thinking of enrolling for the Fall semester?"

"Not quite."

Nell said suddenly: "Hey, Dad, you missed a beat there. It goes this way: bum tee tee, bum tee tee, BUM. You missed the last BUM."

"You mean Big Ed? or Beeker?" Wilson said, as he grinned. "No, I saw them both."

"What did they want?" Ellen said quietly.

Wilson hammered on the bass, raising the beat of the rhythm, Nell squealed and rippled a run of tinkling notes. Wilson said: "Just politics, Ellen. They wanted me to be Governor."

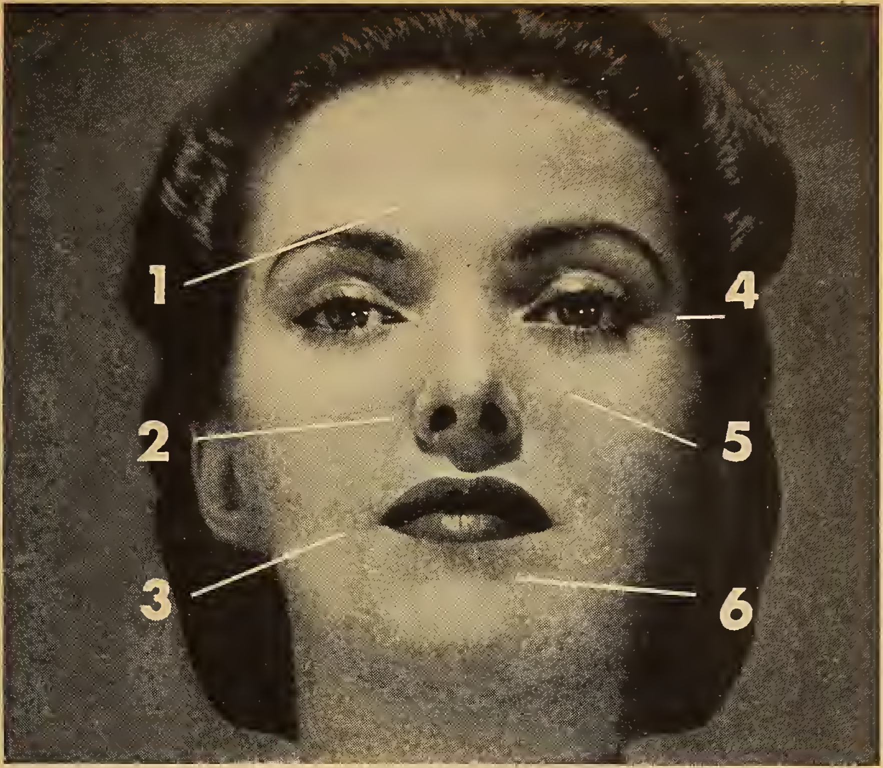
Nell's hand came down in a discordant chord.

Ellen said: "What did you tell them."

"I told them they were crazy."

"Are they?" Ellen said quietly. "Are they? You've always wanted to try your hand. You've always been interested in

(Continued on page 100)



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1

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Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?

3

Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?

4

Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?

5

Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?

6

Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?

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Lady Esther Face Powder goes on your skin like a film of beauty. It helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles.

Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror!

Just try Lady Esther Face Powder! Get the smallest size box, if you like—but *try it!* When you see how much softer, smoother and younger it makes your skin look—it's time enough to get the largest and most *economical* size. But for living proof in your own mirror that this is the most flattering face powder you have ever used, get the small-size box *today!*

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Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

What's Cookin', America?

The third in our series of Regional Recipes

introduces lovely Laraine Day . . . representing UTAH

To make novel "Airy Nothings," Laraine Day uses a recipe handed down from maternal grandmother . . . who entered Salt Lake City, as a child, with the original pioneers!

■ In an historically fascinating and recipe-rewarding talk we had the other afternoon with Laraine Day—sweet young M-G-M star currently on loan to RKO—it was forcefully brought home to us that in many instances expediency plays quite as important a part as tradition in determining regional tastes in foods. Not only did our ancestors carry with them a liking for dishes favored by their forefathers but, of necessity, they learned to prepare and enjoy the foods they found, or could grow, in the regions in which they chose to live.

Not that the Mormons—the first white settlers of Utah—found anything much to eat when they arrived in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, pointed out Laraine who is a native of that State and who can list several of these hardy pioneers among her direct ancestors. Nor did they have much to eat with them, when they finally reached their destination. For the dreary trek from Missouri in covered wagons—across prairies, mountains and treacherous streams—took 102 days and was beset by a lack of food all along the way. Then when Brigham Young indicated that this was the place where they were to live, the food prospects were still mighty grim.

Anything made with chocolate rates high with Laraine. Her Chocolate Cake recipe can be used, as shown here, for Surprise Cup Cakes filled with Mack Whipped Cream.

Deep-fat-frying is final step in the preparation of these yeast-raised specialties of Laraine's. You'll see her next starring in the RKO picture, "Bride by Mistake."

By MARJORIE DEEN

The planting of crops was, therefore, a matter of vital concern. As early as 1848—one short year after their arrival—a flour mill was in full operation to take care of the wheat which had grown amazingly well despite the general lack of water. In fact, by an ingenious method known as "dry farming," large wheat harvests have been produced in that state ever since.

This, coupled with the vast distances that lie between farms, ranches and towns, undoubtedly explains why Mormon women have always been excellent and enthusiastic home bakers. (In this respect both Laraine and her mother, Mrs. Johnson, are no exceptions, you'll discover.) However, since the early settlers were drawn from people of all nationalities, in other respects Utahans cook pretty much like Mrs. Suburbia everywhere, except that they continue to be notably thrifty. This stems from the fact that Brigham Young—a superb organizer and a great booster for home manufacture and locally grown products—believed that waste was not to be tolerated in a community which, at first, was entirely dependent upon its own resources.

History, proudly proclaims Laraine Day, records no greater achievement in the face of terrific suffering and great hardship than that of these determined people who literally made the desert "bloom as the rose."

No wonder Mormons look on the first settlers as their "immortals," that their biggest holiday is called "Pioneer Day" and that a section of the State Capitol is used for a museum which presents an excellent cross-section of their life in the early days.

And now for the recipes we're offering you this month. They feature outstanding favorites of Laraine's which she and her folks brought with them from Utah. (Laraine's parents now live in a lovely guest house on her estate in Santa Monica Canyon. But members of their family still live in Roosevelt, Utah, where Laraine was born. From them she gets regular supplies of Utah honey—thicker and somewhat less sweet than other types—and of holiday turkeys which she distributes as Christmas gifts to understandably appreciative friends.)

Laraine's recipes stress home baked specialties as you can well understand. First and foremost are "Airy Nothings" which are really *Something!*

Also outstanding is Laraine's Chocolate Cake with the Mock Whipped Cream which tops it or fills it—according to whether you prefer to bake it in loaf or in cup cake form, as pictured at the left. Then, too, we were given directions for making homemade noodles by Laraine's mother. Noteworthy additions to this collection are: A Roquefort Cheese Dressing, always featured at the informal barbecues Laraine and her husband Ray Hendricks love to give; and an old-fashioned way to prepare steak—with Cream Gravy.

A leaflet containing all these—cake, cream-like topping, noodles, salad dressing, steak and Airy Nothings—is ready to be sent out to you, so just mail your request to:

THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

(Please be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

"WHITE" – as in Fels-Naptha !

Take it from Junior—'there's nothing like a white shirt. It *does* something to a guy.' Surveying the immaculate expanse below his Adam's apple, who could say that Junior overstates the case?

Naturally, the washday labor that produces his snowy shirts, doesn't concern Junior. It's only one of the minor miracles that any boy with a doting Mother takes as a matter of course.

But we know a great many women who say that for turning out whiter washing—with less work—'there's nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap.'

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP_banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

8 minute 'BEAUTY-LIFT' helps give your skin DAZZLING NEW CHARM

Complete Home Facial Works Wonders For Tired Faded Faces and Necks!

Here's a remarkable 'beauty-lift' that any girl can help give her face and neck right at home. It's a *complete* facial and takes only 8 minutes with that justly famous Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream.

And the devastatingly lovely RESULTS — after even the *first* facial — should convince you that at any price—you simply can't beat Hopper's Facial Cream to lubricate dry, fading skin and to make skin appear firmer, smoother and fresher. Faithful use will help you maintain exquisitely lovely face and neck beauty thruout the years.

Here's What To Do—

Just pat Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream over your face and neck, always using upward, outward strokes (follow direction of arrows in diagram). Then gently press an EXTRA amount of this amazing beauty cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes so that your skin can properly benefit by the *homogenized* beauty oils in Hopper's.

Notice how caressingly soft, marble smooth and glowing your skin appears.

The reason Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream is so ACTIVE and lubricates the skin so *expertly* and *evenly* is because it's *homogenized*.

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Hopper's White Clay Pack is *marvelous* to help clear away faded 'top-skin' debris with its ugly dried up skin cells. Also very effective for enlarged pore openings and to loosen blackheads.

Edna Wallace HOPPER'S HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM

"WILSON" STORY

(Continued from page 97)

politics. You've got some sound ideas. You're old enough and secure enough not to be personally ambitious. You believe in democratic equality and the abolition of special privileges. Where can you better do your job now than—in the Governor's chair?"

Wilson turned to her soberly: "Do you really believe that, Ellen?"

"I do, dear."

"Knowing what it means? That we'll have to give up the kind of life we've always known. Our quiet. Our privacy. That I'll have to fight and scratch, and it won't always be pleasant. That I'll have to turn on men like—like Big Ed, and they won't quit easily. It's going to be raw sometimes, and hard. Hard on me and hard on you and the girls—"

"I married you for better or worse," Ellen said, she smiled. "I'll admit being Governor is a comedown, but we might struggle through the disgrace."

Wilson laughed. He turned to the piano again, and his hands hit the keys. "Come on Nell," he said. "Let's do it in march time."

So the schoolteacher went out to tramp the byways of New Jersey. He spoke in the small towns and in the convention halls of the cities while the torchlight parades marched outside to the thump of the brass bands and jeering grimy-faced kids chanted:

Tammany, Tammany,
Politicians get positions.

But the people knew he wasn't a politician, not in that sense. They could feel the flaming sincerity of his words, the burning passion he felt for the ways of democracy and America. The tide swung to him, and on election day they voted for him. They came out of the neat rows of houses in the suburbs, out of the terrible tumbledown shacks along the railroad right-of-way: the people who worked, the people who, each of them small and alone, together make up the country called the United States. They made him Governor of New Jersey.

It didn't stop there. Word seeped out across the country about the schoolteacher Governor. "He broke Big Ed," they said. "He's for us," they said. "He's square, he means what he says," they said. Up and down the country, then, in the West and in the South, up in the New England states and in the corn raising states of the Middle-West they began to form Wilson-for-President Clubs.

So it happened that one day in March, 1912, a slight man who had once been a schoolteacher stood in the lobby of the White House. A new president was moving in. The staff of the White House was lined up in smiling welcome watching the man and his wife and the three bright-eyed girls who were his daughters. They walked through the spacious rooms where History had walked so often before them: . . . the East Room . . . the Blue Room . . . Dolly Madison . . . John Adams . . . "in this room Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation . . ."

It took Nell to break the spell. Walking down one of the corridors she whispered in her father's ear: "You know what, Dad? We get three automobiles, too!"

it's a wise father . . .

It was strange that a man could be President of the United States, a man who had the wisdom to wisely govern the destinies of forty-eight states, never knew that his daughters had fallen in love. Of course he had seen them going out, to Washington Balls, to picnics on the Potomac. He knew that his own Cabinet Officer, McAdoo, saw Nell with suspicious frequency, and he was somewhat aware that a tall young man used to come and ask about Jessie from time to time . . . what *was* that man's name?

"Jessie out again?" he said to Ellen one night.

"Yes. Jessie's out. Again."

"Nell, too?"

"Nell, too."

"Hope they enjoy themselves," he said vaguely.

"Girls usually do when they're in love."

"Love!" he said. "Jessie? Nell?"

"You sound startled."

"Startled?" he said. "I'm flabbergasted. With whom? Who are these men they're in love with?"

"Come, dear," Ellen said, smiling. "Think hard. Try."

"Mac of course. That's Nell. He's been in love with her ever since he first laid eyes on her. They're really thinking of getting married?"

"I hope they are," Ellen said. "It might create something of a scandal if they didn't."

Wilson laughed: "So she's in love as all that. But Jessie's beau? I know him, of course. The tall young man. Very pleasant. Schoolteacher, isn't he? Sayre, that's his name. Francis Sayre. Of course I know my daughters' beaux!" he said triumphantly.

"Remarkable," Ellen agreed.

And then they both laughed.

They were joking about that one night—all of them, the whole family; how they were all running off to get married. In one corner of the large room Ellen was working on an invitation list to the marriages. Nell and Jessie were radiant in their love. Margaret was at the piano. Wilson looked around at them in mock disapproval.

"That's all you're using the White House for—a bait for marriage," he said.

Nell giggled: "It's all Jessie's fault."

"I like that," Jessie said indignantly. "I suppose you don't want to get married."

"After all," Nell said, "I have a perfect right to. Mac lives right here in Washington. It was just natural that we should meet. But you had to lure your man all the way out from ends of nowhere—"

"Nell—" Jessie said softly.

"Of course I want you to be happy, and I think Frank is wonderful. But do you have to go back with him? We've never been broken up before. It's always been us, all of us together—"

Ellen was walking briskly across the room toward the piano: "I don't see anything to be so blue about. We'll still be seeing each other. Strike up a song, Margaret. Let's see if we can still sing anyway. We have every right to be happy."

alone with grief . . .

And just then, just before she reached the piano, they saw the sudden spasm of pain cross her face! She had only strength enough to reach for the piano and hold on to it, while in the sudden shocked silence, Wilson moved quickly across the room to her side.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Just a little—nothing," she said.

But they knew it was more than nothing. And they knew it for sure when Dr. Grayson told them the full story. He said it kindly, but in the end it meant that it was only a question of time. Then, in the suddenly large and empty room, Wilson faced it. He watched Grayson walk out, and then he turned toward the windows. Just outside, he could see the rows of Ellen's flower garden. He forced the word, the frightened, ugly word, out of his mind. But it always returned, and he had to face it: Ellen was going to die.

He heard some one come into the room. It was Margaret. He began to speak then, very softly, as though to himself. "If only she didn't have to suffer," he said. "If only there was something I could do about that. She's always been so radiant, so full of life. She was always so willing to share everything. Even her life itself. If she dies, something of me dies with her—since the first time I ever saw her, she's been part of me—"

Margaret said: "She's always been happy, Father. She's so proud of you—"

a world he never made . . .

He didn't answer. He stood looking out at the rose garden, and then suddenly he buried his head in his hands. Proud of him? What was all the pomp, all the power compared to the bare touch of her living hand? Until she died, he walked about as a man in a daze, barely seeing those around him. It gave him a little time to steel himself; there was still a little time to share with Ellen as she grew thinner and weaker. And then on the last day, he knew it had to be, there was nothing more to be done. He stood alone in the huge room at the open window looking out at the faded rose garden. He heard Dr. Grayson come into the room, and he thought with a heavy sudden despair: She's dead. Through the open window came the jangle of the discordant noises of Washington. Far off, somewhere, a newsboy was calling:

"War! War! Read all about the War! Germany declares War!"

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They said, then, about that First War, that we could keep out. They said it was one of Europe's wars and that it was none of our business. The sleek fat men and the experts ponderously prated that Germany had no designs whatever on the United States. In the White House, a man haggard with his own private tragedy, grappled with the terrible problems of war and peace.

Once in a cabinet meeting, he said to the men who urged him to declare war immediately: "It is an awful power that a President has. It is easy to beat the drums and wave the sword. But I'm thinking of the boys who would have to do the actual fighting. If I must ask them to fight and die, I want them to know that I spared them no effort to preserve peace. I want them to be sure that they are fighting for something worthwhile, for security and for a world at peace . . ."

But the grinding wheel of history was not to be stopped. The shadow of the war in Europe crept across the waves of the Atlantic; it began to creep into the consciousness of America that all the world was one, that there were no barriers across the circle of the globe. And in the White House, through the long nights, a lonely man sifted the growing pile of reports that flowed across his desk, and in each one there was an undertone like the sound of distant thunder: War . . . War . . . War . . .

He was lonely. That was his own private hell. They tried—Margaret, Nell and Jessie—to keep him occupied, they tried to fill the dead void. But there was always the shadow of emptiness upon his face and in his heart. The days followed each other; the days and the weeks and the endless months. Winter passed, and then Spring came, and it was a little easier to soften the pangs of memory with the cushion of time.

It was raining one day as he came into the White House, a soft Spring rain that hinted at coming sunshine and cloudless skies. He came into the spacious lobby, shaking the rain from his hat, and looking up, he suddenly saw the woman who was standing there. For the first time in months, something touched him. In the brief moment that their eyes met some common chord seemed to leap the distance between them. She was a fair, slim woman with a mouth touched with gaiety and eyes that hinted at intensity.

hearts ease . . .

He heard someone saying: "I'd like you to meet Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt—"

Her voice was soft, pleasant with a hint of the South: "Mr. President . . ."

"Mrs. Galt," he said formally.

Later they were to laugh at the formality of that first conversation. Laughingly, he blamed it on Congress; she said that she felt vaguely like a Committee on Introductions as she talked to him that first time. It became a joke between them.

He found common laughter with Edith Bolling Galt that made him, for the first time in the long months, feel alive. He showed her about the city. They played golf together. He sent her a book. He sent her a corsage, an orchid. In the box there was a card.

"You are the only woman I know who can wear an orchid.

Generally it's the orchid that wears the woman.

W. W."

That night they dined together at the White House, and later in the living room that looked out on the wide spacious green of the lawns that faced the street, he spoke to her. It was just coming dusk, and the first stars were faint in the sky, sketched against the slowly deepening blue.

speaking softly, "Will you be my wife, Edith?"

She didn't answer immediately, turning to face him, her eyes serious and grave: "Any woman would be proud to have you ask that of her. But you've only known me such a short while; we've hardly had time to know each other."

"I know you well enough to know that I want you to be my wife," he said.

"I've had no training to be the wife of a President."

"I'm not asking you as President," he said gently.

"I want to be sure," she said.

"Yes," he said. "Of course."

She touched his hand.

"Let's wait," she said. "Just awhile."

It wasn't for long. It was a dull day in the correspondent's room in the White House when Tumulty, the President's secretary, strolled in carrying the day's news release.

"Anything new?" they said.

"A few odds and ends," Tumulty said.

"War stuff?"

"No."

"Can't be much, then."

"The usual run," Tumulty said, and then as he was strolling out, he turned casually and added: "Just an odd item: The President's going to be married—"

new world a 'comin' . . .

The election of 1916 exploded in the United States in a world slowly bleeding to death of war. Passions ran high. In the corridors of Congress some of the congressmen were bitter. They spoke contemptuously of Wilson: "Dictator . . . fool . . . ruining the country . . . making us the laughingstock of the world . . . incompetent . . . insincere . . ."

But the whole country went to the polls in that famous election. Wilson ran against Hughes. The early returns gave Hughes the election. Hughes went to sleep that night sure he was President of the United States. But the late returns from the West Coast brought California into Wilson's column, and in the morning, Hughes woke to find that the victory had slipped from his grasp. Wilson had been reelected.

The threat that had been hanging over the country so long fell during that second administration. Under provocation of Germany's unrestricted submarine campaign, the issue finally came to a head, and in 1917 the country went to war. There were flags and bands playing in the boulevards and the streets of the country. But the quiet man in the White House felt no exultation in the declaration of war. It was, in a way, a defeat. For he felt strongly that war was evil and that a time would come in the history of the world when nations would no longer have to resort to war in order to redress wrongs. The time was not yet, perhaps, but already there was forming in his mind the shadowy outlines of a plan that might, if the world adopted it in good heart, prevent the holocaust of war forever in the future.

Once, on a trip to one of the training camps, he spoke informally to the soldiers. They gathered around him, awed that their Commander-in-Chief, that the President of the United States, should be there among them, talking to them easily, talking as man to man. He asked them where they were from, he asked them their names.

"Vespucci . . ."

"I'm from Milwaukee, sir. My father was a German. I'm just plain American I guess."

"They just call me Mike. Irish."

"Don't know what I am except maybe Texas."

"Palemanski . . ."

What makes Mary so Toothsome?

The man isn't born who could resist Mary's bright, seductive smile. And that's the way it's been ever since the day she discovered how much better *super-fine* Pebeco cleans her teeth. As she says, "Pebeco Powder doesn't wash right away when you start to brush. It stays on the job and *polishes!*"

The trick is—the way Pebeco's micro-fine particles hold onto your brush, cling to your teeth while you work. It's this special penetrating polishing agent, so fine it does a *super* job of gentle cleaning, that makes Mary's teeth so sweet and shining.

Never a dull molar for you either, dear Reader, if you leave it to Pebeco. Taste its bright, fresh flavor. Revel in that grand "polished" feel as you run your tongue over your teeth. Exclaim, as you admire their special sparkle—"Who? *Me?*"

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He stood looking around at them, profoundly touched, trying to find the words to reach them. He felt that here in the proving ground of war, was the proof of America. Here all races and all creeds met in a common purpose, all together, all Americans. What could be done here, in one country, could perhaps be done for the world. He groped for words.

"I want you to know," he said, "that we are fighting not only for our own safety but for those who will come after us. There must be a way—if we all will it—to guarantee peace. The world is large enough for all its nations. If we work together, band together in common aim like a—like a League, perhaps . . ."

He always remembered that. And when the time came for peace, he worked toward that great aim. He crossed to Paris to face the tortuous legalities of treaty making, hoping always to preserve that single aim in all its great simplicity. Even then, in Paris after the war, the doubts began to creep in. There was too much hatred left in the world. In Europe there were old scores, old wounds remembered; at home a group of men maligned him, misinterpreted his every word.

As always, he had faith in the people. He always said that if they knew the issue, if they understood it completely, they would see the great need for America to share in the work and responsibility of a League of Nations. So he took the story to the country. Grayson, his doctor, told him he wasn't physically fit enough to undertake a trip of that length, speaking every night, sleeping in snatches, eating on the run. He insisted. That was his duty. That was what he had sworn to the soldiers he had asked to fight.

"There can be no united action—no League of Nations—in the true sense without America's participation," he said.

He spoke at crossroads. He spoke in the huge auditoriums of the cities of America. He spoke from the backs of trains. He spoke to the people wherever and whenever they would listen.

"Make no mistake," he said. "Germany wants us to remain isolated . . ."

He grew weaker. You could see the strain in his face. He spoke through the pain; nothing stopped him. He spoke, in final appeal, to the men who had fought the war.

"You are betrayed," he said. "You fought for something you did not get . . . There will come a time in the vengeful providence of God . . . another struggle in which . . . many millions may be asked to give their lives to accomplish the final freedom of the people of the world . . ."

After that speech he turned from the platform of the train. Behind him Edith was watching anxiously. Dr. Grayson came hurrying forward. Grayson caught his arm. His face was ashen white.

He took Edith's hand: "I'm so—tired."

As a soldier who does his duty and sometimes dies doing it, so Wilson did his duty. Despite pain and illness he carried on until the moment of collapse. He was a soldier in the cause of peace; he was one of the casualties in civilization's endless war against war. He was a paralyzed old man at the end of his term of office.

But there was nothing gone in his spirit. The fire still flashed in his eyes, and his great soul still fought on where the body had deserted. He tasted defeat. He saw his policies go down to defeat in the next election. He watched America spurn the League of Nations.

But the day he left the White House he still believed in all the principles that he had always believed in. He still believed in their eventual triumph. He still believed in the rightness and the justness of his ideas. He believed fervently and completely in the ideal of Peace through a League.

Standing in the White House on his last day there, with Edith, he said quietly: "The fight's just begun. You and I may never live to see it finished. But that doesn't matter. The League isn't dead . . . the dream of a world united against the awful wastes of war is too deeply embedded in the hearts of men everywhere . . ."

He left the White House as he had entered it, a quiet man with flaming eyes. They walked out together, Wilson and Edith, Margaret and Jessie and Nell. Wilson walked out into the annals of America and into the hearts of Americans and into the soul of any man anywhere who dreams the word Peace.

CAST

Woodrow Wilson	*Alexander Knox*
Professor Henry Holmes	*Charles Coburn*
Edith Wilson	*Geraldine Fitzgerald*
Joseph Tumulty	*Thomas Mitchell*
Ellen Wilson	*Ruth Nelson*
Senator Henry Cabot Lodge	*Sir Cedric Hardwicke*
William G. McAdoo	*Vincent Price*
George Felton	*William Eythe*
Eleanor Wilson	*Mary Anderson*
Margaret Wilson	*Ruth Ford*
Josephus Daniels	*Sidney Blackmer*
Jessie Wilson	*Madeleine Forbes*
Admiral Grayson	*Stanley Ridges*
Eddie Foy	*Eddie Foy, Jr.*
Colonel House	*Charles Halton*
Senator E. H. Jones	*Thurston Hall*
Edward Sullivan	*J. M. Kerrigan*
Jim Beeker	*James Rennie*

3 Main Deodorant Troubles-

WHICH IS YOURS?

"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"

(Due to irritating chemicals)

You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing to normal skins.

CREAM GOES GRAINY?

Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grains. Yodora—because it is made with a cream base—stays smooth as a fine face cream to the last!

TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?

Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try *different* Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get *powerful protection*. Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

YODORA *deodorant cream*

BOY WANTED

(*Continued from page 41*)

and Ingrid Bergman's his favorite actress. He had the pleasure of meeting her when he was over at M-G-M one day, and doesn't know how he ever fumbled through it. She said, "Anne's told me all about you," and he stood like a goof with his tongue in a knot. All he could think was, "Gosh, you're so beautiful!" but he had just enough sense left not to say it.

Of course, Miss Bergman's like a goddess. Anne, now—well, he wishes he were about four years older. As it is, Anne's wonderful to him and treats him like her twelve-year-old brother.

He keeps his first fan letter pressed between the pages of a book, and thinks it must have come from a very little girl. "Dear Mr. Granger," it says, "I saw you in 'North Star' and I love you. You don't know who I am, but some day we will meet and we will kiss and we will marry—"

miracle man . . .

He and his mother and dad used to talk about "if a miracle ever happens." If a miracle ever happened, they'd have the house painted or the couch re-covered. So when the miracle happened—a contract with Samuel Goldwyn Studios—he had the house painted and bought some new furniture and dishes. Oh, and another item—he paid off the mortgage. Knowing he'd be called into service shortly, he wanted the folks to have their home free and clear.

Clothes don't mean a lot to him, except you can't pry him loose from the sweater counter. There's no printed play that he hasn't read, and no Gershwin that he doesn't tag "out of this world." He could listen to "Porgy and Bess" all night, but can't carry a tune. Maybe you wondered why he was cut out of that cute song the other kids sang on the walking trip in "North Star."

"I can't sing," said Farley.

"Try it," they said.

He opened his mouth, and a sound came out. They were flabbergasted.

"You can't sing," they said.

"That's what I said," he said.

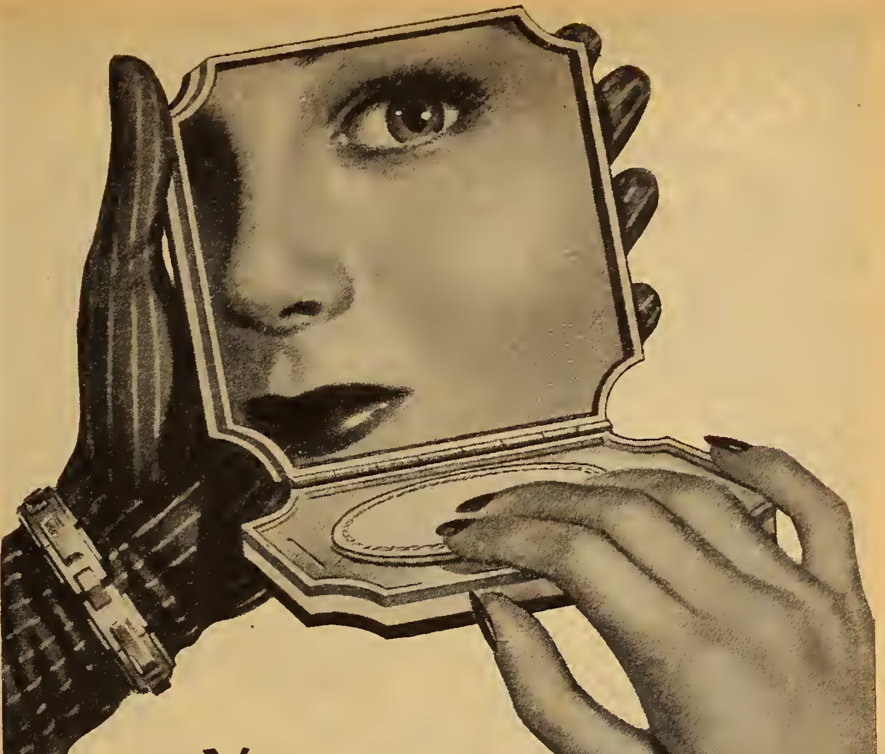
He doesn't drink—mainly because he doesn't want to. He never had a car of his own, and that never bothered him either. He got his job in "North Star" by answering an ad. And he's wanted to be a movie actor ever since he stopped wanting to be a vet.

The reason he wanted to be a vet was because then nobody'd care how many dogs he collected. In San José, where he was born, they had a pretty big yard, and his folks were pretty liberal about dogs. Still, there *was* a limit. After five or six, he had to go slow. The only rule was, if he wanted 'em that bad, it was up to him to earn their keep. So any time he needed dog food, the neighbors would cook up an errand for him to run.

The dog he remembers best is the one he didn't get—a German shepherd that was hanging around the place where his father sold cars. One day they went down to clean up the garage, and here was this pooch, looking wobegone the way dogs look when they don't belong anywhere. Farley ran out for a can of food and fed him—

"Can I keep him, Dad?"

You could see Dad wanted to say yes, but was torn two ways. "We've got more dogs now than we know what to do with. Maybe he's lost. Maybe his owner's looking for him—tell you what, son. If he's still



You get Face Powder *facts* in your "Compact Close-up"

Yes, your compact mirror will tell you Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder keeps you fresh and young-looking because its color stays true in *all* kinds of light.

HOW young and dreamy-smooth your skin looks under soft-shaded lights. But does your compact tell a different story in pitiless sunlight or harsh electric glare? Does it then say your skin seems drab and oldish? *Then you need Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder.*

See how it enhances the natural beauty of your skin. And the shades! They're luscious. They lend your skin fresh, delicate, enchanting young color in *any* kind of light.

It's because Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is made by the famous Color-True process. There's one particular color-true shade made especially for you. See how smooth, how young . . . how appealing it helps make your skin look . . . how serenely it says "Yours truly" in your compact close-up.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in all 6 exciting "Color-True" Shades, 10¢ and larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

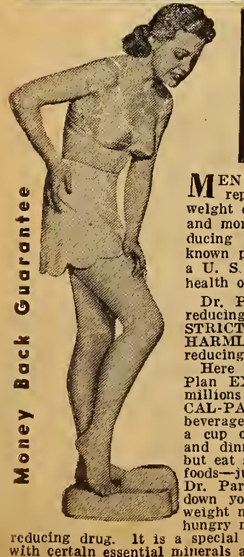
"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR
HALO GLORIFIES IT!

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it ... leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap ... made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse ... Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today ... in 10¢ or larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

REDUCE 3 to 5 Pounds a Week Yet EAT Plenty!



USERS SAY

Physician's Wife: "I lost 15 pounds in 24 days."

Mrs. C. M., Ithaca, N. Y.: "My hips were 53 inches; now measure 43 inches. I feel like a new person. I like the taste also. MY DOCTOR SAYS IT WAS O.K."

Mrs. P. M., Fresno, Cal.: "I lost 18 pounds in 3 weeks."

Miss H., Wash., D. C.: "Had to tell the wonderful news! Reduced from 200 to 136 pounds in 3 months following your plan. It's great to be able to wear youthful clothes. My friends are amazed, and many of them are following the plan now."

MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable results in losing weight easily. Many lost 20 pounds a month and more. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor, former chief of a U. S. Military hospital and a state public health officer.

Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO STRICT DIETS, requires no exercises. HARMLESS, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

Here is Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan EXACTLY as given over the air to millions: for lunch take 2 teaspoonfuls of CAL-PAR in a glass of juice, water or any beverage. Take nothing else for lunch except a cup of coffee, if desired. For breakfast and dinner EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO, but eat sensibly. Don't cut out fatty, starchy foods—just cut down on them. By following Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily caloric intake, thus losing weight naturally. You needn't suffer a single hungry moment. CAL-PAR is not a harmful reducing drug. It is a special dietary product, fortifying your diet with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Try it and you and your friends will marvel at the vast improvement in your figure.

- ● NO EXERCISE!
- ● NO REDUCING DRUGS!
- ● ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!

If your dealer hasn't CAL-PAR a special can containing 18 DAYS' SUPPLY will be sent you postpaid for only $1.00. This $1.00 can is not sold at stores. Money back if not satisfied. Fill out coupon, pin a dollar bill to it and mail today. We will also send you FREE, Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing containing important facts you ought to know including weight tables and charts of food values.

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685 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose $1.00 for a special CAL-PAR can, to be sent postage paid, and Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be refunded. (C.O.D. orders accepted)

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

Farley fixed a bed for him that night, but next day the lonely dog was gone. To the end of his life, he'll aways be "the lonely dog" to Farley.

There was only one dog to say good-by to when he left for camp last February. That was Boots, who has wirehair whiskers but is otherwise mixed in lineage but certainly not affections. The year they moved to Los Angeles, he found Boots's fuzzy head poking out of his Christmas stocking, to help make up for the dogs he'd left behind. He's never forgotten them, though. Couldn't if he wanted to, which he doesn't. Because in his prayers, it was always God bless Mother and Dad and then the whole tribe of dogs. They're still in his prayers. Seems kind of unfriendly somehow to shove 'em out—

They moved to Los Angeles because Dad lost his business in the depression. On account of being a veteran of the last war, he managed to get a Civil Service job. The only thing they really craved was a house, because when you've always lived in a house and yard, apartments kind of get you down. So they got this place in North Hollywood and, to help out, Mother took a job in the Five-and-Ten. Farley helped out, too—mowed lawns, worked in markets, made his own bed, and dried the dishes. On his way from school, he'd stop at the Five-and Dime, and Mother'd tell him what to bring home from the market for dinner. She's nice enough to say he helped with the cooking, too, but all he remembers is turning the gas off and on while she rustled the food. Some of the meals they gave Dad were pretty rugged, but they did the best they could, and there was always a laugh in it somewhere—

Even up in San José he was crazy about the movies. After seeing a show, he'd line up all the kids, sit 'em on the curb and act the whole thing out, rippling heroine and all. Sometimes they'd sit through it. Other times they'd say, "Nuts, we'd rather see the picture," and walk out on him. But he didn't discourage easy. A couple of agents lived in North Hollywood, and he'd pester them about how to break into the movies—

"Get yourself into some play," they'd advise, like they'd said to every other stage-struck youngster. "Get some place where people can see you—"

Except for the war, he might have waited till after graduation. But he was bent on getting a couple of licks in before he was called. So he looked around and heard they were putting on "The Wookey" at the Mary Stuart Playhouse. He walked in, a little green around the gills, and asked to see the director—

"I'd like a part, Mr. Vivian."

"What have you done?"

"Well—not very much."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Two years ago, I attended a Bond Rally in Westerly, R. I., where vivacious Greer Garson was selling bonds—and selling them fast.

When she came onstage, she said, "I am so happy to be here. I don't know when I've ever seen so many beautiful babies as I have today. Won't you please tell me where they all came from?"

Whereupon my twelve-year-old daughter called in a loud, clear voice across the park, "Mother, don't you really think she knows?"

Mrs. Doris C. Briggs,
Pittsfield, Mass.

"Anything at all?"

"Well—no."

"Could you play a Cockney?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let's hear you say a few words. Okay, come around tomorrow."

puttin' on the dog . . .

Mother and Dad didn't mind, but—what with school and the market—they couldn't see how he'd manage. He worked it out fine by ignoring both school *and* the market and promising his conscience to make it up after rehearsals. Versatile was the word for him. He played the Cockney, a voice on the radio, the crash of bombs and a dog's bark. It was fine while it lasted, but it only lasted a week. If anybody saw him—outside of his loving friends—they overlooked it.

Then fate took a hand. Producers don't usually advertise for actors. But Sam Goldwyn's an unusual man. They were desperate for a boy to play Damian in "North Star." "Will it hurt to advertise?" Sam Goldwyn asked himself and answered himself, "No."

Farley picked up the paper, ran an eye down the want ads and did a double take. "Boy wanted," it read. "Must be seventeen, but not yet eighteen. Acting experience desirable but not essential. Write qualifications to Casting Director, Samuel Goldwyn Studios."

He wrote, and they told him to come in. Bob McIntyre, the casting director, looked him over and sent him on to Mr. Goldwyn, who called in Miss Hellman, the author, and Mr. Milestone, the director. Farley was not unduly nervous. He has a philosophy to sustain him under stress. Whatever happens, even if it seems bad at the time, works out for the best. If you don't get what you want, you weren't meant to get it. You keep on trying till your time comes. The only way you can lose out is by giving up—

They seemed to like his appearance, but—in spite of the ad—his lack of experience bothered them. He leaned heavily on "The Wookey," but they weren't impressed. Still, they promised to call him back for a test, and he took them at their word. Four weeks passed without a peep from the studio, but all that worried Farley was, maybe they'd call *too* soon. Because during those four weeks, everything happened. Playing football at school, he was kicked in the throat and couldn't talk for three days. That was bad—they might call any minute. Then he broke out in a rash. Being susceptible to poison oak, he ran to the doctor. "Do something quick for this poison oak. Any minute they might phone me to come down for a test—"

"Poison oak nothing, that's scarletina. You'd better go home and test your bed—"

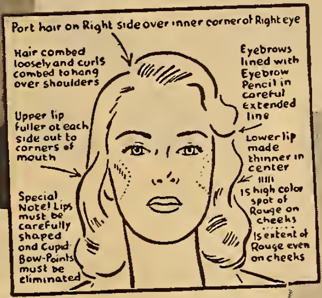
star light, star bright . . .

Evidently the part of Damian had been meant for Farley. He hadn't been up two days before they phoned. He got the script on Thursday, was tested on Friday, called back on Saturday and told to appear with his mother on Monday. Mother cried. She's very excitable. At the drop of a hat she'll cry—for instance, if she sees a train pulling out. Nobody has to be on the train that she knows—just show her a train pulling out, and Mother bawls. Farley has a terrible time with her—

At the studio they were all smiling. He could tell from the winks and nods that the news was good—even before Bob McIntyre broke it. Mother's hand kind of shook when she signed the contract, but Farley was pretty calm considering. Happy but calm. He'd always meant to be in motion pictures anyway. Well, here he was. It seemed sort of natural—

Before . . .
SELF-CONSCIOUS
Now . . .
SELF-CONFIDENT

Laine Solg was "just average." Thought herself born shy—that beauty was beyond her reach. Before Powers training she was SELF-CONSCIOUS.


Part hair on Right side over inner corner of Right eye
Hair combed loosely and curls combed to hang over shoulders
Eyebrows lined with Eyebrow Pencil in careful extended line
Upper lip fuller at each side out to corners of mouth
Lower lip made thinner in center
Special Note! Lips must be carefully shaped and Cupid Bow-Points must be eliminated
IIIII is high color spot of Rouge on cheeks
...... is extent of Rouge even on cheeks

Her beauty highlights are revealed in the PHOTO-REVISE drawn for her. This is one of the 60 personal "just for you" Powers Home Course features.

Here's how Laine looks today with her Powers training. She was thrilled to be selected as "Miss United Nations." Now she's SELF-CONFIDENT.

You can become YOU! through this celebrated "POWERS GIRL" training

Like so many otherwise intelligent women Laine Solg failed to take advantage of her individual beauty highlights.

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Why do women mistakenly practice starvation diets hoping to achieve a lovely figure?

Why do so many women, busy at war work, allow themselves to lose natural trimness, vitality, charm?

Because they have not learned the secret of making beauty an easy, enjoyable habit—the Powers Way.

How you can be MORE ATTRACTIVE

John Robert Powers, for 23 years, has trained girls and women with modest budgets to become the most envied and fashionable in the world. His graduates now enjoy greater social and business success.

In his new HOME COURSE, as in his School, Mr. Powers offers his training in figure perfection, inspired styling, make-up, voice improvement, grace and poise. Today Mr. Powers gives you his individualized HOME COURSE instruction at modest cost. It's up-to-the-minute, to make you lovely and feel fit and vital for your busy life today.

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He celebrated by taking the folks out to dinner and a show. "It's got to be a Goldwyn picture," Farley said, "or I'd feel like a heel."

"You'd be practically Benedict Arnold," Dad agreed. So they went to see Bob Hope in "They've Got Me Covered," and they made Mother quit her job.

It's Farley's opinion that life began with "North Star." The cameras didn't scare him. You couldn't be scared with a man like Mr. Milestone. He'd made a test with Anne, he'd met Eric and Jane in the schoolroom, so they were all friends before work started. Remember the scene where they dabbled their feet in the brook? That was the first scene they shot, and it was just as though he were out on a hike with his gang—

"You can't call it work," he told Mother and Dad. "They pay you for having fun."

Of course, it *did* get tougher—especially the blind scenes. But from the way Mr. Milestone acted, he knew he couldn't have been too awful. And after the sneak previews, he understood his name was mentioned on some of the cards. (Hardly a card was turned in that didn't rave about the new Granger discovery.) He saw the picture in a projection room with Mother and Dad and Jane and Mr. and Mrs. Withers. The first time that map of his showed on the screen, he couldn't get squeezed down deep enough in the chair. When he finally got up the nerve to raise his eyes, there was Mother crying—right in the happiest part of the story—

What made "North Star" so exciting, apart from the work, was the comradeship on the set. And in "Purple Heart" it was even more so. As the youngest of the eight flyers, he was their butt. They kidded the shirt off him, and he loved it. "Hey, sub!" they'd call him, because he was going into the Navy. "Come over here. Now do your deep breathing. Want to suffocate down in that submarine?"

They introduced him to a new world. Sam and Johnny Craven and Charlie Russell—they'd worked on Broadway. They tossed around names that were golden magic to Farley. He'd sit at their feet, with his mouth open, lapping it up. Sometimes he'd pinch himself.

He met Roddy at school and got himself a new family. First, Mrs. MacDowall asked him to dinner, then to stay overnight. Which made it fine all round, becouse it took him forever to get back and forth to North Hollywood. Soon he was calling Mrs. Mac Baby, the way Vee and Roddy did, and she called him "Rooshia," on account of "North Star." Being an only child, he'd never known what fun a brother and sister could be. Roddy and Farley have their future all mapped out. Roddy will direct Farley's stories—he's got a whole slew of them, half finished, choking up his desk at home. Their studio's all ready—designed by Roddy on a huge square of cardboard. They can't decide whether to call it Farrod or Rodley Studios. Baby suggested MacRooshia as a nice international touch.

parting shot . . .

As for Sam Levene, he's friend and brother, father confessor and paragon rolled into one. Talking of Sam, Farley glows. Sam's opened his mind and shown him far horizons—opened his own heart and taken Farley in. Call his feeling hero worship, and he cheerfully agrees. Sam's the tops—so kind yet honest, so wise but full of the old nick. In brief, Sam's the guy Farley would like to be—

"Here," said Sam, driving him home the day before Christmas—and kind of threw a little box at him.

"Gee, what is it?"

"A horse and buggy, but don't open it now."

It was a gold St. Christopher on a thin gold chain. Farley wears it over his sailor's blouse. In his wallet he keeps the card on which Sam had written: "We'll both watch over you."

It was Sam who took Farley downtown the day he left for camp. Boy, was *that* something. He'd said good-by to Mother and Dad the night before. They'd all agreed that a train—with Farley going away on it—was no place for Mother—

So he slept at Baby's. Only he didn't sleep much. Sam was coming at six. He was due to report at seven. They breakfasted at five—

Six o'clock. No Sam. They called his house. No answer. They called the taxi company. No taxis. Time was fleeting. He finally got some authority on the phone who said he could meet his troup at the station.

WE'RE SORRY!

Remember that gorgeous Kodachrome of Anne Baxter in the July issue? We forgot to tell you that you'll be seeing her soon in Hunt Stromberg's "Guest in the House."

Eight o'clock, and Sam walks in, whistling. "All ready, kid?"

"Soon as I get through killing you."

Sam swore Farley'd said eight. Himself, he'd been up since five, just killing time. Vee went down with them—and the train never left till twelve that night.

character builders . . .

Camp was okay, except all they gave you to drink was coffee, and Farley loathes coffee. At home he sits down with two quarts of milk in front of him. One night they showed "Purple Heart," but he wouldn't go. Afraid he'd get homesick. He saw snow for the first time and can live without it. It's pretty all right, but not when you're marching in it for hours.

"Marching in snow's good for you," wrote Sam. "It'll build your character, make you a better actor—"

Now when he marches or digs or does physical fitness exercises that are just murder, he puts Sam's words to the rhythm — "This'll — make you — better actor—this'll—make you—better—actor—" He doesn't see how exactly, but he's taking Sam's word for it. Meantime, it's making him a better seaman, 2nd class.

There was no particular girl to leave behind. He's never dated anyone regularly, but he likes the unsophisticated type who sticks pretty much to being feminine and doesn't use a lot of make-up. She doesn't have to be glamorous, just trim, and one thing he hates is hair that's all mussed up. In a brotherly way his favorite girls are Jane Withers and Vee MacDowall. He thinks it's all right for his friend Don O'Connor to get married at eighteen if he wants to, only Farley doesn't.

Pictures are more on his mind than girls. When the war's over, he wants to learn all about movies—acting, writing, camera angles, directing—the works. Along with that he's got three main ambitions.

First, to go to New York. Sam's promised to take him. Second, to dramatize and play the cartoon character of Prince Valiant. With that off his chest, he thinks he'll be ripe for his third ambition—to talk Mr. Goldwyn into re-making "Wuthering Heights"—with himself as Heathcliff and Anne Baxter as Cathy.

"You can't," says Farley, "kill a guy for trying."

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Each is smooth as a caress . . . and you can depend on any one of MINER'S powder bases to give your complexion a fascinating, velvety finish . . . to camouflage skin flaws perfectly . . . and to keep you lovely-looking for hours and hours.

Skin inclined to be dry? MINER'S LAN-O-GLO or MINER'S FOUNDATION CREAM with LANOLIN are indicated for you! Skin inclined to be oily? Then you should turn to MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP or MINER'S PATTI-PAC CAKE MAKE-UP! Skin happily normal? Let your personal preference be your guide.

For DRY *or* NORMAL SKIN

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A brand-new, tinted, creamlike *liquid* containing wonder-working LANOLIN. Helps keep skin enchantingly soft and silken-textured.

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A non-greasy, quick-drying powder and powder-base in one, ever so easy to apply. Add loose powder or not, as you prefer.

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A truly better sponge-on make-up. Goes on smoothly and evenly. Gives your skin that Hollywood "mat" finish. Never looks or feels mask-like.

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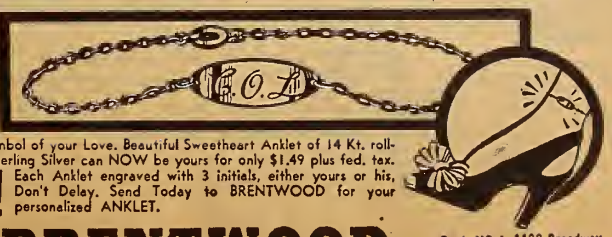

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Cover Girl tells – "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

"Beauty isn't enough," *says bewitching Bettina Bolegard*

"My job takes more than beauty," says chic Bettina, whose cameo-perfect face appears so often on the magazine covers. "In a long 2-hour sitting, I have to stay picture-perfect before the hot, hot, studio lights and never, never risk underarm damage to the glamour clothes I model!

"That's why I'm so delighted with my Odorono Cream! It really is a charm protector—really does keep my underarms dry. That's because it contains an effective perspiration stopper that simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands, and keeps them closed up to 3 days . . . my daintiness *can't* fail me!

"Another must for me—Odorono Cream doesn't rot fabrics—I just follow directions. And it doesn't irritate my skin even after shaving—it actually contains soothing emollients.

"When I have lots of appointments, I use it every day. So I'm especially pleased that each jar gives up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorants.

"When *you* try velvety, white, fragrant Odorono Cream I'm sure you'll join with me and other Cover Girls in saying, 'It's wonderful—real glamour insurance!'"

Cameo-lovely Bettina Bolegard

Hollywood Remembrance LOCKET

Dainty-New-2-Tone Design

Send the Coupon, today

Beautiful lockets are in style today more than ever, not only because of their extraordinary beauty but also for the reason that so many ladies want to have pictures of their loved ones near to them at all times. This exquisite, new and original locket is not only ornamental but provides a place for two pictures on the inside. No other locket that we know of today is quite so beautiful or stylish since this one is in 2-tone with red roses and the heart design in the color of yellow gold. The 18-inch chain has a special safety lock fastener. You will be delighted to own and wear this lovely locket that is dainty, yet one inch in diameter, providing ample space for pictures of your loved ones so that you can look at them at any time.

18 Inch Chain

This illustration shows the locket in actual size as it comes in beautiful gift box.

SEND NO MONEY *SUPPLY LIMITED*

No other keepsake is so precious and ornamental as this beautiful locket. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail the coupon today. Your package will be sent immediately and you pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents for mailing cost and 20% Federal tax on arrival. On our liberal **10-day trial offer** you have the opportunity of examining this beautiful locket before deciding whether you want to keep it or not. **Be first** to wear one or give it as a gift.

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Name . . . .
Address . . . .
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FRANK SINATRA

(Continued from page 50)

discipline and plenty of it, but the girls just looked at each other and were lost.

There was a lot of fun in those early days, and the little house on Monroe Street was merry with laughter most of the time. Everyone in town knew the Sinatras: Nathalie, small, bright-eyed and pretty, recently back from overseas duty as a nurse. Marty, square and handsome, a scrappy little guy who combined firemanning with professional boxing. And everybody liked them. The house was always jumping with company—an uncle or a grandmother, one of Dad's pals from the firehouse or some of the neighborhood kids. Almost any time you dropped in, there was spaghetti to eat and pinochle to play and the baby to kid around with. They weren't wealthy people, but—contrary to popular opinion—Frank's parents were never poor. They always had a big share of life's good things. It was a happy house, and Frank was well-pleased with the deal he'd gotten.

One cousin in particular charmed him; a chubby, curly-haired roughneck four years older than he was, also named Frank Sinatra. From the first minute the baby saw him, it was written all over his face—"This I like," and as soon as he could get around under his own steam, he pursued him.

The fact that Big Frank had to go to school oppressed and mystified him, but when he reappeared in the afternoon, everything was jake again. Somehow, Big Frank's gang tolerated the squirt, although they gave him absolutely no quarter. If he wanted to tag along on their hikes, he tagged at his own risk. Nobody carried him when he got tired. If he wanted to hang around when they played baseball, he could darn well work for the privilege, so they made him bat boy. By the time he was four, Frankie was a man. He'd had a drag on a cigarette, sworn a few times and generally sown a wild oat or two. About the only thing that kept him from being a thorough sophisticate was his speech. S's gave him no end of trouble. In the middle of a word he could cope with them, and even at the end he could swing them. But at the beginning, they floored him. Snow was 'now, and stone was 'tone, and it did sort of place him chronologically. The big kids used to laugh and laugh at him, until one afternoon, Big Frank settled them once and for all. They were walking along the docks watching the ferries plow back and forth, idly picking up pebbles and skimming them on the water. Frankie watched them carefully, then he picked one up.

'ticks and 'tones . . .

"Watch me 'kim this 'tone," he said. The lads guffawed.

"Say it again, Shorty," one of them gasped, holding his sides. "That's the best yet." A couple of the fellows had to sit down for a minute they were so completely overcome with laughter. Big Frank stood stolidly by for a moment, watching his cousin blush the way he always did when he'd said or done something that struck the big kids funny; watching him hold his underlip firm with his straight little teeth. What the heck did those guys think they were doing, riding the kid?

"What's so darned funny, you guys," he blazed at them. "Tell me that, will you?"

"Him," howled one of the lads pointing at Frankie. " 'Tones,' he says. Oh boy, that's rich."

"He did not," said Big Frank hotly. "The way back in his throat, and anyone that can't hear it is a cross-eyed monkey. Say stones, squirt."

"'Tone." There was no sound whatever from the back of Frankie's throat.

"There, hear it?"

The kids' eyes were round as saucers. "Yeah," they murmured as one man. "Yeah. I heard it." No one picked on Frankie for a long time after that.

big shot small fry . . .

He lived a double life at that stage. By day he was one of the boys, swaggering across the baseball diamond, airing his views on Babe Ruth, setting the lads up to a round of tootsie-rolls at his grandfather's candy store. He was big stuff, by day. By night he was a little boy again, sleepy and loving. Clamoring for Mother Goose and Uncle Wiggily. Sometimes it was Mother who read to him before dinner. Sometimes—when Mrs. Sinatra was off on a case—it was Grandma. The same old stories over and over, and the Lord help them if one syllable was skipped. He learned to pick out words in his story books. Cat and boy and house. It pleased him, recognizing words, and he kept asking everyone how soon he'd be old enough to read.

"Next year," they'd tell him. "When you go to school." So school became a magic place.

And then he was five, going on six, and school turned out to be kind of a dreary joint after all. One from which one fled at the stroke of noon with never a backward look. His whole outlook changed. School was a chore to be endured, and the leisure he had hitherto scorned became the thing. Afternoon, that was the time. Anything could happen in the afternoon. Like going down to Grandpa's candy store and discovering a brand new kind of penny candy. Stuff that looked like gumdrops but that had perfume inside. Or maybe, like walking home with Anne, his second grade sweetheart, and having her mother invite him for lunch. Or—best of all—discovering a stray dog or cat and bringing it home. That was his hobby. Some kids collected stamps or playing cards. Frankie collected animals.

Mrs. Sinatra put up with it, mostly because she couldn't bear Frank's face on the few occasions she remonstrated. "Oh, but, Mom," he'd say, and his face would suddenly be nothing but eyes. "He's *starving*, Mom."

UH, UH—MUSTN'T TOUCH!

It would be sorta silly to drape *Verboten* signs on the stove and the stairs and Pa's cigarette lighter and Junior's ball-bearings and—well, gosh darn, on practically *everything* in the house. But if ya gotta, ya gotta—in your mind, anyhow. 'Cause according to the Red Cross, over 100,000 people a year are killed in the U. S. as the result of *unnecessary* accidents—and home accidents account for over one-third of these with falls, burns and poisons topping the list! Makes you shudderish, doesn't it?

So look, even if you don't enroll in one of those swell Red Cross Home, Farm or Aquatic Accident Prevention courses, do try to spread the word about safety to your folks and friends.

Let's save the gore-giving for where it can't be helped. Main Street was never meant to be a beach head. . . .

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Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream provides this special care with special ingredients. Oils that smooth and soften and supple. Cholesterol, for its help in retaining vital moisture in the skin. And something more . . . something no other cream offers . . . friendly, familiar Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

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PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA *Skin Cream*

JAR 60¢

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FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Feed *your* Canary FRENCH'S—today and *every* day!

LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S. A.

"All right," she'd hear someone saying, and it always turned out to be herself. "All right, he can stay a while." Fortunately, the animals were usually transients. Hard-bitten gypsies they were, grateful for a square meal and a night's lodging, and then, tally-ho, they were off again. Frankie would dash home from school the day after he'd brought home a new one, eyes aglow. "Where's Dutchess?" he'd call. They all had names, even the one-night-standers.

"Gone," his mother would say, looking down. "She lit out around ten this morning and hasn't come back."

frankenstein in fur . . .

Then one night he appeared with something that can only be described as a canine character. She was part Spitz, part Airedale, and after that it was anybody's guess. She was definitely not an attractive addition to the group, and as far as Mrs. Sinatra was concerned, the more transient she was the better. The day after her arrival Frankie raced home after school. "Where's Girlie?" he asked.

The reply from the kitchen was not enthusiastic. "Right under my feet."

Sometimes, in the ensuing years, Mrs. Sinatra would say to her husband, "Funny, Marty, with all the pretty dogs he's brought home, this thing would be the one to linger." Frankenstein in fur, that was Girlie, but she and Frank idolized each other. They were together from the minute school was out until it began again next day. Eventually, when it became necessary for Frank's mother to keep off the stairs somewhat on account of her heart, Girlie remained downstairs when Frank was up in his room in order to carry messages.

"Girlie," Nathalie would say. "The telephone for Frank." Whereupon Girlie would tear up the stairs and bark at Frank's door. Down he'd come, the pup at his heels wiggling and wagging with joy.

Came a day when Frank got into some slight scrape in school. His teacher phoned Mrs. Sinatra, and Girlie made it her business to eavesdrop on the conversation. "He *did*?" Frank's mother was saying in a horrified voice. "Frank did that?" There was a pause electric with emotion. Then, "Well, I most certainly will reprimand him. Severely." The receiver clicked, and Girlie tried to make herself invisible.

"Girlie," said Mrs. Sinatra. "Go get Frank." Girlie was busy with a flea and feigned deafness.

"Girlie!" Nathalie's voice was sharper. Girlie yawned a little and settled down.

"I said," Nathalie told her clearly and authoritatively, "go—get—Frank." To make a long story short, a shoe was thrown, and Girlie eventually sulked up the stairs, barked weakly at Frank's door and gloomed down again. Later on, when that particular crisis was past, and Frank and his mother were buddies again, they got a big laugh out of that incident.

There were other scrapes after that, of course. Like when Frank set an alarm clock to go off in the middle of Assembly. Mr. Stover, the principal, phoned that time, and Marty handled him. He heard him through patiently, then he said, "Well, Mr. Stover, he's a boy." That was Marty's comeback anytime anyone said boo against Frankie. That and, "Well, we'd worry about him if he didn't get into mischief once in a while."

Just once did he spank his son, and he's never really forgiven himself for that. Some kind of country fair came to town, complete with merry-go-round. Nothing would do but Frankie ride on it, and his dad said okay, why not. So Frank and his buddies tooted over to the fairgrounds,

on a large, white steed and, in imagination, the steed was fiery, and Frank was Hoot Gibson. "Yippee, fellas," he yelped and, so saying, he leaped in his saddle and his head crashed through the carousel roof. Pandemonium followed. In the course of time three facts became obvious. The roof would have to be removed, Frank's hair would have to be shaved off in order to treat the cut, and Frank's father would have to be apprised of the affair. Carousel roofs, it developed, came high, and the new one was on Papa Sinatra. It was immediately after getting the bill that Marty let his practically-bald son have it.

A typical American childhood was Frank's, with nothing in it anywhere to indicate the incredible career that was to come. He went to church every Sunday at St. Francis'. Made his First Communion and was confirmed there. He never was in the choir, but he was an altar boy for years, cherubic in the white robe. He had measles and mumps, chicken-pox and whooping cough; all the kids' diseases you can think of, and he was really sick with them. That's why he's such a fiend on inoculations for his youngsters.

There was the inevitable ball club that all little boys belong to. The club that is as dear to their hearts as anything can ever be. Half secret handshakes, half baseball, it was, and the club's name was the Turk's Palace. They had flashy orange and black uniforms with a half moon, star and dagger on them, and they all called each other Turk. Confusing? Not to a foxy eight-year-old. The uniforms were donated by Frankie's family, and on the strength of this he was made manager as well as pitcher.

There was, in due time, that momentous business, the first date. It was with a girl named Marie for the grammar school graduation dance, and his family will never forget it. The splashing in the tub; the slicking of the hair first one way, then another; the eventual appearance, shiny-faced in the new suit. "Get it good and dark," he'd admonished Mom before the purchase, "to look like a tux."

"Do I look okay?" he asked, hand casually in pocket, straining for nonchalance.

"Wonderful."

"Well, so long, then." And when the door closed on him, a look passed between Marty and Nathalie, a long misty look.

growing pain pangs . . .

Oh, it was a typical childhood, all right, followed by a typical adolescence. If you have a brother or a son, you can practically write the words yourself. Those Saturday night movie dates for which he preened for hours. The school dances and Mom's vigil at the window till she heard his key in the lock. The ukulele era, oh hideous memory! He was in his early teens when the world went ukulele-mad. Remember? You just had to have one or you were a social zero. They got him one, just as they'd gotten him a bike and a pony and everything else he'd ever wanted, and it seemed never to be out of his unskilled hands. Then, to really fix things, he sang with it. His voice, as his mother recalls, was "all right—nothing swoony," and if you'd told her then he would someday drive the girls ma-ad with it, she would very likely have given you the Sinatra special, known as the horse laugh.

One afternoon Mrs. Sinatra came home and saw an unbelievable-looking vehicle in front of the door. It was painted red, yellow, green and blue, and there was something about the set of the headlights that gave it a leering expression. "This," she thought, "gives the house an air." They had moved by this time to their didn't go in for rainbow-hued flivvers. Presently, the car vanished, when or how, she failed to notice, but she asked no questions. It was enough that the thing was no longer in the vicinity. However, came six o'clock, came Frankie, came—oh no, it *couldn't* be—*the car!*

"I got a car, Mom."

"So I see."

"Isn't she a honey?" he grinned at her.

"To be brutally frank," his mother said, "I dislike it. Why all the colors, and why all the scribbling on it?"

"Gee, Mother," he said, giving her that don't-you-know-anything-look, "that's what gets 'em."

Who it got and why was never observed, as the car collapsed shortly thereafter, never to rise again. Frankie, who now drives a Fleetwood Body Cadillac, looks back affectionately on that car.

Life at the Sinatra home was not dull, you see, any more than an Andy Hardy movie or a Henry Aldrich broadcast is dull. Things kept happening. There was the time Frank wanted one of his father's old fedoras. A play or something, Nathalie thought vaguely. He was always needing things for plays. A clown suit here, a pair of velvet draperies there. "In the top of the closet, hon," she told him. "Help yourself." In time his father discovered that his best Stetson had been pinched. "Where the heck is it?" he boomed. Mrs. Sinatra was fluttery, but not without hope of retrieving it.

"Oh, Frankie borrowed it for a play or something." Frankie had done no such thing. He had cut off the brim and pinned campaign buttons and fishing tackle and everything pinnable all over it.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(*Continued from page 93*)

1. Uncovered genius in "Cover Girl"
2. Priest player
3. Voice of the Turtle
4. Charlie Chan's No. 1 son
5. Bit player for Director John Huston
6. Tono del Campo's mom
7. Judge Hardy
8. "Murder," she says
9. Quaffing the horn of plenty
10. No banter for Bainter
11. Adds tone to any film
12. Will Edna dood it?
13. Pals with Jane Eyre
14. Won't retire in our time
15. Mischa Ounskowski
16. Not Benny's Rochester
17. Much time to love
18. Lights up Arabian nights
19. Paul palled
20. Slapsie like a fox

(*Answers on page 122*)

buck-passing birds . . .

And then there were the pigeons. How he got them up to his room remains a mystery, but Grandma discovered them one morning when she went in to make his bed. Hordes of them. When he came home from school, his mother nailed him. "It's the pigeons or me," she said. "The house isn't big enough for all of us."

Frank and another boy co-owned the birds and aspired to train them to be carriers. Frankie didn't want to fib about them—(a kind of blazing honesty was one of the imp's redeeming features)—but gee, he wanted to keep those pigeons.

"Gosh, Mom," he said, "I'm sort of minding them for a guy."

"For how long?"

"Oh, a few days, maybe."

The co-owner gave his mother the same line, and the birds were shunted back and forth in a series of boxes a couple of times a week. Until the two mothers met by accident one day and got on the subject of the pigeons. You can imagine how it went. "*My* son's pigeons! Why they're *your* son's pigeons." "*My* son's? Why, heavens, no."

And it seemed like just the next day that she and Marty were sitting side by side in the Demarest High auditorium watching him graduate, and they would have given their souls to have him fourteen again, instead of seventeen. Practically a man. Kid stuff was really behind him now. The champion basketball team he'd been so proud to be a part of, the swimming team he'd battled to make and did, the fun he'd had singing with the school band. The lazy summers, the irresponsibility. All that was finished. There'd be a quick vacation at the shore, then a job that he'd lined up with the Jersey Observer. And in the fall, college at Stevens—New Jersey's big engineering school. He'd be an aviation engineer, earn about ten thousand dollars a year, get married when he was around thirty. He'd planned just how it would be, and life stretched before him as smooth and well-posted as Route No. 1. But he'd reckoned without Fate.

Less than a month after he graduated (with high honors, by the way), he met Nancy Barbato, the girl he was to marry before he was twenty-one. And that same momentous summer he realized that he'd never be happy in anything but music.

Part II of Frank Sinatra's life story will appear in the October issue of MODERN SCREEN.

An advertisement of Pepsi-Cola Company

"*. . . boy oh boy . . . when our lips meet again.*"

are you young enough

to try new things?

Do you habitually take the negative side when a *change* is suggested? Or do you say, "Let's *try* it and *find out* if it's better?" These two questions really furnish a very good test to find out how *young you feel*. Take the case of Tampax. It is certainly a sign of the times that this form of monthly sanitary protection (worn internally) is so popular among the students at the leading women's colleges!

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3 Absorbencies
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SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

CAN'T HELP LOVIN' THAT MAN

(*Continued from page 43*)

actor, Flynn; one blonde glamour puss, Martha O'Driscoll; one magician, Harry Mendoza; one pair of newlyweds, Ruth Carroll and Jimmy Dodd, who sang and played the guitar. They found themselves flying northward, with no idea of what they were going to do.

Luckily, they had one day to themselves in Seattle. Gathered round a table, they went to work, hunting first for a central theme round which to build the show. It was Errol who supplied the theme.

"What'll they expect of us? Laughs. Okay, let's give 'em laughs."

petrified pagliacci . . .

The first show was at Anchorage. Flynn, the poised, the imperturbable, was petrified. Ordinarily self-contained as an oyster, Flynn quaked in his number nines. It was years since he'd faced a live audience. What really got him down, though, was his over-painful consciousness that these boys were soldiers and he wasn't.

He remembered an old trick of John Barrymore's. "A few slugs of bourbon," Barrymore used to say, "sends you out in the proper to-hell-with-it spirit."

Acting on that suggestion, he managed to get himself out on the stage and into his routine—which started with a description of his departure from Hollywood—

"Gosh, what a sendoff! . . . You should have seen the crowds . . . Hundreds of people at the airport . . ."

The boys waited, dubious. What *was* this anyway? A Hollywood swellhead? A big-shot movie star telling 'em how great he was—?

". . . Hundreds of people waiting to see me off . . . all of 'em lawyers . . ."

That brought the first howl, and Errol relaxed. He mopped away the perspiration. "Nice climate you've got here. It was getting a little hot for me in Hollywood. By the way, I brought my own legal adviser along . . ."

A big buildup and Mendoza trotted on—"Meet my lawyer, boys, a swell pal who's stuck to me through thick and thin—"

Mendoza handed him a summons. "In the suit of Lana Ginsberg vs. Errol Flynn—"

"But I never heard of her—"

A maniacal chortle from Mendoza. "He never heard of her! Watch this, fellows. Do you happen to remember, Mr. Flynn, those five minutes at the airport before we left?—*That* was Lana Ginsberg—"

And so it went. Hearing the roars of laughter, Martha and Ruth hugged each other in the wings. This had been Errol's contribution. He'd offered his recent legal plight as the central theme of the show. They'd all been grateful for his good sportsmanship, and it turned out fine for him, too—

"Because the more he kidded himself," Martha explained, "the better they liked him. I never saw anyone as scared as he was that first night, but he never had to be scared again. They went crazy over him—"

Naturally, he was pleased by the warmth of his reception, but bewildered, too. Of the five, he considered his own position unique. The girls were girls, Jimmy was married, Mendoza was an older man. True, he himself had been turned down by the service, but you don't wear a placard round your neck, saying so.

"I can't understand it," he said to an officer. "To tell you the truth, I dreaded this trip, expected resentment, wouldn't have blamed them either for thinking,

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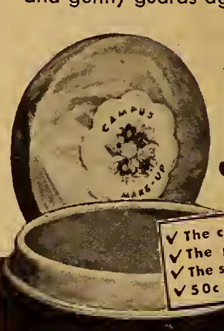

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'What's this guy fooling around on the stage for? Why aren't the positions reversed? He looks as if he could do what we're doing—'"

"First of all," said the officer, "they're too darned appreciative of your coming up at all to resent anything. Besides, they know more than you think they do. You don't have to wear placards. They know why you're not down there with them—"

Throughout the seven weeks of three and four and five shows a day, there was only one crack, and that was good natured—

"Hi, Errol! What've you got that I ain't?"

"A porthole," Errol answered, deadpan, and the house came down.

In Hollywood, the troupe had been told by people who ought to know: "You can be sure of one thing. At the end of a week, you'll be deadly enemies." At the end of seven weeks they were fast friends, despite the abnormal conditions under which they lived—cooped up together in planes, cooped up in little huts built in the snow—

"We had just one squawk," Errol observes "That Martha girl laughed before breakfast—which drove us all insane. She'd wake up, feeling zestful. Otherwise, she was straight from heaven. So were they all—"

If you want your eyes scratched out or your block knocked off, say a word in criticism of Flynn to any of the four. A natural leader, he became their manager. They flew through all sorts of weather. It got to be a gag. "We won't fly the mail," the pilots would say, "but we'll fly you—"

"Yes, I was manager," Errol agrees. "My duties consisted in doling out the bourbon when their feet got cold."

IT HAPPENED TO ME

A few years ago, I attended a matinee performance of a terrific hit, "Pal Joey." At the end of the show I waited backstage with one or two others to have the leads sign my program. While talking to "Pal Joey" himself, I remarked, "You shouldn't have been so excellent. Hollywood will be taking you away from us soon."

"Naw," he answered, "what would they do with me? Now here comes a guy that they can't live without." And he pointed to a tall, blonde fellow coming through the door.

The latter, at hearing this, remarked to me, "Don't listen to him, I'm just a chorus boy"—and pointing to the girl he was standing with, said with a grin—"Here's the gal the movie bigwigs are really crazy about." Calmly, and with neat dispatch, she proceeded to hit him over the head with her pocketbook.

Well, you've guessed it, as fate would have it, all three have by now carved neat little niches for themselves in the Hollywood Hall of Fame—the two young actors being signed by the same studio and appearing in their first movie together, "Pilot No. 5." The gal? Well, she finally made enthusiastic audiences realize the difference between her and her versatile sister.

Their names? Pal Joey Gene Kelly, Chorus Boy Van Johnson and pocketbook-slinging June Havoc!

Miss Tess Dobker,
New York City.

That's not how they tell it. If there was a way to make you more comfortable, Errol found it. If Martha laughed in the morning, Errol was always gay. And if you think there's any better combination for such a trip than thoughtfulness on the one hand and a sense of fun on the other, you're crazy—

Ruth had a birthday at Amchitka. Martha managed to find a compact to give her. Errol appeared with a long envelope, which he stuck into her coat pocket. It held a bond made out in the name of Jimmy Dodd, Junior. Jimmy, Junior's head isn't even peeking over the horizon yet, but Errol had to gag his gift up. Else somebody might think he was a softie.

It was at Amchitka, too, that they celebrated Christmas, stealing a few minutes between shows to buy gifts for each other at the PX. An officer gave them a tiny tree, sent by his mother. Errol read a Christmas poem of his own composition, then from their single bottle of wine, poured a glass for each, and they drank a toast to Christmas. There were a few candles for the tree and a few cans of sardines they'd been saving up, and nothing in abundance but warm comradeship and good will, which made it a Christmas none of them will ever forget.

cavaliers in khaki . . .

Two things hit Errol hardest. One was the way our boys treated the girls—the innumerable little gifts and attentions—the souvenirs of Japs that you could tell meant a lot to those guys. Not only did they insist on handing their treasures over, but went to enormous pains doing them up to look pretty enough for the girls. For two years they'd been living under conditions you'd think might toughen their

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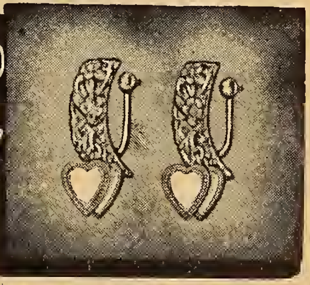

The earrings are the latest, comfortable, secure screw type and match the ring in beauty and design.

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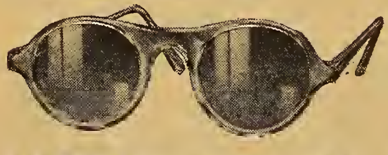

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sensibilities, but they were anything but tough where the girls were concerned. Their infinite courtesy made your heart ache. In strictest privacy, of course.

Aloud, Mr. Flynn said: "Next time we entertain, it'll be at a WAC camp, so we fellows can get our egos back—"

Actually, what they did for the girls was nothing compared with what they did for Flynn. "I'd been a little sour against my luck," he says quietly. "They took the sour taste away. I owe them a terrific debt of gratitude." Humility isn't what you expect from Flynn. Which shows how wrong you can be about people.

He'd hardly got home before he was off again on a three weeks' bond tour. That would have been a cinch by comparison, except for the mothers. Letters must have flown thick and fast from Alaska around that time. There seemed to be so many mothers, with longing in their eyes. "My boy Tom wrote that he saw you in Adak. Do you remember?"

He'd seen fifty thousand Toms. "Of course I remember," he'd answer gently, cursing himself for not being able to tell them exactly how Tom had looked and what Tom had said. Luckily, most of them were satisfied with the simple statement. One woman put out a hand and touched his sleeve. "That's as close as I've come to my boy in eighteen months—"

"What you want to do," he says, "is pick her up, stick her in a plane and carry her to Tom. Well, you can't. So you stand up there and try like hell to sell bonds—"

Back in Hollywood again, "Objective, Burma" wasn't scheduled to start till May. Ordinarily, he'd have blown out of town. But you can't travel nowadays, so for the first time in nine years Errol, the restless, had to keep his itching foot at home. This led to what he calls a simple-minded discovery. He found he liked being at home.

He wallowed in idleness. There were no set times for anything and only one rule—to let no day go by without doing some writing—whether at six in the morning, four in the afternoon or midnight—on the book he's trying to finish. It's a character study of five people in a small boat, called "The Eye on the Tree Stump." The original title was "Charlie Bow-Tie."

"But that misled my friends into thinking it was an autobiography. I dare 'em to identify me with an eye on a tree stump—"

self-torture de luxe . . .

You may wonder why he chooses to write at all, since he doesn't have to—

"Strictly for pleasure," he grins. "I enjoy the agony."

His household consists of Alex, the Russian butler, and Marie, the French cook, both of whom have been with him for years. His day begins when he wakes up. Alex appears with whatever messages have accumulated, asks whether he'll have coffee upstairs or down, and hands him the papers—minus gossip columns, as hereinbefore noted, and open at the racing news.

"That way, I get a slant on the life I prefer, before turning to more serious matters on Page One."

Shaving, showering, breakfast and papers are a leisurely process, strung out as long as possible. During this period, he's officially non-existent, as his friends have reason to know. Alex is a traditionalist. He clings to old customs. For the longest time, his stock phrase on the phone was, "Mr. Flynn asleep in bed," till Errol protested.

"They'll think I'm lazy. Tell 'em I'm down there on the horse—"

By now they're growing a little weary of "Mr. Flynn on horse."

"Tell him to put a little variety into it. Let's see now . . . I've got it! Errol—"

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DIADEM, LEOMINSTER, MASS.

"How about—Mr. Flynn turning cartwheels—?"

"Yeah—or Mr. Flynn taking running jump in lake—"

He likes to play tennis in the early afternoon then come home and work an hour or so.

"If I can extract the work from my secretary." The reason for that crack *being* his secretary who happened to walk in just then. Being the perfect secretary, she didn't bat an eyelash. "Miss Eddington," he continued, "is generally to be found at the movies, when her services are required—"

"Will that be all, Mr. Flynn?" She moved toward the door. "And quite enough, too," she murmurs, closing it firmly behind her.

Recently he's been absorbed in the details of a new and stimulating business venture. He and John Decker, the artist, have opened an art gallery.

Decker, John Barrymore's close friend, had met Errol with Barrymore on several occasions. But their friendship really took root in a hospital, to which both were confined at the same time.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

Back in Shreveport, Louisiana, I had just enlisted in the Navy, and I was feeling pretty blue about leaving my wife and my home. Perhaps I should feel blue since I would be wearing it most of the time.

As I stood there on the courthouse square, looking up at Old Glory, I wondered if I had done the right thing. Was I walking out on my wife? By the eternal, I was not! I was walking into this fight for her. She had been so courageous, so unfaltering as she said: "It's your move, dear. Whatever you think is best has my complete sanction."

Still, I felt blue. Suddenly, a hand came down on my shoulder in a friendly sort of way, yet it contained almost as much force as Babe Ruth ever put on a baseball. I turned and looked squarely at Bob Hope. "While there's life, there's HOPE," he grinned infectiously. "Have a cigarette, pal!"

Then I was talking, and he was listening in a big, understanding way, for he's that kind of a guy. Thank you, Bob Hope!

Franklin A. Landers, A. S.
San Diego, California.

"Guess who's upstairs," breathed a young little nurse to Decker.

"Beelzebub," guessed Decker.

"False—Errol Flynn!"

Decker went up to see him. They began talking pictures.

art and taxes . . .

"I don't know much about them," Errol said, "but I've always been fascinated by Gauguin the man, always wanted to own one of his paintings—"

That started it. Decker took him to exhibitions, painted his portrait. They found a Van Gogh that Flynn went mad over. He bought that and a Gauguin, too. He began to read and study, to look and understand, and he found in the contemplation of great pictures something that calmed his spirit.

Decker had long dreamed of opening an art gallery, and out of a clear sky the opportunity came. An artist friend, owner of a studio on Sunset, had to go to Mexico in a hurry. "I've got to sell this place overnight. Know anyone who'll buy it?"

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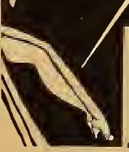

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Good for headaches, too

Decker dashed up to Flynn's. He was in the bathroom, shaving. "Want to go into the art gallery business with me?"

"Are you nuts?"

"No more than usual. Come down and look at the place."

"I'm going to play tennis."

"This is on the way."

Ask Errol why he bought it, and he'll tell you: "I got paid up with my lawyers, and had a little loose change jingling around. Oh, I know it's not a money-making proposition, but that's where you're lucky nowadays. Taxes being what they are, you're released from the tyranny of trying to get rich. That leaves you free to spend your money for fun, and an art gallery's fun. You can look at pictures without going way downtown—"

But in one of his rare tongue-out-of-cheek times, he said to Decker: "Whatever happens, I'll never stop being grateful."

Despite all the stories, he's rarely seen at nightclubs. He loathes dancing and buying clothes he considers a waste of time, so he covers six months at a spurt and forgets about them.

"That's the theory, anyway. In practice, I go over and borrow from the goodly McEvoy." The goodly McEvoy's his closest friend, but since any resemblance between their physical frames is non-existent, you can take that as you please.

He still misses Arno. No dog can ever replace that little gray clown. He was a kindred soul but Errol's very fond of the little dachshund Mrs. McEvoy gave him and promptly tagged the weenie-waddler with a highly appropriate name—which we'll keep off the record, out of regard for her canine blushes.

He gives occasional dinner parties and, once or twice a year, a big one. Mostly he dines alone or with a close friend. When alone, he reads. He began his bachelor existence by consulting with Marie about menus, but found she got along much better without him. His favorite meal consists of a paté—only Marie knows how it's made—roast chicken, salad, cheese and very strong coffee. Two very's, in fact.

He always reads himself to sleep. Rather, he reads himself awake till two or three in the morning. His literary tastes follow no set patterns. His bookseller has a standing order for various items Errol remembers having enjoyed in the past, that he wants to re-read and just dug one such item out of a cobwebby hole—"Ballads" of Banjo Patterson, an Australian poet. He re-reads "High Wind in Jamaica" every other month, loves anything by Bemelmans and got a couple of cold shudders out of "Lost Weekend," which sent three of his friends on the wagon. His dearest treasure is a copy of the personal journals of Gauguin which he unearthed after a long, fierce struggle. He devours books on art sent him by Decker.

"Then I go down and tell him things I forget he's already told me."

His gusto for life remains unimpaired. His mockery, as you've doubtless gathered by now, is a weapon against the hurts of living. But catch him offguard, as you can once in a blue moon, and another Flynn looks out of those grave eyes—

"Life sticks out a foot to trip us all up now and then. But I have no time for bitterness. I'm much too grateful for the good things—the kindness and friendliness of people I'd never have known except for dark periods. When I wake up in the morning and see a beautiful day and the green grass and know that I have friends, the rest doesn't matter—"

His grin returns. "Sounds sentimental, doesn't it? Well, why not? I'm an Irishman. Who's got a better right to be?"

We're not an Irishman but mind if we get sentimental, too? We think you're okay, Flynn.

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G. I. JOHNNY

(Continued from page 63)

from the lobby of the club comes more music. A kid from Kansas is really batting out some beautiful boogie-woogie in there. Seated at writing desks up on the balcony, other boys are earnestly scribbling familiar words . . . "Dear Mom," while below, bulky G.I. toes are beating it out on the Navajo rugs around the piano . . . stamping out boogie-woogie as the kid from Kansas really gets in the groove.

Boogie-woogie versus the juke box. Battle of the Buckley Baritones.

And over there in their usual corner, Johnny and his gang are having the usual juke session. Jibing good-naturedly at each other about which number to play and who put the last nickel in, every tune bringing back memories . . .

The pretty girl dishing out sundaes behind the counter sighing as she listens to Johnny backing up the juke box on "I Love You." Little knowing that his thoughts are flying right on the beam to Hollywood and his daughter, Julie Ann.

"Private Payne?" the polite Corporal will ask. "OH . . . H . . . H . . . JOHNNY! Oh yeah . . . sure . . . he's in there. You'll find him right over . . ." and he points to the corner table.

"I Couldn't Sleep a Wink La-a-a-st Ni-i-i-g-h-t," the juke box is crooning softly, and Johnny is singing along with it when the Corporal yells, "Hey, Johnny . . . ya' got company!"

many a wink . . .

"I couldn't sleep a wink last night"—he sings—but you know better. Darkly bronzed—clear of eye—Johnny looks like he's slept plenty a wink.

He leans around the edge of the juke box to see who's calling. So much the G.I. now that he's a little surprised to see anybody from movie town. Then grins—the same familiar one-eyebrowed grin . . . glad to see somebody from back home.

We sit down. Somebody puts another nickel in.

He's a hundred per cent Army . . . a little more sober, serious—only getting enthusiastic when speaking of some "sweetheart of a ship," or, say, the speed of some plane; but he's a former student pilot without a plane now. For since the abolishment of the War Training Service Program Johnny and his gang are awaiting reclassification at Buckley Field.

Johnny's about the most "Private" Pvt. there is, having been at seven different schools and bases—a record of some kind—he's not sure just what.

It's tough enough for any celebrity at best. But for a good-looking six-foot-three-er . . . with wavy dark brown hair . . . hazel eyes . . . and a dimple in the chin . . . oh BROTHER . . . it really means sweating it out.

Johnny's heart has always been "upstairs," ever since he was a kid cutting classes at Episcopal High School at Alexandria, Va., to keep a date with "Jennie," an old 1918 training plane, hanging together by sheer hope.

It was three miles from school to the field, and every week would find Johnny hanging around, waiting his turn to give up a $3 weekly allowance. Three bucks every week in the kitty for "Jen."

Later he bought fifty per cent of a neat little job with a 440 H.P. motor.

He'd had some two hundred hours in his log when war broke out.

War . . . and Johnny, cutting cinema capers and singing love songs to Alice Faye in "Hello, Frisco, Hello," at Twentieth-Century-Fox and dreaming of getting into the

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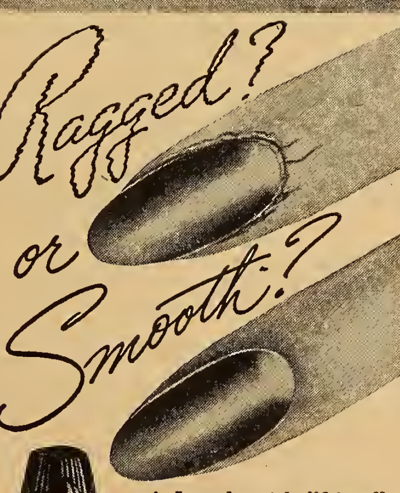
IS YOUR CUTICLE

Ragged? or Smooth?



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Get Lustrous Highlights... Subtle Color Effects
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Thrilling New Hair "Make-Up"!

YOUR CLOTHES may be fashion-right, your cosmetics flawless...but you can't look your best with dull, mousey hair. Make it soft, shining and color-bright with Marchand's wonderful new *Make-Up* Hair Rinse!

No matter what shade your hair is, you can accent its natural color... give it a "warmer" glow or a "cooler" hue...even blend little gray streaks in with the original, youthful shade.

Decide the color effect you wish and choose your hair "make-up" from the 12 lovely Marchand Rinse shades. A simple color chart on the back of each package will help you make the right selection. Then, after your home shampoo, dissolve Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Gone is all trace of soap film and dullness! Your hair gleams with color and brightness!

Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse is as easy to use as your other cosmetics. It goes on evenly and *stays on* until you wash it off. Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—it's *absolutely harmless!* Try it after your next shampoo.

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Just to get acquainted we will send you smart, precious, **Sterling Silver** engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, imitation **diamond solitaire in** sentimental, orange blossom mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed, rich, Sterling Silver in exquisite Honeymoon design. Either ring only $1.50 or both for $2.79 and 20% Federal Tax. **SEND NO MONEY** with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival, then wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

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show in the air . . . of flying.

But he was thirty years old. Too old to fly, the Army said. Only by enlisting in the Army Reserve and becoming a student under the Civil Aeronautics Association War Training Service Program could he ever hope to fly. So what if he'd rather pick off Zeros and Messerschmitts, he wanted to *help* in any way Uncle Sam thought best, and the WTS program trained men to become instructors in primary flying schools. By heck, if they'd have him . . .

The original nine months program blossomed out with more courses. Then two weeks before he was to finish training and be assigned as a primary instructor, the entire WTS program was halted. Disappointed? Of course he was, but knowing *why* he was being held on the warmer's bench made it easier, knowing that combat air losses haven't been as high as expected earlier and that therefore there was no real need for a lot more primary instructors.

So it was off to Buckley Field for Private Payne. With fingers crossed.

They're mighty proud of G.I. Johnny. Proud that he's never taken any "soft" job his high I.Q. rates. Just sweated it out along with them.

"If I'd gotten out of this outfit, even if I'd had the chance to, it would've meant leaving the rest of the gang," Johnny says. "Like splitting a convoy. You just don't do it. When you start out together . . . well . . . you sorta like to stay with your own bunch of Joes. That's the nicest thing about Army life anyway, meeting the finest bunch of guys you probably wouldn't ever have known. Guys like Tony here, or Stanley . . . Archie . . ."

"Aw . . . knock it off!" the boys say, a little embarrassed.

"Knocking it off" meaning anything from "Stop" or "Quit it," to the more rugged "Shud . . d . . d . . d . . dup!"

He doesn't particularly want to be an officer anyway. "All I care about is just being up there," he goes on, thumbing towards the heavens. "I just want to get up there . . . and fly 'em."

And he's still working at it here at Buckley Field, the Army Air Forces Training Command School which boasts Colonel Edward W. Raley as Commanding Officer.

Often you'll see the former Twentieth-Century-Fox star out there by the side of the barracks whacking a volley ball over the net. Or maybe playing a game of catch. Or just indulging in a little horseplay, like boxing with Tony.

During the day you may see him out on the drill field drilling the aviation students.

For Johnny's a Flight Leader here at Buckley. "Sort of like a Drill Sergeant," he explains modestly. "You can hear me fourteen miles—that's why I got it. I have a loud voice."

"And the ability to throw it," somebody else puts in.

"You had a loud voice at Yakima, too," another reminds.

It seems he was a Student Adjutant in Washington, also considered a position of honor.

forward observers . . .

Of course there are a few girls working at the Base who've heard rumors and who do a little extra reconnaissance duty on their own time. Dropping into the Service Club, "passing by" the P.X. or "just happening" to go by around Mail Call time hoping to see the former star. Using infiltration tactics all their own to get a better and closer look.

But none of the regular Joes who do know him ever think of him as a star. Johnny Payne? . . . sure . . . you'll find him over in the corner by the juke box.

Something to sing about!

Sing a song of 6 cents . . .
That's all it costs to buy
9 full feet of ROYLEDGE
To make your shelves look spry.

No tacks, no laundering, the "doubl-edge" won't curl—and it's so lasting.

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With A Daily Ice-Mint Treat

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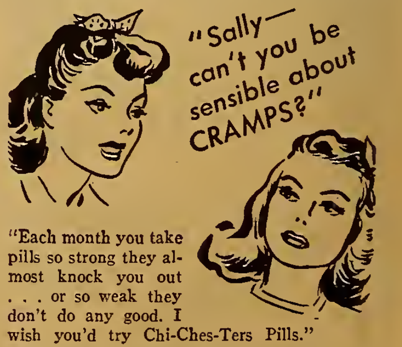
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For relief from "periodic functional distress"

Scoldy Lox says:

Whenever breezes
Blow your hair
Don't throw your arms up
In despair . . .
Scoldy Lox Bob Pins
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- The pin with a permanent grip
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SEND Samples

The bunch here at the table with him now are the "regulars." With the exception of Tony, who joined them at Buckley, they've come down the stretch together learning to "fly the Army way."

Take Buddy Lawler, for instance. Johnny's friendship with the tall, blond be-mustached Buddy, with his sense of humor and easy-going ways, is a hold-over from Hollywood.

Buddy, a professional dance director and former assistant to Hermes Pan on Twentieth-Century-Fox musicals, first bumped into Johnny seven years ago when both were starting out together at Paramount in a thing called "College Swing," with Betty Grable, Bob Hope, Jackie Coogan, Martha Raye and the handsome new lad called John Payne. Buddy was getting his first break at helping with dance routines.

Later after they had each become tops in their own fields, they hit their last civilian licks together in 20th-Century's "Hello, Frisco, Hello."

It was funny how they bumped into each other a little later in the Service.

They went to different Primary schools, Johnny to one in Arizona and Buddy to Baker, Calif. Then one day when both were reporting back to Santa Monica headquarters for further orders, they bumped smack into each other in the C.A.A. office.

Surprised, Johnny yelped, "BUDDY! What's cookin' with you? What are you doing here, fellow? And where to next?"

"That's what I'm here to find out," said Buddy. "Looks like it's back to Death Valley for me again . . . HOT . . . oh brother-r-r-r—"

BUDDY, CAN YOU SPARE A MILLION?

Dollars, that is. Didn't think so—but how's about one-fourth of one dollar? Two bits? To make the NAA go over the top with a bang? Page 94 tells you how.

"Well . . . let's go in and see if we can't get it changed so you can go whither I goest," Johnny said, grinning.

And they did.

rustling up a wife . . .

Their affiliation as barracks buddies has carried them right on into approaching matrimony for Buddy. The result of a girl Johnny "found" for him when they were training in Arizona months later. After all, what more can one pal do for another than to find him a wife? (Don't answer that.)

It happened this way. Johnny met Anne first. So Johnny introduces her to Buddy and sorta promotes it along, and before Buddy knows it he's engaged.

"Confidentially, if you really want to know," Buddy will tell you kiddingly, "I think the only reason she's marrying me is because she thinks Johnny will come visit us."

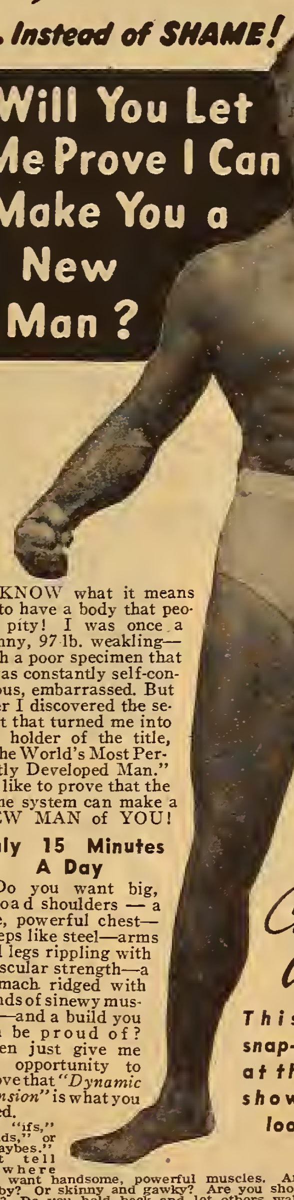
"What a sweetheart," says John, "cute . . . young . . . good looking . . . unaffected. . . ."

"Hey!" Buddy interrupts. "You don't have to overdo this thing. After all she's *MY* girl, you know!" he'll remind him. "Or *IS* she! What does she say in those letters anyhow????"

"She sends him letters in her letters to me," he explains. "SEALED letters. Saying 'To Johnny Via Buddy.' And a fellow can't very well open 'em . . . honor-bound and stuff. Well what do you think the big

How to Make YOUR Body Bring You FAME
... Instead of SHAME!

Will You Let Me Prove I Can Make You a New Man?



I KNOW what it means to have a body that people pity! I was once a skinny, 97-lb. weakling—such a poor specimen that I was constantly self-conscious, embarrassed. But later I discovered the secret that turned me into the holder of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." I'd like to prove that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

Only 15 Minutes A Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders — a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that *"Dynamic Tension"* is what you need.

Charles Atlas

This actual snap-shot taken at the beach, shows how I look today

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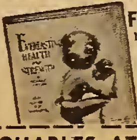

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SUPER VALUE BRUSH

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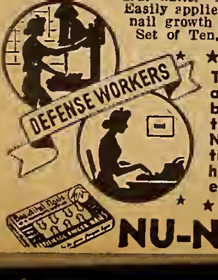

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So natural they even have *half moons*

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Will not harm nor soften natural nails. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

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To protect your nails against injury—infection, breaking or discoloration, always wear NU-NAILS! Marvelous protection for defense workers, housewives — women everywhere.

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NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS

the bunk and reads 'em and then tears 'em up."

"Yep, never did better pickin' . . . if I do say so myself. And I do," Johnny says modestly.

And then there's Archie Hall, former N.B.C. radio announcer, who was a friend of a friend, but clicked solo on his own. That's how G.I. gangs usually grow.

Tony Marano is a "newie" in the bunch. Tough-fisted little Tony who can lick his welterweight in wildcats, or G.I.'s, whichever happen to come around first. And who Johnny calls "one of the best pals a guy ever had."

John and Tony met informally one morning around six A.M. when Tony, then Duty Sergeant, was making his round of the barracks and John was sitting bug-eyed with sleep, trying to figure out whether the sock or the shoe goes on first.

Tony was thinking of nothing in particular when he looked into the face of the new man who'd checked into the squadron the night before. He went on by absent-mindedly, then suddenly turned and wheeled on one stubby G.I. toe. He looked again. The guy looked familiar. Still this high Colorado air made ya' kinda dizzy. But it wouldn't hurt to ask.

"Say!" he said, "aren't you JOHN PAYNE . . . the picture star?"

"Well, yes, *Private* Payne," grinned Johnny.

Then questions popped back and forth about Hollywood . . . Brooklyn . . . who won the last fight with whom . . . and that's all there was to it.

After all, it isn't far from Hollywood to Brooklyn in any Army camp. Uncle Sam is the best common denominator there is. Just the distance from one bunk to another. A bunch of guys lying there at night swapping yarns. Playing a hand of poker. Showing girls' pictures. Reading letters. Laughing. Being just a gang of plain, garden-variety G.I. Joes, as sprawly and gripey and unassumingly heroic as all those other G.I.'s dotting the face of the globe.

Whenever they ask Tony what he's going to do, he mutters, "Don't know yet. Maybe I'll try Hollywood for the orange-picking season."

And Johnny will grin, embarrassed . . . the way a fellow will. But loving it like hell, too. The way a fellow will.

Tony's only kick with Private Payne—and that goes for the rest of them, too—is the way he sings in the early mornings when showering and shaving before going to mess.

Or that other matter, beef of the whole barracks, those icy showers he takes. How any guy can look out the window at snow on Pike's Peak and take ice baths is more

QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Continued from page 19*)

1. Gene Kelly
2. Spencer Tracy
3. Margaret Sullavan
4. Keye Luke
5. Walter Huston
6. Mary Astor
7. Lewis Stone
8. Betty Hutton
9. Lena Horne
10. Fay Bainter
11. Franchot Tone
12. Red Skelton
13. Margaret O'Brien
14. Ida Lupino
15. Mischa Auer
16. Orson Welles
17. Fred MacMurray
18. Maria Montez
19. Deanna Durbin
20. Maxie Rosenbloom

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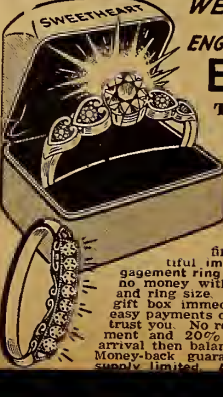

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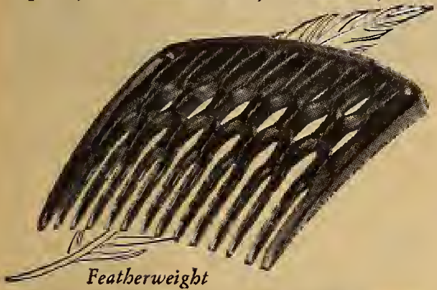

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than they can figure out. But when that liquid ice sprays over into *their* shower stalls . . . well!

It's this kidding between pals, the camaraderie, the ribbing, that breaks the tension, the tough grueling hours of Army life, and keeps up the morale. Whether on a bombing base in Britain or an Air Forces School in Colorado. It works just the same.

To them Saturday night is the big night. It means going into Denver. Catching the bus in front of the Service Club, or maybe, if they feel good and rich, pooling their money for the three bucks a taxi costs.

puttin' on the dog . . .

They really put on the dog those Saturday nights in Denver. Reserve a suite at a leading hotel, order steaks and luscious green salads, with extra dressing "on the side." Then pick up a phone and try to coax some girl into giving them a date. (Editorial note: I'm just taking Johnny's word—"coax" is *his* word.)

One Saturday night Johnny noticed that Tony seemed a little homesick, so he suggested that they put in a call and see what was cookin' at his mom's in Brooklyn.

Johnny is no stranger to "Mom" Marano. Tony's letters are full of him. She can even tell you what he sings in the showers these early A.M.'s.

"Mom'd sure get a kick out of that. Talking to a movie star!" said Tony.

After the usual delay on calls there was "Mom" Marano's sleepy voice across the miles. "TONY . . . ee . . ee . . ee!" then as he took the phone—"JOHN PAYNE? Johnny . . ee . . ee . . ee . . ee."

But Saturday night at Buckley, like Saturday nights everywhere else, regrettably comes but once a week. And most of these evenings you'll find them, as now, holding a juke box session and settling everything from world peace to whether or not they can get a bottle of bourbon by next Saturday. They reminisce about everything they've sweated out together on the way to wings. A certain Sarge. Their pet plane. Funny things that have happened.

For instance, the big show they put on when they were stationed at the Air Base near Independence, Calif.

The peaceful little town of Independence, located at the foot of beautiful Mt. Whitney, has 300 inhabitants. One of the 300 was a pretty girl named . . . well . . . let's call her Mary, who was very anxious to get into the war effort. She wanted to go to nursing school, but it cost three hundred dollars and she couldn't afford it.

It became the town problem. How to get Mary to that school. Everyone wanted to help her, but knew that she was too proud to accept donations, and they couldn't figure out how to raise the money.

"That's a cinch," Johnny and the boys said when they heard about it.

"How?" asked the folks worriedly. Three hundred dollars was a lot of money.

show business . . .

"We'll put on a show," answered John.

So the gang went to work pronto. They made the local American Legion hall into a real night club, and when they weren't flying, you could always find them down there painting fancy caricatures or surrealistic masterpieces on the walls.

Buddy Lawler picked out eight local girls for a chorus and rehearsed them very hard for two weeks on dance routines to open and close the show. He himself emceed, danced and worked out an Olsen and Johnson act with John. They even got a little six-piece-band to come down from Bishop for it. And Johnny gave out with some vocalizing that fairly shook the little hall. Some shindig.

As the show shaped up, the boys really

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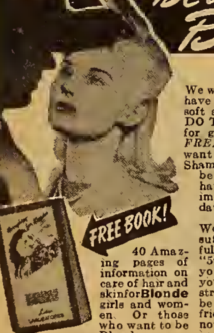

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got enthused. It began to look like an "A" production. So they went into a huddle with the local townsfolk to see if they couldn't charge a dollar admission instead of the fifty cents agreed upon.

After all, they argued, they always charged fifty cents for the Saturday night dances at the Legion "with just a juke box." Surely their show with the real live band . . . a chorus . . . a million dollar movie star . . . might be worth a dollar maybe.

But the folks said modestly that they thought "fifty cents would be better."

Johnny still grins at that.

And Buddy never lets him forget it. The time when, as Johnny's agent, all he could get for him was half a buck.

They were mighty proud of that show. "We made five hundred and eighty dollars," Buddy says.

"Six hundred, my friend," corrects Johnny, not wanting to be short-changed any further.

They drew the civilian personnel superintending the Japanese camp at Manzanar, everybody in Independence naturally, and hundreds more who came from somewhere. Nobody knew where. After sending Mary to school, they turned the rest of the profits over to the Red Cross.

Johnny's memories of the picturesque little town of Independence are so wonderful and peaceful that he says he's going back after the war and build a cabin there.

He talks about the people . . . how swell they were . . . so friendly. How they'd meet the gang on the street, not even knowing them, and say, "Where are you going, boys?"

"Oh . . . nowhere much . . . just around."

"You're coming right home to supper with us," they'd say. And soon Johnny and the others would be sitting around a little table in some kitchen. And loving it.

It was here at the Independence Air Base that he got his secondary acrobatics . . . more snap rolls . . . spins . . . half-rolls . . . or simple little things like hanging upside down on a belly strap.

The boys still laugh about how John would go out on the field in the mornings, all slicked up in his coveralls, zippy-looking as a magazine cover. And come in later tired, face streaked with dirt and oil, looking a little like Al Jolson without the gloves.

The field was just across the road from Manzanar, and the traffic pattern went right over the big Japanese camp. And, as Johnny says, he's flown over more Japs than a lot of the boys in the South Pacific.

Buddy got a lot of extra flying time off the back of Johnny's motorcycle. He kept the dreaded instrument up there all the time he was stationed there and has been known to make the thirteen miles from Independence to Lone Pine (where they went on Saturday nights) in eleven minutes minus. Minus whoever started out with him behind.

"Worse than riding piggy-back in a P-38," Buddy says groaning, still remembering some of those emergency landings on the side of the road.

nickel serenade . . .

Somebody notices the juke box is dry. In goes a nickel.

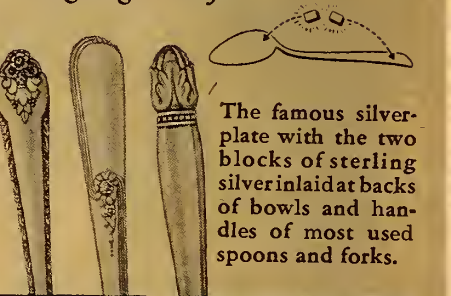
Johnny whistles along with it and tells you about the time in Arizona when he had his closest call to washing out for keeps.

They had gone to the Base in Arizona for cross-country trips and for night-flying.

"If you've never flown by yourself at night, you just can't understand how it affects you," Johnny says. "You have an awful time finding the ground sometimes. Like walking around in a dark room."

He was coming in for a landing one night when the flier's navigating lights in the ship just ahead of him suddenly went

I'm going to buy . . .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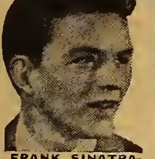
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out, and Johnny, who couldn't see another plane around anywhere near, thought he was coming in okay.

He called his approach in to the girl in the control tower on the field.

"Two-hundred-forty-one coming in on final approach leg," he said over his radio.

"Any planes around you?" came the answer.

Johnny peered into the black desert night. "None that I can see," he said.

"Where's 202? Where are you 202?" the girl said, searching the blackness for another ship that should be out there somewhere.

"On the final approach leg," came the surprising answer.

Pilot Payne all but swooned at the controls. The other plane was just eight feet under his and banking just ahead of him.

"How far are you from the field?" the girl in the tower asked Johnny.

"A hundred yards," he answered.

"Pull up!" she yelled, "for the lova Pete . . . PULL UP!"

Johnny pulled up so fast he almost turned a flip himself inside the ship. Then he gave the motor the gun and circled around the field for another landing.

wrong-way payne . . .

A dual landing of both ships at the same time would have made quite a racket. "Of course, being on top—I would've gotten the best deal," he grins.

But there's still nothing romantic about a dark desert night to Johnny.

During those hot summer days when the desert sand sizzled up towards the Heavens at around 130 degrees, Johnny kept' em flying. Often in the wrong direction—but flying anyway.

Following the beam on a cross-country, he and Buddy would both often find themselves on the beam all right . . . but on the wrong end of it. Doing a regular Doug Corrigan.

On occasions one would be cross-countrying beautifully, so he thought, when he'd get a message. "Sure you're on your course?"

"Yes, sir," he'd answer efficiently.

"Well . . . if you continue . . . you'll soon be in Mexico . . . at least," the voice would say.

And there would be a quick about-face.

Johnny tells one story about the time he landed on the wrong Base. He'd been flying along one day thinking about a lot of things when suddenly down below him was spread out the most beautiful landing strip he'd ever seen. Johnny floated downward. A perfect landing. Not a quiver. A beaut.

Then he looked around him at the broad paved runways, the unfamiliar surroundings.

"This wouldn't be such-and-such field, would it?" he asked politely, naming the microscopic little field where he should have been landing.

"No, it wouldn't be," came the answer. "Where is it?"

"It MUST be some place near here," said Johnny. Then added thoughtfully, "If it isn't this one . . . then I haven't any business here."

It was a statement. Not a question.

"Nope," came the taciturn reply.

For Pilot Payne had landed on a prohibited Army Air Field, and it takes an Act of Congress to get you off one once you get on. He took off in a hurry . . . before Congress found out he was there.

Somebody on the other side of the cafeteria comes over and carefully picks out a number, and the table by the juke box gets a free ride.

"My ideal . . ." it sings sweetly.

My ideal . . . and here Johnny was thinking aloud about the tough old Sarge

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try giving him Ovaltine

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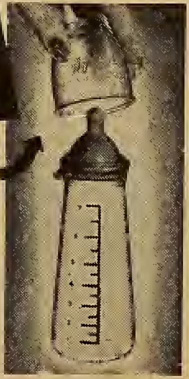

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NIPPLES AND
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who really gave him a rough time at one Base. He was a long ways short of being John's ideal. Or anybody else's.

Not that the Sarge didn't do a good job . . . and he had a tough one to do.

Johnny and the other fliers had been sent to this particular field for activation. Which means that the boys who had been considered "students" were activated from the Enlisted Reserve Corps to active status here. An "activation area," some fondly call it. Some also call it other things.

That it's plenty active all agree. For this is the place where officers and non-coms do their best to prepare them for the grueling job they face ahead. Toughening them up. Really doing them a favor . . . although it's a trifle hard to be grateful at the time.

They were given (it seemed to them) the equivalent of Commando training. Running an infiltration course under live fire. Running a tough obstacle course twice a day. Doing five hours of calisthenics, including 150 sit-ups and at least 70 push-ups, which means pushing oneself and abdomen from the ground up to the Heavens and back again. Or reasonable facsimile.

In short . . . this is the place where you either put up or shut up. Private Payne put up.

As is sometimes the case with a bunch of G.I.'s, they expected a famous motion picture star to be short on muscles and er . . . intestinal fortitude. The old celebrity deal again, with Johnny trying to prove to the others that if they could take it . . . he could easily take twice of the same.

There was one Sarge, who in the boys' slightly biased opinion, seemed to be doing his best to fight the entire war all by himself . . . on this side.

Johnny, Buddy, Archie and the rest pulled into the town nearest the Base on a troop train around two in the morning, then climbed sleepily into the bus that was to take them out to the Field.

Reveille came with a roar at five a.m. Three hours sleep. And there they were out on the field, pushing their abdomens up to the skies, when a non-com approached their squadron.

"Who's John Payne?" he asked, although he could see by looking around him that nobody else than John Payne was John Payne.

"I am," admitted Johnny wearily.

"Come with me," said the other.

Johnny got up on a truck with others who'd drawn fatigue detail, and soon found himself fighting a pick and shovel, banking down the Parade ground, gouging out of a substance they *called* clay.

They filled nine trucks that day. And Johnny was prouder than if he'd made a dozen perfect "takes."

Usually each barracks gets K.P. duty one day, than it makes the round until it revolves back to that barracks' turn again. For some reason which nobody, including Johnny, could figure out, he kept showing up regularly as a member of the kitchen staff. Getting up at 3:00 a.m. and working until 10:00 at night. He peeled so many potatoes he counted spuds at night instead of sheep. And today any casual mention of the word "potato" will net you a slightly psychopathic stare.

But the boys will tell you that by the time Private Payne left this Base all the fellows admitted he was a good gritty Joe.

Funny though, Johnny was commenting, about how you'll beef and yell bloody murder about some routine job, and then go out and darn near kill yourself just playing G.I. football with your own gang just for fun.

He gives a reverent look down in the direction of his knee-cap, which still wears

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M.S. DAY IS SEPTEMBER 12

We're running on longer days and shorter newsprint quotas so make it a point to get to your newsdealer by September 12—later than that he'll be all out of our October all-out issue.

Any resemblance between G.I. football and the regular kind is purely an accident. They play with no pads on hard ground and kick everything but the ball. Clipping is possible from both front and back —usually at the same time.

This all happened after Privates Payne et al were shipped up to Yakima, Washington, where they got link and instrument training and blind flying.

G.I. football teams are divided into "A" and "B" flight teams. "A" flight being the one that flies in the mornings and takes ground school in the afternoons, and "B" vice-versa.

Sometimes they try to do everything on the ground in a football game that they do in the air. Often it doesn't work.

On this occasion Johnny was playing left half-back, using an old-fashioned high-low block when the clipping started.

"I made three touchdowns in that darn game," Johnny remembers. "We won."

His team may have won, but Johnny didn't. He broke the cartilage from under his knee cap and was hospitalized for ten days. Just long enough to get behind his own gang and be left behind when the rest of them took off for the next field.

Left behind to sweat it on out there alone until he too was able to ship out. In the opposite direction.

unholy night . . .

The night Johnny shipped out of Yakima for Carson City, Nevada, without any of his old gang is a night he'll always remember. Christmas Eve.

Christmas Eve on a jammed train. A little homesick, soloing it cross country to a new field and a strange bunch of new Joes.

Some cars were jammed with war wives and their six-weeks-old babies, hurrying to get to their husbands by Christmas Day.

The troop cars packed with boys going home on leave, rushing to spend Christmas with Mom. Boys were sleeping four-deep in the aisles of the train, and John Payne was snoozing in the aisles with them on the bottom of the stack. Thinking nothing of it because he knew that was nothing compared to what other guys over the world were going through.

But he'll always remember that Christmas Eve—the fourteen colored troops softly singing Christmas carols as the blacked-out troop train whistled its way mournfully across the country.

No Twentieth Century-Fox extravaganza, no Grable, no Carmen Miranda, no Technicolor. Just the harmonizing of some lonely colored troops singing of Bethlehem and hope to Johnny and the other boys lying there in the aisles of a train moving across the miles.

This is Private Payne's favorite memory. This, too, is his life now. Those boys are his buddies. The troop train his stage. Yep, this is G.I. Johnny's life.

He hadn't been in Carson City long before the WTS program was discontinued, and he was ordered here to Buckley Field, where he ran into all his old gang again.

And this is where you'll find them these evenings. Sitting at their table in the Service Club . . . reminiscing and dropping in

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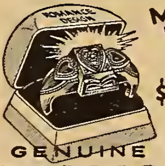

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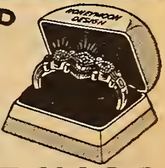

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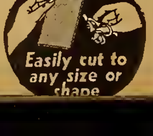
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THE GUY NEXT DOOR

(Continued from page 54)

Murderer's Row on the New York Yankees, Dana might as well be Joe the Jerk from Albuquerque.

Down in Georgia, where Dana was on location making "Swamp Water," he roamed around every night with a local taxi-driver to pick up the Georgia cracker drawl he had to use in the picture. He was there a couple of months, but the cabbie never did catch on who his famous fare was. He thought Dana was a carpenter on the crew. And in a small Indiana town where Dana toured on a War Bond Rally, a local master-of-ceremonies introduced him like this:

"Now we've got an actor who says he has been in Hollywood pictures. I don't mean he's a has-been—he says he's still in 'em. I never heard of him, myself—but anyway—here's Dana Andrews."

Before the next rally, Dana took the local yokel emcee aside. "Look," he said, "as long as I'm here to sell War Bonds, why don't you introduce me as somebody special? Give me a little build-up whether you've heard of me or not!" The emcee said sure. And Dana told him some of the pictures he'd made. So the next time Dana came on, he gave him *this* send-off.

"Now folks, I want you to meet Dana Andrews, the Hollywood star. He played in 'The Ox Bow Incident' that ran here in town the other night. Personally, I didn't like the picture, but that doesn't mean Dana Andrews isn't any good. I can't remember which part he played anyway!"

Dana Andrews likes to tell stories like that on himself because he's got a funny-bone built for a moose, and he thinks it's a wonderful joke that a gent like himself could hang around Hollywood for seven or eight years, make sixteen pictures—a lot of them socko hits like "The Ox Bow Incident," "The North Star," "Up in Arms" and "The Purple Heart," operate under a double-deal contract for two of the mightiest producers in Hollywood, Sam Goldwyn and Darryl Zanuck, and still remain almost as unidentified out in the great wide world as the Unknown Soldier.

Of course, that sad situation is bound to be remedied sooner or later, and probably sooner. Because right now Dana is sprinting back and forth between "Wing and a Prayer" and "Laura," his first two super-special leads at Twentieth Century-Fox. And there's Goldwyn's "Those Endearing Young Charms" coming up. He's the Number One fair-haired boy in Zanuckland, and smart Samuel Goldwyn, his other boss, is not one to let a treasure like Dana hang around twiddling his thumbs.

solid hunk of humanity . . .

But even if Dan gets so grand and glamorous at long last that they have to escort him through the streets with an armed guard, I'll bet something important—like a War Bond—that he'll stay the same easy going, unaffected, down-to-earth regular guy he is today and always has been—and this through one of the toughest campaigns to make Hollywood yell "Uncle" on record.

Maybe the reason Dana never got the glamour treatment in Hollywood is because he looks like no popular portrait of a movie god—but like the guy next door or somebody's big brother. Not that Dana isn't several cuts above the average Joe in looks. He's plenty handsome in fact, with a strong, cleanly-chiseled face, thick, wavy brown hair and friendly brown

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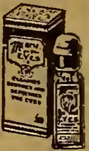

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muscles and about the most honest grin in Hollywood. He's the kind of guy you'd sure like to have around when the going got tough. But he's not a bit elegant—and whenever he tries to be—he flops like a fish out of water.

For instance, up until a few weeks ago Dana had only two suits to his name. He owned enough sports and lounging rags to keep the sun and rain out, but for show, the two ancient ready-made numbers were his Wardrobe—capitals and period. He hadn't had any use for fancy duds on the sets, because for the past five years, believe it or not, they've had Dana in some kind of costume or other every time he ran up against a camera. Fact is, in his past ten pictures, he's been in a uniform. Then along came "Laura," his big break, which called for a smooth, modern get-up.

In Hollywood, of course, gal stars get all the wardrobe breaks. Studios hire the greatest designers in the world to dream up creations for the movie queens, and it's all on the house. But mere males have to pony up with their own clothes—a "suitable wardrobe" as contracts call it.

tailor-mad . . .

So Dana decided it was about time for him to get his shape draped in Park Avenue style. He went by himself to a tailor's, picked out swatches of fancy English woolens and ordered a half-dozen suits. He was pretty proud of himself when he showed up for the wardrobe tests—until he saw the dismayed frowns on everybody's faces. They hated to tell him, they said—but those suits! They just wouldn't do. In fact, they were terrible! Whoever picked them out—whoever in the world tailored them! Dana didn't dare say they were his idea of sartorial splendor. He just junked the whole lot in the dark recesses of his closet. Then he ordered a couple approved by the studio wardrobe expert. Now Dana has a dozen suits in all—and it will take him twenty years to wear them out, if he ever does.

Dana Andrews has stepped out to Hollywood's glitter gulches exactly four times in the past two years. On one of them, a visiting Elk friend, who wanted to see the movie stars dining and wining, practically forced Dana into Romanoff's for dinner. That time, Dana managed to forget his wallet so that his guest had to pay the check. Another time he took in a night spot where, by some rare freak of fate, the headwaiter actually recognized Dana.

A mob of people were standing in line for tables, but the waiter bowed to Dana and his party, winked and said, "Your table is waiting Mr. Andrews." Since Dana had no table reservations, he knew he was getting the Hollywood treatment, and it made him so mad he walked out of the place!

I don't know of a star in Hollywood who is more fiercely resolved to be human though a screen star, than Dana Andrews. "Just because I have a job that ballyhoos me is no reason I'm superior to anyone else!" he growls—and he's a good-natured guy, too—"I don't understand it and I don't like it!" He has a complex that way, and I suspect the reason is that Dana has never looked on Hollywood or the acting racket as anything out of this world by even a few feet. He hitch-hiked to Hollywood in quest of a career, and he slaved and starved for a half dozen years before he ever got his number tens inside a studio gate. He pumped gas, picked figs, hoisted pipe, herded a bus, dug ditches, shoveled cement, slept in attic rooms and felt the chilly California winter fogs through the seat of his pants—all the things a movie-struck guy crashing Hollywood does—only Dana was never movie struck in the ga-ga way. Not from the

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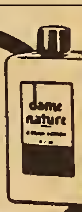

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moment he made up his mind to be a Hollywood actor as a youngster back in Texas, did he harbor any phony illusions about himself or the thing he wanted to do. And now that he's clicked at long last, there's nary a delusion of grandeur hanging around—maybe because of what he's been through—and maybe because Dana Andrews is the kind of right guy that he is.

It was back in his home town of Huntsville, Texas, around 1929 that Carver Dana Andrews had the time and opportunity to bend a keen and critical eye on movie actors and uncover their tricks. He was just about winding up high school then, and he had a part-time job at the only movie palace in Huntsville, a house that got caught short when talkies came in and couldn't afford the expensive doo-dads to show the new talkie-single pictures the public was yapping for. They did the next best thing, which was run phonograph records on the side to hop up the silents. It was Dana's job to key the records to the thrillers. That meant he had to sit through every performance of every show and be quick on his needle and platter work.

Well, Dana noticed that the first time he saw the movies, all the actors seemed to emote and stride around like gods and goddesses strictly from Olympus. The next time—not so dazzling. After about ten or twelve performances of the same epic, the Hollywood boys and girls had no secrets or tricks from Dana Andrews. "Nuts," he told himself, "that acting stuff is easy as rolling off an easy chair. I can do that, and I think I will." From that minute on he was never troubled with stars in his eyes—just a goal.

FROM LANA WITH LOVE

Or Humphrey or Roddy or Myrna. You'll get your personal autograph and a heap big swell feeling at the same time. See our NAA plan on page 94.

Dana belonged to a family where you had to scramble for what you got, and where democracy and equality were taken for granted. His mother had thirteen children with eight of them still living. His dad, the Reverend Charles Forrest Andrews, was a Baptist minister, so what the Andrew kids got was not pampering—a preacher with thirteen kids doesn't have enough money for that—but character. He lived all around, from his birthplace in Collins, Mississippi; to Louisville, Kentucky; San Antonio, Uvalde and finally Huntsville, Texas. Dana had to crack a new gang of neighborhood kids periodically, and even in his own family he couldn't get by with any tricks. His dad was a strict disciplinarian, and stood for no monkey business.

the nose knows . . .

Once Dana got irked at one of his brothers, picked up an iron pipe and lammed him over the head, knocking him cold. When he recovered, the Reverend Andrews took the wounded son aside.

"How do you feel?" he asked. "Think you can take care of this situation with Dana yourself?"

"Sure," said the brother.

"All right," promised the Reverend. "Let's go in and find him. I'll be the referee."

He lined them up outside, they squared off and—Bam!—Dana's bud landed a haymaker on his nose, and the fight was over pronto with justice done. Dana still has a little off-line spot on his beak where

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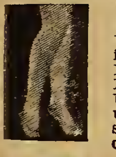

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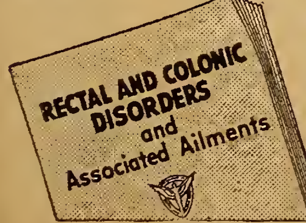
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the blow busted it—but he considers that minor scar well worth what the episode taught him.

Dana was third from the oldest in a string of six Andrews brothers. He followed right along in his big brothers' tracks through high school and Sam Houston College in Huntsville and, being smart and athletic, had an easy time of it. But Dana was different underneath. He wasn't as book smart as some of his brothers (one is principal of The Junior College in Long Beach today). But in other ways, Dana was even sharper. People thought he was nutty as a hickory tree. Like the time when he saved up his money and then tossed it away in a wild fling. Once, after scraping together several hundred bucks in odd jobs around his home town, Dana decided he wanted to see New York. His total stake amounted to about five hundred bucks, the result of months and months of work. But he took the whole wad and blew it in doing the town up right—then came back home broke but happy.

People in Texas couldn't understand shenanigans like that. And when after college Dana landed himself a good, solid job as accountant for a big oil company in Austin, made good and was all set for a promotion with a future—what did the crazy loon do but quit cold and thumb his way out to Hollywood to be a movie actor!

pixilated fellah . . .

Of course, they've dragged out the bunting and the brass band a time or two since those times when Dana came back home to see his folks, but they still think he's a little touched. So, maybe, did Dana, after he got to Hollywood and discovered that his sitting in the Huntsville movie house and kibitzing flicker stars was no free pass to a studio.

After he learned the score, it was a question then of keeping alive, and Dana was faced with earning his beans without any help from home. He landed a job driving a school bus in Van Nuys, which started him out in the San Fernando Valley that Bing Crosby croons about, and he's still there, although his lovely home in Sherman Oaks is not exactly like the dinky room he rented for four bucks a week in those days. Dana never got a glance at a studio—not even extra work—until he landed a lucky job in a Valley Super-Service station pumping gas and keeping books. And if he hadn't developed the very bad habit of singing while he punched the adding machine, he might still be a bookkeeping greaseball, although I doubt it.

Anyway, what happened to Dana from then on is a Hollywood classic, one of those impossible once-in-a-million freaks of fate, even more screwy than Lan Turner's being yanked off a drug store fountain stool to stardom. Dana was warbling away one day when a customer cocked an ear. This customer was a natural born promoter and he had been reading in the papers about a singer named Bing Crosby who was signing million-dollar contracts right and left.

He peeked inside the station, got a load of dashing Dana with his jaunty service station cap and birthed a brilliant idea. Why not make this handsome gas station thrush into another Crosby? When he discovered that Dana's ambition in life was to crash the movies, the gentleman Good Fairy was sure he'd stumbled onto a good thing.

"Maybe we can work out a deal," he said. Dana was willing. So, cutting in a couple of his cronies, he drew up a contract. They'd finance Dana's singing lessons and living expenses for three years,

"problem" hair

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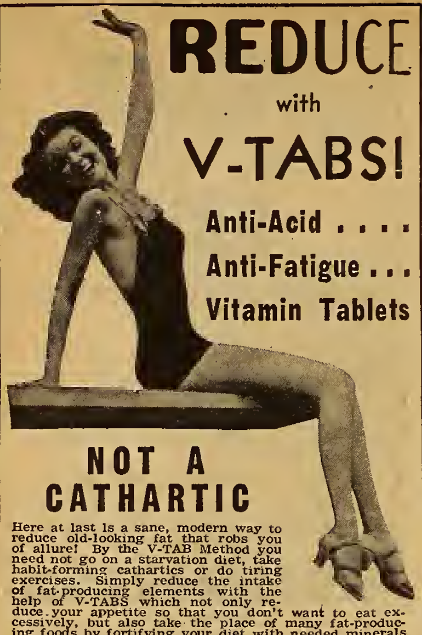
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☐ I am blonde ☐ I am Brunette
NAME ....

struck it rich in the movies he'd pay back twenty-four percent of his fabulous earnings for five years. Oddly enough, too, that deal went through as written, from both sides. Dana cashed fifty dollars each week, and when he did finally hit the jackpot, he paid off. Only last month he wound up the payments and tore up the mortgage on himself. He was just in time, too. Right after he was paid off in full, one of the Good Fairy partners died.

Of course, it was as no Bing Crosby that Dana Andrews finally made good. He boasted no wart on his larynx like the Old Groaner. But he took his lessons dutifully and doubled up by enrolling at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, the famous cradle for Hollywood stars. By this time Dana had taken a wife, the Van Nuys girl by the way, who'd steered him on to his service station job. But not long after she'd presented Dana with his son, David, she died tragically from pneumonia.

That left Dana with a complicated existence, which for a while made him feel like a six-day bicycle rider. Every day he had singing lessons in Los Angeles, acting lessons in Pasadena and paternal chores in Van Nuys—a 50 mile circuit. Fortunately, his late wife's folks helped out with the baby. His bass-baritone voice was okay, but nothing like Crosby's. Dana soon found himself concentrating on his acting lessons.

The Pasadena Community Playhouse has turned out scads of actors for Hollywood. But there was never a bigger crop getting ready for the big league than when Dana broke into the charmed circle. Victor Mature, Laird Cregar, Bob Preston, Gig Young, Eddie Buchanan, Louise Albritton and John Carradine were just a few of the now famous hopefuls scrapping for breaks where Hollywood agents always are on the prowl would see and crown them with a contract.

maybe he shoulda stood in texas . . .

That was plenty fast company for a gas pump jerk to tangle with. But Dana Andrews, oddly enough, was one of the first of the lot to be crowned with a Hollywood contract, although not the first, by a long shot, to flirt with fame. A Hollywood agent caught him in "Oh Evening Star," hauled him over to Sam Goldwyn's and got him all signed up in twenty minutes flat. But Dana's first battle with the footlights at the Playhouse made him think maybe he should have stood in Texas. He'll never forget that one.

They put him in Shakespeare, of all things, in the opening scene of "Cymbelline," and when the curtain went up, Dana was supposed to be already onstage. All the dialogue that starts the play moving was about this character Dana was playing. But somehow, right before the play started, he got lost in the mazes of the Playhouse and couldn't find his way backstage. So the curtain went up without him, and all the rest of the actors stumbled around ad libbing lines because the ones Will Shakespeare wrote didn't make sense with Dana on the absent list. The audience never did know what was going on. And somehow the faculty didn't give Dana the old heave-ho. He kept right on acting there even after his Goldwyn contract.

Something else happened there that finally won Dana Andrews another kind of contract—the marriage kind. He met a tall, attractive student actress named Mary Todd, and a backstage romance blossomed into very serious intentions. Dana finally married the gal, but he had himself quite a time making the grade.

Mary and Dana got warm on this love stuff when he was making his first movie, "The Westerner," with Gary Cooper. He didn't have much to do in that besides

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naturally he took it pretty seriously. When the casting director told him to let his hair and beard grow, Dana, who has plenty of both, looked like a Canadian beaver with his winter coat. Right about then Mary decided to say "Yes," and invited Dana to meet her old friends at a party. She didn't tell the family chums Dana was a struggling movie actor, so when he showed up with his wavy locks dusting his collar and whiskers sprouting from all angles, some of them fled in fright, and the others wondered if Mary had lost her girlish mind. The tag to that story is that when Dana at last went on location with "The Westerner," the director took one look at the mob of rugged beavers standing around and cried, "There's too darned many beards in this picture. Andrews," he ordered, "shave yours off!"

wearing down goldwyn . . .

Another locksmith for love to laugh at with Mary and Dana was Sam Goldwyn's hopes of building Dana up as a romantic threat. That meant no marriage. Sam, however, didn't reckon on that stubborn Andrews plain-Joe personality I've been talking about. When Dana tackled him about mating up, Sam asked him to wait until he'd whizzed around Hollywood with a few glamour girls and got himself gossiped to greatness in the columns. Weeks went by and months, with Dana pestering Sam to sanction the wedding, and Sam pestering Dana to get out and around and get himself a little glamour.

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It's preferred stock and the dividends are a baby's smile, a bone-tired sailor's "Thank you." The how's and what's are on page 94.

Finally, one day Sam met his protégé on the lot.

"Mr. Goldwyn," Dana began as usual, "are you going up to your office? I want to beard the lion in his den!"

"Beard me now," said Sam. "What is it—that girl you want to marry?"

"Why, yes, I thought—"

"Oh, go ahead," sighed Goldwyn. "You're no good for glamour anyway. You might as well be married."

Dana could have told him that in the first place.

Mary and Dana Andrews live in a modern-colonial house on a tidy dead-end street in Sherman Oaks that's already too small although they just built it a couple of years ago. You see, they'd been married almost three years, and it looked like there wasn't going to be any more to the Andrews family than Dana, Mary and young David. So they built the house, and the minute it was finished, the stork started flapping his wings around the place. Daughter Cathy arrived soon after. No nursery, of course, what with a war on and no building allowed. That's the way things usually work out with the Andrews'—never a dull moment—but they take life in stride and are perfectly relaxed about everything. So, of course, they're happy as larks.

Being an actress herself (although she thinks being a wife and mother is her top-priority job now), Mary is a perfect mate for Dana. Besides having a non-participating actress-wife's slant on a movie star husband's temperament, Dana thinks she's the best critic he's ever run up against. Mary's also the perfect partner to talk over a new part. But they seldom do any rehearsing around the house.

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Dana happens to have one of those photographic memories that can learn a complete script after a couple of glances.

When he was shooting "The Purple Heart," Sam Levene was having double trouble with a particular speech, a long one, that strung itself out over a couple of days' shooting. Dana started kidding Sam about it, and as Levene takes his art pretty seriously, he got sore.

"Okay," he barked, "how would you like to learn it?"

"A cinch," scoffed Dana. "I could do it in five minutes."

That made Sam hop. "Fifty bucks you can't," he challenged. So they clocked him and Dana strolled outside. In five minutes he was back, to spout off the long, tricky dialogue without one fluff. Sam Levene simply didn't believe that, even when he heard it. He paid off, but for a long time he thought he'd been the sucker for a framed up gag and that Dana had spent all the night before learning his lines.

Maybe it's because Dana is just as easy and relaxed on a set as he is lounging around in his den, which is plenty relaxed. He can actually snooze right in front of a camera, and has. For instance, the morning after Baby Cathy arrived, Dana was knocked out from pacing the floor at the hospital. He dragged into the studio about noon and found the director waiting for him with a scene where Dana was supposed to be asleep on the ground as a posse surprises him, or something. Anyway, the cameraman marked off the spot where he was to feign sleep, and Dana plopped down. He went right off to dreamland, they burned lights on him and filmed takes all afternoon. He never woke up until five o'clock in the afternoon when it was time to go!

"The most realistic performance I've ever seen," chuckled his director. "Especially the sound effects."

on the domestic front . . .

Around the house Dana is a pretty ideal husband and father, except for a tendency to stay up all hours of the night. He got in the night reading habit years ago when he had plenty of time but no money. Dana doesn't mind making with the night life—if it's in his own home. He has a cozy little den and bar that's usually the center of things when his pals—most of them old friends from the Pasadena Playhouse days or members of the present group of acting laboratory addicts Dana belongs to—Eighteen Actors, Inc.—show up. Victor Jory, Moroni Oleson, Dorothy Adams, Morris Ankrum, Bob Preston and Victor Mature (before they went away to war) were regulars. They'd usually play parlor games or just sit and talk. Sometimes Dana actually shows up at a cocktail party, but not often. His wife, Mary, is just as happy to be home, too, what with the "sitter" problem what it is now. The day I visited Dana and Mary, they were due at a smart Hollywood social routine, but as the afternoon wore on Dana said to Mary, "What do you say we skip it?"

"Yes," said Mary as if she'd been expecting that, "lets." That usually happens.

Don't get the idea Dana's a lazybones or a dunderhead, 'cause when he does go out, he admits his wife has to hire a team of mules to drag him home. On that bond-selling tour I mentioned, Dana once got a balled-up billing as a comedian and found out about it fifteen minutes before he was to face the mob, a big one of about ten thousand. Panicked, he asked Charlie Ruggles, who was along, what in the world a comedian did. "It's easy," cracked Charlie, "tell jokes."

"*What* jokes?" Dana wanted to know.

"Oh, I'll tell you some," said Charlie. Whereupon he rattled off a sackful.

So Dana went on and told the second-hand jokes, and they rolled in the aisle. Finally they had to drag the guy off the platform he liked it so much. And when Charlie Ruggles followed him—Charlie, the authentic comic who had started Dana off—the people were all laughed out and never gave him a tumble!

And about this industry business: Dana's pretty handy around the house, especially in the garden, where he grew prize camellias before he got so busy he had to garden by flashlight. He makes kites and toys for all the neighborhood kids. He hates money matters, gets along with fifteen bucks a week in his pocket, has a weakness for buying loud Argyle plaid socks and then never wearing them, hates to shave and is nutty about dogs, although not the fancy, pedigreed kind. The Andrews family pooch, Michael, is a cocker of undetermined lineage.

Above all, Dana's a confessed family man. He'd like two or three more kids at least. With cooks and maids as scarce as old Bourbon, he still pitches in to help Mary in those departments. He warbles at his work—about the only time these days that Dana sings, after all those lessons. He hasn't any ambitions in that direction any more. What Dana wants to do with himself (he's 35) is simple, and he expresses it pronto when you ask him.

"I want to be an actor other actors respect," he says, "and I want to raise my family right. That's all."

Dana's dedication to family life springs from his worship of his own father, whom he calls "the best friend I ever had" and who died when Dana was just getting started in Hollywood. That's always been one of his big regrets, and maybe that's why he concentrates with unusual energy on being a good father himself, especially with his son David, whose own mother died so young.

David is a pretty good testimonial to Dana's paternal success. He's ten now, a sturdy little gent and smart as a whip. He was a good four years younger, of course, when Dana and Mary were married, but when the ceremony was over, David walked gravely up to the officiating minister and shook his hand.

"I want to thank you, Sir," he said, "for what you've done for my Mother and Dad." Just like that. David sometimes makes them blush when he casually mentions something that happened "before my mother and dad were married." It sounds funny, but it proves that as a stepmother Mary has been a big success.

David takes all Dana's movie roles straight—so much so that he can't sit through any where his old man gets it in the neck. He walked off of "Swamp Water" when Walter Huston bawled the blazes out of Dana, and he couldn't take what happened to his dad in "The Ox Bow Incident," either. He was all puffed around the neighborhood, though, when his pop played a real hero for Uncle Sam in "The Purple Heart." For a while Dana was certain that whether the rest of the fickle, forgetful world knew him from Adam or not, he'd always be the Favorite Movie Star of at least one fan—his son.

Then one night he made the mistake of taking David to a neighborhood movie playing some slightly out-of-date thrillers. One was "Crash Dive," the last picture Tyrone Power made before joining the Marines . . . Dana had a small part in it, and he thought David would like that.

So coming out, he casually asked him how he liked it. David seemed torn by some kind of violent emotions. But finally he spoke right out. "Well, Dad," he said, "you were pretty good and all. But that Tyrone Power—wow! What a man!"

I guess all Dana Andrews can do about this glamour-hero stuff is keep hoping.

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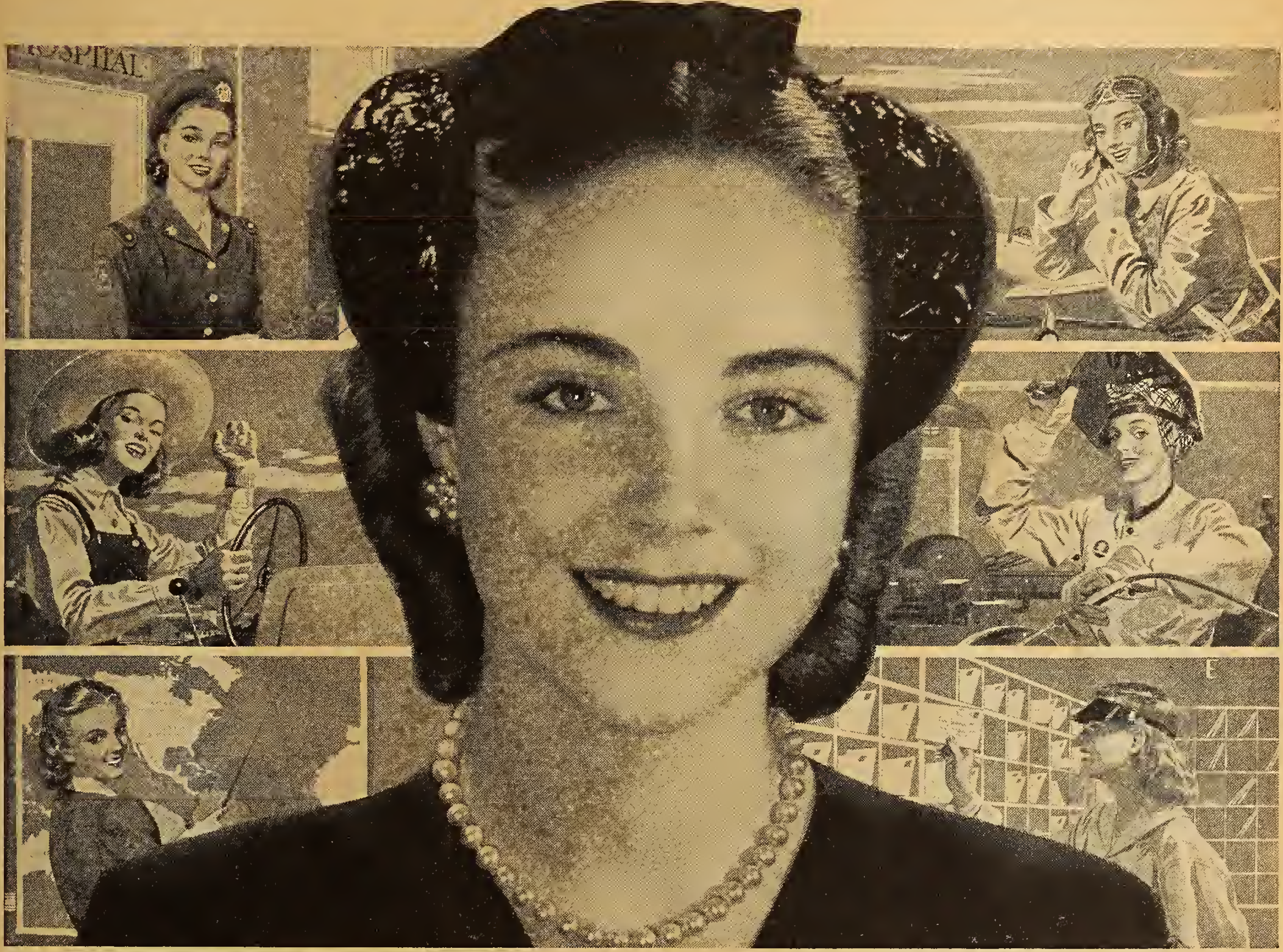

Smiles are brighter when gums are healthier. Guard against "pink tooth brush"... use Ipana and massage.

YOU'LL celebrate Victory with a clear conscience. Because you're working hard toward it now. Good girl. After hours, you rate the best in fun and romance!

So powder your nose—and smile. Go out and have FUN! That smile, now—how'd it look in the mirror? Did it sparkle? Was it bright and captivating?

That's the kind of smile that turns heads and hearts! If you'll notice, most popular girls aren't beautiful at all. But they all have a beautiful smile!

So see to it that *your* smile is at its radiant *best.* Remember, a sparkling smile depends so much on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now. What can *you* do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today WITH Ipana AND massage

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

All through 1944 it is the Twenty-Year Anniversary of M-G-M. In one recent week 16,449 theatre-owners—every movie house in these U.S.A.—showed an M-G-M picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

We bow, we blush, we thank you, kind motion picture showmen. The best way to show our gratitude is to continue to deliver satisfying hits as in the past.

Two great films await your attentive eyes and ears—"An American Romance" and "Mrs. Parkington".

★ ★ ★ ★

Of "An American Romance", King Vidor's great epic of our soil, you have heard great praise. Watch for it while we pause to impress you with a current triumph.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Mrs. Parkington".

★ ★ ★ ★

Or, rather, Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in "Mrs. Parkington".

★ ★ ★ ★

This excellent film is a superb adaptation of Louis Bromfield's best-selling novel and gives that talented pair a vehicle that is more than a vehicle.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many of our screen artists have looks, many can act, many have personality. Greer Garson is a triple threat. And "Mrs. P." gives her the chance to prove it again.

★ ★ ★ ★

Her deft transition from the naive daughter of a mining-camp boarding-house proprietor to a dynamic cosmopolite is one for the book. Or better still, one for the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Greer's "Susie" finds an excellent dovetail in the "Major Augustus Parkington" as played by Walter Pidgeon. Ruthless, dashing and with a roving-eye.

★ ★ ★ ★

The dream-like cast includes such stars as Edward Arnold, Agnes Moorehead, Gladys Cooper, Frances Rafferty, Tom Drake, Selena Royle.

★ ★ ★ ★

Tay Garnett, director of "Bataan", has also performed brilliantly — with the megaphone.

★ ★

We suggest you park yourself in a seat at "Mrs. Parkington".

— Leo

modern screen

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FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS
BONDS
STAMPS

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GREER GARSON

is Great! *as the boom town beauty who knew what she wanted.. and got it!*

WALTER PIDGEON

is Perfect! *as the rich romantic two fisted rogue!*

TWENTY YEARS
OF LEADERSHIP
M-G-M
presents

Mrs. Parkington

EDWARD ARNOLD · AGNES MOOREHEAD · CECIL KELLAWAY

GLADYS COOPER • FRANCES RAFFERTY • TOM DRAKE • PETER LAWFORD • DAN DURYEA • HUGH MARLOWE and the Saint Luke's Choristers

Screen Play by Robert Thoeren and Poll[illegible]mes • Based on the Novel by Louis Bromfield • Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by LEON GORDON • An M-G-M Picture

Brig Hilton (Shirley Temple) tries to comfort Lt. Willett (Joseph Cotten) as he admits love for her mother. Sister Jane's infatuation complicates matters.

Fannie Hurst

SELECTS "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY"

■ "Since You Went Away" takes life in its own hands and does quite well with it.

It also takes its own life in its hands, and by being too diffuse, lengthy and emotionally extravagant, does *not* so well with it.

Inherently, the theme is a natural. The ingredients are there. The pastry cook who goes into the kitchen and finds spread out before her all the rich materials necessary, cannot fail except by making too rich a cake.

And "Since You Went Away" *is* too rich. Two thirds through, the average spectator is not only going to open his belt, he is going to experience slight qualms of digestive unease.

Mr. Selznick, without having so intended, may find himself *(Continued on page 8)*

For additional movie reviews by Virginia Wilson, turn to page 10.

SURE, AND IT WILL STEAL YOUR HEART AWAY !!!

... with the love songs always at the top of America's lilt parade!

... with the romance of two hat-headed sweethearts who love as only the Irish can!

... with the laughter and fun that's shamrocking the nation!

June Haver
... your beautiful blonde discovery
... puts a smile in your eye!

MONTY
WOOLLEY
JUNE
HAVER
DICK
HAYMES

in
Damon Runyon's

Irish Eyes are smiling

in TECHNICOLOR

with
ANTHONY **QUINN** · BEVERLY **WHITNEY**
MAXIE **ROSENBLOOM**
and The Metropolitan Opera Singers
Leonard Warren and Blanche Thebom

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Directed by **GREGORY RATOFF**
Produced by **DAMON RUNYON**
Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and John Tucker Battle
Based on a story by E. A. Ellington

PUBLIC ACCLAIM

for his private life!

His romantic roistering story is being hailed as great entertainment all over the country! Don't miss it!

MICHAEL O'SHEA
ANNE SHIRLEY

IN

Man from Frisco

WITH

GENE LOCKHART

DAN DURYEA · STEPHANIE BACHELOR
RAY WALKER · TOMMY BOND

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

the progenitor of a revolt against the industry and self-hypnotized, the bit between his teeth as author, producer and reluctant wielder of the scissors, he is running riot. Resultantly, our era, which takes its boullion in cubes, its reading predigested, and abbreviates expenditures of time in every possible manner, is about to stage a revolt. The public has a pain in the neck.

Down with over-long, over-stuffed motion pictures!

"Since You Went Away" is both. One hour shorter, one hour less of emotional redundancy, and this picture would have come closer to what must have been Mr. Selznick's good dream of a cavalcade Americana.

Inherently, it is that. Imbedded in its themes, are concerns that lie close and contemporaneous to practically every American heart. The story rings a bell within our national soul.

Occasionally, aside from the crippling effect of its enormous footage, the rouged kiss of Hollywood descends upon the story. "Since You Went Away" concerns itself with an allegedly middle-class, average American family, but Hollywood insists upon putting them into too fine a house for their means and insists that they deport themselves à la the country club set.

The picture glitters with stars, some of whom are in strange firmament, indeed. Mme. Nazimova and Lionel Barrymore are dragged in by their talented heels for this American epic. And once again Mr. Monty Woolley's highly personalized vindictiveness, vituperativeness and venom are in high fettle. Claudette Colbert is sweetness, forbearance and light; Shirley Temple, charmingly Shirley Temple plus ten years; and that thar Jennifer Jones gal has what it takes.

Ladies from coast to coast, and their men, too, are going to weep. And honorable tears they will be. Wrung legitimately from hearts that alas, will be sore and troubled with some of the anguishes this picture brings home to them. The tears will be copious and too deep and too quiet to show, for every woman can know within her the loneliness of a house empty of a husband, every girl the tragedy of a lover lost, every man the ache of being separated from his loved ones.

To treat so honorable an effort lightly would be to ignore dignity of concept and production. In spite of its ponderous, overweight body, "Since You Went Away" succeeds in being more than half as good as it could have been.

Synopsis

For all its length and production grandeur, "Since You Went Away" is a simple story about simple people, caught in a frustrating, complex age. It tells of the efforts of Anne Hilton to get along, both financially and emotionally, when her husband, Timothy, enlists. Lonely and worried about the effects of a woman-dominated home on her two daughters, Jane and Brig, she decides to accept crusty, irascible old Col. Smollett as a boarder. The Colonel, it would seem, has a grandson. Jane, it would seem, is quite ready to rebound at any suitable young man. Preferably a corporal. So she does—violently. And quite a rebound it is, too. For Jane has been calf-eyeing dashing Lieut. Willett, a hopeless, helpless and very-much-in-love old admirer of Mother, who, while enjoying his banter and the nice feeling of feminine security it gives her to have him dogging around, is very strong and unshakable in her devotion to her Tim.

And then quickly, terrifyingly, the Hilton world spins, whirls and cascades heartache about. A telegram arrives. "State Department . . . Timothy Hilton . . . inform . . . missing in action . . ." But these are Americans, so they weep their weep, then straighten up and hope. Until the other telegram. And this time it's not "missing in action"—it's "killed in the line of duty." And it's young Bill who is dead, and it's young Jane who must break her heart. And she does. But out of the weakness comes strength, and she becomes a Nurse's Aide in the psychiatric clinic of old Dr. Golden, dedicating herself to helping other Bills return to other Janes.

And so it goes. Nothing resolved, nothing solved. Mother takes a job welding, the crotchety Colonel rediscovers the purge of laughter, Brig goes about the difficult job of casting off the chrysalis of childhood for maturity, and the days fly past and the nights linger on. And again a third telegram. Tim is safe. Tim will be home. So much has happened, oh, how we've missed you, since you went away. . . . *U. A.*

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

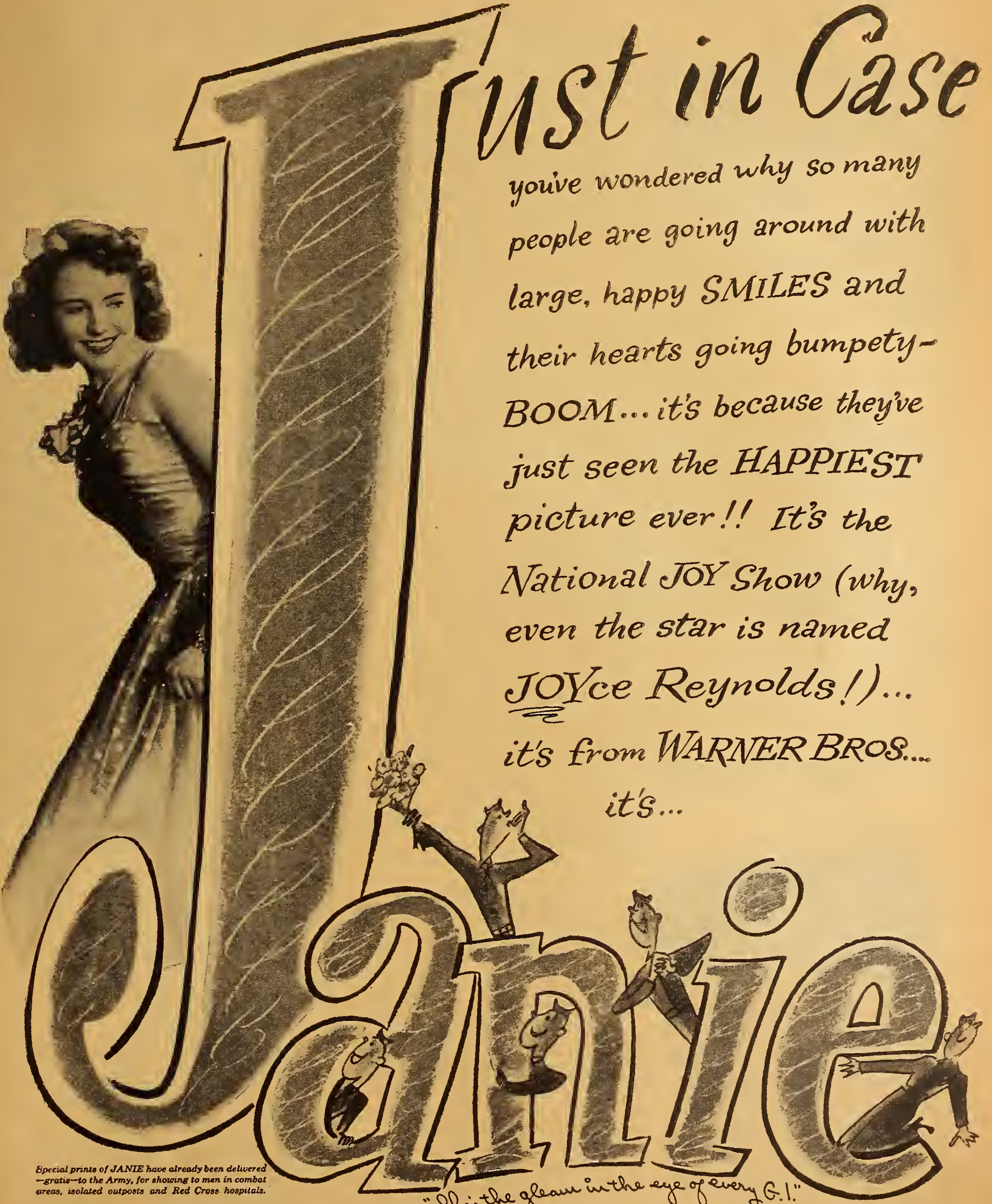
You've done it before, and you can do it again—meaning this quiz, you ickies! And a fine job, too, judging from some of your comments. So here goes. It's awfully simple, really. We've given you 3 sets of 20 clues each. First go over the first batch and see if you can identify the movie personage referred to, and for each one you guess, give yourself 5 points. Then go on to the next group to catch up on the ones you've missed, and score yourself 4 points for your answers there. Now, if you're still shy a few names, on you go to Set 3, getting 3 points on those answers. Catch? And incidentally, if you put down an answer which you find on a later set of clues to be incorrect, it's perfectly o. k. to change, scoring yourself the number of points due on the particular set where you discover your error. Thus, if you put John Carradine as your answer on Set 1, and find in Set 3 that it should be Hedy Lamarr, give yourself 3 points for Hedy and forget about Johnny. We think maybe 80 should be par for you well-informed readers, you. And 75 isn't *too* bad, but lower . . . Why, shame!

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. He never left home
2. Oversea-ing blue angel
3. Cherokee chick
4. Feudin' with Fred
5. Comeback since she went away
6. AWOL
7. Thousands cheer
8. Large-footed vegetarian
9. Love-affairing Minnie
10. Bowery to big-time
11. How green are his streets
12. Chip-ped off fame
13. Sloe-eyed fastie
14. Hollywood gave Day break
15. Hep cat honey
16. Ran old man Cole (anagram)
17. Feather-curled long-hair
18. Casanova of the Casbah
19. Suzanne Georgette Charpentier
20. Heller at heart

(Continued on page 105)



Just in Case

you've wondered why so many people are going around with large, happy SMILES and their hearts going bumpety-BOOM... it's because they've just seen the HAPPIEST picture ever!! It's the National JOY Show (why, even the star is named JOYce Reynolds!)... it's from WARNER BROS.... it's...

Janie

"She's the gleam in the eye of every G.I."

Special prints of JANIE have already been delivered —gratis—to the Army, for showing to men in combat areas, isolated outposts and Red Cross hospitals.

JOYCE REYNOLDS • ROBERT HUTTON • EDWARD ARNOLD • ANN HARDING • ROBERT BENCHLEY • ALAN HALE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ • Screen Play by Agnes Christine Johnston & Charles Hoffman • From the Play Produced by Brock Pemberton

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Produced by ALEX GOTTLIEB

Make the Most of It

You don't find de luxe dates falling from trees . . . So you make each one count . . . You wear your best dress, your slickest hair-do and jack up the feminine charm . . . Why not use the same common sense about Bob Pins? You can't count yours by the dozens, anymore than you can count your men that way—for a while, anyway.

So use *DeLong Bob Pins* because they hold that line! They have a *Stronger Grip*, a longer life—and when you can't have quantity, you've got to have *Delong* quality.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

AMERICAN ROMANCE

Do you believe in America? Of course you do, in a take-it-for-granted sort of way. But would you walk from New York City to Minnesota to prove your belief? That's what Steve Dangos, Czech immigrant, does in M-G-M's powerful Technicolor drama. Brian Donlevy plays Steve with all the dynamic vitality that the part demands. This is an imagination-stirring picture of America, land of opportunity. I know you'll like it.

Steve lands at Ellis Island in 1893 with four dollars in his pocket. Ordinarily, the authorities demand that you have $25 for admittance, but they are impressed by Steve's faith in this new land. They let him in. Steve hikes all the way to Minnesota where his cousin Anton will get him a job as a miner. On the way he learns some broken English, is more convinced than ever that America is the country for him. He goes to work in the mine, but unlike most of the other miners, he has an intense curiosity about all its workings. "Where does the ore go from here?" he demands. "Chicago, me lad," an Irishman tells him. "Chee-car-go. Yah. I will go there some day," says Steve seriously.

And go he does, leaving pretty Annie O'Rourke (Ann Richards) to follow later and become Mrs. Steve Dangos. By then Steve is foreman in a steel mill. He is making enough to rent a tiny cottage. Enough so that the five children who arrive in rapid succession can go to school and pursue the careers they want.

Ambition drives Steve constantly, but he remains devoted to his family. It is a sad day when his oldest son is killed in World War I. But Steve squares his broad shoulders, and in memory of George, studies harder to become an American citizen.

The day of the automobile has arrived, and Steve does some complicated experimenting in that direction with the help of Howard Clinton (Walter Abel). Together they evolve a car with a steel safety roof and a new body design. Soon they have their own company. Things have happened to the children, too. Abe has become a violinist as his father wished—but his act is a comic one, in vaudeville. Still, he's a success. Teddy—well, Teddy is a problem to Steve. He is on the side of the factory workers in the strike against his father. It takes Pearl Harbor to show Steve that his son may be right after all.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Brian Donlevy graciously offered to buy a small fire truck for the local Women's Defense Organization. Ladies were overjoyed—couldn't wait to try it out. Since no hydrant was available to them, they hooked the thing up to the Donlevy swimming pool—drained it completely dry . . . Brian, who loves to make like a painter, carpenter or plumber on his days off, spent time between scenes building and painting

Ann . . . Residents of Pomona, California, slowed down to a stop when they saw motorcycle officers stopping age-old relics for speeding at a reckless 20 miles per. Didn't know these were rebuilt replicas of the first automobiles built in this country, and that they were props being used for "American Romance" . . . Captain of these motorcyclemen, incidentally, turned out to be Captain V. M. Moffett, a World War I buddy of Brian's. Twenty-four years ago they had lain side by side in a French hospital—neither of them expected to live. Hadn't seen each other since then until they met quite accidentally in Pomona . . . Ann Richards spent her first birthday away from her family. Mrs. Richards is still in Australia, and Ann's brother is prisoner in a Jap concentration camp. Day before her birthday, Ann received a cake, baked by mama and shipped all the way across the Pacific . . . Another birthday celebrant was little Jackie Jenkins, who was six and thrilled at the thought of entering the Santa Monica Grammar school where his big brother is enrolled. Breathless moment occurred when King Vidor, returning to the set from lunch, found Jackie about to jump from a twelve-foot platform. He shouted a warning, but Jackie assured him it was all right. "I know how Superman does it, Mr. Vidor!" Mr. V. finally convinced him that Superman had powers far beyond those of Master Jenkins.

JANIE

Joyce Reynolds is a cute little chick who represents Warner Brothers' white hope for teen-age pictures. She gets off to a flying start in "Janie," as a sixteen-year-old heartbreaker. Clare Foley, who plays her kid sister, Elsbeth, provides most of the laughs. Elsbeth is terrific as a gag-puller, but if you had to live in the house with her, you'd probably commit murder. Someone asks her, "Why don't you run along and play with your little friends, Elsbeth?" "I have no friends," retorts the enfant terrible. "I'm anti-social." And she's not kidding.

Janie has trouble enough with her parents, without having to cope with Elsbeth, too. You know parents. They're those people that always want to know where you're going or have to use the phone just as you're telling something *terribly* important to your best friend. Probably, Janie admits, hers are no worse than most. Except for that editorial Dad (Edward Arnold) wrote for the town paper about how you should keep your young daughter from going out with the soldiers at the camp nearby. It is a good thing Janie has a bachelor friend of Dad's (Robert Benchley) to help her out now and then.

Janie's current guy is a down-the-block product called "Scooper." Scooper is nice, but he's nobody's dream man, and when Janie meets a good-looking soldier in a custom-tailored uniform, the romance is over. The new heart is named Dick, he's a college man, and sometimes Janie has a feeling he's a little advanced for her experience. She promises to spend an eve-

This is the MAN ...these are the Women!

...you'll meet in this dark tale of love and conflict... of a man who tried to divide his heart... of three women who broke theirs!

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART

From the novel by Richard Llewellyn, author of "How Green Was My Valley"

CARY GRANT

IN

"None but the Lonely Heart"

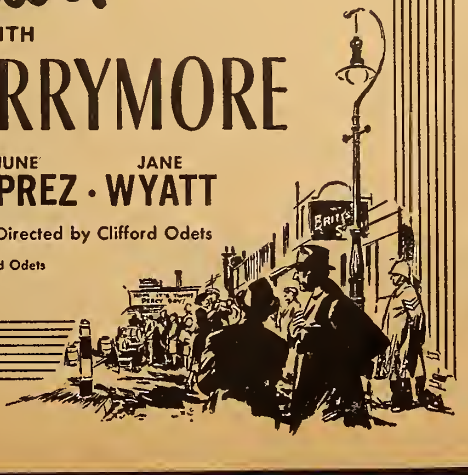
WITH

ETHEL BARRYMORE

BARRY **FITZGERALD** · JUNE **DUPREZ** · JANE **WYATT**

Produced by David Hempstead Directed by Clifford Odets

Screen Play by Clifford Odets



ANOTHER OF THE GREAT RKO RADIO PICTURES

The most Toothsome Ensign at Headquarters

As pretty a WAVE as ever released a fighting man for action. That's Ensign K! Brainy, too. So naturally she noticed right away how much better *super-fine* Pebeco cleans her teeth. She was definitely impressed by the way Pebeco Powder keeps on polishing—doesn't wash right away when you start to brush.

How come Pebeco doesn't wash right away? Because its particles are *micro-fine* . . . stay on your brush, cling to your teeth while you work. Pebeco's special combination of polishing agents cleans teeth gently but efficiently—leaves them gleaming!

That's why people find Ensign K's smile is so irresistible. *Try* Pebeco! You'll love its sparkling, zippy flavor. The immaculate polished feel of your teeth. The special luster of *your* smile after a brushing with *super-fine* Pebeco Tooth Powder!

Pebeco Pete says:

60% MORE POWDER FOR YOUR MONEY, FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE OF 6 OTHER LEADING BRANDS

PEBECO
TOOTH POWDER
Super-fine for Super Shine

GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢
Big 10¢ size, too

Copyright 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

ALSO PEBECO TOOTH PASTE—CLEAN, REFRESHING FLAVOR—10¢, 25¢ AND 50¢

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 10*)

him, but maybe it's just as well some of the other girls turn up. Janie's family is out, and they decide to have a party. Scooper is the one who really turns the evening into bedlam incarnate. "If you like the Army so well, I'll get you a lot of them," he says nastily. And proceeds to call the camp and ask them to send over every man under 21 who isn't on duty.

The result is the kind of party you dream about—only some of the dreams are nightmares. It takes the police, the mayor, some MP's and a couple of colonels to break it up. For the laugh of the season, catch Dad's expression when he comes home and takes a look at the house. "Janie" is the kind of picture that chases your blues so far away they never come back.—*War.*

P. S.

Ninety-two teen-agers, employed as extras for this picture, almost took over the Warner Bros. Studio during the few weeks "Janie" was in production. The lot had the appearance of a college campus. For most of them it was the first glimpse inside a Hollywood studio, and they wanted to see it all . . . Commissary lights were burning till far into the night as buyers attempted to get enough milk to satisfy the mob . . . Dance director LeRoy Prinz worked for days trying to get the kids to rumba and conga without throwing in a bit of jitterbugging here and there . . . Prop department had its hands full when the gang decided to help "plant" the victory garden—180 square feet of artificial plants . . . French windows of the attractive home in which Joyce lives were smashed to bits when a jeep was driven through them. It was in the script, and the youngsters refused to allow the scene to be done in miniature . . . Director Curtiz handled them like a diplomat talking to representatives of another country. Displayed unusual patience and drew chuckles from the young players when he addressed them as "my kiddies." . . . Nine-year-old Clare Foley was brought to Hollywood from New York to play the part she did in the original stage production . . . Take an extra look at the photographer in the picture who covers the big party. He's really Peter Stackpole, Life photographer, playing himself in the film. Peter's just back from photographing the Yanks in Saipan . . . Because the war-time restrictions forbid traveling, the Connecticut village street was erected on Stage 22. More than 200 extras were used in shooting the scenes in the business section . . . Edward Arnold was writing letters during every spare moment. His son is a flight instructor for the Army, and his daughter is a student nurse.

DARK WATERS

Merle Oberon has a fascinating part to play in "Dark Waters." Leslie Calvin is a beautiful girl who has suffered a terrific emotional shock in the sudden loss of her mother and father. The ship on which they were coming to America was torpedoed, and Leslie was one of the few survivors. She is put in a New Orleans hospital but refuses to make any effort toward recovering a normal outlook.

At last the doctor persuades her to leave the hospital. She is to go and live with an aunt and uncle who have a sugar plantation not too far from New Orleans. Leslie wires them that she is coming and is surprised when no one meets her at the station. She waits in the afternoon sun and finally faints from the heat. The station master calls young Doctor Grover (Franchot Tone). Pardon me a minute—I feel a sunstroke coming on. I hope. Anyway, to get back to Leslie, Dr. Grover drives her out to her uncle's plantation, and on the way she tells him the story of her troubles. He is sympathetic and obviously attracted to Leslie. He says he'll try to help her.

The plantation is hauntingly beautiful, but it's a somber old place among the cypress trees and swamps of the sugar cane country. Aunt Emily (Fay Bainter) turns out to be a fluttering, ineffectual little woman. Uncle Norbert is absorbed in his books, completely unaware not only of his niece's problem but almost of her presence as well. The most important character in the house seems to be a large, elderly man named Sydney (Thomas Mitchell), who issues all the orders.

It gradually becomes apparent that something very mysterious indeed is going on at the plantation. Leslie's friendship with Dr. Grover is discouraged, and soon her mental condition becomes worse. Lights go on and off, and she hears a ghostly voice calling her name from the bayou. Only through the help of a Negro (Rex Ingram) does she learn that a deliberate attempt is being made to drive her out of her mind. When she gets Dr. Grover to help her, they both become prisoners. The picture ends dramatically in the macabre gloom of a Louisiana swamp. You'll shudder in your chair.

The role of Sydney is quite a departure for Thomas Mitchell. You will be interested to see what he does with it. Franchot, of course, makes a charming wolf, reformed by love.—*U.A.*

P. S.

Producer Ben Bogeaus, searching for a mystery dealing with malicious minds and murder, discovered "Dark Waters" while it was still in galley form . . . Later, when it came out in a national magazine in serial form, Publicity Man Jerry Dale arranged to have each of the four issues it ran sent each week to all Hollywood correspondents, neatest trick-of-the-month to capture their interest . . . Merle Oberon proved herself a rugged soul, earned the sobriquet "Iron Woman Oberon" because of the way she stood up under all the physical punishment during the swamp-water scenes . . . The bayou set took up three and a half solid acres, planted with 1500 water hyacinths, blue flags, special vines and Spanish moss. 500 trees were planted, included full-grown oaks, weeping willows . . . In spite of gloomy, depressing scenes and heavy tension induced by the mystifying atmosphere, cast and crew had a gay time. Workers dubbed it a "happy" picture, and all were sorry to see it end after ten weeks of shooting . . . Director Andre De Toth is one of the most camera-conscious megaphoners in the business. For one scene in Merle's bedroom, he placed the camera in the direct center of the room, had it make a complete 360 degree turn recording a period of twelve hours in the script. Four different mirrors, placed strategically in logical spots, recorded Merle's different expressions during the long scene . . . Another "longie" was a six-and-a-half-minute scene between Franchot Tone and Merle in which they perfectly completed seven pages of tricky dialogue . . . Definite surprise twist in the casting of the picture has some of the most prominent members playing roles against their usual type.

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THE IMPATIENT YEARS

When you find a bright, funny comedy that has a lot of common sense back of it, you really have something. "The Impatient Years" is that kind of a picture, and it's definitely worth seeing. Jean Arthur and Charles Coburn—that tried and true combination—are at their best. So is Lee Bowman.

Andy (Lee Bowman), a staff sergeant somewhere in the South Pacific, always tells the guys he's from Sonora, California. Actually, he has never seen the place, but that's where his wife and son are, so he figures that's his town. He's never seen his baby son, either, and knew his wife only four days before they were married, and he left for overseas. But everything will work out fine when he gets back to Sonora.

Only it doesn't. The Janie (Jean Arthur) he finds when he gets home on furlough isn't a bit like the impulsive, delightful girl he picked up in a restaurant in San Francisco and married three days later. This Janie is formal, distant and very preoccupied with the care of their son and the household in general. She is, her father (Charles Coburn) admits, turning into an old maid, married or not. Andy is prepared to snap Janie out of this in a hurry with a little love-making, but there turns out to be another angle. The other angle is Henry (Phil Brown). Henry has boarded with the Smiths for a year now. He's walked the baby at night and changed its diapers and worried about it when it had the mumps. He is, he thinks, much more of a husband to Janie than Andy is.

Mr. Smith complicates matters by talking at the wrong time—with good intentions, to be sure—and Janie and Andy decide to get a divorce. But the judge refuses to give them one right off. He makes a condition. Janie and Andy are to go back to San Francisco where they met and live those first four days over again. They think it's ridiculous. They say they won't do it. But they do. It leads, as you can imagine, to a lot of complications. And the complications lead to laughs. So go and see it and have fun.—*Col.*

P. S.

Since Jean Arthur and Charles Coburn hit the jackpot for Columbia with "The More the Merrier," studio execs have been looking for another story for them. This is it . . . Seventy-year-old Charley Grapewin does the youngest type of role of his career as the superannuated bellhop—the result of the modern manpower shortage. Charley, who classifies his roles in two categories—with teeth and without teeth—removed his uppers and lowers, good-naturedly adding more contrast to his part . . . Jean, a great believer in music as an aid to creating mood, brought a stack of her own records to the studio. A man was assigned to play them outside her dressing room between scenes . . . When production was completed, Charles Coburn headed for New York to arrange for his return to the stage. Broadway playgoers will be seeing him next year in "Master of the Revels" . . . A large part of the background for the picture was actually shot in Sonora, Calif. The town has played host to movie companies for years—this is the first time it's been filmed under its own name . . . This picture raises Lee Bowman to his first star billing in a high-budget picture. It's only the beginning for Lee, who went immediately into another lead, opposite Rita Hayworth . . . The script of "The Impatient Years" was a one-woman job. The woman is Virginia Van Upp, who did all of the writing from the original idea to finished screenplay. As a reward, Vir-

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ginia was boosted to the post of producer . . . Tiny Vic Beaver (the ten-months-old baby) went temperamental every time the cameras began to roll. Even new papas, Phil Brown and Lee Bowman, couldn't quiet him. Coburn discovered it was his monocle little Vic was crying for. Since Charles can't wear the thing in close-ups, he had to be photographed from his left side in all scenes with the baby—so the camera eye couldn't see the monocle but baby Vic could!

THE GREAT MOMENT

Suppose you had to have a leg amputated. And the surgeon said, "Give the patient a piece of wood to bite on—that helps a little." Then took a saw and started to go to work. You'd scream your head off, wouldn't you? You'd yell, "Where's the ether?" But can you tell the name of the man who made it possible for people to sleep through operations instead of suffering unbearable pain? Don't worry if you don't know the name. In 1855 the U. S. Senate was in the same predicament. Any number of claimants to the honor had appeared, and they weren't in the least sure which was the right one. While the Senate battled about it, Dr. William Morton sat in the gallery and remembered. . . .

Morton (Joel McCrea) was studying dentistry when he married the lovely Liz Whitman (Betty Field). Liz' father and mother were rather disturbed over her marrying a dentist. In those days a dentist went around the countryside extracting teeth while his wife beat on the dishpan to drown out the howls of the patient. Dr. Morton, however, had different ideas. He opened an office right in Boston, like a regular doctor's office. And always in the back of his mind was the idea that there must be *some* way to make dentistry painless.

Morton experimented for years. Experimented while the Morton roof leaked, the Morton cook left in disgust, and the Morton children went around with holes in their shoes. He tried everything from hypnotism to laughing gas—almost killing himself with the latter. People said he was crazy. Only Liz kept her faith in him. Then at last through a combination of stubborn perseverance and blind luck, Morton discovered that ether *inhaled* would put a man to sleep. A sound enough sleep so you could pull his tooth. Or maybe even cut his leg off. . . .

Dr. Morton gave medical science the use of his discovery. But at first he refused to give them the formula. After all, the roof did need mending, the children did need shoes. For his humble attempt to patent his formula, he was castigated in every newspaper in the country. As usual, only Liz believed in him.

The story of his long struggle is a good one for all of us who need a lesson in perseverance. It is told in a fascinating way with the help of a cast which includes Harry Carey, William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn and J. Farrell MacDonald.—*Par.*

P. S.

Folks at Paramount moaned and groaned when memos came around to their office asking for suggestions for titles of the newest Preston Sturges movie. "How," they wanted to know, "can you get 'love' or 'oomph' into the title of a picture that tells the story of the discovery of ether?" . . . After several tentative tags were considered then rejected, "The Great Moment" was chosen to show up on theater marquees . . . Script is adapted from Rene Fulop Miller's biographical novel, "Triumph Over Pain," originally owned by

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M-G-M and purchased by Paramount on Myrna Loy's suggestion to Arthur Hornblow, producer and ex-hubby of Miss Loy . . . Sturges went into virtual hibernation for a couple of weeks, came out with brand new treatment of script using different writing devices he made famous . . . The dental and medical instruments used in the film are authentic hundred-year-old relics rented from the local Pony Express Museum. Censorship restrictions prevent the instruments and the operations performed from being shown in the British version. The instruments are not even mentioned in the dialogue . . . Bostonians will see exact replicas of such famous landmarks as Burnett's Pharmacy, the Harvard Medical School and the Massachusetts General Hospital . . . For the fight in the glassware shop between Joel McCrea and Emery Parnell, no doubles were used. Both camera and sound crews had protection from flying fragments by means of specially built shields. William Demarest was another who refused a double, preferring to do his own falls and leaps through windows. Bill, a former vaudevillian, used to do similar stunts in his five-a-day routines that always wound up with one terrific dive into the theater's orchestra pit.

SWEET AND LOW-DOWN

This is the story of a boy from the slums of Chicago who suddenly gets a chance to join Benny Goodman's band. A boy who goes too far too fast and then has to learn all over again the hard way. Benny himself and his band are in the picture, and there's plenty of mellow jive for all the gates.

The boy, Johnny Birch, is played by a newcomer who will definitely send you. Name—James Cardwell, and you'd better get your fan mail in ahead of the rush. Linda Darnell and Lynn Bari take care of the femme half of the platter, and Jack Oakie is in there solid with the laughs.

Johnny isn't exactly a square when he joins the band but neither is he hep to all the hot licks. Benny Goodman takes him on as a trombone player partly because he feels Johnny has talent and partly because he's an old Chicago boy himself from the same neighborhood. But Johnny has a chip on his shoulder from the beginning. He doesn't want advice from Benny, about music or anything else. The anything else being Pat (Lynn Bari), the girl singer with the band. Pat thinks Johnny is a comer, and she's always ready to hitch her wagon to a star, especially when the star's a handsome hunk of man. Popsy (Jack Oakie) tries to warn Johnny about that, but Johnny knows *everything!*

Then he meets Trudy (Linda Darnell), when he's playing with the band at a military school dance. Trudy, the aunt of one of the students, has dressed to look as young as possible at her nephew's request. She has succeeded so well that Johnny is shocked when she asks him for a cigarette, and gives her a stern lecture on how fifteen-year-olds should behave. Then he pats her patronizingly on the head and tells her to look him up in New York when she grows up. She does—the next week. Johnny falls in love then, head over heels. But that makes him more difficult than ever. He's determined now to become a super-success right away, for Trudy. It takes some very hard knocks to teach him that success isn't something you can reach out and grab, as it goes by.

(Continued on page 20)

FREE OFFER!

How'd you like a FREE copy of SCREEN ROMANCES? It's jam-packed with stories of all the latest movies and color portraits of all your very favorite stars. All you have to do to get your free mag is fill out the following Questionnaire. The first 500 to send in their coupon will get their FREE SCREEN ROMANCES pronto. Be sure yours is in the mail by September 20th.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our October issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- *Nutty but Nice (The Reagans)* . ☐
- *Trio "Con Brio" (Crosby, Hope, Sinatra)* . . . . ☐
- *Jake of the Maritimes (Richard Jaeckel)* . . . . ☐
- *MODERN SCREEN Goes to a Birthday Party (Van Johnson)* ☐
- *The Women In His Life (Jess Barker)* . . . . ☐
- *Frank Sinatra, Part II* . . . . ☐
- *The James Girls (Betty Grable)* ☐
- *The Fighting Grants (Cary Grant)* ☐
- *Hi, Monica! (Paul Henreid)* . . . . ☐
- *What a Man! (Bob Ryan)* . . . . . . ☐
- *"The Merry Monahans"* . . . . ☐
- *Good News by Louella Parsons* . . ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? . . . .

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference . . . .

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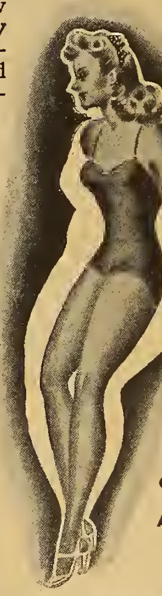

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

105 pictures rated this month

We're listing just the very topnotch films that we think ought to be on your "must" list. Ratings are gleaned from our critic and newspaper critics the country over. 4★+ means unsurpassed, 4★, excellent, 3½★, very good, and 3★, good. C denotes that the picture's recommended for children.

Movie	Rating
A Guy Named Joe (M-G-M)	3½★
Adventures of Mark Twain, The (Warners)	C 3½★
And The Angels Sing (Paramount)	3½★
Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble (M-G-M)	C 3★
Around the World (RKO)	3★
Battle of Russia, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Best Foot Forward (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Between Two Worlds (Warners)	3★
Black Parachute, The (Columbia)	3★
Bombers' Moon (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Casanova in Burlesque (Republic)	3★
Cobra Woman (Universal)	3★
Contender, The (PRC)	3★
Corvette K-225 (Universal)	4★
Crazy House (Universal)	C 3½★
Cross of Lorraine, The (M-G-M)	3★
Cry Havoc (M-G-M)	3★
Dancing Masters, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Days of Glory (RKO)	3½★
Desert Song, The (RKO)	C 3★
Destination Tokyo (Warners)	4★
Detective Kitty O'Day (Monogram)	3★
Diary of a Nazi (Artkino Pictures)	3★
Dragon Seed (M-G-M)	4★
Fired Wife (Universal)	3★
Fire in the Straw (Benoit-Levy Production)	3½★
Flesh and Fantasy (Universal)	3½★
Follow the Boys (Universal)	3½★
For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount)	4★
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Gangway for Tomorrow (RKO)	3★
Gaslight (M-G-M)	4★
Ghost Ship, The (RKO)	3★
Girl Crazy (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Girl in the Case, The (Columbia)	3★
Going My Way (Paramount)	C 4★
Guadalcanal Diary (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Hairy Ape, The (United Artists)	3★
Henry Aldrich Plays Cupid (Paramount)	C 3 ½★
His Butler's Sister (Universal)	3★
Hitler Gang, The (Paramount)	3½★
Hostages (Paramount)	3★
Hour Before the Dawn, The (Paramount)	3★
I Dood It (Paramount)	C 3★
In Old Oklahoma (Republic)	3★
Invisible Man's Return, The (Universal)	3★
Jam Session (Columbia)	3★
Johnny Come Lately (United Artists)	3★
Jungle Woman (Universal)	3★
Kansan, The (United Artists)	3★
Lassie Come Home (M-G-M)	C 4★
Let's Face It (Paramount)	C 3½★
Lifeboat (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Madame Curie (M-G-M)	4★
Man From Down Under, The (M-G-M)	3★
Man From Frisco (Republic)	3½★
Man From Music Mountain, The (Republic)	3★
Marine Raiders (RKO)	3½★
Men On Her Mind (PRC)	3★
Minstrel Man (PRC)	3★
Mummy's Ghost (Universal)	3★
Mystery Man (United Artists)	3★
Navy Way, The (Paramount)	3★
Northern Pursuit (Warners)	3★
North Star, The (RKO)	4★
No Time For Love (Paramount)	3½★
Old Acquaintance (Warners)	3★
Paris After Dark (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Phantom of the Opera, The (Universal)	3½★
Pin-Up Girl (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Riding High (Paramount)	3★
Roger Touhy, Gangster (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Russians at War (Artkino Pictures)	3★
Russian Story, The (Artkino Pictures)	3★
Secret Command (Columbia)	3½★
Sensations of 1945 (United Artists)	3½★
Seven Days Ashore (Universal)	3★
Shake Hands With Murder (PRC)	3★
Show Business (RKO)	3½★
Siege of Leningrad (Lenfilm)	4★
Silver Spurs (Republic)	C 3★
Since You Went Away (United Artists)	3½★
Someone to Remember (Republic)	3★
Song of Bernadette (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Song of the Open Road (United Artists)	C 3★
Spider Woman, The (Universal)	3★
Step Lively (RKO)	3½★
Stormy Weather (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Story of Dr. Wassell, The (Paramount)	3½★
Take It Or Leave It (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Thank Your Lucky Stars (Warners)	3★
They Met In Moscow (Moscow Film Studios)	4★
This is the Army (Warners)	C 4★
This Is the Life (Universal)	C 3½★
Top Man (Universal)	C 3★
True to Life (Paramount)	3½★
Two Girls and a Sailor (M-G-M)	4★
Up in Mabel's Room (United Artists)	3★
What a Woman (Columbia)	3★
Where Are Your Children? (Monogram)	3★
Whispering Footsteps (Republic)	3★
Whistler, The (Columbia)	3½★
White Cliffs of Dover, The (M-G-M)	4★
Wilson (20th Century-Fox)	4★+
Wintertime (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★

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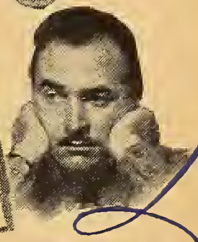

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with EDGAR BUCHANAN · CHARLEY GRAPEWIN · JANE DARWELL

Original Screen Play by
Associate Producer VIRGINIA VAN UPP

Produced and Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Anyway, it all adds up to a good picture with a lot of music you'll really love.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Two hundred jive-happy hepcats, drafted from dance halls in and around Los Angeles for dancing scenes in this picture, couldn't believe their good fortune. "Imagine," said the bewildered kids, "dancing on a smooth, roomy floor every day, all day, to the music of Benny Goodman and getting paid for it!" . . . Benny (who calls swing "free speech in music") proves he's no stranger to the classics. With four fellow-jivesters interprets the Mozart Quintet which he once did with the Budapest String Quartet in New York's Town Hall . . . BG, hearing that Harvard University had set aside a fund of $250 a year for the purchase of swing classics, sent the college his entire collection—one of the most famous in the world . . . Gus Sweeney, 60-year-old doorman on the "Sweet and Lowdown" set, was called to see Mr. Goodman one morning. It was Sweeney's birthday. As he walked onto the stage, the Goodman band broke into "Happy Birthday to You," and the cast and crew joined in the chorus. There was an enormous birthday cake and a fine leather wallet from "the gang" . . . Gus left the set with tears in his eyes . . . Goodman went home for lunch every day to shoot movies of his nine-months-old daughter. Baby was just beginning to crawl, and Benny didn't want to miss getting pictures of her first steps . . . Lynn Bari was given a few days vacation in the middle of production to go to Texas to christen a new Flying Fortress, "The Lynn Bari" . . . One casualty while the picture was being filmed was Jack Oakie. Jack had a serious accident one noon, hit in the knee with a fast baseball while playing with the kids on the lot . . . Buddy Swan, juvenile lead in the picture, was given free clarinet lessons from "The King" himself. Benny heard Swan play the instrument—thinks he's terrific!

GYPSY WILDCAT

Forget the fat, bedraggled gypsies you've seen at county fairs. They bear no resemblance to the romantic, glamorous variety in this picture. The most glamorous of all, of course, is Carla (Maria Montez). One look at her, and the villagers stare bemused while the rest of the gypsy band sell them broken-down horses or pick their pockets.

The catch is that Carla isn't really a gypsy at all. She's the daughter of the Count Orso, who has recently been found in the forest with an arrow through his heart. No one knows Carla is his heiress except old Anubi (Leo Carrillo), who has no intention of telling. However, Rhoda (Gale Sondergaard) seems to have an inkling that something of the sort is true. Maybe, being a fortuneteller, she saw it in the cards.

The gypsies are suspected of killing the Count. Another likely suspect is Michael (Jon Hall), a handsome stranger, who keeps turning up at odd moments, usually when Carla is around. This infuriates young Tonio (Peter Coe), Anubi's son, who is planning to marry Carla. It's especially infuriating because Carla shows far more interest in Michael than she does in Tonio. Before long, Baron Tovar (Douglas Dumbrille) imprisons the gypsies in his dungeon on suspicion of murder. He then discovers that Carla is wearing a silver pendant which he recognizes as belonging to the Orso family. Obviously, Carla is the long-lost daughter of the Count, and the thing for the Baron to do is marry her immediately. That way he can get possession of the Orso lands and fortune, which he's had his eye on for some time.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, the Baron is not a very bright guy. He allows Michael to get into the castle through a water pipe from the moat. Michael confronts him and accuses him of having murdered Count Orso himself. Quite a melee ensues, with everyone getting hit over the head, and the gypsies escaping their guards. They all stream out of the castle in mad pursuit of the Baron, who has grabbed Carla and a Justice to perform the marriage ceremony and escaped in a carriage. The chase that follows is really quite a thing, and you'll have to see it for yourself.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Wardrobe department discarded all of Maria's flimsy sarongs and put her into seventeen petticoats for this one. However, in each of the wild gypsy dances performed by Miss Montez, her lovely legs are very much in evidence . . . The original song, "Gypsy Song of Freedom," was written by Edward Ward and producer George Waggner . . . The medieval castle in this film (the ancestral home of Baron Tovar) is an adaptation of the Tower of London set, a famous Universal Studio landmark. Prop department added a drawbridge, a moat and a bastion to the old site . . . During production, Jon Hall held up a few minutes shooting while he opened a package from Mrs. Hall (Frances Langford), who was overseas entertaining troops. Package contained two German revolvers for Jon to add to his extensive gun collection . . . Gale Sondergaard has one of her few sympathetic roles of her career. As a loving wife and mother she is instrumental in bringing Jon and Maria

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together as lovers . . . Nigel Bruce also departs from his usual type-casted role of Dr. Watson and handles a semi-comedy part as the Lord Mayor . . . Technicolor photography was supervised by Howard "Duke" Greene. Mr. Greene was the winner of the Academy Award for his work on "Phantom of the Opera" . . . Peter Cole, newcomer to the screen, was discovered by talent scouts while working on the New York stage . . . The screen play, from an original by James Hogan and Ralph Stock, was adapted by Hogan, James Cain and Gene Lewis. Roy William Neil (another recruit from the Sherlock Holmes series) directed.

ATLANTIC CITY

Here is a lavish musical, studded with stars of today and yesterday. It's the kind of picture that has something for everyone. Think of Atlantic City, and you think of boardwalks, Miss Americas and the Million-Dollar Pier. The man responsible for all of them in this Republic version of the city's development is one Brad Taylor (Brad Taylor). Brad intends to turn the little town by the ocean into a playground for the entire nation. He doesn't seem to care that his ruthless methods alienate all his friends.

Brad doesn't think much of friends anyway. Look at his father, Jake (Charley Grapewin), who runs the Sycamore

(Continued on page 23)

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Say . . .

Did you know that Frankie used to earn 70c a week for five radio shows? Or that Walt Disney always calls Mickey "The Mouse" and Donald "The Duck"? or that Basil Rathbone was one of the greatest "Romeos" of the legitimate stage? Or that . . . But heck, maybe you did know all this. But there must be something stumping you about pictures and people and productions. If there is, make quick with the scribbling, and I'll do my darnedest to dig up the info. If there isn't—fer Pete's sake let me in on your crystal-balling! Be sure to enclose a SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE.

It's still: Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

Johnny Coates, USN.: WHO WERE THE TEN TOP BOX OFFICE ATTRACTIONS OF 1943? (P.S. If you'll send in your address, Johnny, I'll try to comply with your other request.) . . . In order of popularity they are: Grable, Hope, Abbott and Costello, Crosby, Cooper, Garson, Bogart, Cagney, Rooney and Gable.

Sonia Cohen, Woodmere, L. I.: WHO ARE GOING TO BE THE LEADS IN THE FORTHCOMING MOVIE PRODUCTION OF "WINGED VICTORY?" . . . Mark Daniels, Edmond O'Brien, Dick Hogan, Don Taylor and George Reeves will be hold-overs from the original cast, with Pvt. Lon McCallister and Jeanne Crain as extra added attractions.

Marvin LeBof, N. Y.: WHO PLAYED THE 5 SULLIVAN BOYS, BOTH AS KIDS AND AS GROWN-UPS?

	As a child	*As an adult*
Al	*Bobby Driscoll*	*Eddie Ryan*
Matt	*Billy Cummings*	*John Alvin*
Joe	*Johnny Calkins*	*George Offerman*
Frank	*Marvin Davis*	*John Campbell*
George	*Buddy Swan*	*James Cardwell*

Are You in the Know?

If you were this junior hostess,
would you say—☐ "I hate games"
☐ "Let's join in"
☐ "I'd rather watch"

Everybody on the floor for a mixer! (Just when you're snaring that handsome Marine!) But a successful USO hostess forgets about herself—lets her *guests* have the fun. So you join in. At certain times, forgetting about yourself is easy when you trust your secret to Kotex. It's Kotex that has those patented ends—*pressed flat*—not thick, nor stubby. That's one important reason why Kotex is *different* from ordinary napkins. Skylark through a "calendar" evening, *confidently*. No outlines show . . . with Kotex sanitary napkins!

If this happens to you, should you blame—
☐ Your waxed floors
☐ Your scatter rugs
☐ Yourself

Tain't funny when falls cause 15,750 casualties a year! If your scatter rugs slip—blame *yourself. Anchor* them with rug cushions. And for safety's sake on difficult days, why not choose the only napkin with the 4-ply safety center . . . choose Kotex . . . and get *plus* protection? You'll like the *dependable softness* of Kotex. Unlike other pads, Kotex does more than just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex *stays soft while wearing*—keeps its shape, keeps you more comfortable—longer!

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☐ Two weeks' allowance
☐ A milliner

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After

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Co-ed

By Jean Kinkead

Fun to have the stag line clamoring for you?

Making wallflowers blossom is our project this month!

■ Do you ever wonder frantically at what magic moment you will be transformed from a shy, gangling colt continually falling over yourself, to a smooth poised operator equal to any occasion? Sure, you've wondered. We can tell from your letters, from our chats with you, from the memory of us at fourteen and fifteen and sixteen. Chums, smoothness doesn't just hit you all of a sudden like a cold in the head. It comes slowly and painfully with experience.

Like golf or the rumba, you can't really get it from a printed page, but you can get a start on it. It helps to know how to introduce people, how to use your knife and fork, (*Continued on page 99*)

Hotel. Jake has hundreds of friends—all broke. They're mostly what Brad refers to as "vaudeville hams," and they come and live off Jake every time they're out of a job. It's not Brad's idea of how to run a hotel. Marilyn (Constance Moore) who had known Brad since they were kids, doesn't agree with his outlook on life, but she loves him anyway. So much that she gives up a chance to be in a Broadway show to stay in Atlantic City and marry him. Gradually she sees that she has made a mistake. Brad is completely engrossed in business. He continually pulls "fast ones" on his friends and business associates, till finally he has none left. Even Marilyn leaves him, convinced that he cares nothing for her. She becomes a star on Broadway and is seen everywhere with Carter Graham (Robert Castaine), but in her heart she still loves Brad.

Atlantic City attains all the popularity Brad has hoped for. Beauty pageants are held there regularly. But Brad overreaches himself financially, and he soon finds that even the city he has given his whole life to no longer wants him. That's when Jake and his "vaudeville hams" come to the rescue. And what rescuers they are! Sophie Tucker, Paul Whiteman, Belle Baker, Joe Frisco and Gallagher and Shean. No wonder the picture ends in a triumph of music, gaiety and happiness. Constance Moore is lovely as Marilyn, and you'll go for Republic's new discovery, Brad Taylor.—*Rep.*

P. S.

The seven-week original shooting schedule was raised to nine when Connie Moore was carried from the set for an emergency appendectomy. Luckily, most of her dancing scenes had been done . . . Connie has 24 costume changes in this picture. Universal costume designer, Adele Palmer, claimed one of the toughest jobs of her career. Seems the dresses for the post-World War I period are very much like those of today—round collars, low waistlines and side-drapes. Problem was to make the dresses look like period clothes . . . Cast and crew, talking together over cokes in the afternoons, were surprised to find how many were familiar with this colorful period in Atlantic City's history. Producer Albert Cohen, Charlie Grapewin, Ray McCarey, Paul Whiteman, Belle Baker, Joe Frisco, Al Shean (remember Gallager and Shean?) and Gus Van (of Van and Scamp fame) all had beginnings on the Boardwalk . . . The gal who plays "Miss America" in this picture was once actually a bathing beauty. Won the California title at Venice in 1941. She's 20-year-old Elna Carroll. In case you girls want to check yourselves, she's 5'6", weighs 115 pounds . . . Brad Taylor, who plays the part of the same name in the picture, got his name from the script and not vice-versa. He's Stanley Brown, the guy who's died in thirteen Western pictures. Since this part takes him out of Westerns and puts him into big-time musicals, he took the name for luck . . . Paul Whiteman does the first singing of his screen career when he warbles "On a Sunday Afternoon" with Miss Moore . . . Studio bought Connie the most beautiful pair of ball-bearing skates available for her production number with Jerry Colonna. She couldn't stay on her feet in the things —had to borrow a cheap pair from her small daughter . . . And wait'll you see Paul Whiteman (all 275 pounds of him) come down a kiddie slide in a playsuit!

KISMET

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some magic-weaving, too, with a story in Technicolor, and an exciting cast. Ronald Colman is a handsome Prince of Beggars. Marlene Dietrich is a queen who dances in a fabulous costume all of gold (you probably saw the pictures of it in Life magazine). James Craig, Edward Arnold and Joy Ann Page are also in the cast.

The most colorful character in Bagdad a thousand years ago, was a fantastic thief named Hafiz (Ronald Colman). Thief, yes, and beggar, too, but witty, dashing and the delight of every woman he meets. Hafiz lives in the slums with his lovely daughter, Marsinah (Joy Ann Page). He keeps her behind a high wall—no one but a prince is good enough for Marsinah. But the girl has other ideas about that. Unknown to her devoted father, she has met a young man and fallen in love. The fact that the young man says he's only a gardener's son doesn't bother her at all. Love in a garden sounds wonderful to Marsinah!

Actually, the "gardener's son" is the Caliph in disguise. Hafiz not knowing that, flies into a fury when he finds out Marsinah has been meeting him. Hafiz himself has been having a fine romance with a mysterious beauty named Jarmilla (Marlene Dietrich), but he takes time out from that to do something about Marsinah's future. He steals an elaborate costume from a bazaar, tricks a police captain into giving him an elephant and presents himself to the Grand Vizier (Edward Arnold) as a foreign prince. The Vizier is a thief and a scoundrel, but since Hafiz is a thief himself, he is not bothered by such details. He *is* bothered by the discovery that the Vizier is already married. Hafiz had planned to sell him on the idea that Marsinah would make an ideal wife. A further complication is Hafiz' unexpected meeting with Jarmilla, who turns out to be married to the Vizier. About that time, Hafiz is arrested for theft, and the Caliph sends for the Vizier as an attempted murderer. The rest is sheer excitement, with sabers flashing in the sun and a harem full of beauties running for cover.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Production of "Kismet" started a nation-wide search for—of all things—camels! Seems there were only six to be found in all Hollywood, and at least twelve were needed for the Caravan scene. They were finally rounded up from zoos and circuses all over the country . . . This was all to the displeasure of Mr. Colman, who was praying they would substitute wheelbarrows. Ronald had an unhappy experience with a camel while touring Egypt—the animal ran away with him. Since then he gets seasick each time he climbs up on one of the things . . . If you look closely, you will see an actual blush in Technicolor when Jimmy Craig kisses Joy Page. Scene was reshot a dozen times, but each time Joy would blush a more violent red. No number of rehearsals would help, so the scene finally had to be let with Miss Page's pink cheeks . . . Hard to believe when you see Miss Dietrich dance in forty-five pounds of gold chains, a can of gold paint and little else, that she spent her spare time teaching the extras on the set to crochet afghans . . . Metro didn't know Jimmy could sing until they heard him warble the Arabian love song to Joy. He was so good they added a scene to "Heavenly Body" so he could yodel a cowboy ballad to Hedy Lamarr . . . Strange Oriental musical instruments for background music were borrowed from the famous Henry Eicherm collection. Musical director Herbert Stothart, had to add special clarinet and saxophone mouthpieces to the woodwinds and gamelon equipment before

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RAINBOW ISLAND

Somebody at Paramount must lie awake nights thinking up new excuses for Dorothy Lamour to wear a sarong. Not that this insomnia isn't in a good cause! In "Rainbow Island" she plays a white girl who was shipwrecked on the island as a child, and of course, dresses as a native. The picture is a comedy, with Eddie Bracken playing a sailor whom the natives think is a god.

They are prodded to this startling conclusion by Lona (Dorothy Lamour). When three stalwart representatives of the U. S. Navy land on the island in a disabled plane, Lona thinks it's too bad for them to have their heads chopped off. Particularly the handsome one named Ken (Barry Sullivan). So she suddenly detects this strong resemblance between Toby (Eddie Bracken) and Momo, the god of the island. The natives put away the execution axes and start worshipping Toby, who orders them to release Ken and Pete (Gil Lamb).

Toby thinks being a god is going to be a heck of a lot of fun. He is soon disillusioned. It seems gods don't eat, drink or have more than a purely academic interest in women. Pete and Ken, not being gods, aren't cramped by any such restrictions. But they have their troubles, too. Toby claims a god needs a slave, and in revenge for past rank-pulling, selects Pete. And Ken is constantly pursued by Lona, who plans to go back to America with him.

Ken's mind is on getting their plane fixed. That presents considerable difficulty, since the queen of the islands has taken all the spark plugs for a necklace. Furthermore, the natives are getting a little suspicious of Toby. He makes with the eyes at the girls, and in spite of some fancy legerdemain by Ken and Pete, he doesn't make a very impressive god. In an attempt to get the spark plugs Toby gives the queen an overdose of sleeping powder. You'd better be there to see the rest!

Eddie Bracken is one of the funniest guys in pictures, and Gil Lamb gives him plenty of assistance. And of course there is Lamour, toujours Lamour.—*Par.*

P. S.

This time, at the request of servicemen from every fighting front, Dottie's torso drapes are scantier and more prettily colored than ever . . . They used to have zippers on them, but they created too much bulk for these, so Dottie had to come fifteen minutes earlier every day and be sewn into them . . . For one scene, a huge, carnivorous plant was built by the studio and rigged up to operate by electricity. The day Eddie Bracken got swallowed up by the phoney plant, the power lines into Los Angeles went out of commission for two hours. Executives weighed comparative value of Bracken's comfort vs. complete destruction of delicate mechanism, decided to let Eddie stay inside the plant until the power went on. When lunch time came around, sympathetic pals passed sandwiches, Pepsi-colas through the plastic leaves to the luckless actor . . . Notice backgrounds in this one. Art Director Haldane Douglas introduced a new type of South Sea Island architecture. Richer color, more traditional backgrounds . . . Leading Man Barry Sullivan spent the entire picture in most males' dream of perfect attire—dungarees, jacket and yachting cap . . . "Raffles," Carveth Wells' talking Mynah bird, has a prominent role. No truth to the report he was hired to write additional dialogue for some of the scenes.

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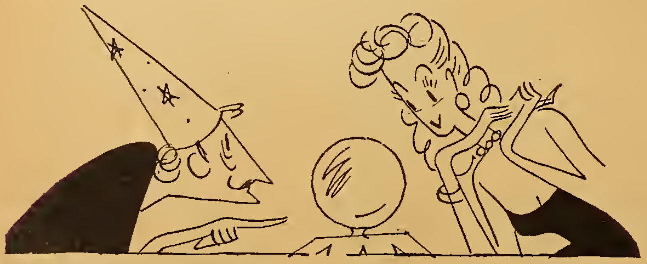
12-page chart giving you all the safe ways to lose weight. 2 easy-to-follow scientific diets. Exercises for reducing every part of body, plus daily scoring chart. Free, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.



CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

Handwriting Analysis (10c) .... ☐
Send a sample of your or your guy's handwriting in ink (about 25 words). Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c) .... ☐
Fill in your birthdate: Year . . . month . . . . date . . . . . time . . . .
Name . . . . Street . . . . City . . . . State . . .
Send 10c. No self-addressed envelope required.

FOR ROMANCE

How to Tell if You're in Love (5c) .... ☐
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. Send 5c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Write a Love Letter .... ☐
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Whom Should I Marry? .... ☐
Tests that analyze you and your guy—what sort of twosome you'll be. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Co-Ed Personal Advice
Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's cagey to pull a "hard to get?" Write to our expert, Jean Kinkead, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. See box on page 101 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

Be a Better Dancer!—by *Arthur Murray* .... ☐
How to be a floating vision on the dance floor. Complete, easy-to-follow directions on how to fox-trot, waltz—all the turns and tricks that'll help you follow your partner. Also dance floor etiquette, what to wear and how to be popular with the stag line. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FOR FANS

Super ★ Star Information Chart (10c) .... ☐
Our new, revised 32-page booklet. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and a complete section on Western stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Music Makers, their Lives, Bands and Records (5c) .... ☐
New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra. 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hep cats. Send 5c, as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

★ How to Join a Fan Club .... ☐
Have yourself a time! Join one or more of the 60 fan clubs we've listed and get snaps of your favorite stars, club journals, chance for pen pals—even meet the stars themselves! Read about the new Modern Screen Fan Club Association Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk
Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 21 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

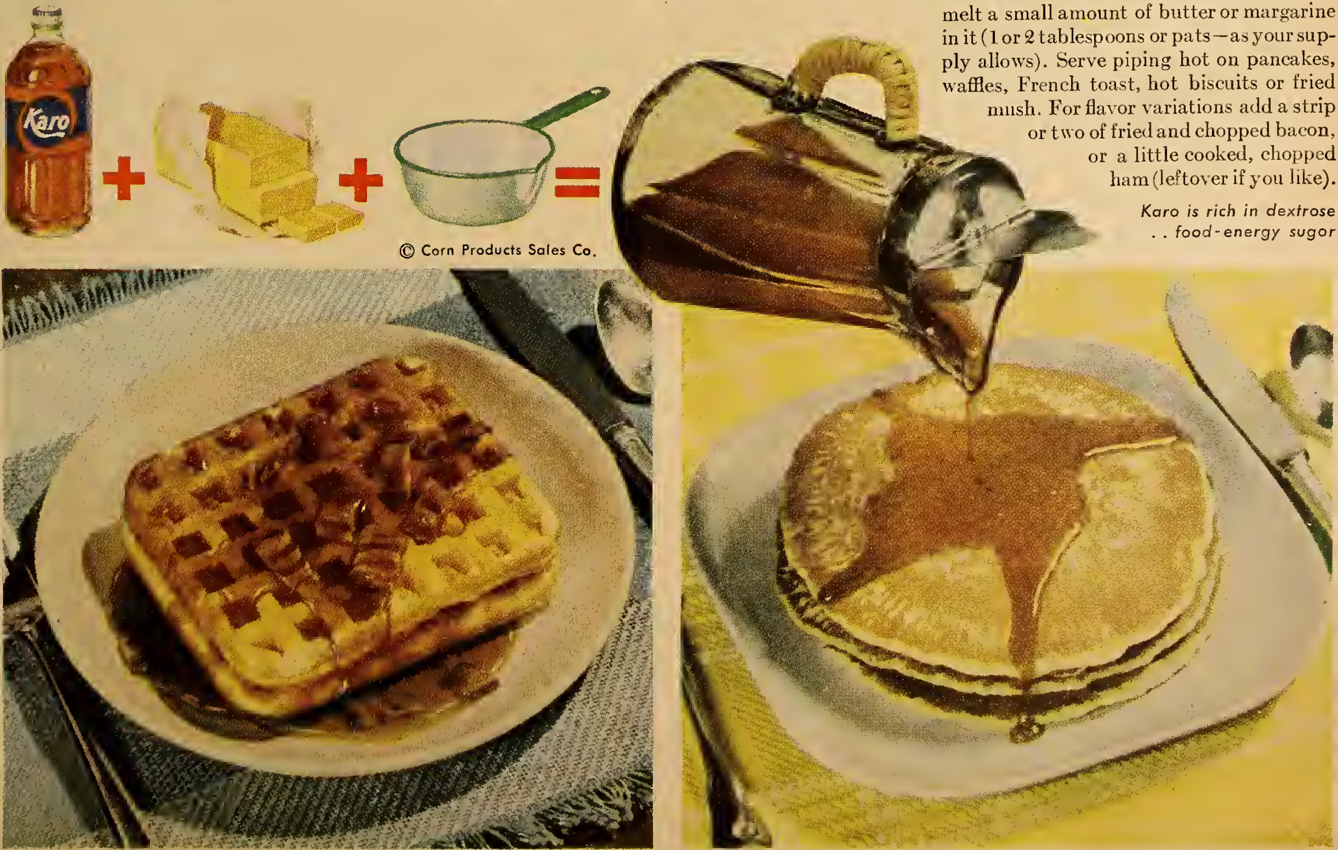
ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Rise and Shine

ONE WHIFF of a Karo breakfast is better'n an alarm clock at our house. Mom knows every day should start with a real energizin' breakfast. So she whips up wheatcakes or waffles or hot biscuits . . . and serves them with *hot buttered* Karo. That saves butter, 'cause she doesn't have to serve it at the table. And *hot buttered* Karo helps keep food hot, the way you like it. Take it from an expert . . . that's me . . . you never tasted such rich flavor. Try it, won't you?

the KARO KID

HOT BUTTERED KARO . . . .



Heat Karo, (about one cup for four people;) melt a small amount of butter or margarine in it (1 or 2 tablespoons or pats—as your supply allows). Serve piping hot on pancakes, waffles, French toast, hot biscuits or fried mush. For flavor variations add a strip or two of fried and chopped bacon, or a little cooked, chopped ham (leftover if you like).

Karo is rich in dextrose . . food-energy sugar

© Corn Products Sales Co.

Enchanting! Your Skin's Softer, Smoother *with just One Cake of Camay!*

Tests by doctors prove Camay is really mild

How lovely it is—the softer, clearer complexion that comes with just *one* cake of Camay! Simply change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions. And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions took on sparkling new radiance! Looked fresher, more delicate!

it cleanses without irritation

With such dramatic *proof* of Camay's mildness . . . proof it can benefit skin . . . don't you want to try this *tested* beauty care? *"Camay is really mild,"* said the doctors, *"it cleansed without irritation."* Get Camay today.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Take only one minute—night and morning. Pat that *mild* Camay lather over your face—forehead, nose, chin. Rinse warm. And if your skin is oily, add a cold splash. With that first cake of Camay, you'll see a lovelier bloom of beauty in your skin.

Mrs. Robert D. Buckalew **Montclair, N. J.**
"The Camay Mild-Soap Diet worked magic for my skin," says this lovely bride. "Try it—see the softer, lovelier look that comes to your complexion . . . with just *one cake* of Camay!"

Treasure your Camay! Vital war materials go into soap, so make each cake L-A-S-T and L-A-S-T!

TO OUR READERS...

History gets made in the craziest ways.

I guess you noticed last issue that illustrious Fanny Hurst is now reviewing our picture of the month. For MODERN SCREEN, that is history.

Going behind the scenes, let's look at a pitifully palpitating young man (me), with awfully shiny shoes, riding in a mahogany elevator big enough for a concert.

"I understand," I said to the elevator girl, "that Miss Hurst is partial to animals."

"Well," said the girl, "she sold the monkeys."

"Oh," I said, relieved. But then I thought of the dogs. Hurst's dogs. Genius dogs. The lot of them jumping through hoops in perpetual motion. Is it ever proper to call a dog "sir," I wondered.

Time marches on. Here I was in front of the door with my finger on the buzzer. A push would do the trick. Or a real hard tremble. I was groping desperately for a good opener. You couldn't simply say "Nice day" to Fanny Hurst.

She opened the door. "Nice day, isn't it, Mr. Delacorte?" she said. A tiny speck of a dog wagged an invisible speck of tail. Miss Hurst scooped him up and said, "Won't you have a cup of Turkish coffee?"

"Thank you, sir," I said calmly. I sat in the corner of a huge chair, sipping alertly because you never can tell when you'll come up with a fez between your teeth. Thinking, meanwhile, I gotta ask her to write for us, how shall I ask her to write for us, I gotta . . .

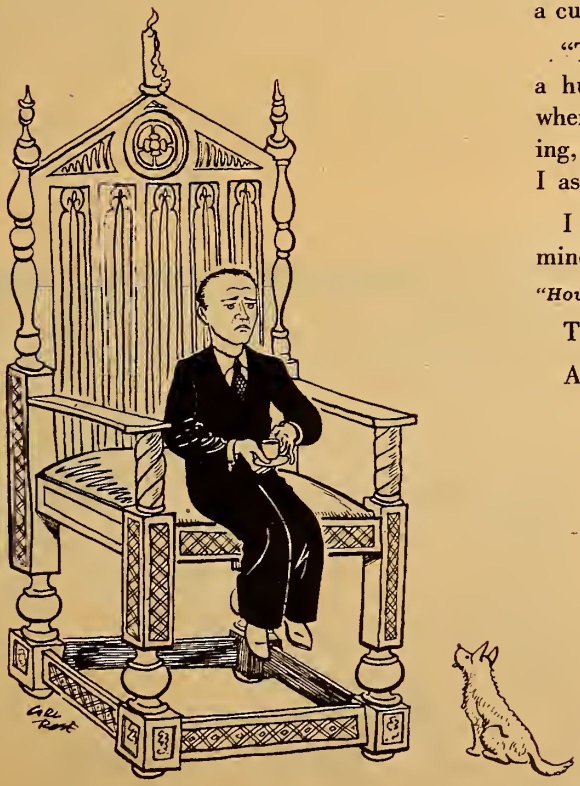
I think the inspiration came finally from Dunninger, the mind reading fellow. I *wrote* my question, real small: *"How would you like to write for MODERN SCREEN?"*

To which Miss Hurst said, "Why not?"

And that's how history was made.

Al Delacorte

Executive Editor



Although Janie makes Maureen toe the mark in important things like telling the truth and washing, she doesn't make any hard-and-fast rules. "She isn't going to be a slave to a clock or routine the way I was when I was a kid," she chirps.

Cherishing her moid, Janie indulges her every request even to bringing her to studio to watch shooting on "The Doughgirls" set. That's Scotch and Soda with J. and M.

Maureen's nuts about Porky Pig book. Begs her mother to read story over and over again, until by now she can practically quote it word for word along with Janie!

As child, Janie was strictly reared, never had cute clothes she loved. Blessed with curly hair, she was denied "frivolous" ringlets, had "sensible" haircuts!

Reagans want Maureen to go to college, study whatever she chooses. They're bringing her up to be self-reliant, to like and trust people.

Maureen and Janie are still Ronnie's favorite tomatoes, but boy! the competition from that vegetable patch!

nutty but nice

By Ida Zeitlin

■ "Sunday's a fine day," announced Maureen. "After the war, every day'll be Sunday."

"I think you've got something there," Jane agreed. Her daughter knows when she's banged out a solid hit and makes the most of it. "Yes indeed," she chirped. "I've certainly got something there."

To Maureen, Sunday's the day for having fun with the people she loves. On Sunday, Nana—that's Grandma Reagan—comes to take her to Sunday school. On Sunday, Mother never goes to work. When Daddy comes home, it's mostly on Sunday—

When he takes off his uniform and comes down in his other clothes, slacks and shirtsleeves, up goes the glad old cry. "You're not Captain Reagan any more. Now you're plain *Mr.* Reagan, Daddy—"

Plain Gardener Reagan, Jane says, would be more like it. "Maureeny and I are still his favorite tomatoes, but we run into stiff competition from the vegetable garden!"

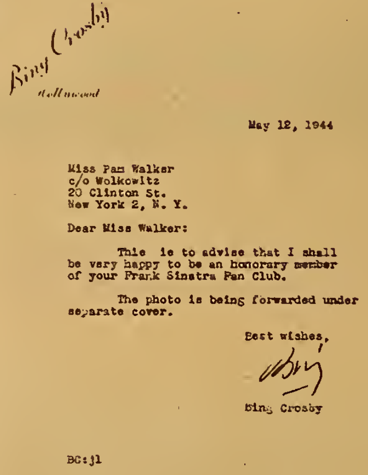
He can't wait to get out to the carrots and onions. He plays personal valet to every tree on the place. He calls one slope the Lower 40 and planted a deodar there as a Christmas tree—

Maureen follows at his heels. Jane sunbathes and watches. Gardening isn't her line, but she likes to contribute advice, which Ronnie treats with masculine loftiness. "Tend to your knitting, me good woman. Do I tell you how to dust ashtrays?" (*Continued on page 96*)

By Kirtley Baskette

Hope took unmerciful ragging from Sinatra about his Weissmuller haircut for Sylvester Crosby role in "Princess and the Pirate." "I Never Left Home" proceeds go to Army, Navy relief.

Bing's never once turned down a Command Performance (above, with Frank, Judy Garland). Is staying on air this summer at G.I.'s request.



Bing Crosby
Hollywood

May 12, 1944

Miss Pam Walker
c/o Wolkowitz
20 Clinton St.
New York 2, N. Y.

Dear Miss Walker:

This is to advise that I shall be very happy to be an honorary member of your Frank Sinatra Fan Club.

The photo is being forwarded under separate cover.

Best wishes,

Bing

Bing Crosby

BC:jl

trio "con brio"

Bing averages comp show a week, and after next pic plans an overseas trek. This summer Bob toured S. Pacific bases with Colonna, Langford.

In music that means "with dash and noise," which suits Father Bobby-Sox Crosby, Zoot-Snoot Hope and No-Blood Sinatra just dandy!

Line from Hope's new pic: "A broken-down, over-stuffed crooner with laryngitis kept crabbing my act." Above, with Crosby in "Road to Utopia."

In Billboard's men's poll, Frankie runs Bing a close second. After "Anchors Aweigh" he may flash on in Crosby's "Here Come the WAVES."

■ Coming back from his overseas Army entertainment tour a couple of years ago, Bob Hope landed in New York on his way to Hollywood and found himself with a night to relax. He looked up a pal of his and said how about an evening at the new late spots.

"Fine," said the pal. "We'll go over to the Waldorf and catch this new sensation, Frank Sinatra. He's terrific!"

"Sinatra?" Bob repeated blankly, "who's he—a juggler, or does he hoof?"

The pal gasped and asked if Bob was kidding. Then he remembered that Hope had been lost in a GI world for the last few months. Without further explanations he hauled him right over to the Waldorf-Astoria and a ringside table. After Frank Sinatra had crooned a few tunes and set the place on fire, Bob excused himself. "Pardon me while I make a phone call," he grinned.

He got Hollywood. He got a sleepy star out of bed at four o'clock in the morning, "Listen, Hips," Bob told him. "This is your favorite tack-up boy, Hope. I'm just calling to warn you. Look out! I'm in New York listening to a boy who's coming out to Hollywood and make you go to work."

"Bring him along," yawned Bing Crosby sleepily. "I'm getting fat and lazy anyway."

Bing Crosby didn't have to ask Bob Hope who the new boy was; he knew all about Frank Sinatra. And he wasn't kidding when he said, "Bring him along." Because above all the Old Groaner wanted a personal peek at the Swoon and a firsthand earful of his bent-notes. He was a Sinatra fan himself from the start, and there's a fairly ancient note on Bing's private stationery to testify to that in the possession of the Voice's leading fan-club (*Continued on page 124*)

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A

Van giving the Dresden Doll treatment to a be-slacked, belated Judy, who's just wandered in from an 11th hour studio call. Van's next picture is "30 Seconds Over Tokyo."

■ The damn phone kept ringing. "Lo? Lana. Evie, I *gotta* tend Cherry . . ." "Hya, Van? Look, fella, I'm Hit Parading tonight, so . . ." But even so, the joint really jumped, jinx 'n' all—a slew of "no can do'ers," the hardware shortage, Jim Brown's baby being almost but not quite born. . . . Seems the Wynns had just moved into a shack that had, Item: 1 cot, 1 table, 2 wicker lounges! Which left it up to the gang to treasure hunt à la Sears Roebuck. And they dood it—scurried back with a dripolator, a set of chairs subbing as fugitives from an embalming emporium and tons of ice. Then, by gum, they sat—and *gabbed:* About tours and didies, war and peace, X's new pic and Y's induction and . . . Then Keenan whipped around some Jap mementoes till Neddy Poo woke up screaming. Whereupon the gang filed in and squatted near him making funny ha-ha faces till he fell off again. Could be Evie's still picking up after us and maybe Neddy's still yelping and Van probably can't sit down without some very tender—memories. But, oh brother, was it fun!

The blow-out was going bang-up till the gang sprang this little episode, master-minded by Evie. Before distributing birthday loot, they shelled out with gag gifts, including food pills, a ham—a mirror!

Once a B'way pro, Evie is agog over Metro's plan to feature her in "other woman" roles, will start soon now that Pop, just returned from overseas with Chennault, Stillwell congrats, has been I-A'd.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

The fixin's were luscious, the music low, the spirit high, and the cracks corny. So here's hoping Van Johnson has many, many more of the same!

Van and the Master traipsed over the huge grounds clipping cosmos and honeysuckle to pretty up the party, kept track of Neddy by those bells Mamma ties on his shoes for that purpose.

Van looking happy-slappy. Or could be it's just that he's trying to hoard up a good heave to blitz those 21 candles. Should be 7 more, but that's tradition and he's stuck with it!

CONTINUED➤

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A BIRTHDAY PARTY

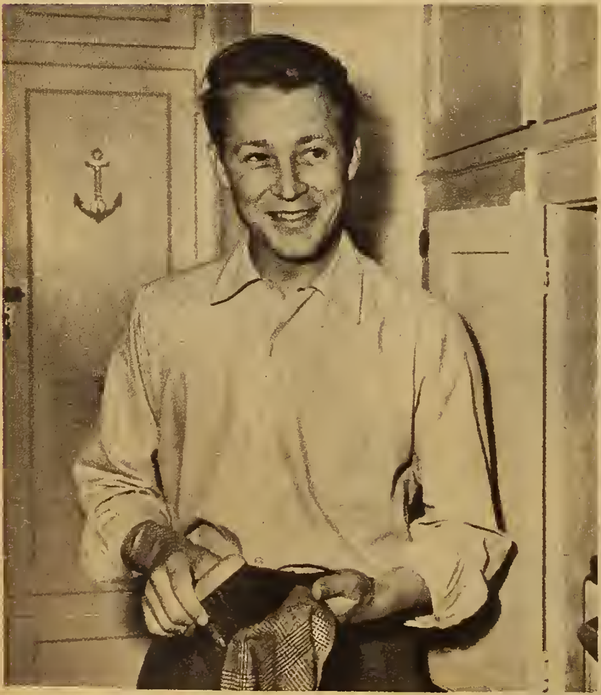
Coop took time out to dazzle Bob Walker with tales of the time he once de-gutted his Dusenberg, making 2 motors of original. Bob's desolate, M-G-M's "grounded" him for duration—no more motor scooting!

Between checkings on car-confined pup, Judy told of thrill on learning her records had been aired on invasion barges, vowed gang with tale of 2 week vigil at mirror after nursing measle-bedded niece—y'see, she'd never had 'em!

Well-known artist Dick Whorf had kids scribble 5 unrelated lines on blackboard, and presto, by finis of one chorus of "Gang's All Here"—a portrait!

Beauty acting like the Beast. There was Van shuffling in slippers due to a tennis lesson Charlie Horse, and Evie birthday-whacked the wind out of him!

Jess (Jeffrey Thomas Barker) wed Susie Hayward (Edith Marrener) in H'wood's St. Thomas Episcopal Church, July 23rd; both for first time. Her mom wanted them to wait, but gave blessings.



Made B'way debut way back in '34. Still clings to Gotham custom of wearing white shirts and faultlessly tailored suits after 6 P. M. Never, never dons hat, is often mistaken for floorwalker!

By Fredda Dudley

■ It was Friday night at the Hollywood Canteen. Jess Barker was emceeing the usual topnotch show and looking around a bit on his own. Behind the snack bar was a slim, round-faced redhead, signing autographs and in general making the G.I.'s happy.

During a brief moment when his presence was not necessary on the platform, Mr. Barker stepped swiftly to the snack bar, leaned over to peer into Susan Hayward's astonished eyes and observe with all the seriousness of a Senator during an election year, "No, I don't think you are *that* brave a girl."

Then he returned to the platform. Susan blinked and stared after the tall blond gentleman with the devilish grin. Probably, she decided hazily, he had mistaken her for someone he knew.

Ten minutes later during an orchestral number. Jess suddenly bobbed into Susan's line of vision for the second unexplained time. "No," quoth he, "I'm certain you don't have *that* much courage." He studied her critically, shook his head and dashed back to the platform.

The third time this bewildering gentleman strode up to Susan, she was ready for him, as any properly curious girl would have been. "Just exactly what did you mean by those two remarks?" she demanded. "I'm not brave enough to *what?* I don't have enough courage to *what?*"

(Continued on page 83)

As kid, set cap for baseball career; parents hoped for scientist. Once played semi-pro. Claims he'd turn to pitching if acting game doesn't pan out. Currently star-climbing in "Stalk the Hunter."

Childhood leg injury from brush with train in Pop's railroad yard keeps him out of Army. Three brothers are sergeants.

the women in his life

That first syrupy soda-fountain romance was just a prelude to the night Jess found Susie Hayward behind the counter!

Dick gladly swapped his $500-a-week film career at 20th Century-Fox for maritime service. He'd just finished work on "Wing and a Prayer." Home on first leave, he spent every available free second ogling movies!

Graduated from high school at 16, a star athlete. Won letter in basketball, swimming, played football. Claims this experience gave him stage presence later.

In one of his weekly letters home, he wrote rather wistfully, "Can't even wear my whites. But I tried 'em on, and gee, Mom, they really look sharp!"

Jake of the maritimes

To Dick Jaeckel, going to sea wasn't just a whim.

It was a passion, a crusade, the answer to a prayer . . .

■ It was 5 o'clock, and Dick had gone down for his physical at 7 that morning. Mrs. Jaeckel was beginning to worry. Heaven help them all if he hadn't passed! But he *must* have passed—that hunk of healthy bone and muscle. Then what was keeping him so long?

The door blew open. "Whee! I'm a maritimer!"

"You *did* pass then? Did it take all this time?"

"Sure I passed. Otherwise, I'd have joined the Seamen's Union and left for Murmansk in two days. Took them exactly 43 minutes to okay me. Went to a baseball game to celebrate. Here, Mom, sign these papers."

She laughed a little shakily. "Couldn't wait till after dinner, I suppose?"

"Nope." She signed them. "Thanks. What's for dinner?"

"Fried chicken, corn on the cob, cauliflower, salad, baked Alaska—"

"Very reasonable—" his current term of high approval. "I'm definitely hungry. Passed on an empty stomach."

It was good to see him. *(Continued on page 79)*

A fall guy for quarts of milk, he carries through to dessert. Ice cream preferred! On dates he and The Girl go to shows and wrestling matches, wind up at drive-ins for burgers and milk!

By Jeanne Karr

Frank has two ambitions. 1, large office with mahogany desk, push buttons. 2, retirement under tree in Hoboken! Below, with Lana Turner.

Frankie sighed with relief when he and Nancy moved into telephone-less H'wood home. "Now maybe I'll gain a pound!" He added five! Basking in reflected glory, Nancy has 44 fan clubs of her own in this country.

Frank Sinatra

By Jean Kinkead

Poverty was such a wee thing. What did Frank and Nancy want anyway—egg in their beer?

Twanged with CBS cowboy Cottonseed Clark on all-Western Command Performance. Scripters are dreaming up fall Sinatra television show.

■ Frankie had finished a Hit Parade broadcast and was dashing out of the studio when two guys came toward him, a soldier and a sailor. They were smiling kind of tentatively, and he grinned back at them vaguely; and then they came nearer, and he saw their faces. He ran up to them and held out his hand. "Golly," he said, "It's swell to see you guys."

They were a couple of buddies from the old days. Two of the kids who used to think he could sing way back when he hardly thought so himself. He remembered their names and their brothers' names, and when they asked if he'd have his picture taken with them, he coralled the photographers and posed with them for five flash-bulb blinding (*Continued on page* 45)

Hies to Palm Springs on days off from "Step Lively." Columbia Record Co. prexy gifted him with spaniel, "Captain Buzz."

Frank Sinatra

CONTINUED

Took riding of life on "Anchors Aweigh" set. Gene Kelly dubbed him Nijinsky; electricians called him Cohan; watchman mistook him for George Murphy. Guested Judy Garland on Vimms show.

Gagsters gifted him with Crosby pipe, toupee, over a thousand Crooner platters. But he can give it right back as shown above, with Jerry Colonna's mustache. Named new boat "Little Nancy."

Editors Al and Henry had farewell chat with Frank just before he left for Coast. Proud papas swapped baby tales, and F. invited them to spaghetti and meatballs at his new house next time they're in H'wood. After illness, he sent out printed thank-you cards to fans who wrote when he was hospitalized.

Got kick out of signing Short Snorter. When he "Sweet Adelined" with admiral, general, at Banshee meeting, toastmaster twitted, "—true democracy. Our boys are fighting for the right to stop singing like this!" Right, Cass Daley.

Just before Army induction, Rooney joined Frank in huge benefit for war wounded in H'wood Bowl before 18,000 fans. Mickey beseeched Voice to exploit numbers he'd composed.

minutes. A couple of days later when the pictures were developed, he took time out at lunch to scrawl a few sentences on each one and to put them in the mail for the kids. "Why the fuss over those two?" A fellow at his table in the commissary asked him. "Who the heck are they?".

Frank looked across the table at him coldly. "They're my pals," he said simply.

Tell that to the next dope who tries to say that Sinatra's gone Hollywood. Tell them that, and stick your tongue out at them for us. The Frankie Sinatra who lives in the lovely old house on Toluca Lake, who wears custom-made clothes and drives a long, lean Cadillac, is fundamentally the same little guy who used to sing for free with the Demarest High Band. That's not saying he hasn't developed a fondness for caviar and good tweeds which he could never afford before. Or that he hasn't switched from third balcony seats at the Stanley in Jersey City to loges at Grauman's Chinese. But in his heart he hasn't changed, and that—considering the roller coaster ride of the past few years—is really something.

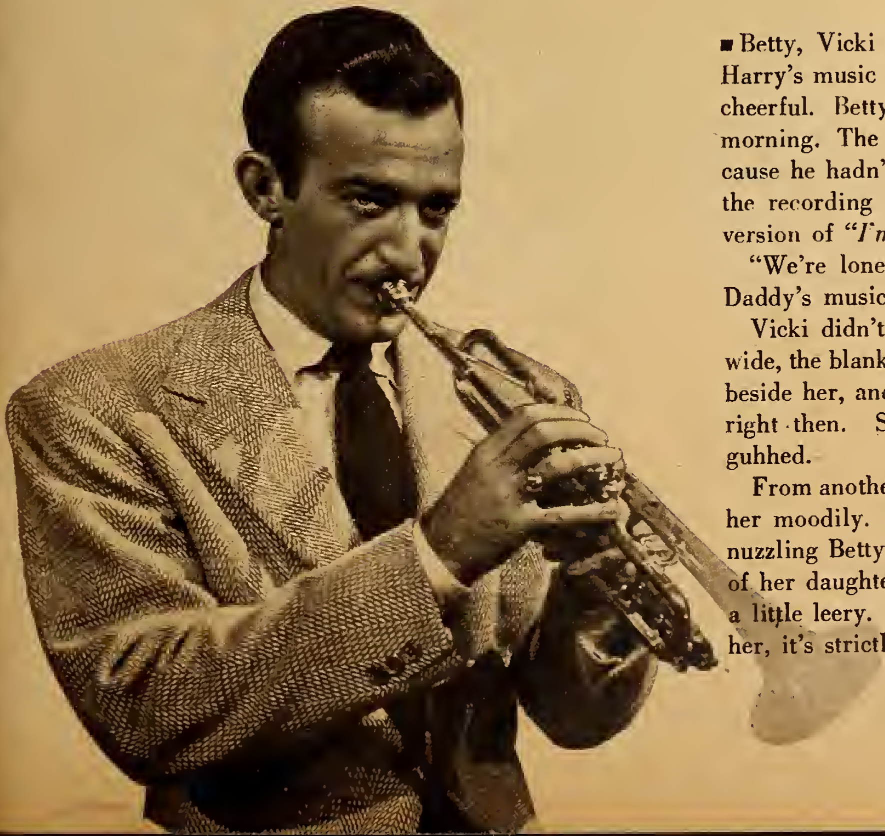
(Continued on page 106)

If M.D.'s permit, Betty intends cross-countrying with Harry, was desolate 'cause she couldn't dance at Astor Roof where 2000 fans greeted James opening.

By Cynthia Miller

the James Girls

"And Vicki makes 3." Presenting the newest James pin-upper—a wail, a grin, a tuft of fuzz.



■ Betty, Vicki and Punkin James were all gathered in Harry's music room and, of the three, only Vicki looked cheerful. Betty was forlorn because Harry had left that morning. The poodle's head was down on his paws, because he hadn't made up his mind about Vicki yet. On the recording machine, a platter was going—the James version of *"I'm in the Market for You."*

"We're lonesome," said Betty, "so we're listening to Daddy's music—"

Vicki didn't look lonesome. The couch was soft and wide, the blanket was soft and blue, her mother was sitting beside her, and she couldn't think of a thing she needed right then. So she kicked a leg, blew a bubble and guhhed.

From another couch, set at right angles, Punkin watched her moodily. If *she* hadn't been there, he'd have been nuzzling Betty. But he doesn't know quite what to make of her daughter. It's not that he's jealous of Vicki, just a little leery. Nobody ever told him to keep away from her, it's strictly his own idea. *(Continued on page 132)*

Joyce again, in Featherlite Persian lamb. In both pictures: Thornton hats, Emily Wilkens Young Originals, Wear-Right gloves.

Warners' "Janie," Joyce Reynolds, goes collegiate in a Hollander mink-blended, let-out muskrot, made on classic lines.

FURS! When you see 'em on Joyce Reynolds . . it's love . . . love . . . love!

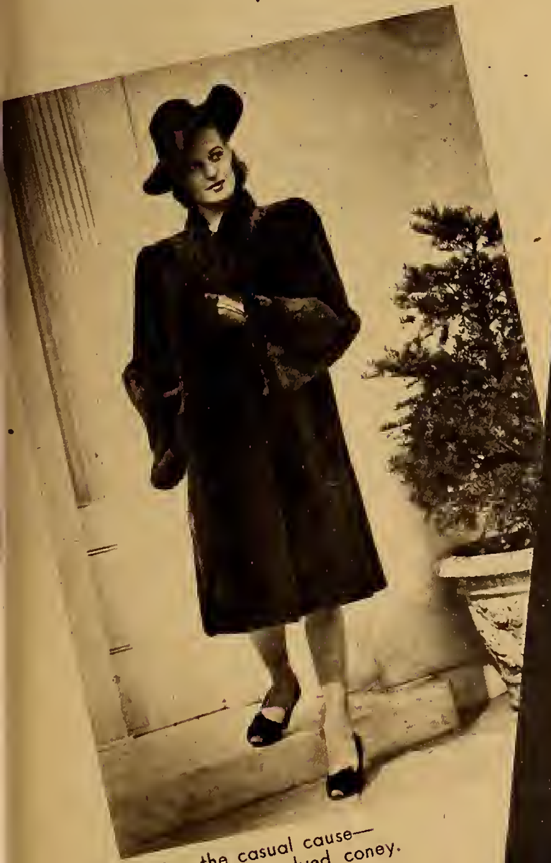
modern screen's fashion guide

By Marjorie Bailey

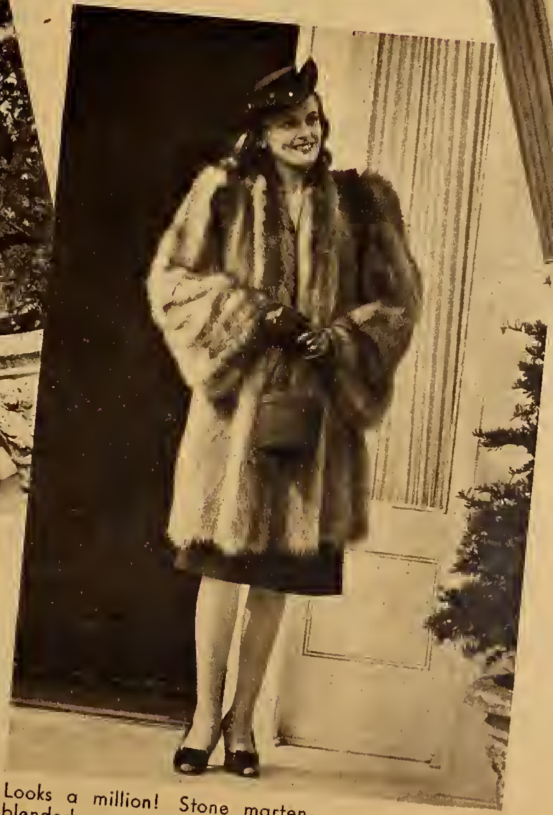
■ Joyce Reynolds was purring. But who *wouldn't* be? "Janie" had turned out to be the kind of a hit that puts star dust in stars' eyes. And, by way of celebration, here was Janie herself seeing New York for the first time. Besides, she found the coats she was modeling for us something to purr about. Said so.

"This is how furs *should* be. No trimmings, no fixings. Just . . . nice . . . fur."

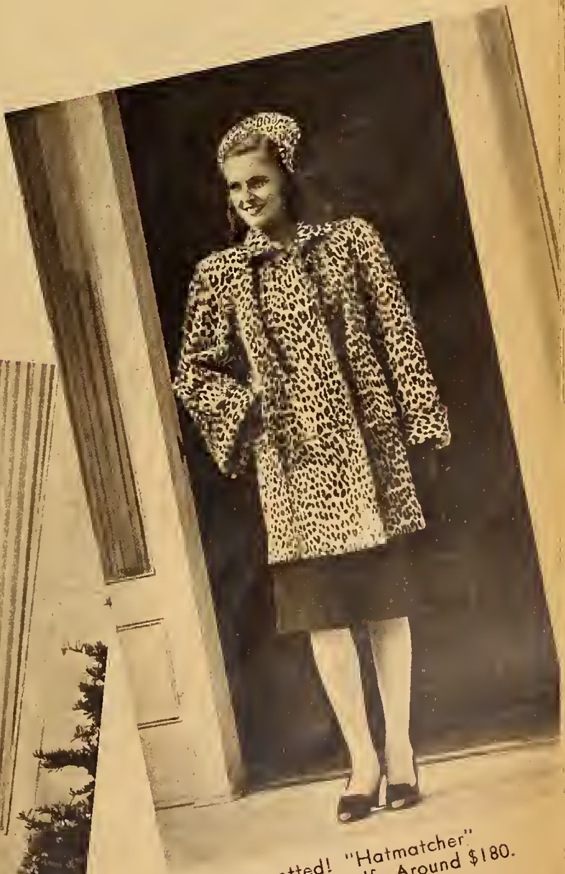
Which proves that our Joyce is strictly on the beam in the gray matter department. Mink trimmed with sequins *can* happen, of course. You saw it yourself in "Lady in the Dark." But for real life, the better the fur, the fewer the gags. When "chiffon mink" (*Continued on page 114*)



Backing the casual cause—
Mendoza beaver-dyed coney.
Under $150.



Looks a million! Stone marten-blended raccoon costs only about $400.



Get you spotted! "Hatmatcher" coat of stencilled calf. Around $180.

Gloria Jean

SKIPPER at the American Airlines Admirals' Club—Miriam Audette helped club members waiting between planes at New York's La Guardia Field. War workers like Miriam are needed for all types of jobs—in transportation, in offices, in stores. Consult your local U. S. Employment Service to find how *you* can serve.

Miriam Audette of Glens Falls, New York, engaged to Ordnance Officer Frank L. Havel of St. Louis... They met at the Admirals' Club last October, and became engaged in March

Miriam's exquisite skin has a white-flower texture—a dewy-soft freshness

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

Miriam's complexion makes you think of a Romney portrait—her skin has such soft delicacy. She's *another* bride-to-be with that soft-smooth "Pond's look."

"I really do adore Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so fluffy-light when you smooth it on—and it certainly makes your face feel gorgeously clean and soft as can be."

THIS IS MIRIAM'S DAILY POND'S BEAUTY CREAMING . . .

She *smooths* on Pond's luscious Cold Cream and pats briskly over face and throat to soften and remove dirt, make-up. Then she tissues off.

She *rinses* with *more* soft-smooth Pond's—sending her white-covered finger tips over her face in little whirls. Tissues off again. "It's this *double* creaming that makes my face feel *extra* special—so *beautifully* clean and soft," she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Miriam's way—every night and every morning, for your in-between beauty clean-ups, too. You'll see why it's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for the *big*, luxurious jar—large sizes save glass. And, you'll like being able to dip the fingers of both your hands in the wide-topped *big* Pond's jar.

HER RING—a handsome 2½ carat diamond in an unusual platinum setting. Two small diamonds are set on either side of the center stone.

A FEW OF THE POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

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The Countess of Radnor

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Bates "Boutonniere" bedspread and matching draperies shown here in rose. Available also with blue or green background.

Leslie Brooks' Decorating Magic

LESLIE BROOKS, featured in the new **COLUMBIA** technicolor production **"TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT,"** suggests Bates bedspreads and matching draperies for the college girl or for anyone faced with the problem of living in temporary quarters. Cheerful surroundings are morale builders to both the college girl and her older sister living near war work or a service camp. Bates bedspreads with matching draperies do just about a complete decorating job quickly, inexpensively... and the spreads serve as extra covering at night. War work comes first at Bates...that's why your store may be temporarily out of your favorite pattern.

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Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

Hi, Monica!

Paul Henreid's putty in the hands of that new baby. If a smile doesn't fix him, a kiss works wonders!

■ Paul Henreid's got another girl, and they're both pretty shameless about the whole thing. He calls her Schatzi, Viennese for sweetheart. She makes love to him in front of his own wife. He buys jewelry for her. She has breakfast with him in her pajamas. One thing she hasn't done is ask him to light two cigarettes for her. But then, she never did get a chance to see "Now, Voyager."

She's a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired charmer named Monica, fifteen months old, and the Henreids haven't been the same since she arrived.

"What was it like," asks Lisl, "before Monica came?"

"The world revolved," (*Continued on page 89*)

At first, blond cocker Vicki begrudged Monica's stealing the limelight at *her* expense. But she capitulated along with everyone else and now trails baby night and day.

Bored with weakling parts, Paul hopes roles in "The Conspirators" and "Of Human Bondage" will be last of that type. Built high shelf above baby's reach for glass bell collection.

By Nancy Winslow Squire

An Island of Fun In a Sea of Laughs!

There just couldn't be
a heaven-on-earth like this . . .
where the standard of living is fun,
and you spend your life
watching Sarongs go by!

"RAINBOW ISLAND"

IN TECHNICOLOR

Hear These Hit Songs:
"BELOVED"
"BOOGIE-WOOGIE BOOGIE MAN"
"WHAT A DAY"

. Paramount's
Romantic
Musical Comedy
starring

DOROTHY LAMOUR
EDDIE BRACKEN
GIL LAMB
with **BARRY SULLIVAN**
Directed by **RALPH MURPHY**

Screen Play by Walter DeLeon and Arthur Phillips

Barbara and Cary play host to wounded war vets from nearby Army hospital. During fifth War Bond drive, Cary trudged miles peddling bonds door to door.

by Hedda Hopper

Here, for the first time, is Barbara's and Cary's side of the tragic struggle, as revealed to Hedda Hopper

the Fighting Grants

■ Barbara Hutton Grant, the saddest little rich girl I've ever seen, is putting up the battle of her life. The old courage and fortitude that must have been always somewhere deep in the character of Frank Woolworth's granddaughter are coming to the front. For, after all, Barbara is an American of seasoned stock who just happens to have had the heritage of enormous wealth wished on her. Would she be a happier girl, a happier wife and mother, without those millions that her hard-nosed, hard-fisted Yankee forebears garnered and dropped into her small lap?

However that may be, and no one has the right to pass judgment, life and fate are giving her just as tough and bitter a lot as most of us have to put up with. Barbara was thirty years old, with two unhappy marriages behind her, before she learned to fight. Before she learned, perhaps, that an unlimited bankroll doesn't constitute in itself a certified passport to happiness.

When she made up her mind to put a stop, once and for all, to the inhuman actions imposed upon her as the price of a mother's right to raise her child, I asked to come and see her.

"Oh," she cried pathetically, "Cary and I would love to have a baby! Cary and I both love children. We'd like to (*Continued on page 102*)

Cary schneidered author Hopper at gin rummy, but good! Never calls wife "Babs," always "Barbara." New portrait of her hangs over mantel in his bedroom. Most recent pic's "Arsenic and Old Lace."

Garden fresh all winter . . . that's Starspun*. It's a canny scotch gingham that'll keep you as snappy as a green bean all winter long. And it washes in a plaid-happy way thanks to its permanent starchless finish. Here Starspun is styled for school days or kitchen capers . . . and we've dittoed the dress in a pint-sized edition for the canning wizard of ten years hence. About $3 in sizes 3 to 6, and about $6 in sizes 10 to 16. Dan River Mills, Danville, Va. New York Sales Office: 40 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

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*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

IT'S A
DAN RIVER
FABRIC

DR

what a man!

By George Benjamin

"Scorpio? Bad," moaned the fortune teller. "An actor! That's *hopeless!*" But that ain't the way Bob Ryan heard it.

Bob's agin glamour and the suede 'n' silk outfits H'wood heroes sport. Shies from N. Y. due to formal dress-up. (Instructing Marines Gilpin and Knapp.)

■ Among the souvenirs Robert Ryan keeps in his lock box is a crinkled scrap of paper with some large scribbles on it in an excited feminine hand. He pinched it a while back off the desk of an RKO producer right after Ginger Rogers said, "So nice to have met you, Mr. Ryan."

Big Bob Ryan was in David Hempstead's private office due to a frame-up. He didn't know it, but he was there to get the very keen once-over by Ginger: Object—possible matrimony. On the screen, of course, in "Tender Comrade." Although it wasn't *very* possible in Ginger's mind at that point. In fact, she had been saying "No" so steadily whenever anybody mentioned Robert Ryan's name as the lead for her starring *(Continued on page 117)*

Official USMC photo

A classics and Crosby fiend, Bob brings home every new instrument he spies, promptly forgets it! Recent buys were guitar, accordion. (At Base Sup. Room.)

Both born under sign of Scorpio, the Ryans are often mistaken for brother and sister. Jean quit career when Bob zoomed, is now big-time scenarist.

Terrific New Perfume!

The slumbering fire of BLACK PANTHER attacks a man's heart—attacks a woman's—until the two hearts merge in a flame of ecstasy. Wear this new perfume for an *unforgettable* evening . . . but only if you dare risk the danger and dark delight of stirring primitive emotions. At all 10¢ stores.

Perfume 75¢
Toilet Water 75¢
Introductory Sizes 25¢

by LANDER

Black Panther
The **UNTAMED** perfume

"The Merry Monahans"

Nothing could split up that Oakie, O'Connor and Ryan song-and-dance act. Not even a woman.

STORY: They were The Monahans—Songs, Dances and Patter—and they were Irish and funny and gifted and inseparable. There were three of them: Pete, Jimmy and Patsy. Once they had been four, but that was a long time ago when Jimmy and Patsy were still kids hardly able to take their bows. Pete never spoke *(Continued on page 63)*

PRODUCTION: This was Don's last picture as a single man. He and Hollywood High School's loveliest, Gwen Carter, were married shortly after the production closed. It was Don's scene with his make-believe mother-in-law in the picture that gave him courage to speak to Gwen's mother. In the story, he convinces *(Continued on page 62)*

1. In 1899 Pete Monahan (Jack Oakie), engaged to his vaudeville partner Lil (Rosemary DeCamp), is tricked into wedding conniving showgirl. She deserts him and children.

2. Pete and kids, Jimmy and Patsy (Dan O'Connor, Peg Ryan), forge ahead in 3-a-day song and dance act, hit Keith bigtime.

4. Her widowed mother is *Lil!* Pete plans to propose, but her partner, Pembroke (John Miljan), beats him to it.

3. En route to next stand, sooty Jimmy meets Sheila (Ann Blythe), is thrilled to learn she's booked at same theater!

By Maris MacCullers and Charis Zeigler

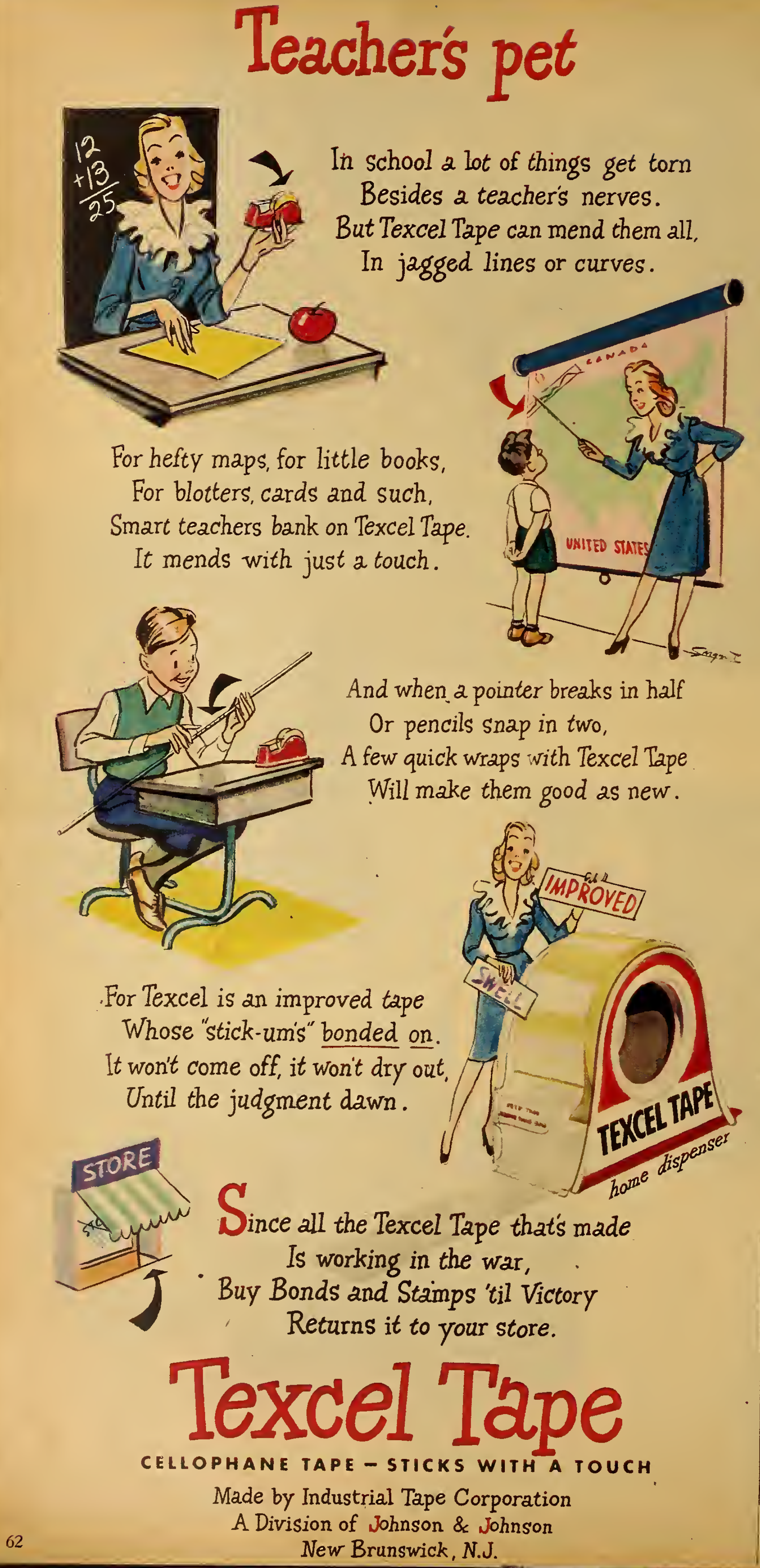
9. When manager refuses to put their dad in show, kids quit and come back to him. They pretend they were flops without him, but he's read rave notices, walks out of their lives. They trail him and join him in huge Liberty Loan rally with Lil and Sheila in N. Y. Agent catches act.

8. Pete goes on wagon, hurls brick thru window in celebration, is jailed. Jimmy and Patsy are B'way sensation.

6. Sheila, who dislikes and distrusts Pembroke, plans to run away if her mom weds him. She consults Jimmy who persuades her to elope instead!

7. Clerk SOS-es their families. Pete approves, but Lil and Pembroke forbid it. Back home Sheila shames Pembroke into admitting he is using her and her mother for his own selfish ends. He leaves.

5. Heartbroken, Pete goes off the wagon, misses cues right and left. One time when kids go on alone, B'way talent scout sees them, asks them to look him up.



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For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on.
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the mother of the gal he loves that if he's old enough to go into the Army and fight for his country, he's old enough to be married. He made much the same speech on his own behalf in real life a few months ago.

Don is teamed with Peggy Ryan for the twelfth time. They've appeared together in all but one of the thirteen pictures Don has made. In this one they do their first serious dancing for the screen. The pair do a straight ballet routine, but their hep-cat followers needn't groan on that one, for they immediately swing into a ballet burlesque which is strictly solid! Permission had to be obtained from Al Jolson and Sophie Tucker before the kids could do impersonations of them in "The Merry Monahans." If there was any reluctance on the part of the Mammy Singer and the Last of The Red Hot Mamas to grant this permission, it was swept away when the first rushes were shown of the acts. Peggy and Don do a terrific job on "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody" and "Some of These Days."

rock-solid . . .

Don, who has grown two inches in the two years he's been on the screen, gained five pounds while this picture was in production in spite of the exhausting dance routines he had to rehearse. This brings him up to 139, and he claims he is "solid as rock."

There are fifteen tunes (circa 1745 to 1918) to set the musical pattern for the "Monahans." This is probably the largest aggregation of musical oldies ever presented in one picture.

Jack Oakie fans who have seen him jig a little in other pictures may be surprised to see Jack do some real old-time hoofing. This isn't a new departure for Mr. O. His first theatrical job was as chorus boy in the New York stage production of "Little

COOL HANDS, WARM HEART

You bought War Bonds in all the drives and donated to the Blood Bank twice so you feel that a bit of Cassino and Tarawa and Normandy belong to you. And they do.

But boys died there, even with your bullets and your blood. Maybe they would be coming home with the rest of the gang if there had been enough nurses to administer the blood plasma, soothe the wounds. But there weren't. And there still aren't.

And that is why we're asking for help again—but this time we're asking for *you*. To take a course in home nursing, not only to better protect your loved ones at home, but to prevent any illness from becoming so serious as to necessitate a nurse's services. To become a Nurse's Aide, thus releasing a graduate nurse for active duty. To join the Cadet Nurse Corps and become a graduate R.N. while having your complete tuition, living expenses and spending money provided by the government.

And if you're already a nurse, either retired or specializing in private cases, why not enlist in the Army or Navy Reserve?

Our boys need you desperately. To soothe them, to save them. So write to the Red Cross today and ask how you can become a part of that vast network of help and hope that fights for the lives of our boys after they've fallen fighting for ours.

Nelly Kelly." Rosemary DeCamp and Isabel Jewell are both ex-schoolmarms. (They didn't look that way when we went to school, either.) Miss DeCamp has a B.A. and a Master's degree from Mills College, where she taught drama for a year. Miss Jewell is a graduate of Hamilton College for Women, at which spot she taught Latin. Ann Blyth is the juvenile actress discovered in the road show of "Watch on The Rhine." She was given a movie contract when the show reached Los Angeles; has made one other picture for Universal which hasn't as yet been released. This will be her debut in the American movie theater. Miss Blyth's first assignment at Universal was to interview Jack Oakie for an edition of "Topper," the Universal Studio school paper. She wrote such an interesting biography that the comedian was honored by the title of "movie king" for a month.

Those of you riding around on retreads and synthetic tires will find it hard to believe that the Oldsmobile Limited touring car (1909 vintage) still has its original tires. All four of the old-time automobiles in the picture are authentic antiques of the period, incidentally. They were all driven to the studio under their own power, although the five-minute ride through the Cahuenga Pass from Hollywood required 30 minutes with these 1917 specimens.

The "Monahans" was directed by Charles Lamont, whose long and able experience with handling comedy stems from his advent in Hollywood in 1919 as a Keystone cop for Mack Sennett. During shooting of this picture, Lamont celebrated the eighteenth anniversary of his marriage to the former Estelle Bradley. Mrs. Lamont appeared in the first picture directed by her husband.

The story is an original written by the team of Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano. It required a great deal of research work on that period of American life when the "two a day" medium of vaudeville entertainment was in full flower in every legitimate theater from coast to coast.

"THE MERRY MONAHANS"

(STORY)

(*Continued from page* 60)

about the woman he had married, the woman who had run off leaving a casual note of farewell, and the kids never asked. Pete was father and mother, teacher and boss of the act, and that was enough. There was never anyone like Pete.

It was because of Pete that they scrambled up through the ten cent vaudeville houses of the turn of the century. He kept after them, teaching them all the subtle tricks of a performer: How to put over a song, how to sock home a gag, how to pull an audience up in their seats until the applause was louder than the thump of the bass drum in the orchestra. Of course the kids had talent. But it was Pete who built the act until that fabulous day the man backstage had murmured the incredible words: Keith time.

So now they were on their way to Philadelphia, on the big time, on Keith time. The Monahans. Jimmy Monahan sauntered through the train feeling excited and pleased and bored. He wanted to celebrate. Back in the parlor car Pete and Patsy were whiling away the time playing checkers. He could find better things to do.

casanova in black face . . .

He wandered through the length of the

(*Continued on page* 66)

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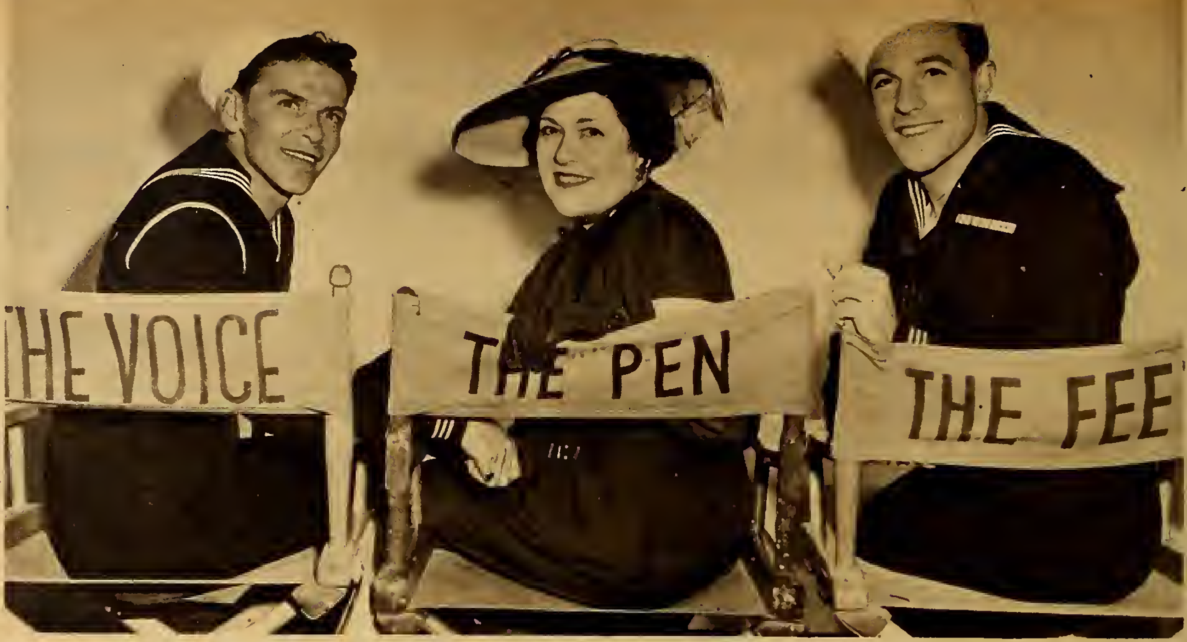

When author Parsons visited Sinatra and Kelly on "Anchors Aweigh" set, they painted canvas chair, "Pen" for her. Tunesmiths Silvers and Van Husen wrote ballad "Nancy With the Laughing Face" for Nancy Sinatra's fourth birthday. Frank'll introduce it, and all royalties will go into annuity fund for her college tuition!

Nelson Eddy's and Jeanette MacDonald's appearance in "Naughty Marietta" on Lux Radio Theater marked their first reunion in more than a year. Audience gave them tremendous ovation.

Beautiful rumor has Shirley Temple engaged to pilot. Could be Roy Hotchkiss, U. S. Air Corps, who squired her to "Since You Went Away" premiere.

Just out of bed with sore throat, Gloria DeHaven partied at Mocambo with Dave Rose. Her new Brentwood apartment's envy of kids on Metro lot. Cuts 30 minutes driving time off her schedule.

Lana's WAC wardrobe for next pic includes new date dress. Bomber "Turner" has completed 112 missions over Germany. Above, with Pete Lawford.

Louella Parsons' GOOD NEWS

Lt. Bruce Cabot welcomed home from wars . . .

Deanna Durbin now a long-haired blonde . . .

Lana Turner discovers Turhan Bey!

John Hodiak (above with June Allyson) lives in 2-room apartment with maid service. Maids love him because he makes his bed, takes care of his laundry, even washes his own breakfast dishes!

Deanna Durbin premiered with Henry Willson, wore furs to beat frigid Calif. summer. Recent throat ailment's kept her bedded days at a time. M.D.'s fear overwork, advise long vocal vacation.

■ Let's face it! It's Turhan Bey, kids! He is the man of the hour. I have never seen anything like the demonstration for Turhan following the "sneak" preview of "Dragon Seed."

It was all I could do to get myself and my new hat through the mob of Bobby Sockers (ah, how fickle is youth) who were determined to see, touch or yell at their new idol as we left the theater.

Pushing along bside me in the jam was a beautiful blonde girl. I could only see the top of her head, but I could hear her sighing, "He's for me." It wasn't until a couple of seconds later I saw her face. It was Lana Turner.

P.S. The next night they were dining at a cozy table for two at the candle-lighted Beverly Tropics. So maybe Lana knew what she was talking about!

* * *

On the set of "Anchors Aweigh," Frank Sinatra calls Gene Kelly "The Feet." Gene calls Frankie "The Voice." And they both call Kathryn Grayson "The Body."

I was out watching The Feet, The Voice and The Body emote the day Frankie's four-year-old daughter Nancy, was paying her Pa a visit.

She sat like a little owl on the sidelines watching her old man and Gene run through a dance number. "What do you think of your father's singing?" I asked Nancy.

Without a word she went into a dead swoon!

After she had straightened herself again I said, "And now—what do you think of his dancing?"

With an equally dead pan Miss Nancy grasped the end of her nose between two small fingers, clothes-pin fashion, and held it a long time. There was no added comment.

* * *

The latest flash on the boy wonder, Richard Jaeckel, is that he has grown three inches in height since he's been in the Merchant Marine. Right now he is an assistant engineer on a boat in the Pacific, ferrying recruits to a nearby training island. It's a promotion for Dick because, before that, he had been a "stoker." As he wrote his mother:

"It was 'hot' stuff in more ways than one."

* * *

The "welcome home" party Errol Flynn gave for his pal, Lt. Bruce Cabot, was the prettiest party of the year. It was an evening long to remember. The night was balmy and warm for a change (we've had it cold out here all summer).

Errol had arranged the tables at his hilltop home on a terrace overlooking the swimming pool. The whole Valley of Beverly Hills and Los Angeles was spread out below us like a beautiful, lighted crescent-shaped fan.

Instead of dancers or the usual fortunetellers, Errol had provided some novel entertainment. There were six marvelous professional swimmers and (*Continued on page* 68)

ASTORIA Set 192.50
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(Continued from page 63)

train. He came finally to the observation platform, and he stood there watching the tracks unreel like an endless skein under the wheels of the train. On either side the landscape rushed past, rounded hills and sudden plains, green in the summer. He watched it idly. Then his eye caught the ladder that rose from the back of the train to the roof.

Nonchalantly, he slipped over the rail of the car onto the ladder. He climbed until his head was level with the roof of the scudding train. His eyes narrowed a bit. And then in one swift movement he scrambled to the top, and he stood there on the roof of the train, leaning forward into the wind, grinning an impudent Irish grin. He broke into a little victory jig up there and chanted a few lines from the latest hit.

He waved with easy grace to a farmer plowing a field. The farmer waved back and then almost fell flat on his face in surprise. Jimmy laughed. This was more like it. He felt like a conquering hero. Well that was how an act on Keith time should feel. He jigged again.

And just then he saw the tunnel. It came rushing up like the open mouth of the biblical whale who swallowed Jonah. Jimmy said: "Twenty-three, skiddoo," and dropped flat on his face. The tunnel roared overhead in blackness. And then they were out in open countryside. Jimmy rose a little sheepishly. He brushed his clothes. They looked like something he'd stolen from a scarecrow. He rubbed his face reflectively, and his hand came away black. Well, live and learn, so Jimmy waved once more to the green hills and the pleasant plains. And climbed down.

The girl stared at him.

She was pretty as a rose in a field of thistles. She was fresh as a tumbling brook in a desert. Her eyes were like twin forget-me-nots, and the tilt of her nose was gay as an Irish tune. She was sitting on one of the chairs on the observation platform. And she was staring at Jimmy. She wasn't frightened. She wasn't surprised. Jimmy didn't move. It seemed like a pleasant idea to have her looking at him. He didn't mind how long it went on. As long as he could look back.

She said: "Do you always drop in on trains like that?"

"Oh, I've been on the train," Jimmy said. "I was just out strolling."

"Strolling?"

"More fresh air up there."

"Oh, undoubtedly."

"Not as crowded either."

"I'm sure of that."

"Are you on this train?" Jimmy said.

She smiled: "Guess," she said.

"I mean are you going to Philadelphia?"

"Unless the engineer changes his mind."

"Live there?"

"No."

"Visiting?"

"No."

"I give up," Jimmy said.

The girl pointed to a script in her lap: "I'm on the stage. Our act is going to play Philadelphia."

"Act?"

"I'm with Arnold Pembroke's company. My mother, I and Mr. Pembroke."

"You're his daughter?"

"No. My name is De Royce. Sheila De Royce."

"And you're going to play Philadelphia. Keith's?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"I'm a fortuneteller in my spare time."

"Spare time?" Her eyes were full on him now, the tattered clothes, the half-blackened face. "Isn't *all* your time spare time? It must be nice to be on the road. No worries. No troubles."

Jimmy said: "You mean you think—"

"Well, aren't you?" she said.

"A hobo? A tramp?" He laughed and then added: "And don't forget. Fortune-teller, too. Young lady, I can see your future. A young, dark—anyway he's dark now—man is entering your life. You will see him again—"

"Anything else?" Sheila said.

"That's all for now," Jimmy said. "But it's only part of my act."

past performance . . .

It was in Keith's Philadelphia Theater that Pete Monahan met Sheila De Royce's mother. Jimmy arranged it. He brought them to the dressing room and knocked on the door. Pete cheerily called "Come in," and then they stood there facing each other. For a moment it was very quiet in the room. Then Pete was slowly getting to his feet and he said: "Lil."

"Pete."

Jimmy looked from one to the other: "You know each other?"

Know each other?

For Pete, time was reeling back through the years, swiftly as the silent slip of sands through an hour glass. He felt again all the press of emotion, and he could remember—how clearly he could remember it!—the night in the Boston theater when Lil had promised to marry him.

But the rest of it was like a nightmare. He had never loved anyone but Lil, and he had been the happiest man in the world when she had said yes. He never dreamt it could go wrong. But it did go wrong. Another girl, Rose, said he had promised to marry her the night before, had proposed. And he couldn't remember. For the night before was shrouded in drink and gaiety. And perhaps he had—

Lil believed it, and she had run from the theater, her footsteps echoing down the alleyway, the sound of it final and abrupt, and over it the sound of her tears. That was the last time he had ever seen Lil. And out of spite, out of heartsickness and despair, he had married Rose. And he remembered the note Rose left when she had walked out on him: ". . . you never proposed to me at all. That night all you could talk about was Lil . . ."

Know her?

He had never forgotten her, never through all the years. He could remember the curve of her cheek and the sound of her laughter and the cool touch of her hand. So looking at her now, it was as if she had never left; because in memory he had always been with her. Life was funny, it ran in patterns. And now the pattern was repeating itself, and repeating itself in double. In a Philadelphia theater Lil and Pete stared at each other; and in the corridor just outside, their children, Jimmy and Sheila, were standing together.

Jimmy said quietly: "Hey, I think they can get along without me to push the conversation."

Jimmy took Sheila's hand, and they walked out of the room. They could hear Pete say again, in a tone of wonder and quiet tenderness:

"Lil—"

From the doorway of a dressing room a little further down the hall, a tall man was watching what happened. He was Arnold Pembroke. There was nothing in his eyes as he watched, only the faint glimmer of something indefinable. He was impassive; but still, perhaps in the pose of his body, there was something sinister.

"Sheila—" he called softly.

There was almost fear in Sheila's eyes as she looked up. Jimmy felt her hand go stiff in his. Pembroke hardly moved. He spoke quietly.

"May I see you a moment?"

(Continued on page 70)

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"CHIC" IS AMERICA'S MOST WIDELY PRAISED PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT BECAUSE:

- It takes beautifully on all types, textures and shades of hair . . . even bleached or dyed.
- It contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia.
- It's easy to use . . . requires no heat, electricity, machines or driers.
- "CHIC" is safe for both women and children.
- "CHIC" requires no experience. With it you get professional-looking, beautiful, soft waves and curls . . . *instantly.*
- "CHIC" is the only permanent wave home kit at 59c that gives you 50 curlers as well as curling solution, shampoo, hair rinse, wave set, end tissues and complete illustrated direction booklet.

FREE: 12 HOLLYWOOD INSPIRED HAIR-DO'S:

You may have seen the hair style shown above adorning your favorite movie star in a current picture. This style is one of 12 HOLLYWOOD Inspired HAIR-DO'S shown in a colorful brochure given absolutely FREE! Nothing to buy . . . Choose the HOLLYWOOD HAIR-DO best suited to your own personality. Then, by simply following the directions, you will be delightfully surprised how beautifully you can style your hair for any occasion . . . To get this valuable brochure just send your name and address on a penny postal card to: "CHIC," 500 Robert Street, Department L64, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

If you cannot get "CHIC" Permanent Wave Home Kits at your dealer, you may order direct.

It's so wonderful and yet so easy to have beautiful, longer-lasting, luxuriously-soft waves and curls. All you need is a "CHIC" Permanent Wave Home Kit. Just two simple steps and you have lovely, natural-looking waves *immediately* when you give yourself a "CHIC" Permanent . . . not that kinky, fuzzy just-had-a-permanent look, but thrillingly-glamorous hair for you to enjoy and others to admire. Thousands of women of all ages are giving themselves "CHIC" Permanent Waves with perfectly delightful results. "CHIC" is ideal for children's hair, too.

Be sure to get "CHIC," the fastest popularity-winning, cold, machineless permanent wave kit on the market. "CHIC" gives you everything you need for best permanent waving results . . . nothing else to buy. Get "CHIC" today and enjoy waves and curls for months to come. "CHIC" Permanent Wave Home Kits are always sold with a guarantee of satisfaction or your money back . . .

AT ALL DRUG STORES . . .
DEPARTMENT STORES . . .
VARIETY STORES . . .
5 and 10c STORES

'Chic' is produced by one of the oldest established permanent wave kit companies in America . . . your assurance of dependability.

LOOK OVER YOUR SNAPSHOTS TODAY

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted, We Will Make You a Beautiful, New 5 x 7 Inch Enlargement From Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo or Kodak Picture If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous, colored enlargements. Think of having that small snapshot of mother, father, sister or brother, children or others near and dear to you enlarged to 5x7 inch size so that the details and features you love are more lifelike and natural.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement. Look over your pictures now and send us your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture to be enlarged. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

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GOOD NEWS

Continued from page 65

divers who performed breathtaking stunts in the water. In the background a full orchestra played all the hit songs in a soft romantic mood.

I saw long, lanky Gary Cooper and his smartly groomed wife, sitting at a pool-side table enthusiastically applauding the swimmers.

Paul Lukas forgot his dignity (and the fact that he is an Academy Award winner) and told some hilariously funny stories. Among the beauties in the crowd were Ava Gardner and Paulette Goddard.

The party happened simultaneously with good news from the battle fronts, so for the first time in over two years the women wore their best clothes and loveliest jewelry and the men were in dinner jackets.

* * *

Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens are living in an apartment with only a partially furnished bedroom, an ice box, a stove and one chair in the living room.

When one of their first visitors remarked that she didn't see how they could get along without *two* chairs, the happy groom replied: "You don't? In a *honeymoon* apartment?"

* * *

Dennis Morgan's young six-year-old daughter, Kristin, is always being cautioned to "be quiet" around the house because "Daddy is reading his script."

The other day, one of Kristin's playmates asked her if her father was a movie actor.

"No," said Kris solemnly, "He's a script reader."

* * *

Why all the secrecy when Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker have occasional dinner dates? They even attended the sneak preview of "Since You Went Away" together, but they always act as though they don't want to be observed. Why? Certainly nothing would delight their fans more than to see these two reconciled. Wait 'til you see their love scenes in "Since You Went Away!"

* * *

Someone, for reasons of his or her own—is creating a lot of anxiety and unhappiness in Van Johnson's life.

Van's father, who raised him and who lives only for his boy, had a terrific shock recently when he received a telegram urging him to get in immediate touch with his son. The wire read:

IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU CONTACT ME AT ONCE (SIGNED) VAN.

I received practically the same wire. Several other people received similar messages.

Van, who was perfectly well and in no trouble, has a hunch who has been sending the alarming wires, but he feels he cannot speak until he is sure.

The same trouble-maker started the rumor that Van and June Allyson were secretly married.

* * *

Margaret O'Brien very proudly showed me her autograph book the other day. "I guess," sighed Margaret who has her practical side, "it is worth a lot of money but I would never sell it."

Walter Pidgeon wrote: "To Maggie O'Dear O'Brien."

Katharine Hepburn's was: "To an angel who isn't lost."

Robert Young penned: "No matter what anybody says, I saw you first."

* * *

Speaking of autographs in stars' "guest books" here are a few others:

George Cukor inscribed in Ingrid Bergman's prized autograph book: "To the girl who rang the bell, and for whom the bell tolled."

Hedy Lamarr wrote to Ann Sothern at the time she married Robert Sterling (I mean Ann married Bob—not Hedy): "To the Golden Girl —who turned out to be Sterling!"

* * *

I find in my mail from MODERN SCREEN readers many requests for the latest news about Gene Autry. That proves how loyal you all are, for Gene, who is now a flight officer with the Ferry Command, hasn't made a picture for over two years.

The most recent time I saw Gene, I had only a brief glimpse of the famous cowboy at Danny Danker's funeral. It was like the loyal Autry to fly to the Coast to attend the services for his friend and patron. It was Danny, the young radio advertising man, who discovered Gene for the air and put him on the radio.

The story goes that Danker was on the train with P. K. Wrigley, the gum magnate. He told Wrigley just how popular Gene was. "He should make a good gum salesman, then," laughed P. K. and that was enough for Danker. He built the show that started Gene on his radio career.

* * *

All Hollywood lost a wonderful friend in the passing of Danny Danker. He was the guiding genius back of the famous Lux Theater of the Air.

In the nine years the Lux show has been on the air, every great star in Hollywood has appeared as maestro Cecil De Mille's guest—that is, every star but Greta Garbo who is always a holder-outer in everything.

There are a brilliant parade of memories connected with this radio show—but certainly one of the most amusing concerns the dignified "C. B."

Seems that after about five days of a typical California downpour, De Mille had attempted to drive from his ranch to the radio rehearsal. But all the bridges were washed out, and there was nothing for him to do but to saddle one of his horses and gallop to town on horseback! And galloping right behind him was his pretty secretary!

Seven-year-old Margaret O'Brien set the record for a child actress when she starred in "Lost Angel"—the first time in radio history that a child has appeared in an hour of broadcasting. Not being able to read the script, the little girl not only learned her own role by heart—but also memorized the entire play including the other actors' roles—and the commercials!

I remember Alan Ladd's first appearance on the Lux hour. It was in February, 1939, and the play was "The Return of Peter Grimm." Alan was then unknown, but his voice had that compelling quality that is one of his vital assets today. His part was small, and his pay was $59, the minimum AFRA rate. Recently when he returned to the Radio Theater for "Coney Island," his salary was almost one hundred times as much as he earned for his first broadcast!

Bing Crosby's protégé, the good looking Greg McClure, selected by Bing for "The Great John L.," dropped by my house the other day. He's a six-footer and is the spittin' image of John L. himself in his youth.

I asked Greg if Bing had given him any advice about his career.

"Sure," he laughed. "One of the first things he did was to read me a temperance lecture. He said: "I'm not a Holier-than-thou. But if you want to drink—don't do it during the making of the picture. This is your big chance. You have a twenty-months-old baby and a wife to support—and just remember that nothing photographs worse than a hangover."

Pretty sage words, I'd say, from the ole Massa.

* * *

Maureen O'Hara has named her baby—Bronwein Fitz-Simons Price!

At this writing, the infant is too young to do anything about the situation—but kick.

(Continued on page 116)

When battery of giggling femmes besieged Laddie at the counter of a H'wood department store, he beat them to door, escaped into passing car that had stopped for light. Driver was glad to rescue him!

Reconciliation rumors between Jennifer Jones and her ex, Bob Walker, are false, but there's no divorce in the offing, either. She's currently romancing with Watson Webb, who took her to premiere, above.

The Jimmy Craigs, who never budge off their ranch for love or money, dolled up and come into town for "Since You Went Away" premiere. He's currently commuting to M-G-M to work in "Ziegfeld Follies."

ANNE GWYNNE
APPEARING IN
"SOUTH OF DIXIE"
A UNIVERSAL
PICTURE

"LISTEN TO My Discovery about DRY SKIN" says ANNE GWYNNE

"It was a Lucky Day for My Sensitive Skin when I discovered these fine Rich Creams containing OLIVE OIL!"

No matter how young and pretty you are today, if you have sensitive skin—*watch out!* You *must* protect it from *dryness.*

Start right now using Lander's Creams containing Olive Oil. They're the exquisitely fine, rich creams Hollywood stars use and praise to the skies!

Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil smooths away tiny dry lines and flakiness. Leaves your skin rose-petal fresh, radiant.

Lander's Hand Cream with Olive Oil is *heavenly* for hands! Use it *before* work for protection—*afterwards* to soothe away roughness and dryness . . . to give your hands the white velvet softness men adore. Get both creams at your 10c store *today.*

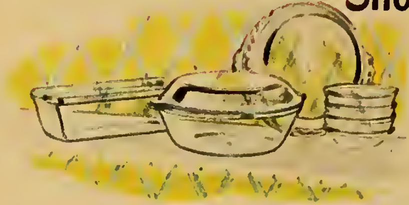
LANDER'S CREAMS
WITH OLIVE OIL

10¢ AND 25¢

This is a Victory Gardener . . .
Shouldn't she be proud?

She should indeed! And Uncle Sam is proud of her too for making food fight for freedom. She'll be prouder still when she sees her garden in sparkling Pyrex Ware!

This is Pyrex Ware . . .
Shouldn't we be proud?



You bet we *are* proud to offer such lovely Pyrex Ware at such low prices. (You can buy all 7 dishes shown here for only $1.95.) Won't they look nice on your shelf?

This is a Victory Gardener doing herself proud with PYREX WARE. Isn't it grand?

IT sure is grand! . . . just watch your family's eyes when your Victory Garden comes piping hot to the table in gleaming Pyrex Ware! You won't have to waste a single hard-won carrot, because leftovers can be stored, reheated, and served again in the same Pyrex dish. You'll save dishwashing . . . and you'll save precious time, because food bakes as much as one-third faster in Pyrex brand glass.

AND LOOK AT THIS FLAVOR SAVER . . . the first Pyrex Pie Plate with glass handles to make serving easier. You never saw a lovelier dish! Fluted edge and extra depth keep all the flavor and juices inside the pie and out of your oven. 10-inch . . only 45¢

HEY, GARDENERS! This Pyrex Double Duty Casserole is *two* dishes in one. Bottom is an open baking dish, just right for baked apples, scalloped potatoes, and tomatoes. Top comes in handy as an extra pie plate. Three sizes. 1½ quart . . . only 65¢

This is the Pyrex Trade-Mark
You can find the little one pressed into the bottom of every PYREX dish. It and the orange label both mean "A Product of Corning Research in Glass." Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

T.M. REG. PYREX U.S. PAT. OFF.
PRESSED IN GLASS

T.M. REG. PYREX U.S. PAT. OFF.
PYREX BRAND OVEN WARE
for better and faster baking
CORNING GLASS WORKS
Corning, N.Y. U.S.A.

(*Continued from page 67*)

"Of course. Excuse me, Jimmy."

She went in. Pembroke swung the door shut. Always, in the presence of Pembroke, she felt that tightening, the swift scurrying spasm of fear. There was no basis for it. For Pembroke had been kind, and Mother liked him. He had given them a chance in his act, brought them out of the cheap houses. Still—

"I don't like to find fault," Pembroke was saying in a suave voice. "You know that, Sheila, don't you? I realize that you are young and that you like this young man. This Monahan. You do, don't you?"

"Jimmy?" Sheila said. "Yes, I do like him."

"Still, while it may be pleasant to dally with him, there's still our act to be considered. We have to work on it, polish it. That takes rehearsal and effort. You mustn't let your mind be too occupied by—by other things, shall we say. You understand that, Sheila?"

"Yes, of course, I do want our act to be successful—"

"I shouldn't like to have to replace any part of my act. That would be unfortunate, wouldn't it? You understand, don't you, my dear?"

"I understand," Sheila said flatly.

Still it was one thing to say you understood and quite another to be with Jimmy Monahan. For Jimmy was gay and free. Jimmy made her feel young and carefree. He made her feel almost—almost like what? Like a girl in love?

So they swung around the circuit. Out of Philadelphia, they swung across country. It was like a montage of a summer carnival, songs and laughter, dancing and music. They swung through the Keith circuit across the fat, laughing breadth of America. Pete and Lil, Jimmy and Sheila. And Arnold Pembroke.

Finally, they reached San Francisco. Pete Monahan was making up at the mirror in the dressing room at the Orpheum in San Francisco. Patsy and Jimmy were humming a number they did during the act, running through it swiftly. Through the thin door came the sounds of the show going through its paces out front, fast music, blaring with brass, for an animal act. The Monahans were due to go on in a little while.

Pete slapped some makeup on his face: "Listen, kids," Pete said. "There's something I want to tell you."

"You're too late," Jimmy said. "We know about the stork."

"And the birds and bees, too," Patsy said.

"I'm not kidding," Pete said. "This is

IT'S NOT JUNE IN JANUARY

But it's practically Christmas in July. No, December 25th will still be Christmas back home here, but if we want to make sure that our fellas overseas really have a Merry Christmas with all the trimmin's, we'd better start thinking about it—and pronto! The Post Office Department is asking us to please, but please, make sure that all holiday gifts get sent out by September 15th and no later than October 15. The regulations on size, weight, packing, etc., are the same as always, but no need for a letter of request.

So looky, if you think Bill is having enough of a show out there without being bothered with presents, o. k. But if he's just a plain joe homesick for the States and you, a carefully bought gift, well-wrapped and arriving at the Nick of time will do a heck of a lot to prove to him that we realize that it isn't always our morale that needs the boosting!

serious."

"Need some money, Pop?" Jimmy grinned. "I can spare twenty."

"It isn't money. It's . . . it's . . ."

Patsy said: "You're blushing!"

Pete blurted it out then: "It's about Lil You like Lil, don't you kids?"

"She's swell."

cue for cupid . . .

"Well, I'm glad. Because I think she's swell, too. Always did. And now. Now—Well, kids need a mother and—"

"And you need a wife," Patsy said. "Is that what you're getting at?"

"O.K. Pop," Jimmy said airily. "You've got our permission."

"What does Lil say?" Patsy asked.

"She doesn't know," Pete said. "I don't think she knows I'm still in love with her. But I'm going to pop the question tonight." He grinned. "Wish me luck."

"You can come live with us if things get tough," Jimmy said.

"Us?" Patsy said. "You didn't ask me."

"I meant Sheila and me," Jimmy said.

There was a blare of music from out front. A buzzer sounded in the dressing room. Pete got up laughing. They walked to the door. The Three Monahans.

"We're on," Pete said. "There's our cue."

Arnold Pembroke watched the Monahans trot toward the stage. Then he closed his dressing room door. Another man was seated inside, puffing a cigarette. He was Osborne, Pembroke's agent.

"You heard me, didn't you?" Osborne rasped. "It's time you quit kidding yourself, Arnold. You're washed up in New York. You're washed up in vaudeville, too. Except for one thing."

"Yes?" Pembroke said.

"The girl. Sheila. That's why they're booking your act. And you know it. You can see what's going on. You've got to keep that kid in the act. And now with that Monahan kid making a play for her and his old man out for Lil—"

"Yes, I know," Pembroke said suavely. "I don't need you to do my thinking for me. Sheila won't leave as long as her mother stays with me."

"But if Lil marries Pete Monahan? They were in love once. And it looks as if history is repeating itself."

"Not quite," Pembroke said. "Lil doesn't know Pete is still in love with her. And she won't find out."

"Why not?"

"Because she's going to be my wife. I just proposed to her, and she accepted."

Osborne whistled. "You're a first grade stinker, aren't you, Pembroke?"

Pembroke shrugged: "Just a businessman. I have to protect my investments."

got the blues . . .

Pete got drunk when he found out. And he stayed drunk. It was as if something had snapped in him, the thin taut rope of hope or love. There wasn't anything for Jimmy or Patsy to do except wait, hoping that time would heal it.

Pete missed shows. The kids had to go on alone. The crowd liked them. A New York scout invited them to look him up on Broadway. But they stuck by Pete. They always told him they flopped when he wasn't in the show.

"They sat on their hands," Jimmy said.

"They were reading papers," Patsy said.

And Pete looked up at them with half sober eyes, knowing they lied. He always promised it was the last time. And then went out and got drunk again.

It was late one night in Salt Lake City that the phone rang in the hotel room the Monahans shared. Jimmy heard it. He got up rubbing his eyes, still half asleep, and stumbled to the ringing phone. He

(*Continued on page 74*)

© Corn Products Sales Co.

LINIT not only makes cotton look and feel like linen—**LINIT** penetrates and protects fine fabrics. **LINIT** renews their original finish. **LINIT** is easy to prepare—irons smoothly and easily. ALL grocers **SELL LINIT.**

- **SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES**—Cool, lightly-starched sheets invite you to forget your troubles and sleep like a child.
- **TABLECLOTHS—NAPKINS**—Neat, attractive **LINIT**-starched table linen is as much a part of good eating as good food.
- **SLIPCOVERS**—Preserve hard-to-replace upholstery fabrics with gay slip-covers. **LINIT** starch for clean crispness.
- **CURTAINS**—Every window is a picture window when framed with pretty curtains. **LINIT**-starched, they stay clean longer.
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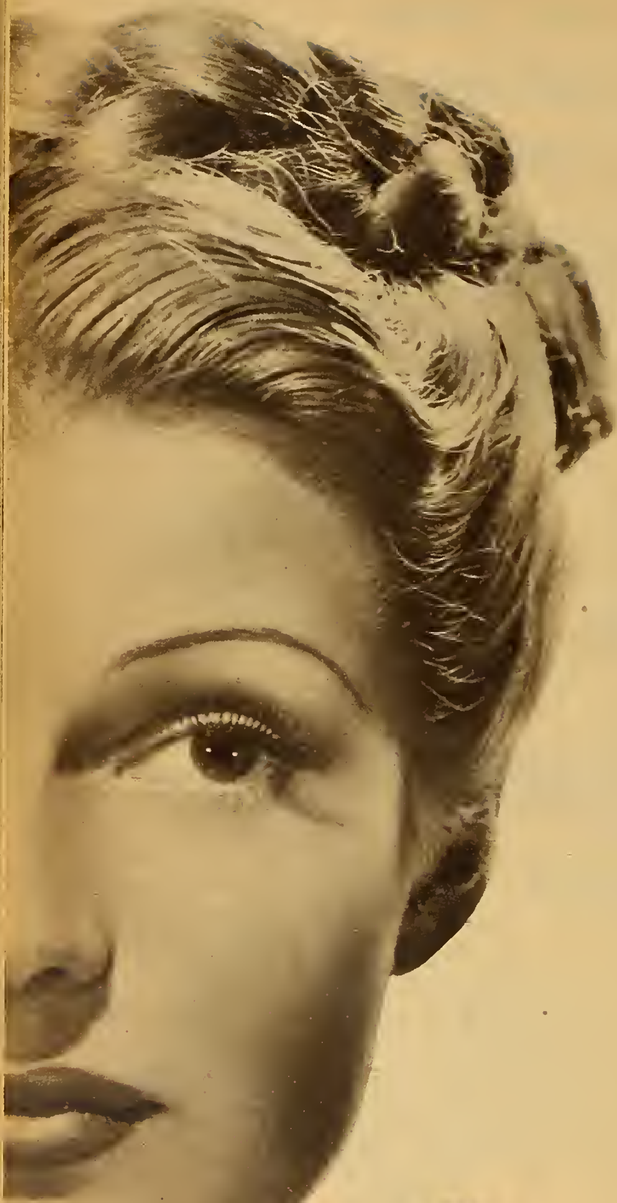
- **LINGERIE—BLOUSES—DRESSES**—Girls who look as if they come "right out of the top-drawer" depend on **LINIT**-starching.

headlines for fall

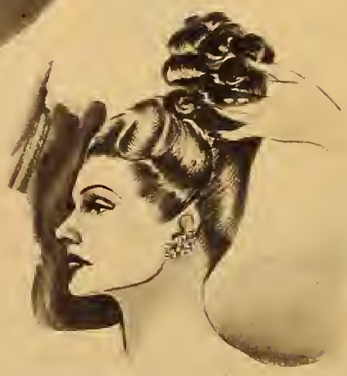
by Carol Carter



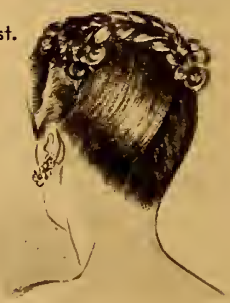
■ Taking time out from thinking up bigger and better ways to beautify MODERN SCREENers, I twirled the radio dial, and Jack Carson's show turned up. Someone was accusing him, ". . . you're jealous of Dennis Morgan's curly hair." Carson hooted, "Why shouldn't his hair be curly? He sleeps all night on a Venetian blind."

Which set me right back thinking about business. Kids, you realize, don't you, that sleeping on a Venetian blind is not the way to curl your hair? Jack's a fine fellow, but what he knows about beauty shouldn't happen to Venus. However, speaking of Venus just naturally brings Rita Hayworth to mind. Mrs. Orson Welles is one femme who knows practically everything there is to know about beauty. Recently "The Reet," as her pals call her, budded forth in a new and super Fall hair-do. MODERN SCREEN went to work to record this new coif in an exclusive pix. Nice work, eh? And, thinking of you as I always am, how about a new hair-do for you?

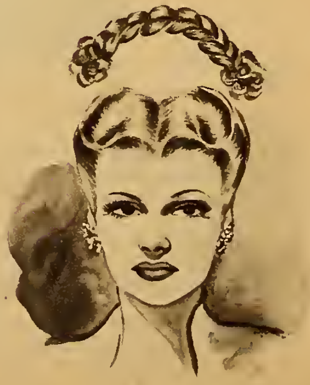
SHAMPOO SAGA. You can have fun deciding upon your new "do." There's Rita's up-business or you can take your pick of the collection on p. 76. But before you get busy with combs and curlers, give a thought to the condition of your hair. Summer's past, but are you sure the fierce summer sun hasn't left its mark? Hot sun, dust, perspiration and casual grooming methods conspire to leave it in a shabby state at the end of the season. Get busy on an intensive hair-conditioning program. Nothing fancy, just



La Hayworth shows us how 'tis done.



Intriguing! Helen Hunt's the stylist.



Her new pic, "Tonight and Every Night."

the good old reliables: proper shampooing, brushing and massaging, plus a few added helps, such as cream for brittle ends and a corrective scalp preparation.

All shampoos are not meant to be used alike. Read directions, my pets. Some are to be diluted, some not. Many of you pen me notes: "How often should I go through this shampooing business?" That depends upon whether you toil in clean country air or the sooty city variety. But one week to ten days is the safest shampoo-spacing, more often if necessary. And some of you want to know if frequent shampoos are havoc-making. Well, Rita Hayworth washes her hair almost every night. Is her hair lovely? I ask you!

About shampoo variety . . . there are several honeys on the market. A particularly good soapless liquid with hair-conditioner added that does a fine job in bringing out the luster of your tresses leaving them nicely manageable. An ocean-foam shampoo that whips up into a foamy lather, a delightful whipped-cream affair.

Comes your particular hair-washing day, you can thoroughly enjoy the delightful shampoo ritual. First, with a spanking clean brush, sweep out tangles and surface dirt. Then douse your locks with warm water. Next step is the application of a clean-making, fragrant shampoo. Massage the scalp briskly so that you stir the shampoo into a creamy, heaped-up lather. Rinse thoroughly and repeat the whole process a second time. Rita tells me that when she's shampooing she pays special attention to the areas just behind the ears and the hairline where powder clings. And she has learned that when you can see little water crystals on the hair, you know it has been thoroughly rinsed.

RINSE? REALLY! Oh, yes, you'll love the effect of an after-shampoo rinse. Cuts away soap film, it does. Besides leaving your hair Hayworth-soft and bringing it a colorful glow. You can dip your shampoo-fresh mane into the stuff, pour it on or brush it on; but use it you certainly will once you've experienced the delightful results. And, bright thought, the effect will last happily until your next shampoo, but is not dye-permanent. (*Continued on page 113*)

no finer fit at any price

BESTFORM BRASSIERES
79¢
BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS
$2.50 to $6.50

BESTFORM
means "best form"

PITIED! (because your hair is gray?)

**Clairol banishes every trace of gray or graying hair . . . swiftly, surely, beautifully*

You step into a roomful of people. And almost at once you sense the whispered comments — "Isn't it a pity?" — "She's aged so much in the past two years!" — "You can't tell me she isn't in her forties!" And yet the tragedy is that gray hair alone stamps you "old." Your face and figure are so young-looking!

Do you know how easily you can change those whispers to "Isn't she lovely?" Very easily — the Clairol way!

CLAIROL IS DELIGHTFUL — Your hair luxuriates in a froth of iridescent bubbles. And quickly — almost before you know it — it's clean, silky-soft and permanently colored. Every trace of gray hair has vanished!

CLAIROL IS DEPENDABLE — You don't have to be afraid when you use genuine Clairol. It is made from the purest, most expensive ingredients obtainable. Each of Clairol's 23 natural-looking shades is laboratory controlled, under skilled specialists.

CLAIROL KEEPS YOUR SECRET — It completely avoids that brassy look of old-fashioned dyes. Clairol shades are uniform . . . assuring a perfect match. NO OTHER PRODUCT gives such natural-looking results.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES that can't give you Clairol's beautiful results. Better Beauty Shops feature genuine Clairol. A Clairol treatment costs you no more!

FREE . . . *"11 Secrets for Beautiful Hair." This booklet tells you how to give your hair radiant beauty . . . scientifically. Just write:*

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GRAND CENTRAL ANNEX, NEW YORK, N. Y
*Caution: Use only as directed on the label

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Original Oil Shampoo Tint

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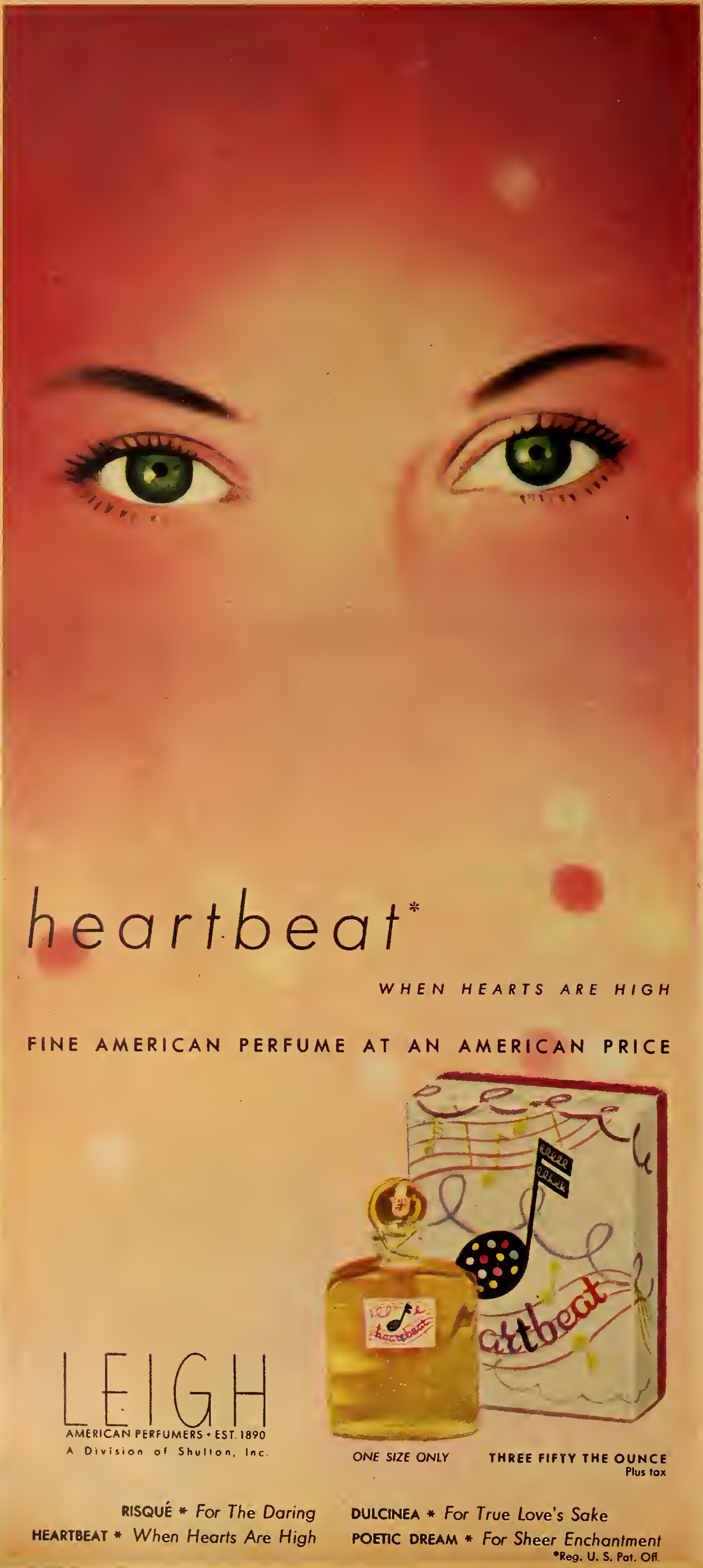

heartbeat*

WHEN HEARTS ARE HIGH

FINE AMERICAN PERFUME AT AN AMERICAN PRICE

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ONE SIZE ONLY

THREE FIFTY THE OUNCE
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RISQUÉ * For The Daring
HEARTBEAT * When Hearts Are High
DULCINEA * For True Love's Sake
POETIC DREAM * For Sheer Enchantment
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(*Continued from page 71*)

half expected it was Pete.

Sheila!

He hurried down to the lobby where Sheila was waiting. There was a half determined, half frightened look on her face. Then walking through the quiet streets of the city, she began to talk.

"I can't stand it any longer, Jimmy. I'm afraid of Pembroke. There's something cruel about him. Sometimes I can see his eyes on me, almost feel them, feel the evil in them. Maybe it's my imagination. I don't know. It's never anything you can put your finger on. But it's there. I don't want to stay any longer . . ."

They were in a little park, and over the rim of the trees the moon hung fat and slack in the sky. A cluster of stars dimpled the sweep of heaven. The trees were friendly black shadows rimming the walk. They stopped, and Jimmy faced her, looking at her.

"Sheila," he said, "you always knew you could come to me—"

"I did, Jimmy. You're the only one now."

"Sheila, from the first, from the first time I saw you on the train, I knew—"

"Knew what, Jimmy?" she said softly.

"That I loved you, Sheila. That I always will."

"I love you, Jimmy," she said.

The Irish grin stole over his face then, and there was an impish glint in his eyes.

"Then your troubles are over, my lassie," he said. "For when the Irish love, it's action and movement and living happily ever after. Come on—"

"Come on, where?"

"To get married!"

They were the first ones at the Marriage License Bureau early that morning. The clerk eyed them as they stepped up to the counter. Then he read over their application. He looked up at them again.

"You'll have to wait a minute," he said.

He took more than a minute. And it wasn't until too late that they realized why. By then, he had called Pete and Pembroke. They came in almost together.

Pete came charging in with Patsy behind him, and there was a wide grin on his face. Pembroke was impeccable and cold-faced. Lillian was with him, and seeing Sheila, she ran to her.

"Well," Pete said, "you turned out to be a fine son."

"Pop," Jimmy said, "it was just—"

"Just what? Stealing off to get married? Do you think I wanted to miss it? Jimmy's marriage! We'll make this the best marriage that ever happened on the Keith Circuit. Right, Lil?"

Pembroke said: "What marriage? They're much too young to think of it."

Pete looked at Lil: "I was thinking of getting married when I wasn't much older. Remember that, Lil?"

"This is ridiculous," Pembroke said.

He reached toward Sheila. Pete stepped in front of him.

"Wait a minute," he said. "These kids are in love. They have a right to do what they want."

"And you're the man to tell them, aren't you?" Pembroke said. "A sot! A drunkard! You're drunk now. Have been for weeks."

Pete reached for him then; he held him by the scruff of the collar. Then the anger flared in his eyes, and as Pembroke tried to pull away, Pete swung his fist, and Pembroke dropped to the floor in a sodden heap. It was Lil who bent to Pembroke, looking up at Pete.

"It's true, though, isn't it Pete?" she said.

Pembroke stopped the marriage that time. But it was the last chance he ever had. For it came out then, the fear Sheila had of him. And in their hotel Pembroke felt the careful mask slipping from his face.

true confession . . .

"I hate her," he said to Lil. "I hate her, and she knows it. Do you think it's pleasant for me to have a chit of a girl support me? To know that I'm through? If I'm through, let's make a good job of it and end this farce. I'm walking out, Lillian. I never loved you. Pete loves you. I needed a meal ticket. This is last act, last scene. You can ring down the curtain!"

It was unfortunate that Pete picked just that time to get thrown into jail. With the peculiar logic of the Irish, Pete swore off liquor, and to seal the oath he heaved a brick through the nearest liquor store window, within plain sight of a policeman. Pete always said there was a moral hidden away somewhere that the day he swore off liquor he ended up in jail.

Jimmy and Patsy were waiting for him the day he got out. He looked fit, Pete did. He walked with a spring to his step, and there was a glint in his eye which didn't come out of a bottle.

"You're looking at the new Pete Monahan," he said.

"The old one was good enough for us," Jimmy murmured.

"I hear you've been off to the big city while I was in the pokey this month."

"We had a tryout with 'The Manhattan Follies,'" Patsy answered.

"How did it go?"

"We're no good without you, Pop," Jimmy said.

"We fell flat on our faces. Not that it can do much harm to our Irish maps," Patsy giggled.

"I'll bet you did," Pete said.

Back at the hotel they waited for him while he showered and dressed. They waited until the suspicious silence in the room next door roused them, and they threw the door open. The room was empty. There was no sign of Pete. There was nothing in the room except an old copy of Variety. They saw the headline.

MONAHAN KIDS SCORE IN
MANHATTAN FOLLIES.

So Pete knew. He knew they had made a hit, and this was his way of giving them a free hand. Patsy picked up the paper feverishly. On the back page something was missing, part of a column. Jimmy matched the paper with the copy he had. The missing column told of actors and actresses needed for a big volunteer show for the soldiers.

Patsy yelled: "Come on! What are we waiting for?"

"Who's waiting?" Jimmy said.

They ran to the door.

It was quite a show. Out front they thought it was all planned and rehearsed. They thought it was part of the show when Pete Monahan turned up alone and started his act. They thought it was a prop smile that lit his face when Jimmy and Patsy came dancing out. And they still thought it was part of the act when Lil and Sheila came from the opposite wing. It looked rehearsed—the way Pete took Lil in his arms, and the way Jimmy held Sheila. But it wasn't an act.

Not to Pete.

Or to Jimmy.

THE CAST

Jimmy Monahan	*Donald O'Connor*
Patsy Monahan	*Peggy Ryan*
Pete Monahan	*Jack Oakie*
Sheila	*Ann Blyth*
Lillian	*Rosemary De Camp*
Rose	*Isabel Jewell*
Pembroke	*John Miljan*
Weldon Laydon	*Gavin Muir*

For Sparkling Teeth

Use this super value brush that anyone can afford!

For teeth that sparkle and a smile that charms, use the Dr. West's "25", a really good toothbrush that anyone can afford.

Because its Nylon bristles are so perfectly anchored, they can't shed in your mouth. And the tender gum tissues get the *extra* safeguard of smooth, precision-polished bristle ends. Not only that, but the specially designed head of this super-value brush makes it easy to reach the hard-to-get-at places in your mouth.

So, start now to use a Dr. West's "25". Or, if you want the *finest* toothbrush money can buy, select a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft, the only brush made with waterproofed, anti-soggy "Exton" brand bristling!

let's face it

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

. . . a windblown disarray is fun for your pixie moments. Here's Paramount's pet gamine, Paulette Goddard, to prove my point. Your daily social life, however, demands a neatly coiffured head. Here are some suggestions for hair-do's to fit your particular facial type. And on p. 72 I've gathered together the low-down on how to shampoo and care for your own tresses, thus saving war-precious time and money.

SQUARE: Balance your resolute jaw with height and softness. You *may* gain height by a modified pomp, but it's even smarter today to keep your brow uncluttered. Brush hair into soft waves at the temples and draw it back over the ears. Avoid added width by keeping back hair neatly under control.

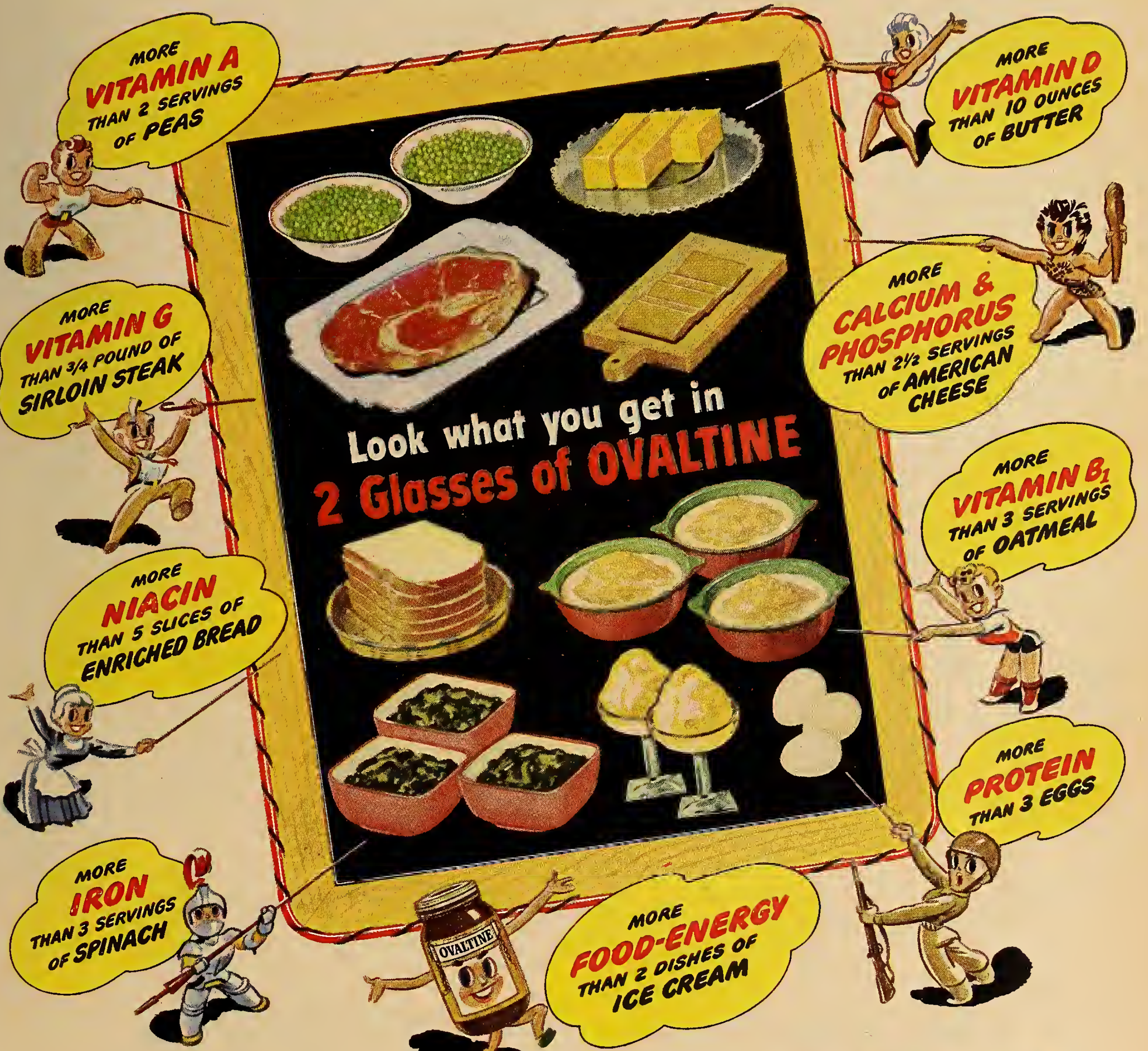
LONG: You have a happy choice of coifs. For sophisticated moments, part hair in the middle and sweep it up into wings over the temples. Weave back locks into a low bun or wear netted chignon. For less dressy occasions, brush your hair smooth on top and in loose waves that frame the face.

TRIANGULAR: The short, gamine cut is a youthful, all-season favorite with this type. Fluff the curls up at the temples and wear a feathery bang. Another style that accents heart-shaped faces is the upsweep. Swirl your curls up to one side and fasten them with split-tooth combs that prevent straggly ends.

ROUND: Your cherubic face will seem longer if you pile locks into an upsweep with a modified pomp. Keep hairline soft and varied to divert attention from rounded contours. You can wear the comfortable short cut, especially if you break the circular line with a deep wave at the forehead and a side part.

PERFECT OVAL: It's easy to wear any hair-do with an oval face, but fussy lines aren't flattering. The serene, smooth-top is your best bet. Part hair in center, brush back from your brow and let the waves cascade loosely. To look chic in a half-hat, maneuver your flowing mane into a sleek page boy or netted chignon.

NEWS! *To Get More Good from Vitamins try this* DELICIOUS WAY!


MORE VITAMIN A THAN 2 SERVINGS OF PEAS
MORE VITAMIN D THAN 10 OUNCES OF BUTTER
MORE VITAMIN G THAN 3/4 POUND OF SIRLOIN STEAK
MORE CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS THAN 2½ SERVINGS OF AMERICAN CHEESE
Look what you get in 2 Glasses of OVALTINE
MORE VITAMIN B1 THAN 3 SERVINGS OF OATMEAL
MORE NIACIN THAN 5 SLICES OF ENRICHED BREAD
MORE PROTEIN THAN 3 EGGS
MORE IRON THAN 3 SERVINGS OF SPINACH
OVALTINE
MORE FOOD-ENERGY THAN 2 DISHES OF ICE CREAM

Take them in combination with other food elements which authorities agree are necessary for best results!

All the world knows today that many people need extra vitamins for better health and keen vitality. It is also known today that vitamins do not work alone. They work as a team with certain other food elements. Hence, more and more, authorities are insisting "Take your vitamins in food!"

One of the reasons vitamins are so effective in Ovaltine is that Ovaltine is a concentrated all-round building food. It contains other food elements that enable vitamins and minerals to work together effectively as a team.

For example, Vitamin D can't do its complete job unless you have plenty of calcium and phosphorus, as found in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A can't function fully unless you also have plenty of high-quality protein, such as Ovaltine supplies. Vitamin B₁ can't spark food into energy unless it has fuel-food to work on. To get this important "teamwork", doctors urge "Take your vitamins in food!"

Ovaltine also is the *most delicious* way to take your vitamins! And it costs very little for all it gives you! So why not turn to Ovaltine, as thousands are doing, for an easy, more delicious way to get the extra vitamins and minerals you need, for better health and all-round vitality!

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ACCENT the appeal of your lips with an original color harmony shade for your type...glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds, all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood.*

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BLONDE ***BRUNETTE*** ***BROWNETTE*** ***REDHEAD***

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Complete your make-up
IN COLOR HARMONY... WITH
MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD
FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

JAKE OF THE MARITIMES

(*Continued from page 41*)

hungry again—and happy. With Dick, enlistment in the merchant marine wasn't just an idea. It was a passion, a crusade, a cure to all ills and the answer to every prayer. When the lists closed down for a while, the world came to an end. When they re-opened for boys between 16 and 17½, he went wild with hope renewed. He had to be quick—17½ was right on top of him. A certain guy who knew the ropes said he'd try to help, and had cause to rue his kindness. Dick would get him out of the bathtub and off the golf course. "How's it coming?" He drove Henry Hathaway, director of "Wing and A Prayer," crazy. "Does this scene mean anything, or could I get off to go to the merchant marines?" At the enlistment station every time they looked up, there stood Dick Jaeckel, that lost-dog plea in his eyes.

Wait till he was 18? Not if he could help it! He wanted to be in a branch he liked, and at 18 you have no choice. Besides, all his friends were going in. Too darn lonely, hanging around by himself. He might even have to make another picture, which would be the last straw—

Yes, he definitely feels the same way about pictures. "Wing and A Prayer" wasn't as bad as "Guadalcanal," he got the hang of things better, and he met a lot of nice guys like Bill Eythe and Murray Alper. But he doesn't like acting. Acting's not reasonable. Maybe he'll feel different after the war, it all depends. He doesn't know what it depends on—just depends. Maybe after the war they won't want him back. Can't understand why they wanted him in the first place.

If it had been his cousin now. Dick hadn't seen his cousin in eight years. Just lately he was sent out to California—Ensign John Hanley, aged 20, good-looking as they come, the personality kid himself.

Dick's first name is Hanley, only nobody uses it except his mother. They took John to dinner at LaRue's. Lew Schreiber, 20th-Fox executive, came over to their table.

"I'd like you to meet Ensign Hanley," said Dick, very proud. Then he nudged Mr. Schreiber. "Say, don't you think you've got the wrong Hanley in pictures?"

He made "Wing and A Prayer" for two reasons—because Mom promised she'd sign his enlistment papers then, and because the fellows talked him into it. Doug Stahl, Tom Smith and Jay Richards are his closest pals. To them he's Jake—and since it's the name he prefers, let's call him by it. They're all JUGS—short for Just Us Guys, a club affiliated with the Y. And Jake's life is bound up with the JUGS.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Over twenty years ago I was visiting an uncle in that part of New York known as "Hell's Kitchen." One day I heard a terrific commotion outside, but as this was such a common occurrence, I ignored it. Then I heard a girl's voice shouting that no one could slap her kid brother and get away with it! I then opened the window just in time to see a blond-haired youngster of about eight beating up a boy at least three years her senior.

It was certainly a spunky and loyal thing to do, and I never forgot the name of Alice Leppert. Or do you know her as Alice Faye?

Peter Sardo,
Laureldale, Pa.

big jug . . .

At first they took his movie job as a joke. But it wasn't so funny to Jake, because he was stuck with it. He hated talking about it. When they tried to dig things out of him, he'd clam up. What bothered him most was the fellows'd kid about his being a millionaire. He hated being different from the other guys—having more money or more clothes or more anything—

So after "Guadalcanal" he quit the movies—got himself a job at Bireley's with Doug, and good riddance to acting. But by that time, the fellows' attitude had changed, they were proud of the kid, so they cooked up this deal to surprise him—

He always spent a lot of time at Doug's. They've been friends for six years, and Mrs. Stahl's the kind of mother you dream about. What she'd rather do than anything is feed boys. "If you don't eat at our house," she says, "I figure you don't like the cooking, so you don't get asked again."

Well, "Guadalcanal" was previewed at Grauman's Chinese Wednesday night. Naturally, they didn't have the kind of money it takes for a preview, so they cooked up this deal for Thursday, which was club night. There were eighteen JUGS left who weren't in the Army yet, and each guy chipped in 35 cents and gave Mrs. Stahl so many ration points. Doug kept Jake out front, playing catch, and the fellows sneaked in over the back fence. You should have seen Jake's face when Doug's mom called them in. What tickled him most was, it showed how the guys really felt.

"I think he'd like the picture business," says Doug, "if you got about five bucks a day like a truck driver. It's the idea that you're supposed to be famous and filthy rich—that's what gets him down—"

There was a quart of milk at each place, and even Mom Stahl was satisfied with the way food disappeared down those young gullets. That part of the program was fine with Jake. The second half pleased him less. They were bound for the Chinese, bent on showing Jake off it if killed him. Ritzy and conspicuous in blue jackets and white shirts, they paraded him along the aisle of the theater to a section down front. Heads turned. "Look, that's Dick Jaeckel—" Boy, was *his* face red, and did *they* get a bang out of it! All through the show he'd be trying to get up, and they'd keep shoving him back.

gangway for tomorrow . . .

Well, that was all right for clowning, but on the side Doug and Tom Smith got serious with Jake. "You're a darn fool," they told him, "if you don't get another picture under your belt, regardless of the guys razzing you. That doesn't mean a thing, they'd all like to be in your boots. Have some sense, Jake. Okay, so you hate it. But you might feel different after the war, and you'll stand a lot better chance to get back in, if more people know you. If you still feel the same, nobody can *make* you go back."

"I'm scared," said Jake. "I'm scared of getting caught some way—"

"How you gonna get caught? Your mom promised to sign the papers in April. She never went back on her word yet, did she? And another thing. If you don't like the money angle—"

His face cleared to a grin. "I know, really

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Inferior sun glasses let annoying and harmful ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays strike the eyes.

Here's what happens when you wear Cool-Ray Sun Glasses...

Cool-Ray Sun Glasses, by absorbing ultra-violet and infra-red rays, provide the eyes with a "Safety Zone."

SAFETY ZONE

Cool-Ray Sun Glasses admit plenty of "seeing rays," and keep eyes cool and comfortable.

Civilian supply is limited—but your dealer may be able to supply you. $1.95 up.

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LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR! There's an amazing 'lift' to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence in your beauty—bids you be irresistible—and if you feel irresistible, well, naturally, you *are!*

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For the most lasting and natural effect:

- Apply rouge before powdering.
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Key your lips perfectly to your cheeks—the effect is stunning! You'll love the smoothness of Princess Pat Lipstick and its amazing power to stay on. The shades are simply heavenly! Wherever you buy cosmetics you'll find Princess Pat Rouge, Lipstick and Powder. Get yours today.

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PRINCESS PAT

build a future—put it in War Bonds!"

So he did go back, and that's where most of his money went—into War Bonds. The only time he kind of splurged for a while was when he started taking The Girl out. (We promised Jake not to give her name away.) He'd been at the same school with her for two years, but didn't really get to know her till he was out. He was out a year ahead of his class, so he'd go back to see the guys, and that's when it happened. She's little—just the right size for him—and awfully pretty, with soft brown eyes and hair. He'd dash over to school on his lunch hour from Bireley's, and she'd ditch class, and they'd sit under a tree munching an apple or a blade of grass and she'd tell him her troubles. Mr. Anthony, he called himself.

Pretty soon she didn't seem to have any more troubles. But the fellows did. Because *their* girls made a point of telling them about the wonderful time Jake was showing *his* girl. So they had a little talk with him. "Better slow down, Jake. Our limit's two bucks a night, and our women are giving us the needle."

They didn't have to tell him twice. By that time it didn't matter anyway. The deal was cinched. The Girl liked him enough, so she didn't care where he took her.

They'd dance at the Palladium or the Casa Mañana. They're both terrific dancers. Jake has a step all his own that the guys try to copy but can't, his feet move too fast—

Sundays they'd all pile in Jake's car or Doug's and go down to the beach. Jake's a swell body surfer. Good at all sports, for that matter. Swimming, football, basketball. For his size, the guy really holds his own. Rainy Sundays, they'd sit around at Doug's house with cokes and fritos, listening to records. Jake bought every King Cole and Dave Rose record the minute they came out. You know how most modern records have rides in them, taken by one instrument. Well, each fellow'd pick a different instrument and take the ride as it came along. Jake picked the sax for King Cole, and the violin for Dave Rose. Shoulda seen him take that ride on "Holiday for Strings"—he really went to town—

He spent a lot of time with Doug and Tom Smith that last month. Doug was going into the Air Force, end of June. They'd take BB guns and .22's and go up the canyon to shoot frogs. Then back to Doug's for dinner. Among the six of 'em—including Mom and Dad Stahl and Doug's brother Charlie—they'd kill a leg of lamb and about a ton of mashed potatoes with gravy oozing out, and a huge lettuce and tomato salad and gallons of milk. Jake was always swiping everybody's milk. He'd drink his down and switch glasses, then they'd all start switching and arguing till nobody knew whose glass was whose, and Mom'd bring another pitcherful in from the kitchen. "That's it, boys," she'd say, beaming from ear to ear, "beyond what I salvaged for breakfast."

Then each guy'd have a pint of ice cream. They took it for granted that they had to eat themselves sick. Matter of fact, they'd eat the main course to the top and just stuff the rest into whatever space was left. Then they'd stagger up from the table and go play basketball.

loop-the-loopers . . .

Jake and his mom had a pact—they always spent Tuesday and Friday night together. She's young and nice-looking and smart, and he treats her more like a sister than anything else. Take clothes, for instance. She had to be dressed a certain way, or he'd come right out with it. "You don't look very glamorous, old lady," he'd say. And he hates crazy hats. "Sorry," he'd say, "but if you want me to take you out, you'll have to change hats." She did, too, and Jake always appreciated it. "You look sharp now, Mom."

They'd go to dinner and movies, and they loved riding the chutes and roller coasters at Venice and pitching three balls for a nickel, giggling like crazy when they'd make a strike. Practically furnished their beach house with the corny stuff they won pitching balls. Only thing Jake couldn't get her to do was go roller skating. "I'd lose my dignity," she'd say.

"What's a fall between friends? Be your age, Mom."

And she'd laugh and say, "That's what I'm trying to be."

Most ways, he could get around her though. She might fly off the handle, but it never amounted to much. Like here lately one night, she told him he had to be home at a certain time, or she wouldn't sign his papers. Well, things came up, and he just couldn't make it, not by a good couple of hours—

"Guess I'm in the Army," he sings out when he finally does walk in.

"You beat me to it," she calls back, and it sounds pretty grim.

So he grabs his leg and goes lumbering into her room and collapses on the bed like a man in utter agony—

Naturally she's scared. "Oh, you poor boy, what happened? What's wrong with your leg?"

"Nothing," he grins, "that the merchant marine won't fix."

She pretends to be sore, but he knows he's got her, practice has made perfect. You can't poor-boy a guy one minute and wreck his life the next.

All kidding aside, Mom would never have stood in his way. She knew what it meant to him. Must've been pretty wearing on her, watching him chase around, up today, down tomorrow. She'd prepare an extra-special nice dinner, and he wouldn't eat. That's no fun for a woman, but Jake couldn't help it. Too nervous to eat—

Till that Monday the phone call came telling him to report for a physical Wednesday. First he yipped around, then he started getting nervous again. Knew there couldn't be anything wrong with him, keeping fit was a kind of mania with Jake. But you're not really in till you're in. Tuesday night he couldn't sleep, kept watching the clock, was out at the crack of dawn—

smooth sailing . . .

Wednesday night was different. He ate like a horse and gabbed like a poll-parrot. "Mom, for being so nice and signing all my papers, I'll leave you my car."

"That's sweet of you dear—" it's a hopped-up jaloppy, "—especially when you know I wouldn't be caught dead driving it."

"Well, you can pat it every once in a while. Yay, I'm a man of the maritime! Nothing wrong with this chicken."

"First kind word you've thrown me in weeks."

"True, very true. One more day in town, two more nights, four more meals. Ah, the maritime!"

"I know this won't do me any good, but—other boys stick around for a couple of weeks."

"Sorry, Mom, can't be done. If I go Friday, they'll give me my shots, and I'll have all day Sunday to get over 'em. Then Monday morning I can start practising how to move in at those beachheads."

They went to a movie, but didn't stay. Jake's head began bobbing and weaving, so Mom got him home to bed where he slept the sleep of the just till 9 next morning. *That* was a day—haircut, business

(Continued on page 82)

She's even prettier awake! Because she really *rests* while she sleeps—on her *Beautyrest* mattress! A rest she's *earned,* with a full day at the office, plus some after-hours as nurses' aide. (Our country needs after-hours war effort from all of us.) If *you* own a Beautyrest, you're lucky. Take good care of those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those busy little ventilators that keep it clean and fresh! Simmons Company is deep in war production and don't know when they will be able to make Beautyrest again. Meanwhile, if you need a *new* mattress see about WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! Tops in wartime buys at $39.50! And here's NEWS—Beautyrest Box Springs are available in limited quantities at $39.50 each!

BEAUTYREST – The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

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•"Free to work with all your heart. Or play hard as a five-year-old. Free to live *every* day to the hilt.

Sound good to you? Then listen . . .

Out of 10,086 typical American girls who wrote why they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins—8 out of 10 said, "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!"

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So be in on the secret of wonderful freedom—try Modess. It costs no more.

Discover the Difference—Switch to

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SANITARY NAPKINS

(*Continued from page 80*)

affairs at the bank and studio, giving clothes away, buying a sleeping bag for a guy whose bag had been swiped out of Jake's car. Rushing home to get dressed, rushing down to pick up The Girl, taking her over to Ella Campbell's for dinner, taking her back to visit with Mom while he changed into other duds again—

Because it was club night, and you couldn't show yourself down there in anything but dirty corduroys and an old sweat shirt, for the JUGS, it's *the* thing. He took The Girl home first. She said, "Close your eyes, Jake," and when he opened them, there was a silver St. Christopher on a chain round his neck.

"Funny," she said, blinking her eyes very fast. "Till this minute I didn't really believe you were going."

Something in her voice made him feel panicky. "You—you're not going to cry, are you?"

She smiled instead. "Not now, anyway. The whole world's so sad. I think we should all take care of our own sadness. There's no sense in making it worse for somebody else."

All the way to the club he kept thinking how swell she was.

It was the last meeting. They were all breaking up to go into different branches of the service. Saturday night they were giving an Aloha dance. Jake was sorry he wouldn't be there, but not sorry enough to change his plans. Last meeting, Doug—who was president—said it would take about 200 dollars to put the dance on. He asked each guy who could to chip in five bucks. But they were still short dough—

Jake said good-by to the boys. Then—"Look, Doug, I—I'd like to give you a check for whatever you're short."

Doug couldn't help laughing. "You don't have to act so embarrassed about it. I think it's swell. So will the other guys—"

"They don't have to now. It's just between you and me."

"Okay, brother, make it out for fifty-five bucks. If we sell enough tickets, you might get it back."

"If you sell enough tickets, buy a bond for the JUGS."

He left at nine Friday morning. A friend had enlisted with him, and another friend was driving them both down. He took only a little toilet kit along.

"What, no lotions?" teased Mom. He owns fifty-seven varieties, they're his one luxury.

"Not for a maritimer!"

"I know one maritimer who'll be buying the PX out next week."

At his own request, she'd given him two leather photocases, the kind you can fold and slip into your pocket—one for her picture and that of his dead father, one for The Girl's. Now she brought out a long flat box. On its satin bed, lay one of those everything-proof wrist-watches—a beaut!

"Very, very reasonable," said Jake, nodding his head in solemn approval. He stuck his paw out. "You put it on." Their eyes met. It was a ticklish moment for a boy who doesn't like to show his feelings. "One wrist-watch," he grinned. "One silver St. Christopher. And my diamond tiara I'll only wear on formal occasions."

He grabbed her in a bear's hug. "So long, Mom. Keep the home fires burning—" and was gone.

Instead of practising how to take beachheads, he was stuck in the laundry that first week from six to five.

Later, he was sent to Alaska. By now he's undoubtedly somewhere else. X marks the spot. If you'd like to find it, go up and down the world with your ear to the ground. Sooner or later you'll hear an exultant, "Wheeee! I'm a maritimer!" That'll be Jake.

THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE

(*Continued from page 38*)

"To be impulsive," grinned the triumphant Jess. "To come to Mocambo with me after the show. No—I don't think you're *that* impulsive."

"I have another date," countered Susan.

Jess lifted his shoulders and eyebrows in twin shrugs. "See. That's what I mean. You aren't impulsive enough to break your other date." And he walked away.

Susan bristled at the challenge. Of the girl working next to her she demanded, "Who *is* that man?"

"Are you kidding! That's Jess Barker, of course."

"I know that. But who *is* Jess Barker?" pursued Miss Hayward, growing more impulsive by the moment.

Who *is* Jess Barker?

He was born in Greenville, South Carolina, next to last in a family of five boys, to wit: William, John, James, Jess and Joseph. No girls at all.

Their mother was a practical nurse, their father a railroader—yard master, to be explicit — which automatically made the Barker kids the most envied characters in their set.

Jess, forbidden by his father to do such things, made it a Saturday night habit to slip down to the railroad yards and look wistfully (in his best Butch Jenkins manner) at all passing engineers. Engineers, being basically only boys grown tall, understood Jess' dearest desire. They gave him the wink, and the next thing anyone knew, Jess was pulling the whistle cord and chugging out of the yards, carefully concealed from his father's watchful eye. He saw a good deal of country from the cab of a locomotive. He would have seen more, but his business enterprises didn't allow him a surplus of time for traveling.

He hadn't yet started to school when he took on the responsibility of his first newspaper job: Delivering direct to the customer. The first time he was paid, he counted the silver over carefully—first grade arithmetic or no—and realized that he had made exactly one dollar and forty cents.

It was the riches of Araby. He jingled the coins in the pocket of his knickers, tasting the first jubilance of wealth. Like any generous man with dough in his doublet, he bethought him of his lady fair. He wanted to buy a gift.

He stopped at the shop of his choice and made a purchase. "Fifty cents," said the salesgirl, beaming down on her solemn-eyed customer. Jess gulped, but manfully counted out the dimes.

lollipop heaven . . .

Then he went home and banged the back door with unnecessary emphasis. After all, he was a wage earner and entitled to a demonstration of masculine authority. "Got paid," he said, before his mother could mention the slammed door. From his pockets he produced ninety proud cents and dropped it into his mother's apron. Then he handed her a box of sweets—fifty cents' worth of lithographed carton, bright red ribbon and indifferent chocolate—and said, clearing his throat, "Thought maybe you'd like some candy."

His mother said that he was a good boy and that she couldn't imagine what was wrong with her eyes—probably those onions she had been peeling for the stew.

Jess, having made *le beau geste*, managed to eat most of the candy himself although it actually wasn't his favorite

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brand. His choice, decided upon during the wonderful summer months spent at his grandfather's farm, was lollipops. He used to lie on a bench between two huge trees, and lick lollipops by the hour while he contemplated the green hula hands of the boughs, turning in a timeless dance against the blue sky.

During those lollipop sessions, Jess made plans for his future: He was going to be a very rich man some day. Rich enough so that he could buy his mother a box of candy costing a *dollar* fifty any time he wished. The lavishness of the notion usually startled him into remembering minutely how much money he had (1) in his penny bank, (2) in his dime bank, (3) on deposit in the city's most imposing banking house.

Jess always saved money. He became quietly famous in the bosom of his own family for his astounding thrift. Bill (eldest of the Barkers) came to him one day with a proposition. Bill needed a set of new tires for his car and was, at the moment, broke. He wanted to borrow a small sum from his generous and opulent brother, Jess.

"What do I get out of it?" queried the banker, running true to the celebrated form of financiers.

futurity date . . .

Bill scrutinized his ten-year-old brother. "As soon as you get a girl friend, you can borrow my car any time you want to and take her riding," he promised. He went into some of the glowing possibilities of an automobile ride with a girl friend.

"How do I know that you'll let me have the car any time I want it—when I'm sixteen and can really drive?" asked Jess.

"Well, let's have this understanding," explained Bill, "that you own *one-half* of the car. We're full partners. How's that?"

Jess gave it some thought, while Bill continued to pour on the soft soap. Finally, Jess agreed. It was easier than arguing. Three weeks later it developed

I SAW IT HAPPEN

You may have heard that Toronto audiences are never generous with their applause, even when they admire a performer, so when Francis Lederer, who was making a personal appearance tour at Shea's several years ago, was accorded a very lukewarm reception, I was terribly annoyed. So annoyed, in fact, that when I arrived home, I wrote him a note apologizing for our "reserved" attitude, and had my brother deliver it to him at the stage door the next day, Saturday.

The following Monday found me in bed with the flu so when the phone rang in the late morning, it was Mother who answered. I confess my temperature rose several degrees when I heard her exclaim, "Why, Mr. Lederer, Joan will be so surprised!" It was really he, calling to thank me for my interest and inviting me to visit him backstage the following week.

I couldn't make it, but Mother did, and in spite of the impatient secretary hovering over him, he spent precious time chatting with her (he even kissed her hand) and inscribing a large picture of himself, "To Joan, I am very grateful, Francis Lederer."

It's nice to know that old-world courtesy and graciousness hasn't completely died out.

Joan Kennedy,
Saltville, Va.

that Jess' half of the car had burned out its battery; a new one had to be purchased. Jess agreed. A partnership was a partnership.

But the more he peered into the misty distance of six years, at the termination of which he would come into operating possession of a car rapidly falling to pieces, the more convinced he became that Measures to Safeguard His Investment should be taken. Quietly, he slipped around to talk to Bill's wife. The conversation ended with Jess, patently the possessor of true Barker persuasiveness, having borrowed back the full amount of his original loan to Bill from Bill's wife.

It is just as well that this involved financial transaction was completed long before maturity date. When Jess was only fourteen, he heard that a Shrine convention was to take place in Miami. Jess had heard—as who hasn't—a great deal about Shrine conventions.

As his gray-green glance watched the specials rolling down the main line, it occurred to him that here was a thing he shouldn't miss. He walked downtown slowly. At a haberdasher's he paused long enough to invest in a beige camel's hair cap; it came down over his ears, but it gave him a sense of touristing. Next, he visited the bank and drew out enough money for transportation by Pullman.

Then he went home and made an announcement. "I'm going to Florida." He didn't know how much dissension to expect.

"Well, don't eat a lot of silly things and get an upset stomach," said his mother practically. "And write to me regularly."

He wandered the streets of Miami with "Gosh" engraved in smiles across his face. The boom was on. The convention was on. The city bulged at the seams. "There's money to be made here," surmised Mr. Barker. He wandered into a drugstore where a harassed manager, with too much business and not enough help, buttonholed him. "Looking for a job?" gasped the manager.

Jess said he was.

The manager rushed him into a white jacket, cap and apron and thrust him behind a counter where other employees were behaving like citizens of an ant heap trying to transport a watermelon. Jess helpfully began to wash dishes while keeping an eye on genuine soda clerks. He learned, between sudsing glasses, how to assemble a cherry coke and a chocolate sundae. He found out where various supplies were kept.

Thus educated, he decided that he was ready to graduate to faucets and spigots. When an excessively pretty girl entered and sat down directly before him, Jess gave her the personality smile and asked, "May I serve you?"

"A chocolate malt with chocolate ice cream," said the Fascinating Face.

Jess felt his sawdust raining out through his heels. Just before the jacket, apron and cap collapsed with Mr. Barker, the girl said, "You're new, aren't you?"

He nodded. He moistened his lips and looked for the manager.

"Never mind," whispered the girl. "I'll tell you how to make the malt. Take that tall, shiny can and put in a dipper of milk, then . . ."

For an hour she sat there, sipping her malt and reciting recipes when customers appeared with appetites more elaborate than Jess had anticipated. She was there, on the same counter stool, at approximately the same hour the next day and the next.

Three years later, after having danced thousands of miles together, after having seen hundreds of movies, after having discussed everything from the stars in Orion's belt to the new waitress who filled all the

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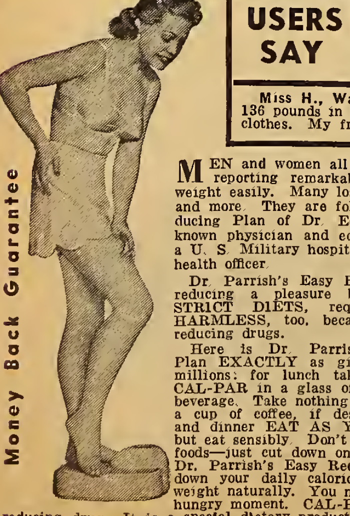

USERS SAY

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salt shakers with sugar, they got around to talking about themselves.

"When are you going to get married?" the girl inquired academically.

"When I'm making a hundred dollars a week," decided Jess.

This shattering practicality smote heavily on a 17-year-old girl's romantic nature. She laughed in the Barker face. "You'll *never* be earning that much money," she chortled. "Never."

She should have known better than to challenge a Barker. Three days later, Jess told her, "I'll get in touch with you when I'm making a hundred a week," and caught the next train out of Miami. Not, however, before he had given the source of his required weekly stipend some serious thought.

sold short . . .

Wall Street, he decided, was his pigeon. Every picture he had seen, every book he had read, contained references to boy wizards who were able to run a porter's tip into a trillion.

Briskly, he applied for a job at a famous brokerage house. Yes, they said, they actually *did* have an opening for a likely lad. He would start as board boy, wearing earphones and chalking market quotations. The salary? The usual thing—fifteen dollars a week.

Jess stalked out of the establishment. He had been earning twenty behind a soda fountain; he certainly wasn't going to trade customers chewing sandwiches, for customers chewing pencils—and sacrifice five dollars in the bargain. Promptly he looked over the local eatery situation, found what he considered one of the busiest intersections in the world and applied to the fountain manager.

Before long he had parlayed a soda straw into sixty dollars a week—still forty short of his goal, but not bad at all under the circumstances. There were others in the same company who noticed that Jess was doing okay, so a meeting was held at which several co-workers suggested that at the end of each day all tips received be pooled, then divided evenly.

As Jess, by giving phenomenally good service, had worked himself into a condition of physique best described by the fact that he could have hidden behind a telephone post while carrying a sleeping bag, considered pooling unfair, and said so. He added that if the system were put into effect, he would quit. He had enough in the bank to tide himself over for quite a period, and—in addition—another opportunity was looming on the horizon; an opportunity that contained great promise of shattering that hundred dollar per week mark. Eventually, at least.

A man living in the same building with him had suggested repeatedly that Jess read lines for a woman who was quite celebrated as a drama coach. The friend thought Jess possessed the indefinable stuff of which actors are made.

silence is silver . . .

From this particular school had come Clark Gable and Irene Dunne. Later students were Marsha Hunt, Jeffrey Lynn, John Sheppard and Cornel Wilde.

Jess read lines and enrolled in the school. After three months' training he secured his first part. The director of the play for which Jess was auditioning fixed that young man with a seer's eye and wanted to know, "Can you read lines?"

Jess said he thought he could, he had been studying. The director supplied a script, and Jess did his best. Apparently the director was pleased, because he nodded vigorously. "Fine," he said.

So the first part Jess ever played was a brown-stained native boy who crossed *the stage carrying a basket of fish—and never said a word!*

That experience was followed by summer stock in Lowell, Massachusetts, then a job with a repertory theater in New Jersey. After having played nearly a hundred roles in outlying theaters, he was signed for a Broadway appearance—the Jimmie Stewart part of "You Can't Take It With You."

Whereupon, Jess was spotted and signed by Walter Wanger. (The following phase of Jess' career has been, until now, a closely guarded secret.) He came, a bewildered character, into the Hollywood scene and remained long enough to speak a very few lines in two B-minus pictures. Then he gave up and returned to New York.

One night after his return to the East Coast, he sat down with his mathematics long enough to determine that the lines he had spoken under contract in California had cost his studio something like seven hundred dollars a word. Wistfully he wished that he might relate this fantastic news to the little girl who had once questioned his earning ability. Of course, the word rate hadn't been very steady, but then neither is a roller coaster—and think of the fun you have. However, he had lost touch with his earliest critic, so his belated triumph was denied him.

IT'S NOT JUNE IN JANUARY

But it's practically Christmas in July. No, December 25th will still be Christmas back home here, but if we want to make sure that our fellas overseas really have a Merry Christmas with all the trimmin's, we'd better start thinking about it—and pronto! The Post Office Department is asking us to please, but please, make sure that all holiday gifts get sent out by September 15th and no later than October 15th. The regulations on size, weight, packing, etc., are the same as always, but no need for a letter of request.

So looky, if you think Bill is having enough of a show out there without being bothered with presents, o. k. But if he's just a plain joe homesick for the States and you, a carefully bought gift, well-wrapped and arriving at the Nick of time will do a heck of a lot to prove to him that we realize that it isn't always our morale that needs the boosting!

After several more Broadway roles, Jess was cast in a play entitled "Magic." No one seems to have heard much about it, but a Columbia talent scout was in the audience opening night and—at sight of Mr. Barker—uttered contract noises to the head office in an urgent telegram. The next thing Jess knew he was back again in Hollywood, keeping it a profound secret that this was his second trip.

He established himself in a small apartment amid a large circle of friends. Wherever he went, he encountered persons he had known in New York, many of them girls from the theater. Now if Jess is one thing more than another, it's convivial. When he wasn't squiring some lovely, he was showing up at the Canteen to act as emcee. So successful were his Friday night appearances that some bright mind asked him to introduce Tuesday night's entertainment, too. Which he promptly agreed to do.

Then, one Friday night last November, Susan Hayward was working at the Canteen when a tall, blond chap with an ingratiating smile abruptly appeared before

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her to say, "Well, are you *really* impulsive?"

Susan decided that she was. She begged out of her "date"—not a difficult feat—by sitting in the telephone booth for a few minutes to give the proper impression—and was off to Mocambo with Jess.

She discovered that he was a phenomenal dancer and that he knew more people than a chatterbox could name in ninety minutes. She discovered also that he wanted her phone number. Not the number of her agent—the usual dodge practiced by stars—but her personal dial combo. "No," said Miss Hayward, being conservative, "I'll see you at the Canteen."

where there's a will . . .

The next evening Miss Hayward's guarded private number rang loudly. "Hello," said Susan. "Hello," said Jess. "How about having dinner with me?"

The lady said no.

She said no for three days. The following Friday night at the Canteen, she looked up to see the same wistful pan staring at her. "I don't think you're *that* impulsive," said he persistently.

Susan laughed. "Oh, *you!*" she said.

Jess knew then that he had won; they've been a love match ever since.

Before their marriage they used to hang out at Schwab's, where Jess observed the soda department with a connoisseur's eye; they went dancing; they visited friends. Susan had ample opportunity to get acquainted with Jess' spectacular sense of humor. At a party one night after "Cover Girl" had been released, Jess met Otto Kruger. As you remember, Jess played Mr. Kruger as a boy in the picture. "I want to congratulate you on your splendid performance," said Jess with a straight face. "The scenes in which you were a young man were my favorites." That brought down the house.

Early this summer they threw local columnists into a panic by pricing a ring displayed in a window; nothing serious, they were just curious about it. Some fanciful jeweler telephoned a daily paper with the announcement that Jess and Susan *appeared* to be contemplating matrimony. By three o'clock, this mild rumor had burgeoned into the wild statement that Jess and Susan had eloped over the week-end.

During the week of July twenty-third new marriage rumors cropped up. And this time they were true. The following Sunday they were married in a small church ceremony in Hollywood.

The best wishes of all Hollywood go out to them, and well may they deserve them. Susan is a girl any man would be proud to take to an Ambassador's Ball, and that Barker Boy is strictly the gallant from Greenville.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Victor Mature was appearing in person at a Cleveland theater, and I was waiting outside the stage door to catch a glimpse of him. Having nothing else to do, I borrowed some chalk from my girl friend and started to write my name on the theater wall. Soon, I heard someone clear his throat, and whirling around, I saw a tall, handsome Coast Guardsman—Mr. Mature! He'd been watching me all the time.

"Here's a dime, youngster," he grinned. "Buy some more chalk and start writing my name all over the place."

And I would have, too, if my hands could have stopped shaking!

Marilyn Rickert
Dayton, Ohio

HI, MONICA!

(Continued from page 54)

says Paul, striving for conviction.

"Strange. What did it revolve around?"

That's the only difference between them. Lisl worships unblushingly. Paul pretends to cling to a shred of masculine objectivity. Till his daughter appears, rosy and tumbled from her nap, stretching to get out of Lutzi's arms into his. Then all pretense crumbles. Then his face is flooded with such tenderness that you no longer even want to kid him about it.

"This," he says, "is one of her papa-days."

Like any mother, Lisl glories in the love between her husband and her child. Just to stir things up, she pretends she's jealous. Paul explains gravely that Monica has her papa and mamma-days. Days when she's specially devoted to one or the other. As a matter of fact, it was Lisl who had the head start. Paul's just begun to catch up with her . . .

"Now she comes to an age," says Lisl, "where the man is more attractive—"

"Now I'm on vacation," says Paul, "so we have time to play."

porcelain and poppa . . .

There's not much a man can do for a girl before she's reached the age of one. He can hold her of course, but—

"She's so tiny," said Paul, as Lisl laid her into his arms.

"You're frightened. You hold her like porcelain."

"I'm *not* frightened!"

"Then why is your forehead sweating?"

"Because it's hot."

He was working then and had worked almost constantly for over a year. "Devotion," "In Our Time," "Between Two Worlds," "The Conspirators" followed each other in rapid succession. If he was lucky, he'd get home in time to see Monica bathed. Lisl did a good job, but Lutzi—who used to be Lisl's nurse—was the expert. It was something like a work of art—her sure, deft, gentle way with the squirming little body.

"Ach, it's nothing," she'd say. "Here, you can do it, too."

He'd back away. "I'm a spectator sport." That was Lutzi's favorite joke. She'd chuckle as hard the hundredth time as the first.

But if Paul couldn't bathe her, Lutzi couldn't take her picture. That's where papa shone. He's the kind of amateur who does professional work, and his pictures of Monica from the age of one week on fill albums and albums. He could also buy her things. No girl's ever too young for that. A charming doll in crisp organdie—because it was called a Monica-doll. A violet-sprayed cup and saucer—because she was born in April, the month of violets. He's practical, too—heard Lisl complain of wartime safety pins and how they didn't hold, so he went out and ordered a couple dozen that did hold.

Another purchase was less inspired. One evening Lisl was bemoaning the rubber situation. It sounded terribly sad, and it made a deep impression on Paul. Next day he went into conference with a pal on the set, whose baby is about Monica's age—

"What does your wife do about rubber?"

"Pants, you mean? Say, there's a shop in the valley still carries that stuff. Want me to take you there?"

They dashed out during lunch hour, Paul in his make-up. Yes, they still had a few pair of pants and some sheeting. In black and pink. Better take the black,

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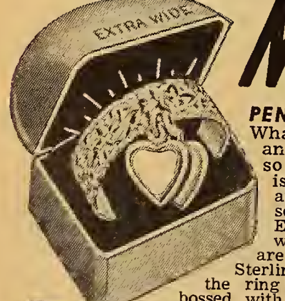

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He walked in that night with the tread of a conqueror, and the parcel under his arm. They told him he was wonderful. They made such a fuss over him and his black rubber that he practically purred. When the door closed behind him, only two words were spoken. "Ach, men!" said Lutzi. Lisl stuffed the parcel into a dark corner of the closet, where it lies to this day. Rubber or no rubber, who could use black for a baby!

Under the eyes of an adoring household, she grew from a morsel that ate and slept and gugged, to a personality. She accepts adoration sweetly, but if you don't adore her, that's all right with her, too. Take Maxi, for instance. Maxi's getting old and can't be bothered and goes G-r-r. She accepts that, too. All other dogs are Wah-wah—including Vicki, the gentle cocker spaniel. Maxi is G-r-r-, and she loves him just the same.

She's made friends with all the neighborhood children. Among her favorites are Pat O'Brien's younger son and 5-year-old Jill Schary. "Hi, Santa Monica!" they hail her. "Hi!" she calls back. Her name has nothing to do with the name of the town. Lisl's always wanted a blonde daughter named Monica—blonde, because Pauli was so fair as a child, Monica because it seemed to her such a happy name. Throughout their marriage, Lisl's been in the habit of saying, "When Monica comes—" It was just a pleasant coincidence that she should have come to their home near Santa Monica. And another coincidence that she should have been christened in a little church called St. Paul's.

Last April she had her first birthday. Paul was very sad, says Lisl, because he was working in "The Conspirators" and couldn't be there.

"Can't you tell Jack Warner that your baby has a birthday, and you have to come back?"

"Yes. I can also tell *you* what Jack Warner will say to me!"

"Never mind. I'll fix the table so you can see it before you go."

There's a lovely fenced-in enclosure on the grounds known as Monica's garden. That's where they had the party—with ice cream and a one-candle cake and Monica's friends round the table and Lutzi looking after them. Lutzi's a prime favorite. Next day little Jill Schary paid a formal call on Lisl—

"I have something important to ask you. Monica's growing now, and pretty soon you won't need a nurse. But when I get married, I'll need a nurse for my baby. So I'd like to book Lutzi now if it's all the same to you."

Paul's always had definite ideas on the training of children. He used to enlarge on them. "My child will be brought up as I was brought up. In the nursery. If we have guests, I don't want them bothered with a baby. I don't want a baby at the table when I eat. It disturbs me, and it disturbs the child."

turn-about tyke . . .

"You're perfectly right," said Lisl.

So from the time she's been big enough to sit in a high chair, Monica's had breakfast with her father. At first he offered excuses. After all, he was working. This was his only chance to see the child. Now it's an established routine, without excuses. They look at the paper together. Monica picks out the wah-wahs and peepees (birds) in the funnies. She likes to experiment with food—especially the other fellow's. "Dan-*ke*!" she says, her head bobbing froward on the *ke*. Thanks to Lutzi's sketchy English, the baby's bilingual. But she puts the cart before the horse. With her, danke means not thank you, but she'd like some of that, please. Paul gives her a scrap of bacon or buttered toast. Or he says, "Br-r-r!" Which means—it's no good, you don't want it.

"Br-r-r!" agrees Monica amiably and asks for something else.

Since he's been on vacation, Paul's placed himself largely at her disposal. They play the piano together and sing "Mary, Mary." They go swimming in the pool or take a little drive to the beach or the corner drugstore—where Paul feeds her vanilla ice cream. Once he took her shopping.

He likes to give presents without a reason—because he feels like it, not because it's a birthday. Something catches his eye in a shop window—"That would be a wonderful Christmas gift for Lisl." But he can't wait till Christmas, so he gives it to her in June. Special occasions are a club over your head. Gifts should be given by the heart, not the calendar—

So one day he felt like buying Monica a present. Lutzi went along. They *did* get the baby a car-seat, but Lutzi took one look and made like a stricken doe. "Laps are better for babies. *I* am Monica's lap." So the car-seat languishes in the garage.

A DILLAR, A DOLLAR, A FIVE-DOLLAR SCHOLAR

Say, did you happen to notice what a flock of I SAW IT HAPPEN's we had last month? You see, we thought if we ran a slew of 'em, they would show you better than words just the sort of thing we're looking for. 'Cause it hurts like heck to disappoint you swell folk who sometimes send in three or four entries at a clip, month after month, without your stuff ever being used. Well, here's hoping you've gotten the slant and will start swamping ye eds.

And remember, you needn't have swooned in Tyrone's arms or gone Roseland-ing with Hodiak to hit our pin-money jackpot. All we want are warm, human-interest anecdotes, simple stories with a beginning, a middle and an end that prove what swell guys those headliners really are.

It could have happened at a Bond Rally, a drive-in, school, the grocer's on Main Street; you could have heard about it from Janie next door or Great-Aunt Matilda in Kalamazoo. But whatever, send it in, and honest gosh, if we think the rest of the gang would like to hear it, we'll dress it up and scrub its face and plunk your name smack in the middle of MODERN SCREEN*—and on your five dollar check!*

"I want something for Monica," Paul told the girl in the shop. "A little ring or brooch maybe."

She brought out a tray. Lutzi's eye lighted on a thin gold chain with three pearls—the kind you add to. "This is wonderful, Monica. You collect this."

"B-r-r-!" said Monica.

Paul offered her a ring. She waved it away. He found a small bowknot brooch, exquisitely worked. "Will you have this?" he asked politely as he'd ask any lady.

"Wah-wah!" she cried, making a dive for a little dog-brooch.

"Br-r-r!" brrrd Lutzi, and dangled the chain. "See how beautiful, Monica."

But you couldn't pry her loose from her dog-brooch.

(Continued on page 94)

Bonita Granville
Famous Hollywood Star says:
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Lasting, not brief—dry skin relief

In the door of their home, two o the Kellys greet us with a smile Gene, M-G-M's dancing, actin sensation; Kerry, his pride and joy

Betsy, the third member of the trio, invites her husband to sample the cookies she's baked for Kerry. Gene starts next in "Ziegfeld Follies."

What's Cookin' America

By Nancy Wood

For the fourth in this food series of ours we proudly present THE 3 KELLYS

■ An emphatic and unequivocal "NO!" greeted the request with which we started our recent interview with Gene Kelly. You see—knowing that Gene originally came from the Keystone State—we had hoped he could tell us something about Pennsylvania Dutch food specialties for our series on the Regional Recipes of the Stars.

"Not me!" demurred Gene, side-stepping the issue with a degree of speed that reminded us of nothing so much as his agility in the "Alter Ego Dance" in Columbia's "Cover Girl."

"You forget," he went on, with an Irish twinkle in his eyes, "the name is K-E-double-L-Y. Of the Pittsburgh Kellys. And what would the likes of them be knowing about the Dutch?"

As for any dishes that are traditionally favored in Allegheny County, well the only one Gene could recall, offhand, was Puff Balls! These grow wild in the woods of Pennsylvania and Ohio, it seems, and are eaten sliced and fried in butter. But since they must be chosen with utmost care, as some varieties are poisonous, we decided not to dwell on this subject but to proceed to other matters.

Fortunately for us, Gene subscribes to the oft-heard statement, "Never call an Irishman a quitter!" So, though professing to know nothing about the dishes preferred in the particular region from which he hails, Gene did go on to give us his all-round favorites which we know would get feature billing on food programs everywhere!

In this culinary "act" he had the enthusiastic support of his charming wife, Betsy. Once a promising actress on the stage back in New York where they met and married, Mrs. Kelly is now more than content to devote herself to the welfare of her husband and their adored and adorable daughter, Kerry.

As to the foods of which they spoke and for which we secured the recipes, well, first and foremost there was Irish Stew. Naturally! Not that all Irishmen will necessarily like his version, Gene pointed out . . . since there are almost as many types of Irish stew as there are of Irishmen who demand this dish as their inalienable right! The Kelly-style stew calls for lamb, potatoes, carrots and frequently dumplings. No peas or parsnips, mind you, but plenty of turnips as they contend this vegetable is the most important flavoring adjunct in this famous dish. Mrs. Kelly also adds two large lamb bones to the pot to improve the flavor of the broth.

Kellyfornia Beans are another versatile main course feature at the Kelly dinner table, we were told.

But where the Kellys really went to town was on desserts. First Super Shells—which are special fruit tarts the size of coffee cups because Gene objects to "sample size" portions. Offered as a sort of culinary *Pas de Deux*, the pastry that goes into these shells is also used for Lattice Apple Pie which is Gene's favorite sweet—not only for dinner but also at breakfast! (A staunch believer in large breakfasts, anyway, Gene often tops off the first meal of the day with a couple of pieces of candy! He feels that candy is an important source of energy, which he realizes he needs for his Terpsichorean activities.)

A big favorite with this family are refrigerator cookies . . . convenient to have on hand for quick cooking . . . easy on ration points . . . fine for Kerry in a simplified version . . . therefore named in her honor.

* * *

Want to have a FREE copy of the attractive leaflet which contains tested recipes for all these grand food favorites of the Kellys? Then mail your request to:

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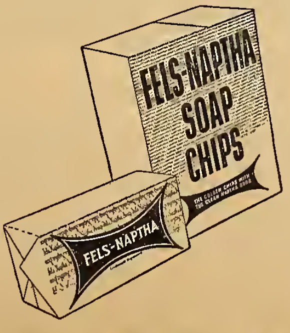
We were just reminding Mother that you'll soon be big enough to toddle around and 'get into things'. You'll need a complete change of costume often—on short notice. And that's when *she'll* need Fels-Naptha Soap!

She'll need it to get your washing done in a jiffy. To get *all* the dirt out without rubbing your little dresses into rags. To get them so white you look 'sweet enough to eat'.

Does she *have* to use Fels-Naptha Soap? No, but if she takes the advice of a lot of Mothers we know—*she will!*



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"Wah-wah!" sneered Lutzi riding home. "And you could have had pearls!"

But Monica knows what she wants all right. The same thing happened with Lisl, who took her along to buy Paul a key-chain for Father's Day. He really needed a key-chain. But Monica preferred a little silver frame, which now stands on her father's bed-table with her picture in it. "Love from Monica to Daddy," it says. He also carries her picture in a locket on his money-clip. Insists he doesn't show it to people. Not unless they ask him.

bountiful bunnies . . .

The upper floor of the house belongs to Lutzi and Monica. Paul risked life and limb to climb out on the roof and hang a bamboo shade over the big bedroom window for added coolness. He had an idea for the nursery, too. It's papered most of the way. "But let's paint it as high as a baby's arm can reach. Then she can make fingermarks, and it won't be a minor domestic tragedy." There's a shelf of honor for bunnies, sent to Monica by kind friends all over the country. That's because Paul told an interviewer once that rabbits were his luck-bringers. He still owns the one Lisl gave him for his make-up table soon after they met.

The baby's favorite toy is a duck-on-a-stick. That's what Paul says.

"Actually," says Lisl, "it's *his* favorite toy. Monica humors him."

They push it together, Monica in front. First, the duck just walks. Then you turn something, and he jumps. Then you turn something else, and he waddles. Monica screams with joy. Paul casts a smug sidelong glance at Lisl—

"Ah yes, but you didn't see her wink at me behind your back."

On Lutzi's dresser stands a beautiful Viennese clock in the shape of a crystal sphere. Years ago, baby Lisl learned to tell time by it. Baby Monica will learn by the same old clock, and the same old nurse will teach her. A Rubens angel hangs over her bed between two silly-looking ducks. She can take her choice between art and comedy. In music, art lost out. She used to love Viennese waltzes. Now she's all for jazz. Her parents have discovered how to send her to sleep happy. When they used to just walk out on her, she'd whimper—couldn't bear to see them go. One night Paul grabbed Lisl and jitterbugged out with her. That did the trick. Sorrow was drowned in glee. Now Monica gets her floor-show every night.

hi'ing henreid . . .

It must be admitted that at bedtime she behaves better for Lutzi than anyone else. But once a week Lutzi goes to the movies. Not till her darling's asleep, but it happens sometimes that she wakes up when Lutzi's gone—

There's one night the Henreids won't soon forget. The baby woke up, and *how* she woke up. Sleep was the farthest thing from her mind. "Hi!" she kept calling. "Hi, hi, hi!"

Mama and papa were about to sit down to dinner with a guest. Papa went up. Monica knows he's an easy mark. If a smile doesn't fix him, a kiss works wonders. Her arms went round his neck and clung, so naturally he had to pick her up. She reached toward the bathroom door, where her flannel robe hangs. That means she's ready to make a night of it. So No-Babies-at-the-Table Henreid got her into her robe and took her downstairs.

"She couldn't sleep," he explained.

After dinner, Lisl took over. "Now she's got to be tired, she's got to sleep." Paul and his friend sat down to a game of chess. When you play chess, time passes unheeded. At ten o'clock Paul's eye fell on his watch. Where in heaven's name was Lisl? He ran upstairs—

"Hi!" said his daughter brightly.

His wife said nothing. She was crying. He felt terribly sorry for her. "You go down and relax, and *I'll* put her to sleep—"

"You'll *never* get her to sleep, and what will Lutzi say when she comes home?"

Paul summoned psychology to his aid. He paced the floor with his child and sang the first three bars of the "Brahms Lullaby" over and over again "—la-la-*lah*, la-la-*lah*, la-la-*lah*-la-la-*lah*—." She liked that—she liked it so much that she started singing it with him. "La-la-*lah*," said Paul. "Aa-aa-*aah*," crooned Monica. His arms went stiff, because he was afraid to shift her, and his throat went dry. At last the obbligato faltered—the lids fluttered—or was it a mirage? No, she was asleep. But would she stay asleep if he put her down? At this point, he was taking no chances. "Up-and-*down*, back-and-*forth*, la-la-*lah*-la-la-lala—"

When he finally reappeared, Lisl offered to pin a medal on him.

"Just a little liniment for my arms instead. And do me a favor, Lisl. Next time you play the 'Brahms Lullaby,' skip the first three bars."

But even at the cost of singing her to sleep every night, he'd still like to keep her the way she is. "One year more and then they start to go away from you."

"Pauli," explains Lisl, "would like to skip 3 to 16, and then reappear when Monica will be very good-looking, and he can take her to the Mocambo. All the trouble in between I can handle."

Today is enough for Lisl. Paul plans for the future.

"When she's twelve or thirteen, she goes East to school. To broaden her outlook. To make her understand that Hollywood isn't the world."

"I don't listen," says Lisl tranquilly. "I look only for the next eight days—or at most, three months."

Paul continues gazing into his crystal ball. "A year in Switzerland, maybe."

"Certainly. If the whole family moves to Switzerland for a year."

This "whole-family" business brings up another point. Just as she used to say, "When Monica comes—" Lisl now says, "When we have Mimi." Paul's not so sure. He's so crazy about this one that he can't imagine giving his heart to another. Lisl has more imagination. Also more realism not to mention an unquenchable maternal spirit—

"It's not good for a child to be brought up alone. Anyway, you said it was wonderful when you saw that picture of a man with 23 children."

"Darling, your memory is poor. I said astonishing."

"Well, I only want six. But," she adds hastily, "we'll settle now for two."

"What do you mean by now?"

"By now, I mean now. What will be in three years, who can say?"

Our bets are on Lisl. There's a third room upstairs that's going to be Monica's room, when Mimi comes along—

Meantime, Monica rules the roost. "So many people thought we'd be silly about her," says Lisl.

"But we're completely normal," says Paul.

"Of course. You don't show people her picture. Unless they ask."

"And you sometimes talk about other things. If you must."

"Hi!" calls a voice from the garden.

Lisl jumps up. Paul grins. "Let's be silly," he says, tucking her hand through his arm. And they go out together toward the sunlight and Monica.

Hat, Mme. Reine, Vogue Studios, Rawlings

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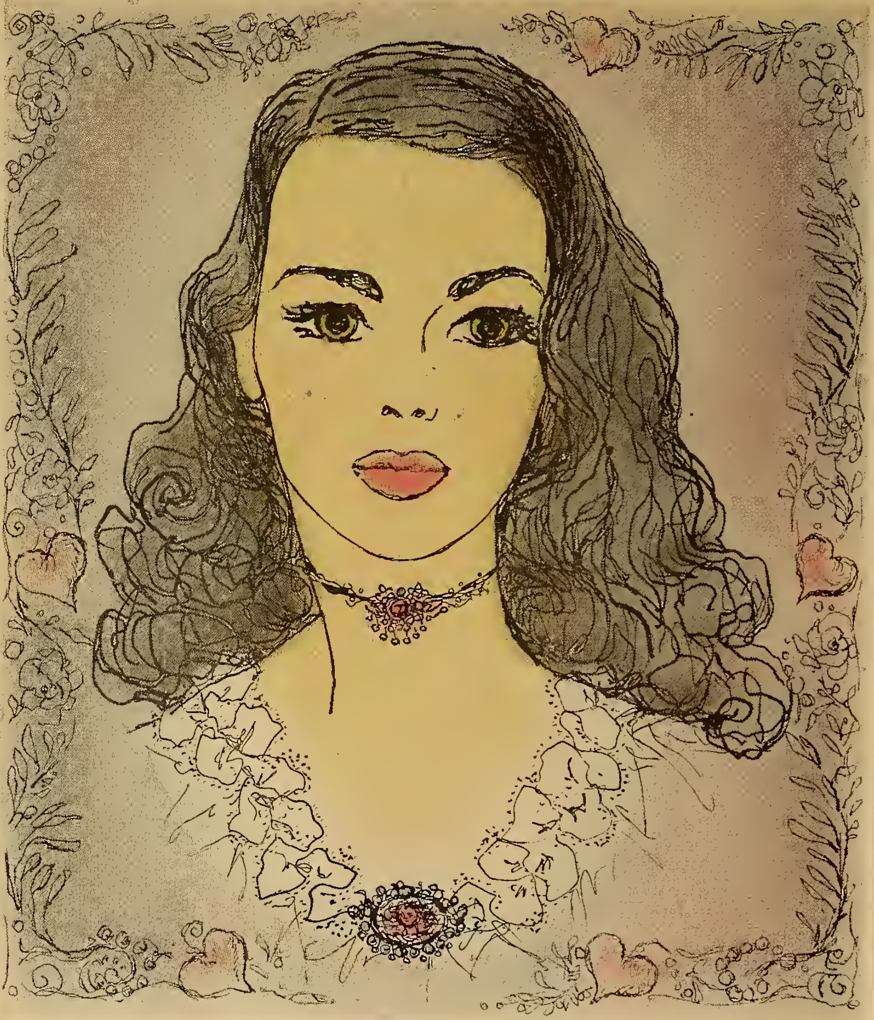

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49¢, 25¢, 10¢, plus tax

THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!

NUTTY BUT NICE

(*Continued from page* 31)

He keeps at it till friends begin to drop in—intimates of the house like Betty Kaplan and the Ken Niles with their two nice youngsters. Scotch and Soda go dashing round the pool, barking like mad every time someone dives off the board. Once, Soda got too close to the edge and toppled in—

"Save him, save him!" yelled Jane.

Ronnie dropped a soothing hand on her shoulder. "Honey, that's a dog. He's not like you, he *knows* how to swim."

Preparations for supper get under way. A long table's set in the patio for the grown-ups, a small one for the three children. Jane runs in and out of the kitchen, helping Velma. "See to it that Maureen eats, will you, boys? She's not very good at it—"

Wendell and Dennis, 11 and 9, take their responsibility seriously. "*She* couldn't eat all that dinner, a little girl like that."

"I should say not. Only a big girl could eat it. Or else a boy."

"I can *too* eat it!"

"Okay, we'll race you."

Jane would like to pin a decoration on the boys, or kiss them. When they see Maureen lagging, they drop some food back on their plates, so she can win the race. Presently, Ronnie passes the table. The boys are deep in a discussion of baseball. Chin in hand, Maureen listens raptly without the vaguest idea of what they're talking about—

"What goes on over there?" Jane asks.

"Not a thing to worry about. Your daughter knows how to handle her men."

If it's Nanny's day off, Jane leaves her guests to get Maureen ready for bed. The big treat's a bubble bath in Mummy's tub. Then Ronnie comes up. One night for their child's diversion, he and Jane went into a corny old Foy routine—

"Hello, Joe, whaddayaknow?"
"Just got back from a vaudeville show."
"Can you sing and dance?"
"I'll take a chance."
"Well, all right, let's go—"

That went over, but big. Maureen clamored for it whenever Daddy came home. Now *she* does it for them, the little ham. Sits them down and takes both parts herself. "Just got back from a *water*bill show," she carols. And when she goes into the dance—a little thing she ran up herself in *very* odd moments—strangled sounds issue from her parents' throats which they cover up with vigorous applause.

"my soul to keep." . . .

Then come prayers. Maureen bows her head, but keeps her eyes open so she can look at Grandpa Reagan's picture. Sometimes she holds it herself, sometimes she gives it to her doll to hold. Because Grandpa Reagan, who went to heaven when she was a tiny baby, loves her very much and always listens with God to her prayers. If she's good, that is. If she's been naughty, he feels sad and has to close the door.

Another good thing about Sunday is she can have breakfast with Daddy Monday morning.

"Daddy," she said, eyeing him fondly on one such occasion, "you're a jerk—"

Ronnie has his own inimitable way of handling such crises. "That's fine. Now I'll tell you something. You're a jerk, too. And I'll tell you another thing. Don't ever call anyone else a jerk. We'll be the only jerks in the world, just you and I—"

When Jane came down—"Mummy, you know what? You're a button-nose bunny, and Nanny's little woolly lamb, and Velma's a chickadee. But look at Daddy and me," she crowed. "We're a couple of jerks—"

Mother's Day was a very special Sunday. In her blue and white dress and little straw hat, Maureen was presented to the church. The minister—who married Jane and Ronnie five years ago—gave her a certificate, and a pink rose for her mother.

"That's from the minister, not from me—" If she said it once, she said it five dozen times on the way home, blinking furiously at Daddy and giggling her head off. It was all very subtle—

She couldn't wait to scramble out of the car and up to her mother's bedroom. Jane found her standing breathless beside a package. "Here's my muzzer's day present from me—" When she's excited, it comes out muzzer.

Muzzer opened the box. A black nightgown. If there's anything Jane detests, it's a black nightgown. Strictly the Fuiji-silk pajama type, that's Jane.

"My, you're going to look pretty in that," cooed Maureen.

Stifling a groan, muzzer went into the proper ecstasies. Ronnie's face came edging round the door and met a dirty look.

"Don't look at *me*. She picked it with her own little hatchet."

three for one . . .

Jane dislikes waste. A week or so later, she approached her daughter tactfully. "That's a beautiful present you bought me, but you know what we could do with it? We could take it back and buy three presents instead—one for me, one for Daddy—"

"And one for Maureen."

Blissfully unaware that her feelings should have been hurt, she was enchanted with the whole transaction. They bought robes and pajamas for themselves and pajamas for Daddy.

Jane and Ronnie feel strongly about teaching her the value of money. For services rendered, she gets a nickel—called a big penny—which she puts in her bank. But she knows how to steer an occasional windfall her way. Two cents clutched in her palm, she'll inquire wistfully: "How many little pennies does it take to make a big penny?" That's generally good for a handout from Mummy or Daddy. She's not allowed to take money from anyone else.

But she's found that wealth entails responsibilities. "I want a new pair of shoes," she announced one day.

"Fine," said Jane, "if you've got the money to pay for them."

"I'll ask Daddy—"

"Daddy buys things you need, not things you just *want*."

"Nana's got money."

"Nana needs her own money to pay for her own shoes."

A long pause. "Oh, well—*I'll* pay for them."

That started it. She discovered that if saving was nice, spending was nicer. Now she saves with a purpose. "Guess I'll take my two grannies out to lunch." The bank disgorges three dollars. You can't cheat on Maureen. If she's taking you out to lunch, *she* foots the bill. So they go to the Tick-Tock, where the 75-cent table d'hote is so good that you have to wait on line for an hour. As hostess, Maureen keeps her grannies' spirits up. "Oh my," she burbles at two-minute intervals, "what a fine lunch we're going to have bimeby."

Part of her income's derived from housework—picking up toys, setting dolls straight, trotting at Nanny's heels in a helpful way. Nanny takes care of her own room and Maureen's. Jane takes care of hers. Otherwise, Velma would have too much to do. Because Cliff, Velma's husband, works only part time for the Reagans now. And part time for the railroad, doing his share to ease the labor shortage. He comes and goes, and they call him Casey Jones.

"You off now, Casey?"

"Casey's off now, Miss Maureen."

"Well, don't worry, I'll take care of the house."

For months now, Jane's been getting up at 5:30. A change has come over the status of Miss Wyman of Warner Brothers. There was a time when she hadn't enough to do, when she wailed for work. Since "Animal Kingdom" she hasn't stopped working. Since "Make Your Own Bed" she's been a star. Ann Sheridan says she'll be the talk of the town when "The Doughgirls" comes out.

Of course she's pleased, who wouldn't be? Some reach stardom quickly. She made it the hard way. But Jane's not one to get excited over billing. "So they call you Miss Wyman instead of Jane. I'd rather be Jane." What matters is that she's been promoted from "Sorry-Janie-there's-no-story-for-you-right-now" to "We've-bought-such-and-such-a-story-for-Wyman." What matters is the sense of breaking a stalemate, of being on her way at last—

"I wanted to move," says Jane. "Preferably up. But even down would have been something. Only if you're going down, *go*. It's sticking in one spot that drives you mad—"

She wrote to Ronnie: "Don't look now, hon, but that little speck miles down the road behind you is me. Took me two and a half years while you were in the service to get even that close."

They had to talk her into doing Vivian in "The Doughgirls." She made a test and thought it was horrible. Up in Mark Hellinger's office one afternoon, they all went to work on her. It was pressure, rather than conviction, that broke her down. "Ah, do it!" pleaded Annie Sheridan. "What can you lose? A lousy fortune?"

Now she shudders at the thought that she might have missed it. There'll never be another picture like "The Doughgirls"—so good and such fun to do. There'll never be three sweller dames than Ann and Eve Arden and Alexis Smith. Or a director to beat Jimmie Kern—

Jane and Ann and Alexis wanted to give Jimmie something to remember them by. Something unique and original and different. For days they racked their brains, till Jane was finally smitten by inspiration.

"How's this for an idea? Our three miniatures on ivory in a silver frame for his desk, inscribed, 'From The Doughgirls.'"

"Marvelous! I know a guy who does beautiful work," said Alexis. "He's right here at the studio. Let's get him down."

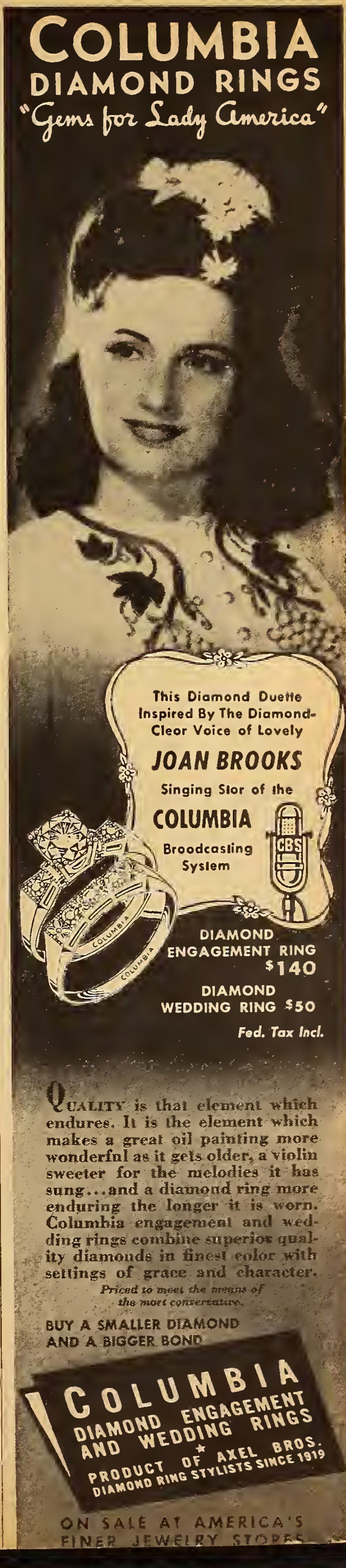
The guy came down. Yes, he'd be glad to do it. A charming idea! It should be done thus and so and et cetera and et cetera. The spiel went on and on, embracing every detail but one—on and on, while the girls listened fascinated, and no one dared mention anything so vulgar as money.

down to earth k . . thump . . .

It was Jane who finally took the bull by the horns. This was all very ethereal, but *somebody* had to find out one of these days—

"Uh—what do you think it'll cost?"

"Cost?" He touched the word so disdainfully that she felt like a worm for having brought it up. "I get anywhere



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from 500 to 3000 dollars for my work."

You never saw tongues go down three throats so fast. They were afraid to look at each other. Ann's resistance to laughter is low. All Jane has to do is go boo, and Annie breaks up—

Somehow they got rid of him before hysteria set in. By the time their shrieks had died away to moans, they decided it was too good a joke to keep to themselves. Jimmie had to come in and hear the whole story—

"That," he said, "is the best 3000 dollars worth of pictures I never got."

"At 3000 dollars," Ann snorted, "I not only wouldn't have my mug *painted,* I wouldn't have it *lifted.*"

They gave Jimmie an un-unique, unoriginal and un-different cigarette lighter, with their names engraved on it. And they gave Alexis the name of I-Know-A-Guy Smith.

Naturally, it wasn't all fun. Work as such can't be fun to Jane. She takes it too hard. It's Ronnie who's Irish, but Jane who's moody. Up in the clouds or down in the depths of gloom—never a happy medium, no matter how she tries, and she tries hard—

"My husband and I," says Jane, "are like Scotch and Soda."

Soda takes after Ronnie, Scotch after her. One day Scotch got mad and started snapping at Soda. For a moment, Soda watched him tolerantly—"Pipe down, brother, pipe down." When that didn't work, he lifted his paw and laid it quietly on his brother's nose. It worked like a charm. Scotch subsided, Soda removed the paw, and they trotted off together in brotherly love.

"And if those aren't my husband's tactics, I'll eat my hat," remarked Jane out loud, though no one was around to hear.

oil on the waters . . .

Few people are as honest with themselves as Jane. Few people see their faults so clearly. If things at the studio upset her, she gripes about them at home. She flies off the handle. She knows she shouldn't, but she does. When Ronnie's around, he tries to calm her down. But she doesn't want to be calm, she wants to storm—

"You don't know what things are like. You've been away too long."

"Things like that don't change. It's just a question of diplomacy."

Time passes, and she cools off—realizes that Ronnie has his own problems, that it can't be much fun to come home on a week-end pass and listen to her beef. Her conscience smites her. Jane's temper is warm, but not nearly so warm as her heart—

Only you can't apologize to Ronnie. He doesn't have that kind of self-righteousness. So she takes the indirect approach—

"Look, is it all right with you if I'm a jerk?"

"I don't know—what—you're—talking about."

"I'm talking about me being a jerk last week."

"You suit me, hon. If you didn't blow up now and then, you'd be somebody else. What's on for tonight?"

A movie's on for tonight. Or a gin rummy game with Joan and Ken Niles. Or they'll drop in on Gracie and George Burns. Jane's admiration for Gracie knows no bounds. "You can't imagine being anyone but yourself," she says soberly. "But if I weren't myself, the woman I'd like best to be is Gracie Allen. I'm not one to go off the deep end, as a rule, but to me Gracie represents a kind of ideal—as a wife, as a mother, as a friend, as a person."

nothing but the war. If you talked about anything else, he was very polite, but he didn't really hear you. Now, as with most of us, the invasion has wrought a subtle change. The war remains all-important, the road remains long. But light glimmers on the horizon, and sometimes he lifts his eyes to it for a moment.

He and Jane had dinner out one Sunday. While he made a phone call for her, she ordered more coffee.

"For Mr. Wyman, too?" asked the waiter.

She choked. "Don't let him hear you say that, or he'll murder the two of us." But she was still grinning when he got back.

"What's funny?" She told him. "Wait," he said. "Just wait till I get out of this uniform." It was the first time he'd shown any spark of interest in what was going to happen after the war.

Since then, he's shown other sparks. Last Christmas, Jane gave him two lots adjoining their property. When the war's over, they'd remodel the house. Ronnie couldn't get worked up over the project. "The war's not over yet," he'd say.

Recently, he brought a big, cellophane-wrapped sheet of cardboard home from the post with him.

"What's that?"

"Something I'll show you after dinner."

It was a plan of their remodeled house and grounds, all drawn to scale. He'd cut out little trees and pasted them in such a way, that they could be laid flat against the board or made to stand up. A girl with a golf club, a tiny girl scampering behind her, chased two Scotties across the lawn.

Jane went out of her mind. "But where in the world are *you*?"

He pulled up a limb of a maple tree. Under it, smoking his pipe, lolled plain Mr. Reagan.

"But the war's not over yet," teased Jane.

"No, it's not. And I'll be in it till the last dog's out. Like any soldier." Then he looked down at the house and the girls and dogs. "But a guy can dream, can't he?"

CO-ED

(Continued from page 22)

how to dress to suit an occasion, how to make the very most of an unspectacular puss. (And our etiquette, beauty and fashion charts will be boons here. See page 26.) It helps to know what's going on in the world, so that you're not shivering on the outskirts of every conversation. (And your radio, newspapers and newsweeklies are the medicine for this.) It helps to have a couple of emergency measures up your sleeve. Stuff that you don't find in books, like how not to get stuck at a dance, how to invite a boy to a party, how to stop being a girl's girl or a lone wolf and become part of a gay co-ed throng. It's on these uncharted items that we're going to try to help.

We've collected data from gals who have been through all the teen-age nightmares. Wallflowers who've bloomed into beautiful things. And the answers they've learned the hard way are all yours for a quick looksee in this and subsequent Co-eds.

getting stuck . . .

The first step toward not getting stuck begins at home in the privacy of your own room. Dress with real care; apply your party face with skill; be lavish with the mouth-wash and non-perspirant. Be convinced when you greet your fella, that you couldn't possibly look better.

If the dance is being held at school or at the plant, where all the boys know you, beam at them as you come in. Not

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Girls: A *deflaking* process of dried up, faded skin cells must constantly take place in the skin (even in young girls)—otherwise your complexion often appears drab, coarse, so lifeless looking.

And here's one of the most effective and quickest ways to help clear away this unlovely "top-skin" debris.

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Just spread Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack over face and neck. Let dry. (Usually takes about 8 minutes.) Then wash off.

Yes! It's hard to believe but this petal fresh, radiant skin loveliness is really *yours*. Notice how that tired, faded look vanishes. The mild "blushing" action of Hopper's Clay Pack is what gives your skin such a youthful glow.

Hopper's White Clay Pack is also a marvelous quick beauty pick up. It helps you look your dazzling best on short notice. Used weekly—it helps maintain heavenly smooth, clear "top-skin" beauty.

Edna Wallace HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK

the glassy-eyed, white-lipped grin of the gal who's positive she's in for a bad night, but a sweet, half-smile that intrigues them. There's nothing wrong with scattering a few come-ons where they'll do the most good, either. "I heard something nice about you, Johnny," or "I won't go home till you rumba with me, Joe." Nothing brazen about it. It's just good strategy.

In the powder room, get a group of your true buddies to agree to share their men. That is, you each promise to get your beau to break on each of the group.

Out on the dance floor, relax. Chat with the boy you're with just as if you were home, dancing to Dorsey on the vic. Don't peer nervously around to see how everyone else is doing. Remember, the stags are attracted to the gal who looks as if she's having fun. If she and her guy are laughing their heads off, they can't stand it until they know what the joke is—and how can they find out without cutting in? Summing up, it's almost a guarantee that if you can lose that paralyzing, tongue-tying terror of being stuck—you never will be.

There'll be off nights of course, when you can't seem to get started, when you might as well be invisible for all practical purposes. Everyone has 'em, and don't get panicky. Say something casual to your date like, "I know what it is. I forgot my Woodbury cocktail." At least then he'll know that you know, and the tension will be gone. If it's a boy you know very well, tell him you'll go spray on some perfume, while he busies himself distributing five dollar bills to reluctant stags. Vanish to the ladies' room, give him time to work, then reappear to start on a belated whirl. Once the jinx is lifted, you'll have a gay, gay time.

More of the same next month, and if you have any stumbling blocks on the way to smoothness, let us know, and if we possibly can, we'll clear 'em up.

Co-Ed Mailbox

I've been overseas for two years during which time I've written every day to my girl and sent her as much of my pay as I could afford for her to save for our marriage. Lately, she sends me pictures of herself with other soldiers, inscribed, "He says to tell you how lucky you are," etc. She writes me very rarely now, and when she does, her letters aren't the least bit affectionate. She makes fun of what she calls the "mush" in mine. Do you think she's tired of waiting for me? My heart aches. PFC. John Hart, Somewhere-in-France.

John, try not to feel too badly about what your girl writes to you. Ever since Eve, girls have played at that stuff: Flaunting other men in their sweethearts' faces just to extract anguished protests from them. Acting cool for the sole purpose of worrying them. There's nothing new about it and nothing very signifiicant, but against a background of war, coy tactics are pretty cruel, pretty young. However, the very fact that she bothers to tease you shows that she is still fond of you. If she weren't, she'd simply stop writing. In your letters to her, be unimpressed by her conquests and mention a few of your own, fictitious if necessary. Be cool, but not huffy. She'll snap out of it.

I understand there's a terrific demand for high school girls to take care of children. I am in my last year at junior high and would love that sort of work, if I only knew how to get it. Ellen Duddy, Astoria, L. I.

You might see if your high school has

a registry. If so, have your name added to the list of baby-sitters. Call the Chamber of Commerce and list yourself with them, stating the hours at which you are free to work. If there's an Army camp near you, Army wives would be thrilled to know about your services, so put yourself on file with the War Housing Committee or any comparable organization in your locality. You might also advertise in your community newspaper. It would be worthwhile to keep an ad running all the time giving your qualifications, available hours, rates, etc.

I am to be married soon and am simply appalled at all the details connected with the ceremony. Can you tell me the answers to these questions: Is the bride always given a white bible, and who gives it? If it is a double ring ceremony, does the bride buy the groom a ring? If the bride's gown is formal, is it necessary for the bridesmaids to wear formal dresses? A. J., Phoenix, Ariz.

The bride often carries a white bible in which there is a spray of white flowers, but this is strictly up to the bride. A bouquet of flowers (white, of course) is perhaps more customary. The bride would buy herself the bible. Yes, in a double ring ceremony the bride gives the groom a ring. Be sure to ascertain his finger size and also consult him about style before buying it. When the bride wears a formal wedding gown, the bridesmaids usually wear long dresses, but they don't absolutely have to. They may wear short, afternoon dresses in pastel colors and carry small bouquets.

Is mail to servicemen censored? Betty Marks, Grosse Point, Mich.

Not all of it. One out of every five or six letters received at the Fleet or Army Post Office is opened and censored. This spot-checking on outgoing mail should inspire caution in all of us. Enclose no plans of machines with which you work at the war plant, give no statistical information about production, refrain from demoralizing comments on the Government, the rationing system, etc.

I received a letter from my husband—he's with the Seabees in the Pacific—and he says to stop dishing him sweetness and light in my letters. He tells me to let him in on the seamy side. Here I thought I was being a morale-booster, and I get myself bawled out. What shall I do now? Mrs. A. S. Harrison, Los Angeles, Calif.

The phoney cheer of some of our letters to servicemen worries them. They think, "Gee, things can't be that good." And they begin imagining fictitious catastrophes. There's a fine line between out-and-out griping and the sharing of small disappointments and annoyances. Let him know that you ran out of gas and had to be pushed home, that the gal next door continues to bore you stiff. Just don't wail about it, though. Give it a humorous slant, the way you would if you were telling him about it. Don't burden him with financial anguishings, with in-law troubles. He's absolutely helpless to do anything about these things, and it drives him crazy to think of you coping with them singlehanded.

* * *

Gosh, thanks for all the mail. We feel like Hedy Lamarr or someone. Keep it coming, won't you, gals? And boys, too. If you're overseas and need a trouble-shooter, that's us. If you want a line to snare an Australian dream-puss, we've got it. Here's where to write: Jean Kinkhead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

See Gail Russell in
"OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY,"
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THE FIGHTING GRANTS

(Continued from page 56)

have at least three. We're praying, both of us. Maybe our dreams will come true."

Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant live comfortably, spaciously, richly, if you will—but not grandly. Their house is a gem of loveliness situated far off the main boulevard in the Riviera section, up in the hills, lushly green in the early summer, with a beautiful view of the Pacific far below and ten miles away. Elissa Landi lived in that house some twelve or fifteen years ago. Then for a long time it was unoccupied until Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and his pretty bride took it over, remodeled it and built additions.

paper doll, iron will . . .

Barbara fits very pleasantly into that homey place. She has really made it her own now, hers and Cary's, for much of the décor, paintings and bric-a-brac are things she has picked up all over the world.

We had a wonderful afternoon together, and I'm quite sure that never before had she spoken to anyone for publication so freely and unrestrainedly. She so much resembles a delicate Dresden china doll—a frail shepherdess, I think, comes closer to what I mean. So little, so appealing. But when she talks of her son Lance, now nine years old, fire leaps into her eyes, and unwittingly she makes one realize that although her millions may be an accident, her birthright and heritage aren't. There's plenty of fight in that hundred-pound body!

We talked of everything under the sun but invariably came back to the subject closest to her heart, her boy. You know, her former husband, the Danish Count Haugwitz-Reventlow, brought a suit against her charging that she was, of all things, unmotherly; that she used improper language in the child's hearing. It's really all quite ridiculous. But to Barbara it's deadly serious.

"My lawyers told me I'll have to go to court and battle it out," she said. "I'm going to do it, right through to the end, no matter what it costs me."

She wasn't talking in terms of money, for

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was Tucson's first premiere—and mine. I was terribly thrilled at the thought of seeing the famous stars who were due and especially my favorite, Melvyn Douglas.

It took a lot of persuasion to get my older sister to come with me to the airport, but finally she gave in and we arrived just as the huge silver bird glided in for a perfect landing.

Suddenly, the crowd started to surge forward and, as one person has very little say about the direction she'd like to move in with such a mob, I moved with it.

To steady myself, I reached out and took hold of what I thought was my sister's arm. We stumbled along for awhile, and finally I tugged at it to indicate that I just couldn't take the pace. I was tired and irritated so I said, "Will you please slow down. Who do you think you are, a privileged character?"

Whereupon the pace slackened, the arm relaxed, and Melvyn Douglas drawled, "Well, could be!"

Josephine Starker,
Tucson, Arizona.

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Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, fairer, younger looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug stores or send 50c, plus Federal Tax, to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Dept. MM12. Paris, Tenn., for regular 50c jar, postpaid.

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BLEACH CREME
30 Million Jars Already Used

the legal fees aren't so important. But what it's going to cost her in overcoming the shyness that is her outstanding characteristic is a great deal. Most of our poor little rich movie girls are inveterate seekers after publicity, lovers of the limelight. Barbara is the shyest, most self-effacing little thing I've ever seen. She has shunned newspaper notoriety like the plague merely because she simply cannot bear to parade herself in public. I think it must hurt her physically, and I know it sears her soul. Maybe it hasn't been too wise a policy on Barbara's part, for there have been many times when the reporters were hounding her, and she shut herself away. The press may have thought her arrogant. Wrong, she was only frightened to death.

The love of Barbara and Cary Grant is so deep that I think there's little likelihood of their drifting apart. I'm on a limb saying that, knowing well that nearly every "ideal" Hollywood marriage has hit the rocks sooner or later. But with these two, that ol' devil career is no hazard. Barbara yearns only to be wife, mother and chatelaine. Their arrangement is ideal. For instance, the day I was at their house Cary was absent at Arrowhead having a five-day powwow with his agent, Frank Vincent.

Friday night is fight night in Hollywood, and Cary always goes to the Legion Stadium with some men cronies. Barbara can't endure the fights. "They terrify me," she said, and I can sympathize with her. Years ago when I first came to Hollywood, I was told that everybody who was anybody had to be seen at the ringside. So I got myself all done up in a brand new gown to make my escort proud of me, and before the evening was over, it was ruined and even a couple of flying teeth fell in my lap.

Barbara misses Lance dreadfully when he's with his father. I asked her what she does with her time.

"I play tennis every morning," she said. "Afternoons, when Lance is home, we go to the beach to swim or ride—and in the evening I like nothing better, believe it or not, than to curl up with a good book. I read lots. When Cary is home, we often play gin rummy, and he usually wins. But he doesn't care for bridge. Most of the time we have a guest or two in the house. Just now Richard Owens, the art connoisseur, is with us—the father of a friend of ours. He's busy mending Lance's miniature boats so everything will be ready when he returns for the summer."

"Please show me the house, Barbara," I requested.

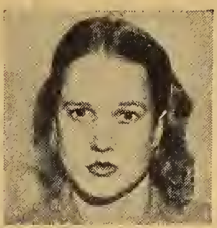
Lance's bedroom has windows on three sides—large and airy, done in cool green and yellow glazed chintz. He also has a playroom filled with maps, ships' models, ship prints and all that sort of thing. The youngster has a definite yen for the sea.

Barbara sleeps in a huge oversized bed which sits on a dais. It fits snugly into one end of the room and was, in fact, built specially to fill the space. The décor is very soft and feminine, like a boudoir. There's an open fireplace and overstuffed sofas with lacy pillows. And several excellent paintings on the walls. Rubin is represented by a number of works. Barbara went to that painter's first exhibition in America two years ago and liked his style so much that she bought a number of his canvases.

Cary's room, reached only by passing through Barbara's, is a lot bigger than hers, with an enormous bath three times the size of hers. Observing my smile, she said,

"Well, you see, this room was built by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and he had lived a long time in England where we all know

Before—SELF-CONSCIOUS! Now—SELF-CONFIDENT!



"I felt sorry for myself," says Laine Solg. "I was unhappy about my figure, my hair, my face. And I didn't know what to do about it all!"

Part hair on Right side over inner corner of Right eye
Hair combed loosely and curls combed to hang over shoulders
Upper lip fuller at each side out to corners of mouth
Special Note! Lips must be carefully shaped and Cupid-Bow-Points must be eliminated
Eyebrows lined with Eyebrow Pencil in careful extended line
Lower lip made thinner in center
Is high color spot of Rouge on cheeks
Is extent of Rouge even on cheeks

Laine's "Photo-Revise" (above). Just one of 60 *individualized* features of Powers Home Course. See how it helped Laine discover new loveliness . . .

Laine achieved a "model" figure, became a wonderfully different girl in just 7 weeks. She found that Powers Training gave her new self-confidence, poise, grace . . . and *dates!*

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Laine Solg was named "Miss United Nations" shortly after finishing her Powers Training. "I felt like Cinderella when the Prince came," she says.

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JUMBO SIZE LIPSTICK 25¢ ALSO IN 10¢ SIZE
MATCHING ROUGE and FACE POWDER

AT ALL 5 & 10¢ STORES

Cover Girl tells —"How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

"More than glamour needed," says exquisite *BETTY RIBBLE*

"Posing is hard, hot work, under blazing studio lights," insists beautiful, blonde Betty Ribble. "Yet I *can't* risk unglamorous 'wilting'—and I *can't* damage the high-priced gowns I model. I *have* to have a deodorant I can rely on for both clothes and charm protection.

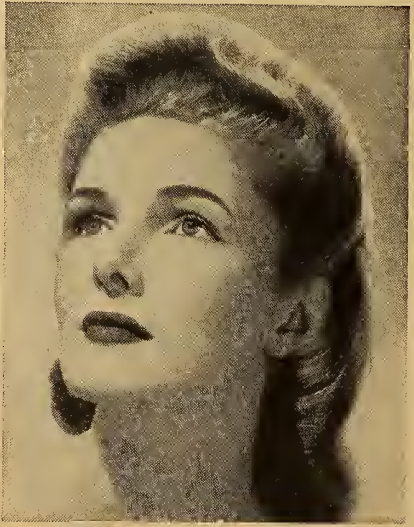
"The answer for me is cool, fragrant Odorono Cream!

"Odorono Cream is so wonderfully effective because it contains a perspiration stopper that simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed up to 3 days. It controls perspiration and odor at the same time. And it's entirely safe for lovely delicate fabrics —I just follow directions.

"Safe for skin, too. It's non-irritating even after shaving—it actually contains soothing emollients.

"I'm so enthusiastic about Odorono Cream I'd pay more if necessary—yet it's really *economical.* I get up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorants give.

"No fastidious girl today has to have an underarm problem! Just try my Cover Girl way of guarding daintiness and glamour with Odorono Cream. See if you aren't simply delighted!"



Porcelain-lovely Betty Ribble

the man of the house thinks of his own comfort first."

Cary has an oversized daybed on which he can—and does—recline, with a gorgeous view of the ocean and a canyon that gives out on rolling hills. He has a fireplace, too. But the thing that makes the room distinctive is the furniture—some very fine pieces which Barbara purchased for him in New York and which he adores. Cary, too, who was born, you remember, in a British seaside city, loves ships, and his walls are decorated with fine paintings of ships and harbors.

In the upper hall there's a magnificent portrait of Barbara by Sorine. There's a small head of her, too, in the dining room, also by Sorine, done at her request in one of her favorite hats. The dining room is done entirely in old English furniture, imposing yet full of quaint charm, and Barbara has added her personal touch in the silver, crystals and china, all her own. She loves flowers and knows how to arrange them, blooms mostly grown in her own garden. The house is always fragrant with them.

renewing the old world . . .

Sunday luncheon is a gala affair at the Grant ménage. You're sure to hear half a dozen languages spoken round the festive board—guests whom Barbara knew abroad, and Hollywood is full of such folk, many of them stranded with little to live on. For example, there's Victor Francen, often a guest, a French actor formerly with the Comédie Française, who arrived in this country a year ago with $100 in his pocket and not knowing a word of English. "An enchanting person," she says. "He now speaks English like a native, and all he asks for is just enough work to keep him going. This is sheer modesty because he was one of the greatest stars of the French theatre and movies."

They had some forty of her old European friends at dinner last Christmas. Lance was with his father. She had specially prepared for each guest the kind of food that each might have enjoyed in his own country. There was a gift for everybody. Some of them were elderly men and women in their seventies.

A lover of art, Barbara hasn't gone in for collecting on a large scale—in fact she has no real extravagances—but she does own some exceedingly choice pieces, notably a Botticelli and three paintings by Canelleto. Barbara has visited Japan three times. She lent me a precious volume titled "Three Bamboos" which gave me a better idea of what life is really like in that inhuman country than anything I've ever read.

Her health is better these days than it has been. Perhaps this improvement in her physical well-being has had something to do with renewing her determination to seek justice for herself. Physicians searched for the cause of her frailness and finally discovered that when she had a tonsillectomy some years ago, some infected tissue remained which was steadily poisoning her system.

We're told that opposites attract each other, and in that trait of human nature, I suspect, one finds the real reason for the compatibility of Barbara and Cary. Cary is gregarious, loves people and crowds; Barbara loves to creep within herself and live contemplatively. It's well known, of course, that she writes exquisite poetry. Only very few are allowed to read it and none to talk about it. Barbara was born with the proverbial golden spoon in her mouth. Cary's parents were poor by comparison.

While she was attending fashionable finishing schools in Paris and making the

European capitols and New York as well, her playground, Cary was getting his start as a Coney Island barker. She was surrounded by nurses and governesses, allowed to play only with the right children; Cary was rubbing elbows with humanity's dregs and learning life in the raw.

and never the twain will meet? . . .

Not that the seamy side ever really touched him. But it was a wonderful preparation for life for a man of Cary's qualities, for this handsome six feet plus of rawboned man who was to become the mate of one of our most famous women.

Their courtship and marriage was storybook stuff.. If the war hadn't come along, it never would have happened. Barbara came to California because she couldn't go abroad anywhere. She was lonely, distraught. Acutely sensitive, she had long ago instinctively withdrawn into her shell of reserve as a protection against her deep feelings of insecurity in a world made too boundless by her money. That it was a foolish gesture, she realizes now, but to the young, overly-shielded girl, it was the only way she knew of warding off the humiliations and indignities to which she was subjected. At the time Barbara needed, above all else, sympathy and comradeship, and meeting Cary was the greatest thing that could have happened. There's some of the charm of Valentino about Cary without Rudolph's ingratiating tenderness. Cary is, heaven knows, gentle as a kitten at times. On his bond tours women wait on the streets for a glance at him, and when he smiles at them, tears fill their eyes. Valentino had that effect on women. But Cary Grant never would permit the build-up for himself that Valentino received, and any studio publicity people who attempted it would feel the toe of his boot.

The lawsuit brought by Barbara's ex-husband has brought her and Cary closer together than ever. Incidentally, I can say from personal knowledge that his accusations against her were not only the summit of injustice but absurd to anyone who knows the gentle, shy sweet soul that she really is. Haugwitz-Reventlow is forcibly trying to take Lance away from the Grants, and keep him with him in Vancouver. What an atmosphere it would be in which to bring up a healthy, spirited boy, to forcibly alienate him from Cary, who is one of our most famous, loved and respected men—a man who lifted himself up by his own bootstraps to fame and wealth! "Now you understand," Barbara said to me, "why I'm fighting—right through to the bitter end."

QUIZ CLUES

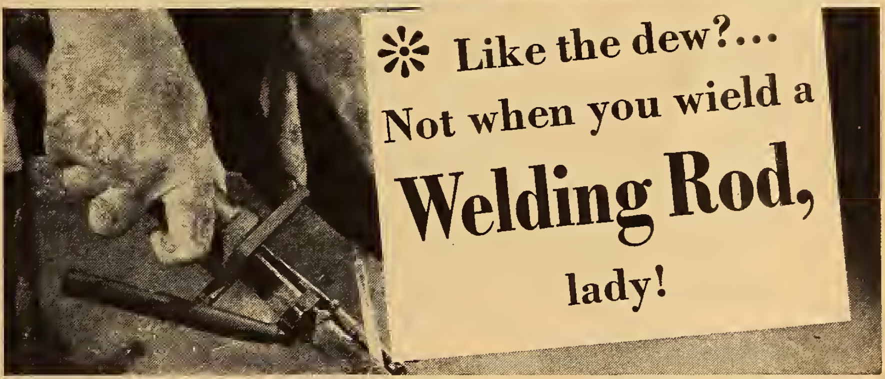
Set 2

(Continued from page 8)

1. Pepsodent salesman
2. Maria's momma
3. Mrs. Peverell Marley
4. Waukegan wonder
5. 16 and never been hissed
6. Latin from Manhattan
7. Shelton's shuddering
8. Camille
9. His master's voice
10. Started lipstick fad
11. Conspirator in Casablanca
12. Poodle petter
13. Hertz hurts
14. Salt Lake City Sugar
15. Keen with O'Connor
16. 20 years a heart throb
17. Mrs. Dr. Peter Lindstrom
18. Star of two cities
19. Jacobowsky and the Colonel's lady
20. Holiday with Halliday

(Continued on page 112)

"The touches of her hands are Like the Dew ✻ That falls so softly down"
—"Love Lyrics," James Whitcomb Riley

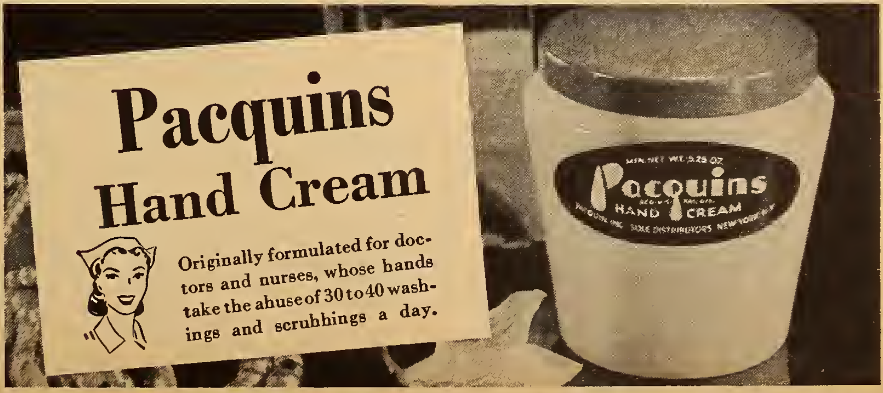

✻ Like the dew?... Not when you wield a Welding Rod, lady!

Must war work or any work AGE your hands?

YOU know that old saying about "look at a woman's hands to know her true age."

Pacquins Hand Cream fights the effects of work and weather. Helps to keep hands smooth, white, romantic, looking as young as *you!*

It's creamy-smooth, divinely fragrant, non-greasy. See if your hands don't smooth out *faster* and stay smoother *longer*. Wonderful for elbows, knees, and ankles too.


Pacquins Hand Cream
Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbings a day.
Pacquins HAND CREAM

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

"How mother clings to habits already formed"

HER mother is a marvelous mother, but a little inclined to cling to habits already formed. If her mind were just a shade younger, how much better she could understand her daughter's modern point of view . . . Take the subject of monthly sanitary protection, for instance, and the use of *Tampax.* Here the mother might well learn from the daughter, both being of "Tampax age."

Isn't it worth a good deal to you to be free from the harness of belts, pins and pads? Then try *Tampax*, which is worn internally. No odor, no chafing, no bulges, no sanitary deodorant. Quick changing. Easy disposal. Originated and perfected by a doctor, the wearer does not even feel it . . . Pure surgical cotton . . . Dainty patented applicator for quick and easy insertion.

Tampax comes in *3 different absorbency sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. It is neat and convenient. May be worn in tub or shower. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. A month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
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Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
if defective or not as advertised therein

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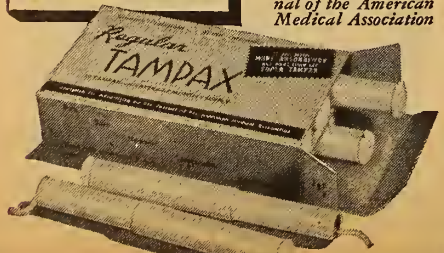

FRANK SINATRA

(Continued from page 45)

The events leading up to said ride have been told so many times you must know them by heart, but like all good legends, Frank's improves with the telling.

His mother, you know, was a nurse, and his dad a fireman (recently made a Captain), and Frank grew up unspectacularly in Hoboken, N. J. A skinny kid who loved a fight and frequently got one. A fiercely loyal, generous little demon who was in and out of more trouble than your own kid brother or that rascal down the street. He outgrew a lot of the devilment, but fortunately not the loyalty or the generosity. The same open-heartedness that made him squander his life-savings at the age of five to get his mom a bottle of five-and-ten perfume for Mother's Day, is still with him knocking hell out of his bank account. He can't go by a jewelry store, a toy shop, a florist, without getting something for someone. A musical doll for Nancy Sandra, silver foxes for his mom, a new ring for Nancy, the gal he's been in love with for nearly ten years.

love in bloom . . .

He met her the summer he graduated from Demarest, and cornily enough, it was love at first sight. They were both vacationing at Long Branch, New Jersey—Frank with his mother and father; Nancy with her parents and six sisters. She had on a pink bathing suit, he remembers, the first time he saw her, and her dark hair was down over her shoulders. She looked like a sea nymph or a cover girl. No, better than that. She was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

He wasted no time asking her out, and when she said, "yes," the angels sang. They were together every day after that, and every evening. They swam, and they danced, and they lay on the beach for hours talking and talking. Frank discovered he could tell her things he wouldn't have dared tell anybody else. The way he felt inside about the world, his half-baked seventeen-year-old philosophy, this crazy ambition he had to sing. And she listened and cared about what he thought. She listened to him sing, and she thought he was good. By the time he went home that summer, he'd decided that the engineering degree his parents so wanted him to have wasn't for him. He'd get a job and bide his time, and some day a good band would come along and sign him as vocalist.

He worked hard that fall and winter and all the next spring. He covered sports for the Jersey Observer by day, studied shorthand and journalism at Drake Institute by night. There was no time for women, and—more important—no money. So he put Nancy in a dark corner of his mind and tried to forget about her. It didn't work very well. He thought about her so much, he went around in a fog half the time. Finally, his cousin, Frank Sinatra (known now as Junior) lit into him about it.

"What's with you?" he asked him bluntly one day.

"Nothing. What are you talking about?"

"That puss. Like a sick cow. C'mon, squirt, what does?" Okay, he asked for it. He got it. There was this babe who lived in Jersey City. He'd kidded himself that it was just a summer romance, but now he knew. Only she was such a queen. And imagine courting a gal by way of the Jackson Avenue trolley and then not having any dough to take her any place.

Junior soothed him instantly. "Take it

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(Instantly)

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$5.95 EACH or Both for 9.95

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Send No Money—10 Days Trial Wear 10 days on Money Back Guarantee. Send name and ring size. Either ring only $5.95, or both (the perfect pair) for only $9.95. Pay postman C. O. D. on arrival, plus postage and tax. Supply is limited, so write today.

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HOLLYWOOD Spray Pin

with every order. Add dash and sparkle to every costume. Exquisite flowers and leaves design. Enchanting, lovely!

International Diamond Co., 2521 S. Indiana, Dept. A05, Chicago 16, Ill.

easy. Take it easy," he told him. "I've got a car, haven't I? We can take her for a ride, and you can stake her to a coke or something, can't you?"

So Frank and Nancy, and Big Frank and his wife became a foursome. They played poker at the Big Franks' apartment. Danced in their tiny living room. Ate spaghetti in their kitchen. On the nights Frankie took her out alone, there were long walks, ice cream sodas and an occasional movie. One night they saw a Bing Crosby picture, and on the way home, Frank told Nancy,

"That's for me, honey. I'll never be happy till I've got a singing job."

"Of course. I know you won't," she told him quietly. "What are you going to do about it?"

Next day he quit his job at the Observer. An audition with Major Bowes was the first step, and when he won First Prize for his "Night and Day," he thought, "Oh golly, this is it. I'm famous." Only the tour with the Bowes unit took him thousands of miles from Nancy, and after three months, his loneliness was too big to bear, and he came home.

He got auditions with a number of radio stations and was eventually heard on eighteen sustaining shows, getting not a thin dime for any of it, except his seventy cents carfare. He was ashamed that he could never take Nancy any place, but now their love for each other was so deep and strong that a wee thing like poverty didn't really bother them. Nancy's family adored him, and he felt warm and relaxed in the big, noisy girl-jammed house. Nancy's younger sister Tina, was his greatest booster, and he was as fond of her as if she were his own sister. He kept wishing there was something big he could do for her, and eventually there was.

WE'RE COMIN'

Yes, we're coming October 10. But seeing as how MODERN SCREEN is the biggest, fastest seller in the field, better place your reservation for the big November issue *today*. You know that sinky feeling when you look forward to a thing and presto, it's all gone.

So remember, October 10!

One summer, Tina saved enough money to go away to camp, and Frank and Nancy took her over to the train. At the actual moment of departure, all her enthusiasm forsook her, and she looked at them with great tragic eyes. She'd never been away from home before. She'd never wanted to be. Frank knew how she felt, and he knew if he said anything sympathetic, she'd have been lost. He just dug into the pocket of his slacks and came up with sixty-five cents. "Here," he said quickly, shoving it at her. "Have yourself a time on the train. You know, gum, magazines and stuff."

And then the train was moving, and Tina was waving at them and smiling and throwing a kiss to Frank. She's never forgotten him for that. Giving all the dough he had in the world to a scared, silly kid. She didn't know it then, but he was giving her, too, the things he'd learned the hard way—courage and the ability to stand on her own feet.

Walking away from the train, Nancy spoke. "What are you going to do for carfare tomorrow?" she asked him gently.

It's fun... it's young... it's meant for You!

frolic

...by **CHERAMY**, perfumer

When he comes home on leave let frolic tell him of your happiness. It's a perfume made for joy and moonlight... an exhilarating sparkling fragrance to be worn with a light heart... and to be treasured to the last devastating drop.

Perfume, 6.50; 3.50; *debutante size*, 1.10.
Toilet Water, 1.75; *Dusting Powder*, 1.00;
Talcum Powder, 50¢. (*plus tax*)

Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

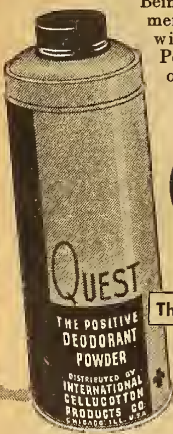
For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, *a powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

. . . created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending.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Curb them each month with . . .

Kurb TABLETS

A KOTEX PRODUCT

COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!
Good for headaches, too

"Don't you worry about it," he told her brusquely, which was by way of saying "Shut up. Forget it. Pretend you didn't notice anything." To this day he's embarrassed if anyone catches him doing a good deed. He'd have you believe he's so tough. Such a mug. Oh, Frankie, we know better.

His break came at last in the winter of 1938 when he got a job at $25 a week singing at the Rustic Cabin, and on February 4, 1939, he and Nancy were married. There was a family tussle about it, believe it or not. You'd have thought after four long years their families would have seen the handwriting on the wall. But no. Both families threw their hands up in the air. The Sinatras thought Frank was too young, and the Barbatos thought likewise about Nancy. They bowed to the inevitable, of course, and after the first shock, they were very happy about it. Even went so far as to furnish the newlyweds' three-room apartment in Jersey City.

When Frank and Nancy came back from their three-day honeymoon, they were like two kids living in a dream. Mr. and Mrs. Francis X. Sinatra. They'd keep saying that over and over and giggling like fools at the wonderful sound of it. Nancy had a job in a store, and Frank had to be out at the Cabin at dinner time, so there were few evenings together. But there was all of Sunday, and an evening here and there. And what did they want? Egg in their beer? It was enough just to be married, and the magic of it grew and grew until it used to scare them, they were so happy.

One night while Frank was doing his stint at the Cabin, a long guy eased into the place and hung around for hours listening to him sing. It was Harry James, and when he offered him a spot with his band, Frank rocked back on his heels. "Who, me?" he said incredulously.

"Hell, yes," boomed James. It was a deal.

this dream's on us . . .

They were out of the woods at last, Frank and Nancy. Paying their light and gas bill on time and putting money in the bank just like regular people. That summer their little girl Nancy Sandra was born, and their cup of happiness ran over.

It was only the beginning of good things, though. After James, came Tommy Dorsey, and after Dorsey, Frankie struck out on his own. We all remember the way he sent those kids at the Paramount in the fall of '42. How he was signed for two weeks and held over for eight, breaking a fifteen-year record at the theater. We remember the shrieks, the swoons, the scrawls on the Paramount wall. "I love you, Frankie," written a thousand times. And the predictions of the know-nothings that he couldn't last. That he was another fad like swimming the channel and walkathons and the boyish bob.

Nancy knew he wasn't a fad, but when she'd tell him how good he was, he'd say, "You wouldn't be prejudiced, chum, would you?" And of course she was a little, so she just shut up and gloated silently over each passing month that found him still Mr. Big with the kids and with an increasingly large number of adults.

We remember the way they loved him at the Wedgewood Room, and how he packed the place every night with names like Cole Porter and Ethel Merman. How he took over Boston in one easy chorus of "Pistol Packin' Mama." We remember the way they lined up outside the RKO Theater at six o'clock of a bitter December morning to get into his show. Not just the youngsters, either. The Back Bay matrons, no less. The bluebloods who reputedly speak only to God. And then there was Pittsburgh and Chicago and Hollywood, each one falling in turn like

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RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Prussian towns under a Red Army tank attack.

And the strange and wonderful phenomenon is this. Half the people came to hear him prepared to scoff, and they would go away converted. Like the cops who were detailed to guard his dressing room in Boston. Before he came, they used to gripe continuously among themselves. Who the hell cared if the kids busted the door down and clawed him to death? Not them. Good riddance. But then he came, and they heard him, and heck, he was all right. Gentle with the kids who mobbed him, friendly with the stagehands and the press. And gee, he always had a big grin for the Law.

they had him wrong . . .

They'd had him wrong. Before Frank left, they were smuggling him in sandwiches and soft drinks so he wouldn't have to buffet the throng at lunch and dinner time. They were triumphantly bearing home authographed pictures to their kids. When, a week or so after he'd left Boston, they received a letter from him, thanking them and saying that Edgar Hoover couldn't have taken better care of him, they were completely sold.

The servicemen who jammed the Hollywood Canteen the night Frank appeared there came prepared to dislike him. They thought he'd be a patronizing little show-off, and when he turned out to be just a good guy who was willing to sing for them till his voice cracked, they couldn't believe it. They kept him singing for hours, and finally, when it was very late, they lifted him on their shoulders and paraded him around the Canteen cheering louder than anything in bobby-sox has ever cheered. No one at the Canteen has ever gotten an ovation like that before or since.

The even stranger phenomenon is that fame touches him so little. He's still amazed when newspapers carry pictures of Nancy and him at a premiere instead of people like Crosby or Gene Kelly. He's still just as wrapped up in his family as when he was not much of anybody. When he'd finally finished "Step Lively," and his cronies with whom he'd been living (Axel Stordahl, his musical arranger; Hank Sanicola, his manager—whom he's christened Cordell Hull; Junior, his jack-of-all-trades) wanted him to scoot up to Palm Springs with them for a week or two, he just looked at them as if they were completely out of their heads. "Are you kidding?" he asked them, and began throwing clothes into a suitcase. "You think I want to prolong this—looking at you mugs when I could be looking at that?" He gestured toward a picture of Nancy. "Don't you know I'm going nuts to see my wife and kids?"

"Okay, okay," Axel said. "Forget we said anything. Confidentially, we can do very well indeed with no Sinatra for a while, too."

Frank paused in his packing, a pair of socks in one hand, a shirt in the other. "What's wrong with Sinatra?"

"He snores," said Axel.

"And wants too damn many windows open."

"He makes too much fuss over those couple of little setting-up exercises he does in the morning."

"And he snores," reiterated Axel. Then they all began singing "Suitcase Packin' Papa" at the top of their lungs, and laughing so hard at themselves they couldn't stop. What, no reverence at all in their dealings with The Voice? Well, no. And Frankie would die a thousand deaths if it were otherwise. Finally, when he could get his breath, he flung at them, "New Jersey was never like this, thank God."

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Which was where he was wrong. New Jersey, it turned out upon his return, was a bit of bedlam, too. Frank had bought a house in California, and Nancy was in the throes of getting things moved. They'd agreed to take all the furniture from their Hasbrouck Heights home out to the Coast, and the noise and confusion was harrowing. Nancy Sandra and her buddy, Mary Ann, hid in packing boxes and barrels and leaped out at them. Goggle-eyed fans lined the sidewalk. His son, thank fortune, was a silent one, and when Frank wanted to get away from it all, he snuck off to the nursery and communed with the chubby little guy in the sissy bassinet.

Nancy hadn't wanted Frank to see the house completely dismantled. They were sort of sentimental about the place, and if it gave her a queer feeling to see it this way—she knew what it would do to her softie husband. "Stay at a hotel till we're ready to leave for the Coast," Nancy advised him. She and Tina, who lives with them and is now Frank's secretary, and the kids could camp out on packing boxes (beds and the stove, of course, were left for last minute moving).

And now, at last, they are settled. The family from whom they bought their house finally moved out, and the redecoration is practically complete. (This was a terrific job, for when they got their old furniture, they realized it wasn't right, and they had to get all new things.) They've even had their house-warming.

And that was a party. There were tables and tables of food—sliced turkey, whole hams, enormous bowls of spaghetti. There was a smiling bartender called Joseph to whom Frank introduced you on your arrival, and who actually remembered whether you were drinking Scotch or Pepsis. And best of all were the people who were there. Old friends mostly, like Hank, Axel and George—Frank's personal press representative and also one of his closest buddies. With a sprinkle of new ones—

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Rosemary Lane was in town recently to appear at a Bond Rally. And while she may have "muffed" her act, she certainly won the love and respect of everyone who heard of the incident.

It seems that Miss Lane has a story which she always tells at patriotic assemblies, a "shocker" dealing with the sacrifice and heroism of the front-line combatants, and which she planned to deliver that evening. The lights were lowered, the spot focused; she stepped onstage, jumped into her opening lines, gulped—and stopped. Embarrassed, she murmured, "Pardon me, please," and ducked back to the orchestra leader and whispered to him.

A few moments later, she resumed the act—singing. It wasn't till much later that her behavior was explained. Miss Lane hadn't been told that her audience was to be composed of wounded soldiers recently returned from overseas, and fearing that her story might disturb them, she chose to ruin her act rather than risk a possible humiliation.

What a wonderful gesture that was!

Ann Merrin,
Atlanta, Ga.

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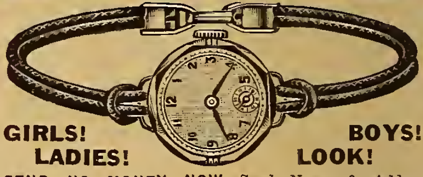

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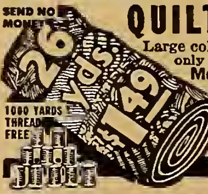

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the Keenan Wynns, the Gene Kellys, gangs of servicemen Frankie had picked up in his travels that day.

They had only asked the people they really wanted. There was no mob of big shots, no frantic attempt to include the right people. When the newspapers got wind of the party and wanted to send over photographers, Frank begged off. "It's not going to be that sort of party at all," he told the editors. "Gosh, our pals would think I was an awful ham. Skip it, will you?" They skipped it, scratching their heads. Who ever heard of a movie star passing up a nice hunk of free publicity?

The photographers would have ruined its lovely un-Hollywood atmosphere. As it was—except for the abundance of the hospitality—they could have been any young couple entertaining their chums of a Saturday night. Nancy, in a sweet off-the-shoulder cotton dress, showed each new arrival over the place, beaming when they exclaimed over the lovely dubonnet and green living room with its deep couches flanking the fireplace, the gleaming concert grand, the lovely flowered wing chairs by the window.

"Do you really like it," she'd say. "I mean *really*. I've looked at it so much now I can hardly tell what it looks like." She was thrilled when they rhapsodized over the master bedroom with the enormous bed, the pale blue quilted headboard and spread to match. The soft blue chairs and the chaise longue.

"Who decorated it for you, Nan?" they'd ask her. For in Hollywood when you buy a house someone almost invariably "does" it for you.

"Us," she'd say with that kind of breathless little girl way she has of speaking. "Oh, we had help. I asked people at the stores a million questions. But we chose the actual colors and pieces of furniture. We just couldn't live in anything that was somebody else's idea of a house."

Just one room did Frank insist on showing the people himself, and that was his dressing room. He couldn't wait to let the guests do their own raving. "Isn't it terrific?" he'd asked them before he'd even gotten the door open. "How do you like the plaid wall-paper? Look at those built-in drawers. I designed it myself, you know."

"Obviously," George told him drily. But he had to admit it was darned good-looking.

They were both so proud of their house that night that they couldn't stop grinning, and if anyone noticed a particularly lovely drum table or an especially striking picture, or the flowered draperies, they just about burst on the spot.

swinging on a star . . .

The party wound up in the small hours. No one wanted to go home as long as Frank's pal, the brilliant colored pianist Cal Jackson, could be induced to play one more song. Or while Frankie would give them just one last chorus of "Swinging on a Star." Or while their own voices held out on "Dinah" and "Casey Jones" and "Workin' on the Railroad" and the other oldies they all loved.

Now with the excitement of decorating the place and warming it behind them, life has settled down a bit. It is new and wonderful to have breakfast together every morning, even though six o'clock *does* come pretty early, and they aren't too chatty. It is marvelous, too, to have dinner together most nights, and Nancy Sandra doesn't know what to do with herself she's so thrilled to have a "regular father like the other kids." Frank, Jr. doesn't say much, but he's apparently thriving in his new surroundings. At six months, he was wearing little boy s[illegible]

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weighing, his nurse Miss Hewitt spouted proudly, over twenty pounds.

There are still minor crises, of course. Like the cook and maid walking out the day before the party. Like Frank calling one afternoon and saying he was bringing eight of the kids home to dinner—the one day Nancy hadn't gone to market

pot luck pottage . . .

"But honey," she protested. "I haven't anything to feed them. Just a lot of odds and ends and junk."

"Swell," he told her. "We'll fix our own supper." They did, and the kids loved it, but the sight of them gorging on any old left-over aged Nancy twenty years.

There was the crisis when he almost didn't make the Hit Parade. He'd been doing a Command Performance with Bing Crosby one Saturday night, and it finished up at ten minutes to nine, giving Frank exactly ten minutes to get to the studio. He started to dash out, then he turned around and went into Bing's dressing-room.

"Hey, sit down, sit down," said Bing, who has no idea of time and didn't realize that Frank was practically on the air.

"Can't tonight, Bing," Frank said. "But I just had to tell you, it'll never stop being a thrill and thanks a hell of a lot." He stuck out his hand, and Bing shook it hard. Then he streaked for his car and made the show by the skin of his teeth. But not before the studio had hounded the life out of poor Nancy about his whereabouts.

Oh it's not all fun, being Mrs. Sinatra, don't think it is. She'll sit around waiting for him to get home to dinner till she thinks she'll go mad, and then he'll come in and say, "Sorry, sweet. There was a gang of servicemen around the car, and hell, the least I can do is sign a couple of autographs." Or going over their bank book with Tina, she'll discover a check is missing and unaccounted for, upsetting the whole balance. She'll nail him at dinner.

"Oh that." He looks embarrassed about it. "I saw a little squib in the paper that a soldier on a furlough lost his wallet with a hundred bucks in it. I figured maybe he'd want to go home or something, so I sent it to him. He'll probably think I'm an awful horse's neck—"

And what can Nancy ever possibly say to *that?*

Maybe a benefit will come up on their anniversary, and their little binge will be cancelled. Maybe he'll have to do retakes the week-end they planned to whip off to Palm Springs. But what the heck? Once in a while there's a free Sunday. What do they want? Egg in their beer?

QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(*Continued from page* 105)

1. While there's life, there's——
2. Mar-legs
3. Belita Linda
4. Benny's from heaven
5. Temple of Fame
6. Rumba Caesar
7. High C Kathryn
8. She talks!
9. A rat in cheap clothing
10. Never too Tone-y
11. The Fat Man
12. Her "son's" wife
13. The thin woman
14. The love life of Dr. Wassell
15. A Merry Monahan
16. Reaps a random harvest
17. Packed Saratoga trunk by gaslight
18. Pat's pet
19. Still tied to Ty
20. One touch of Venus

(*Answers on page* 119)

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HEADLINES FOR FALL

(*Continued from page 73*)

What color for you? For redheads, there are henna and auburn rinses. Blondes can keep their gold glistening by using a light golden blonde shade. Titian blonde rinse gives light hair a fascinating dash of red. Brunettes who want a really dark effect should try blue-black rinse. Emphasize natural reddish highlights with henna. Brownettes will like a warm chestnut brown rinse that adds a coppery luster. Auburn gives a rich glow.

SNOWFALL. A pretty sight, but not when it's dandruff snowing on your shoulders! Dandruff forms in the first days after washing when the scalp is temporarily de-oiled; so as soon as you've shampooed with a special dandruff-removing preparation, massage your scalp gently with an oily pomade. If you've been indulging in orgies of perfume-spraying directly on the hair, you have one clue to your trouble right there. Perfume's an aider and abettor of flaking. Substitute an elegantly-scented hair oil or tonic to perfume your curls, lubricate your scalp. Wash your comb daily to keep from re-infecting yourself. And don't lend it to a living soul!

HOW DRY I AM! Does your hair resemble a discontented haystack? Then its crying need is lubrication, plenty of it, to counteract brittle ends. Follow along with a special hot-oil treatment which, incidentally, is more effective right before your shampoo. Massage the warm oil well into your scalp. Wring a towel out in hot water and wind it around your head so that the oil can get in its best work. After the lubricating job, rinse your locks in cold water (that's so the shampoo on your oil-laden curls will lather easily) and proceed with your washing as usual.

WIELD YOUR BRUSH. Do your locks have that 100-stroke sheen? Take a tip from Rita Hayworth and brush not only the top layer, but underneath the hair, too. Hang your head and brush swiftly from the nape of the neck to the ends of your curls. Work hard, particularly around the back of the ears.

SET YOUR HAIR. Every girl her own Antoine is my motto! Learn to set your own hair, and you'll be hitting in Hayworth's league. Touring Army camps and such, Hollywood girls must look their best, and they can't always bring along a hairdresser. The solution: They do their own! And so can you if you invest in some hair-setting lotion, some precious bob pins and curlers. A contribution to the sleek-as-a-kitten look is a lacquer that coaxes flyaway hairs into perfect order and provides them with a brilliant sheen. It's good to know, too, about rose hair oil that, faintly scented, adds luster to all shades of hair.

Featherweight, 3-way grip combs and comblike "hairtainers" are wonderful for all coifs. Every tooth is split, making it just like a tiny spring exerting gentle tension. They can easily be inserted in rolls, puffs, curls or pomps. Presto, the hairdo is held securely. Too, they can't be beat at holding bows and flowers in place. Brides and bridesmaids (I'm incurably romantic) in current Fall weddings are using plenty of them. No bridal veil or orange blossom wreath can fly away when anchored with these clever little hair retainers.

Treat yourself to a permanent to revive lank and weary waves. Machine or ma-

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Because of this patented, exclusive method of hurricane blending, the texture of Lady Esther Face Powder is much smoother and finer than ordinary powder. The first touch of your puff spreads a delicate film of beauty on your skin, hiding little lines, little blemishes. And Lady Esther Face Powder clings longer, too—clings *four long hours!*

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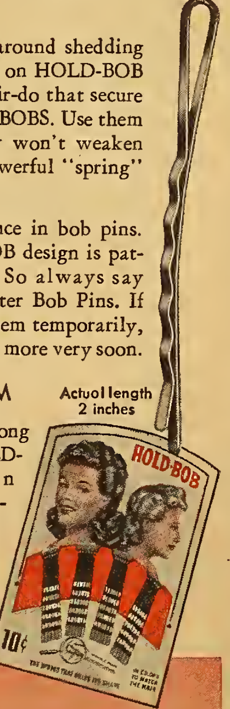

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Or again, you might try using a home permanent wave kit . . . and do a good job on yourself. You know what to do with the money you save on a self-administered perm. That's right! You buy war stamps.

* * *

You're welcome . . . meaning that you beauty-page readers are welcome to any pretty-making info for which you pen me a note. I'll send you the answer posthaste. Fr'example, the names of any of these hair-beautifying products. Write to me: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, Modern Screen, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Good-by until November when the talk will be about lipsticks!*

MODERN SCREEN'S FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 49)

was recently introduced to the Money Bag Set at $60,000 a throw, it was cut along lines very much like the ones you see here. Coat hanger shoulders, tuxedo fronts, armholes deep enough to slip over suits, convertible turn-back cuffs.

Aim for this simplicity if you want to look expensive. And don't try to be too individual about furs. Short tunics, for instance, can be pretty super on occasion. But—come Winter—when your knees go "knockity knock," it mayn't be love. So think twice. Even about the shorties shown here.

You buy for looks and for keeps when you settle on mink-blended muskrat. Northern muskrats are the most durable and the best coats use only the backs of the animals. If you want a really solid job, ask for a "let-out" coat. This means the fur has been cut in narrow strips and worked just like mink. Costs more than when the skins are simply pieced together. But, whatever you pay for muskrat, expert blending means permanent beauty. So focus on the hang tag before you buy. If it says "Hollander"—worry not.

Persian lamb? Still tops among the slimming black furs. Not quite the all-around sport that muskrat is, but with fair treatment, it will give you excellent wear. Your cues to good Persian are: Soft leather, high luster, tight curls. The Hollander crowd is sorta wizard at making this fur lightweight, drapable and blackest black in color.

Beavers and their ilk are hard-working casual furs—and beautiful! You spot a good beaver by its blue-brown cast and dim luster. Mendoza beaver-dyed coney presents a reasonable facsimile of the busy beastie itself. And I *do* mean *reasonable.* Coney, of course, is rabbit but not the Easter Bunny variety. The best fur coat breed comes from Australia or New Zealand. Sturdy as the ANZAC in its own peaceful way. You can have it seal black, too. but it's not in the running with beaver for smartness.

Strictly on the sports side—Laskin Mouton (*lamb*, lambie pie!). Scarce as nylons last year, it's back in circulation and will circulate you plenty if you travel in school circles. Warm and hardy enough for Alaska. Satisfied?

Seein' spots before your eyes? Like leopard, ocelot or spotted cat spots? Perfectly natural if you're young enough to crave gaiety in furs. The coat on hand here is leopard-stencilled calfskin and—surprise!—it comes with enough extra fur for a hat. This "Hatmatcher" set-up includes pictures and patterns for making

Wear Dr. Ellis' NAIL POLISH and Remover
10¢ PLUS TAX

Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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510-R So. Alexandria Los Angeles 5, Calif.

HOW MY BAD SKIN CHANGED OVERNIGHT

Only a woman who has suffered with bad skin can know what joy came over me when I awoke to see my face so fresh, clear and smooth again. It seemed like a miracle! If YOU have pimples, blackheads, big pores, oily skin eruptions and ugly spots (externally caused), don't fool around with greasy, messy make-shift. Let NATURE help you. Use my private secret skin formula. See its amazing effects start overnight. I call it NATURE'S BALM OF BALSAM. Try it for seven nights. If it doesn't beat anything you ever tried send back and get your money. This may seem too good to be true, but the test will tell. My MONEY-BACK guarantee protects you. SEND NO MONEY, unless you wish. "When the postman delivers, pay only $2.00 plus charges for big special double size. Orders with $2.00 cash mailed charges prepaid." See if you don't bless the day you found NATURE'S BALM OF BALSAM. Write today—NOW! Miss ALMA, 103 Park Avenue, Suit 29-H New York City, New York.

six different swoony styles. Slick idea?

O. K. All this leaves you cold, because you're aching for glamour with a capital *glam*. How about stone marten then? Sure, the McCoy costs thousands. But look how cleverly raccoon impersonates it this year. A new bleaching and blending treatment produces the identical shadings of precious marten. Terrific for afternoon and evening. Definitely not for the tweedy side of your life.

In case this is too rich for your diet, skunk stands ready and willing to oblige. Teams with everything from formals to tweeds and positively teems with wear-resistance. So it's not just luck that skunk's still the most popular long-haired fur.

★ ★ ★

But . . . time's up (paper shortage, you know), and now it's your turn. If you want to know where to buy these furry beauties, write and tell me where you live. If you want the low-down on a fur I haven't mentioned—or want advice of any kind about clothes—just take your pen in hand pronto. G'bye fur now. Marjorie Bailey, Modern Screen, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

THE PERMA-LIFT PRINCESS

Once upon a time, there was a fair maiden with cool blue eyes and a bewitching smile. One day . . .

Cinderella story? *Plus* a fairy godmother, with the time being 1943, the place Chicago and the Cinderella slipper belonging to Greta Christensen, the starlet who has RKO swearing off the usual easy-come, easy-go publicity campaigns for fear they may magic-wand her right out of the stardom they're sure she'll achieve!

Before her discovery, Greta was tops in the Chicago glamour clique, so when a friend of hers, famed magazine illustrator Pearl Frush, chose her to be the nationally publicized Perma-Lift Bra Girl, she accepted the job as a routine, if flattering, assignment.

Then came the deluge. A Hollywood talent scout spotted the ad in a State Street store, ferreted out her identity and telephoned to make arrangements for a screen test. Whereupon Greta promptly hung up! She knew *that* routine backwards!

But talent scouts are made of sterner stuff, and before she could say "Abracadabra," the G. I. pin-up pet was whisking off to the cinema city on her magic carpet of youth, talent—and Perma-Lifted figure!

I was ashamed to ask other women—

these intimate physical facts!

"There was so much about *intimate* feminine hygiene I wanted to know but didn't. And I was ashamed to let other women find out how ignorant I was.

How glad I am now I *didn't* ask them because I've learned since so many women know only "half-truths"—or misinformation as out-dated as that of their mothers and grandmothers.

Instead I went to my Doctor. He told me about a *newer*, modern, scientific method of douching with Zonite—the discovery of a world-famous surgeon and renowned chemist. He explained how feminine hygiene is so important to a woman's charm, beauty and health. And how Zonite helps solve one of woman's most serious deodorant problems."

Smart Women No Longer Use Weak Or Harmful Preparations—

Old-fashioned mixtures of soap, soda or vinegar DO NOT and CAN NOT give the germicidal and deodorant action of Zonite. And don't let anyone tell you they do!

On the other hand *don't* use old-time over-strong solutions of harmful poisons (many with warning on label) which can actually burn, severely irritate and damage tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. Untold misery may come from this. But with *modern* Zonite you take no such risky chance.

So Powerful Yet So Harmless

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues as Zonite.

Zonite actually destroys and removes offending odor-causing waste substances and helps guard against infection by *instantly* killing all germs and bacteria it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! No other germicide kills germs *any faster* or *more thoroughly* than Zonite! Zonite kills every *reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Yet Zonite is so *harmless*, POSITIVELY *non-poisonous, non-caustic, non-burning.* Use Zonite as often as needed without the slightest danger. Follow directions.

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Send for Booklet "A Love-Story on Your Lips"
CORINTHIA Inc., New York 16, N. Y.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 68)

Alan Ladd refused to have a double for the scene when he shinnys up a 92-foot mast in "Two Years Before The Mast."

Before Alan became famous, he used to be a "grip" at Warners' and worked in the catwalks.

* * *

Betty Grable is certainly the original "rumor" victim girl. But here are a few you need NOT believe:

Betty is retiring from the screen to welcome the Stork again. She has her hands full with Victoria Elizabeth James and making her new movie "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe."

She and Harry are having "career" troubles. Harry will soon open a night club of his own in order to remain in Hollywood with her and the baby.

She is on a strenuous diet to keep her weight down. Forget all that talk that she is starving herself. Betty has always been a gal who could put away a husky meal.

* * *

I've never seen more stars than turned out for the Hollywood preview of "Since You Went Away."

Shirley Temple was the darling of the evening, and I noticed for the first time that Shirley is wearing make-up. Oh, very discreetly—but she had on lipstick, a bit of rouge and a hint of brown mascara.

Deanna Durbin is wearing her hair very long and very blonde.

Maria Montez had an enormous beaded shawl draped around her head and shoulders. Maria smiled constantly. Even when the lights dimmed and the picture went on.

Joan Crawford wore a salmon colored cocktail dress and with her heavy tan and russet colored hair, she was très chic. Salmon seems to be the smart new color.

There's no rivalry between June Allyson, the blonde, and Gloria De Haven, the brunette, even though the girls are forging along neck to neck on the M-G-M lot.

The gals even date the same heroes including the popular "Hi" Hodiak. They dress their hair alike and wear the same color nail polish and lipstick.

"The days of feuds are over," June told me, "It's so silly for players to have to work together to be jealous. Gloria and I are friends, and we're going to remain that way."

That's all well and good—but as a newspaper woman, I think some of Hollywood's famous "feuds" have been very colorful. Remember Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer—and Crawford and Jean Harlow and Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins and Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri?

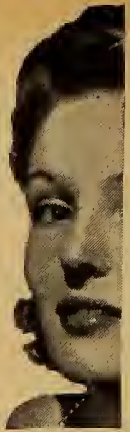
Guess those were "the good old days."

* * *

Rita Hayworth is hoping her baby will be a girl. But after the "arrival" she is not going to take a long vacation from the screen as Alice Faye and Betty Grable have done. Rita wants to make a movie as soon as possible. There's only one thing—she'll confine herself to emoting and absolutely no dancing.

"I can't be a Dancing Mother too soon," laughs Rita.

I'm delighted with all the letters from you Modern Screen *fans. Believe me they are being answered just as fast as I can get them out. You're very helpful to me—not only in telling me the stars you want to read about in this magazine, but your interests and enthusiasms give me vital tips for my Hearst papers column. Thanks again—and keep on writing.—L. P.*

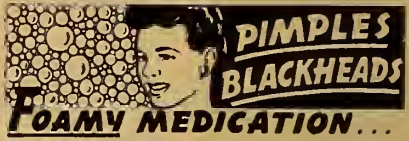


I HATE GRAY HAIR

OF COURSE you do! Gray hair makes you look years older . . . kills romance . . . might even cost you your job! Yet you are afraid to color your hair—afraid people will know your hair has been "dyed"!

These fears are so old fashioned! With Mary T. Goldman's scientific color-control you can transform gray, bleached or faded hair to the natural-looking shade you desire—quickly, or so gradually your closest friends won't guess! Pronounced harmless by leading medical authorities (no skin test needed). Inexpensive and easy to apply—combs on in a few minutes. Won't harm your wave or hair texture. For over 50 years, millions have found **new hair beauty** by using Mary T. Goldman's in the privacy of their homes.

So help yourself to beautiful hair—today. Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's at drug or dept. store on **money-back guarantee.** Beware of substitutes! If you'd rather try it first; send for free test kit (give original color of hair) to Mary T. Goldman Co., 149 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul 2, Minn.



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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.
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WHAT A MAN!

(Continued from page 58)

picture, that people wondered if she could pronounce the words Y-E-S, or even M-A-Y-B-E if somebody wrote them up on a slate.

It was to take a long last chance at this that producer David Hempstead, who had been eagle-eyeing every available leading man in Hollywood at that point to find the right guy to make Ginger happy in her work, staged this Hollywood frame-up. Although they worked on the same lot, Mr. Hempstead knew the only time Ginger had had a gander at Bob was in a movie called "Behind the Rising Sun" where about all Bob did was to smash and tear in little pieces a huge Hollywood wrestler named Mike Mazurki in a Jap-versus-American battle that was probably the brusiest, goriest screen fight put on since the famous Farnum-Santschi scrap of the old silents. He also knew Ginger's reaction to this sluggy scene was one of horror.

"Why, that big bruiser wouldn't make love to me," gasped Ginger. "He'd eat me up!"

"Have you ever met Bob Ryan?" inquired Mr. Hempstead.

"N-no," admitted Ginger.

"Will you?"

"Why, yes—of course."

"Drop by my office this afternoon, and I'll have him there," promised the producer. And that's how the trap was set.

Well, right in the middle of one of those awkward two-stranger conversations about the weather and how have you been, Ginger strolled over to Hempstead's desk and scribbled on this paper. Then she said she had to leave to pack for her ranch in Oregon and tripped airily out of the room. But when she left, everything was all settled—rosy-dosy, on the beam—just like that.

Because what Ginger wrote on the paper was, "Wow—What a man! This is the guy!"

exactly like you . . .

Now that may be a long, round-about way to get across the fact that Robert Ryan is something special in the male animal line. But if Ginger Rogers doesn't know a Grade-A article in that department when she meets one, who does? And the point is, it took a look at Bob in the flesh. But even from those scattered pictures where he was usually messing somebody up or getting bumped off himself, Robert Ryan's charm has seeped through to the world until the postman made his RKO bosses sit up and take notice.

It finally got around that a girl or two in the out-country could care for a man like Bob if he'd stop chunking other males around for a minute and relax. But still, like I say, it takes a personal look to convince thoroughly. 'Cause when you meet Bob Ryan, you know you've met *somebody*.

Like the sailor who came up to him at the première of "Lady in the Dark," right before Bob left to join up with Uncle Sam. At that point he wasn't too well advertised locally, and even though Bob and his pretty red-headed wife, Jessica, got all gussied up with evening clothes, they still drew no more notice at the gala event than a glass of milk at a cocktail party. In fact, they were standing with the crowd, gaping at all the glamorous stars when this sailor tugged Bob's sleeve.

"Can I have your autograph?" asked the sailor.

Bob said sure and wrote it.

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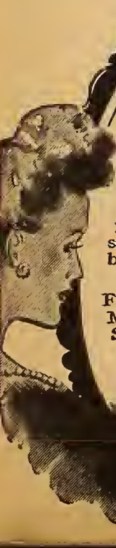

"What does it say?" asked the sailor.

"Why, 'Robert Ryan'."

"Darn it," said the gob. "My mistake. I thought you must be somebody. You look like you *ought* to be somebody." Bob didn't dare tell him that he was *sort* of somebody. He just got a good laugh out of it.

When he joined the Marines last February and entered boot camp down in San Diego, Bob Ryan could have claimed a couple-dozen home towns if he'd wanted to and got by with it. Because his buddies in boot training all were sure they had known him somewhere. Every day he got, "Say, aren't you from Birmingham?" "Ain't I seen you around?" or, "Ain't you from Atlanta, or Kansas City or Peoria?" For a while he thought it was because they'd glimpsed him in a picture, and sometimes they had. But usually it was just because the face and figure of Big Bob struck a familiar chord somewhere. He stood out.

timber-topper . . .

It isn't all because he's so tall—although Bob is a moose of six feet-three in his socks, and his 195 pounds are tailored to size. He was such a timber-topper, in fact, that he cost RKO some expensive retakes on "The Sky's the Limit," where they had injudiciously slipped him in a couple of scenes with Fred Astaire, the star. When the picture was run off, poor Fred, alongside Ryan, looked like a midget. In the new scenes the director kept shouting at Bob, "Stoop down, Ryan! Bend over! Bend over!" Bob did, and even if he looked a little like a chimpanzee taking a stroll, it was easier on Fred Astaire, which is what counted then.

But Bob Ryan has a lot more than mere altitude to keep his personality warm. It takes no slide-rule to figure out from his name—which is his right tag—that he's Irish, all on his dad's side and half on his mother's. His face is one of those pleasingly rugged maps, not pretty, but like Gary Cooper's, mighty easy to look at, especially when he cracks a wide grin and dimples—just like Coop's—pop out. His curly hedge of brown hair sticks up a little too far, and his ears wind-wing out a bit beyond regulations, but nuts—if you took Gable apart you wouldn't end up with Adonis. Let's say Bob's a handsome hunk of rugged man from all angles and let it go at that. What's better, he's a regular guy, easy going as an Alabama freight train, and like most big bruisers, blessed with a Lincolnesque sense of humor and a disposition like an angel cake.

He proved that one night at a Frank Sinatra broadcast. Bob's a great pal of Frankie's. They got to know each other on the RKO lot, and despite his wafer size, Frankie is fast on his feet and nutty about boxing. In fact, as you know, Sinatra owns a part interest in a professional fighter and would rather be around the smell of sweaty leather, arnica and resin than the fragrance of all those sweet things who make life one perpetual mob scene. So Bob, who's an expert at the manly art, and Frank put on a few bouts for exercise at the Hollywood Athletic Club between jobs, and it got in the papers.

Well, this night, Bob was on his way to the broadcasting studio to catch Frank at his swoon work when he waded into a mob of bobby-sockers milling around the gate, and one of them recognized him. She rushed up with fanatical fire in her eye.

"Aren't you Robert Ryan, the fellow who boxes with Frank Sinatra?" she cried.

"That's right," admitted Bob.

The filly sighed. "Can I touch you?"

"Why—uh—I guess so."

The fervent girl pressed his arm. Then

New 11-Minute Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter

This special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening — brightens faded blonde hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights. Safe for children's hair. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

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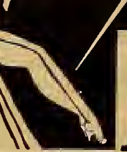

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she turned triumphantly to the mob of Sweet Hysterias behind her.

"Girls—look," she exulted triumphantly, "I just touched the man who touched *Frankie!*"

That wasn't such a compliment, especially since by that time Robert Ryan had done a few things himself, like "Bombardier," "Rising Sun" and "Tender Comrade." But he just grinned amiably and promised with a twinkle in his eye "not to touch Frankie too hard."

Bob just doesn't rile easy. Right now, for instance, he's assigned to physical instruction at the San Diego Marine Base and spends most of every day teaching raw rookies how to handle their dukes in case they get close enough to a Kraut or a Nip to use some knuckle dusting, Judo, alley scrapping—or what is required. Most of them are strictly from arms and elbows, and it's a case of the elementals. But sometimes a wise guy who knows more than he lets on steps up sweet and innocent and inquires naively, "Is this the way you stand?" "Is this the way you put up your fists?" And then takes a professional poke at teacher aimed at a haymaker and a certain prestige among his pals. 'Twas ever thus with pupils and teachers, of course, and Bob is wary. "Some of them are good," he admits candidly. "But usually not good enough to do it more than once."

That's because Bob Ryan has studied boxing and practiced same ever since he was a nipper. He was heavyweight champ at Dartmouth College from his freshman year on and the only battler in college history to hold the school title four straight years. He got started in Chicago early, oddly enough, because his mother made him take violin lessons. Chicago, then as now, was rugged. "H-m-m-m," mused Bob's Irish dad, "if the kid's going to lug a violin case through these streets, he'll get 'sissy' tossed at him every two blocks. If he gets that, he'll have to fight. He'd better know how." So before he hung up his knee pants, Robert Ryan could feint and jab and bob and weave with the best of them. He still can at the age of thirty-four.

QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Continued from page 112*)

1. Bob Hope
2. Marlene Dietrich
3. Linda Darnell
4. Jack Benny
5. Shirley Temple
6. Cesar Romero
7. Kathryn Grayson
8. Greta Garbo
9. Mickey Mouse
10. Joan Crawford
11. Sidney Greenstreet
12. Greer Garson
13. Myrna Loy
14. Laraine Day
15. Peggy Ryan
16. Ronald Colman
17. Ingrid Bergman
18. Charles Boyer
19. Annabella
20. Mary Martin

i cover the water front . . .

Bob looks like he hails from the Hills of Old Wyoming or at least from somewhere West of the Pecos, but fact is, he's strictly a city boy—always has been. A couple of years ago he and Jessica went in hock for a Hollywood house, the first bona fide house Bob had ever lived in. They rattled around, and it didn't last long. Right now the Ryans are camping in a seaside "villa" at Pacific Beach, a bleak strand a few miles above San Diego. It's built out on a pier, and the attractions, if any, are bathing and fishing. Bob gets a bad sinus when he swims, and he's so allergic to fish that he turns green at the sight of a fin. But still he thinks at 25 bucks a week the candy box place is a bargain. "Real homey," he sighs, adjusting his long frame to the sharp angles. You see, for years Bob, and later Bob and Jessica too, dwelt in rooming houses, dinky hotels, cracker-box apartments, in attics, basements, over garages and under delicatessens. Pursuing art they were, and fame—and as any dope knows, that's no formula for creature comforts—especially when you're busted, as Bob Ryan usually was.

He didn't start out that way. In fact, the Ryans were pretty well fixed in Chicago when Bob grew up. His dad was a successful contractor, and Bob went to a good Chicago school, Loyola, where he not only starred in football, baseball and track, but even scribbled poetry and decided he'd be a writer of some kind someday. His pop still had enough sugar to pack him off East when college time arrived, and Bob chose Princeton but got touted off at the last minute to Dartmouth, and like all Dartmouth grads, he regards that nowadays as a holy place, slightly up the hill from heaven.

That's an occupational disease of Dartmouth grads, but still Bob Ryan had good cause to like his college setup. He joined a good fraternity, Psi Upsilon, made the football varsity until he wrecked his knee in the Columbia game, wrote some more poetry (which was very ripe, Bob admits) and did progress on that writer

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ambition knocking out some essays and theses which are still called models of this and that back in Hanover. One was artistically titled, "Alice and The Toilet Bowl" and kidded the hard boiled vogue of gutsy writers like Hemingway and Faulkner. They say it was pretty cute.

career—corpses 'n' cowboys . . .

Vacation times, the youth Ryan got around plenty earning a dollar here and there—once even as a fake cowboy (his first actual acting job) on a Montana dude ranch (maybe *that's* where he got that Cooper cowboy look). Incidentally, he took an incognito flyer at the prize ring out West under the alias of Kid Flanagan. Next summer he peddled cemetery lots and did all right, too. And working back from there, Bob wound up his between-the-semesters career in his home town signing on as a "chauffeur-secretary" to a swarthy gent with big diamonds and black cigars and a suspicious bulge over his hip. Turned out to be a bootlegger who wanted a muscle man around in case of trouble.

So by the time they dressed Bob up in a mortar board and a black nightgown and handed him his B.A. at Dartmouth, he knew a thing or two about what made the world tick—or so he thought. Only the world wasn't ticking when Bob emerged, all wound up for action. There was a slight Depression—remember? From then on he became the Depression Kid—and no kidding. He had to earn his cakes, and the going was rugged. But the scads of lowly depression chores he waded through in those years added up to a big fat break later on—but that was later on.

First off, Bob Ryan swallowed his Dartmouth pride and education to lean on his big muscles as a "human mule" pushing barges of rock and slag in a Chicago sewer tunnel project. It wasn't exactly elevating work, and a time or two Bob almost got his beautiful body crushed and mangled to hamburger. But to show you how a guy can dream in the depths even, of a sewer—

Once, Bob recalls, he was parked alongside of the big ditch with some hunky sandhog colleagues of his, gnawing a sandwich at lunch, and the conversation turned, as it usually does in ditches, foxholes or exclusive clubs, to women. Especially movie women. Specifically, the topic was, "What Hollywood dame would you rather kiss?" There were lots of candidates among the starry-eyed sewer gang. Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Virginia Bruce. Came Bob's turn. He sighed. "The girl I'd rather kiss" (and he meant it) "is Ginger Rogers."

It sounds like a corny press-agent gag to report that the first Hollywood "movie dame" Bob Ryan did play opposite, did hug and did kiss (even if he had to pinch himself at the time) was Ginger Rogers. But that's gospel. And incidentally, that kiss has been good for a lot of extensive masculine conversation a second time. About ninety per cent of Bob's Marine buddies want to know first thing. "How does it feel to kiss a movie star?" Bob has to tell them he's only kissed one—Ginger. "How does it feel to kiss her?" they press.

Bob always gives them the same reply. "Ever kiss a girl?"

"Sure!" (a bit indignantly).

"Well!" snaps Bob. That goes on a dozen times a day.

But back to Our Hero's sad saga as Busted Bob, The Depression Waif:

I could rattle off the up and downs of Robert Ryan until next Christmas if the paper shortage okayed it. He did about everything you can think of. He tried gold mining in Montana and made exactly eight bucks in five months of back-breaking toil. He tried New York for a newspaper job, but instead of holding the presses, Bob ended up holding the torso of some strange tootsie and leering at her in confession magazine illustrations; posing his rugged map for dandruff ads, cigarettes and foot-eases. He signed on the black-gang of a freighter bound for Africa and got himself drenched in sweat stoking his way through the tropics. He came back to the States and peddled this and that, slaved as a mucker in another sewer gang, drilled with a dynamite crew, dug a ditch here and there. Ups and downs, mostly downs.

But there was one strictly-from-hunger job Bob Ryan had that tips off the kind of fellow he was throughout all that big league loop of lousy luck. He didn't mind breaking his back or tearing his big arms out by the roots, or even prostituting his manly beauty for sensational sheets. But —well, once he tied into what looked like a soft touch in Chicago—a white collar job as collector of bad loans.

heart-on-his-sleeves legree . . .

Bob spent a week shagging through the dismal slums of Chicago trying to pull pennies out of down-and-outers. What he saw made him sick at the stomach and sicker still when he realized he was working for a loan shark outfit. When he got his check, he hustled right back down to the places he'd put the bite on. There he doled out every cent of his pay to the miserables. Then he felt a lot better. To this day you can't knock social progress or security for the underprivileged to Robert Ryan. He doesn't see red very often—but if you'd like some fireworks, just start picking plutocratically on the common man—but choose a quick exit.

How Robert Ryan ever hoisted himself out of that slough of shabby existences is a miracle. Isn't it a miracle when you shoot your only savings—$300 bucks—in a Michigan wildcat oil well and the darned thing comes in? Maybe even more miraculous was a pose he got by with in Chicago—at a girl's school, of all places. You wouldn't think Bob's activities then would have led him within a country mile of a young ladies' finishing school. But for one thing, he'd never lost that literary ambition and dabbled at night with plays and things, and for two, he still had plenty of nerve that even a Depression couldn't tame.

So the minute Bob read that the Stickney School for girls was staging its annual play, he showed up and snagged the job directing it. "New York experience," he lied airily and got by with it. Bob built the scenery and made the schoolgirls get to work, and ended up with a "Dear Brutus" production that wowed the mamas and papas. Right about then in came this $2,000 profit from the wildcat well. Guys and gals have climbed off the train in Hollywood with a lot less encouragement and very much less cash. Robert Ryan was going to be a great director. He figured the place to learn was with Max Reinhardt, who had a school in Hollywood. So there he was, in no time at all.

love in gloom . . .

On the care and feeding, past and prospects of Bob Ryan, Actor, there's no better authority in the world than his wife, Jessica. Bob met her the first day he started cramming at Max Reinhardt's, and that minute he knew he was a gone goose.

Jessica is a tall, pert redhead with shiny, brown eyes and a frank and breezy personality. She was just down from San Francisco where, as Jessica Cadwallader, she'd been exposed to the Anna Head School in Berkeley which usually turns out girl tennis champs (Helen Wills, Helen Jacobs and Alice Marble all went there), but in Jessica's case the place brewed acting ambitions. By the time they met at Reinhardt's, she'd already played two years with a San Francisco acting group and taken a crack at Broadway and Hollywood, too, which made her several up on Bob.

How they ever managed to become one is a mystery to both; and a tribute, maybe, to Bob Ryan's Irish bull headedness. Because they got off to several flying wrong starts. As Bob recalls, he made a date the first day he met Jessica and decided he ought to take her somewhere fancy to make an impression. He was ready to blow a small wad of hoarded cash all right, but his knowledge of Hollywood night life was limited. He thought he was taking Jess to a swank place, but the joint turned out to have a reputation lower than a snake in a swamp, which Jess knew, but Bob didn't. He couldn't figure out why he wasn't making much time. Then, he tried dancing, and at terpsichore Rob Ryan is no star. He hates it and—funy part—Jess hates it, too. So it turned out to be a rather grim evening.

Incidentally, Bob Ryan's still a bit backward on his cafe society, especially about what is what, where and when in Hollywood. Some weeks ago an old Dartmouth pal of his came to town and wanted to make the rounds. Bob rallied, and not to let his pal down, boasted, "Sure—I'll show you all the hot spots. Know the town like a book! First," he stated recklessly, "we'll do Ciro's."

With a fine, devil-may-care aplomb, he got on the phone for a reservation, but somehow he couldn't locate Ciro's. Finally

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the head operator gave him the news.

"Ciro's?" she repeated, as if talking to a small boy who doesn't know any better. "Why, Ciro's has been closed up for two years!"

When he's in the market for fun, however, Bob Ryan can do it up right—as RKO's cashier found out last year. After "Tender Comrade," the studio sent Bob and Jessica on a trip East, via his old home town, Chicago, all expenses paid. They told him to enjoy himself and not bother about money. Bob didn't. He took the best suite at the Ambassador East, Chicago's swankiest inn, and tossed a party for 200 old pals in the Pump Room, with cocktails, with caviar, with guinea hen, with champagne. The bill went to the studio, and the studio wired Bob, "Bill paid. Now do we own the hotel?"

Jess and Bob were pretty close to the late directing genius, Max Reinhardt, and when they got hitched, he gave them a book inscribed thus, "Your nuptial hour draws on apace, with pomp, with triumph and with revelling"—a nifty from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and signed it. It was nice—but for a long time Bob was inclined to ask "What pomp, what revelling?" His stake then was $100 cash. He and Jess also picked up a German acting charm from Reinhardt which they use each time Bob goes into a picture. At that point, Jess pretends to spit on him and yelps, "Halsundbeinbruch!" which means "I hope you break both your neck and legs!" It's a quaint German way of wishing you the worst so you'll get the best.

Anyway, the charm and Reinhardt's revelling prophecy took a long time to work, because after they left the drama school, the Robert Ryans embarked on a stretch of concentrated acting and starving. To eat, Jess did some commercial modeling and Bob gave boxing lessons to Hollywood kids at a buck a lesson, and at his first Los Angeles stage bow a reviewer cracked, "Mr. Ryan used to be a boxer. Last night he talked like he'd forgotten to take out his mouthpiece!" But Bob got sharper and sharper, especially in the East where he and Jessica attacked the "borscht" summer stock circuit at various "straw hat" stops, including the Cape Cod Playhouse, the Millpond Theater on Long Island and the Robin Hood in Delaware. The rewards ranged from $2 a week and room, such as it was, all the way up to $40 a week, for a couple of weeks. Anyway, they managed to live, and Jess, who had never fried an egg successfully, learned how to cook an eight-course dinner over a Bunsen Burner. And eventually, Bob rubbed up against big timers like Luise Rainer, Katherine Cornell and Tallulah Bankhead, and almost landed in Tallu's play, "Clash By Night" on Broadway, only the Bankhead caught a flu bug, and his big break was canceled. Then, while Bob sat about biting his nails, that big break the Depression brewed caught him by the collar.

Pare Lorentz, the progressive film fellow, who made all those artistic documentaries, had a gigantic opus on the string for RKO called "Name, Age, Occupation," dramatizing an American guy's struggle to lick the Depression. Hipped on realism, he wanted a rugged, sweat-of-his-brow actor who had been through the Depression mill for the lead. Somebody steered him to Bob, and one look at Ryan's record was enough for Lorentz. Bob couldn't miss, he figured. Maybe not, but "Name, Age and Occupation," after filming for months, did miss. A studio shakeup took place at RKO, and the artistic epic lit on the shelf. But out of the wreckage, somehow, Robert Ryan found himself with a contract at RKO, to that studio's surprise and confusion. "Frankly," Bob confesses, "they were stuck with me."

His rugged body caught their eye and so Robert Ryan became a muscle man about the lot, in such hairy-chesters as "The Iron Major," "Bombardier" and climaxed by that bit of movie mayhem in "Behind the Rising Sun" where Bob reenacted Captain Clear's historic fight to the finish with a mammoth Jap Judo killer. Bob lost ten pounds the first day, got himself knocked colder than a pickle three times and chipped bones in half his knuckles. But that was his line of work at RKO. He wasn't in one solitary scene with a girl until—well I've told you about Ginger and the Great Discovery.

Offstage, Bob Ryan is probably the most unglamorous, unactorish star around.

Around Hollywood, before he put on a Marine uniform, he usually needed a shoe-shine, and some of his leisure clothes horrified even his wife. She had to hide one rig he fancied, a canvas coat, denim pants and sneakers. He's a guy of simple tastes in about everything—goes for beefsteak and lots of beer and cigarettes, hasn't a speck of jewelry, except a thick gold wedding ring and a wrist watch the studio gave him when he left for service, which refuses to run. His idea of fun is to stay up late drinking suds and talking weighty world problems with his friends, mostly writers, and a lot of Russians he's met through dabbling with the U. S. representatives of the Moscow Art Theater. Or reading weighty philosophical tomes and the lives of great men. He and Jess are both suckers for movies, and where they live now, that's all the excitement there is, so they're catching up on their movie misses about every night.

bury me not in the lonely files . . .

Kay Kyser brought his radio Kollege of Musical Knowledge to the San Diego Marine Base a while back, and as Bob and Kay had known each other at RKO, the old professor practically drafted him up on the stage to answer one of those jive quizzes. Bob was never so embarrassed in his life. All he could say was, "I don't know," and he flunked every question, to the bitter disillusion of his solid supporters. One girl wrote him sadly, "I am disappointed in you. You look so nice on the screen. I can't understand why you're so dumb!"

Jessica is my authority for some other facts and figures about Bob. To wit: That he hates to shave, gets his pajama tops and bottoms all mixed up, talks in his sleep, breaks out in hives if he touches mustard, fish or eggs, averages 15 cups of coffee a day and stubbornly messes up their joint bank account writing indiscriminate checks.

In spite of these failings, Private Robert Ryan, U.S.M.C., passed his Leatherneck tests with a 4-rating, which is doing o.k. in a mighty tough league. He thinks he's lucky to be with a rugged outfit, but it's purely and simply an example of good casting. Bob Ryan is a rugged guy, as you might have gathered by now. Of course, he's a mere private—no marine captain like he played in "Marine Raiders," finished, incidentally, three days before he entered boot camp. But I wouldn't sell Bob short in the service—or anywhere else.

And when the shooting is over, Bob's ambition is to be right back in Hollywood where he left off. He made that plain to me and also to a certain young lady at RKO studios who handles the stacks and stacks of pictures of RKO stars. Over her desk hangs a grinning portrait of Bob with his gay good-by crack:

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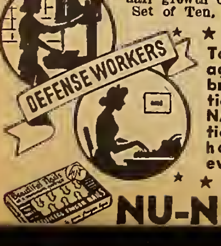

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TRIO "CON BRIO"

(*Continued from page 33*)

secretary. It says, "Please enroll me as a member of your Frank Sinatra Club. I think Frankie's great. Bing Crosby."

But that midnight telephone conversation marks the first time on record that Bob Hope ever harpooned his chum, Bing Crosby, about the up-and-coming Crown Prince of Swoon. And it set off with a cross-country bang what has since become the greatest three-ring circus of wildly running gags, knockout punch nifties and free-for-all fun that a trio of upstairs stars ever put on in the Big Tent of Hollywood. No holds are barred, and there hasn't been any time out called yet. It has rollicked and raged all over the radio and in the newspapers, in Army camps and hospitals, on golf course, studio sets, dressing rooms, club houses and cafes. It's been beamed out to Saipan, Siena and St. Lo. But, if some sad people who had their Sense of Humor stunted at an early age, can call it a Feud with a straight face, well—they just aren't hep, that's all.

triple-threat wisecrack club . . .

Because what the triple-threat wisecrack club of Crosby, Hope and Sinatra cover up is really the greatest Mutual Admiration Society in the world.

Bob can call Bing "Hips" and "Flabby" and "Father Bobby-Socks" and brand him publicly, as he often has, "The Frank Sinatra of the Gay Nineties." And Bing can label Bob "Zoot-Snoot," "Jangle-Jaw" and "Hopeless" and shoot a dozen other off-the-cuff slurs at his looks, his acting ability, his golf failings, his ignominious canvasback past in the prize ring. He can expose Bob's best jokes as a Joe Miller jumble from a stable of gag writers, while Bob baldly points out the hairless state of Bing's noggin, the spavined gait of his race horses and the wild-Indian traits of his offspring. He can rag Bing's blinding crazy-quilt shirts and the chest that occasionally slips down to his middle, and Bing can come back with asparagus cast at the froggy tones of Bob's crooning attempts.

That had been going on for years, rapid fire, before Frank Sinatra joined the Socko Society. The rubber bricks that Bing and Bob have heaved at each other would shoe half the cars on the highways by now—if they were real.

Over the door of Bob Hope's dinky dressing room, which he started in at Paramount and which he's kept ever since because he's superstitious about moving to more glorified quarters, hangs a picture of Bing Crosby. It's about the dizziest looking portrait of the Old Booper you'll ever see, if you're ever lucky enough to see it. Bing's double-size eyes seem to float in a shiny mist of soulful surrender, and they're crossed sappily. His ears are three times as large as Gable's and stick out like handles on a chamber. The picture says "My Ideal," and Bob spent a long time cooking it up with a trick photographer he knows. He's got another of Bing with that beaver beard he had awhile back, faked on to a lovely young lady screaming in terror and a dozen other poses of the Crosby, tricked to make him look all the way from a Mongolian Idiot to Little Boy Blue.

And in Bing's gorgeous interior decorated Paramount hangout, which Bob loves to razz Bingo about and call "the Palladium," Bing comes right back with a picture set of Hope looking like the dogcatcher should be after him, and cartoons

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jaw like a bulldozer and hair like a dish of wilted spinach. That's just a sample.

Those two nutty nimblewits have never stopped kidding, in good times and bad, ever since Bob cracked his way into Bing's backyard at Paramount. Even when Bing's house burned down, and he lost half his treasures, Bob accused him of being a firebug for the insurance. And when he took Bing and Dixie and the kids into his house to stay for a while, he set right out sharking Bing at pool in his billiard room and told all their friends, "It's the only way I can get any rent out of the guy!"

But in all the mess of Irish confetti they exchange, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope have never had a mad-on for a minute, a pang of professional jealousy or even a tickle of temperament. They can both take it—plenty—and love it, maybe because both are so far out in front in their respective spotlights that they haven't a thing to fear from each other, and maybe because they happen to be Bing Crosby and Bob Hope—which is to say, two terribly funny, friendly and fabulous guys.

Anyway, when Frank Sinatra blew into Hollywood with all the squeals and shivers of female millions wafting after him, Bing and Bob were waiting for him. They needed new blood, and Frankie seemed a natural to make it three of a kind. But neither Bing nor Bob, and hardly anybody else in Hollywood, knew Frank. They liked the Voice, but what went on behind it was a mystery. So Bing and Bob decided to find out. Their first chance to apply the acid test was at a War Bond exhibition golf match at Lakeside Country Club where Bing and Bob slap the ball around.

the acid test . . .

It was a big Hollywood event, and thousands of people were on hand to watch the fun. It was also the first public appearance together of the Groaner and his sensational new rival, and to be fair, Frank was at a big disadvantage. Bing and Bob had played lots of Southern California benefit matches before. Both of them are super golfers: Bing had even been Lakeside champ for two straight years, and Bob was a close runner-up. Frankie was a mere dub at pasture pool. Although in a prize ring or a swimming pool he could make both Bing and Bob look awkward.

They went to work on Frank right away. First off, Bob turned to Bing. "Crosby," he said, "your caddy can carry the clubs. Mine can carry Sinatra." When Frank teed off, Bob got him talking while Bing traded a trick ball on the tee. Frank swung and "Bang!" it exploded all over the place. Then Bob had his caddy hand Frank a mammoth gag golf club, complete with rubber handlebars, a flashlight, a compass, a bicycle bell and other gags, gadgets tailored for a dub. And all around the course he and Bing kept up a running patter like this: "Hope, it sure is swell to have new blood in the game."

"Yeah, Bing, did you say 'no blood'?" (Ever since Bob has called Frankie "No blood.") Or, "Bob, why do you suppose this Sinatra's so skinny?" "I don't know, Bing. Maybe when he was a baby his mother tied his bow tie too tight." "Yeah, Bob, but not tight enough!" Well—that gives you the general idea. Frankie's number was really up.

But he took it with a wonderful Sinatra grin all the way around, and even poked back a few cracks himself, because Frankie is no slouch whatever on the uptake. He sang a duet with arms around Bing's shoulders and entered into all the silly business a mob of cash customers

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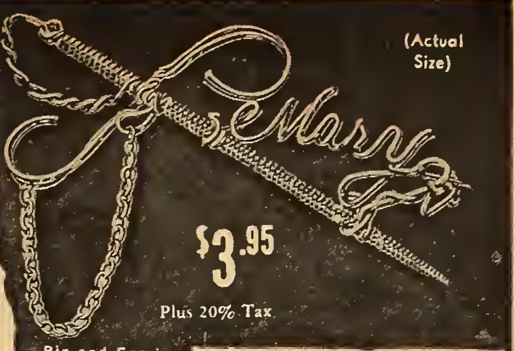

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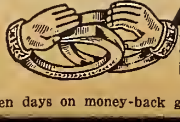

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even for War Bonds, seem to demand around Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. Although afterwards, Frank sighed, "Whew! Next time I go out with those guys I'm gonna wave a flag or blow a horn or something to get a little attention. Boy, were they laying for me!"

He was right as a rabbit there. That pair certainly were laying for the Swoon King. But after they'd laid for him and got him, they liked him—plenty. And when Frankie Sinatra moved out to Bob and Bing's home territory around Toluca Lake, going in hock for a house right off the eighteenth tee at Lakeside, who do you think proposed him for membership in the exclusive club? Why, Mr. Harry Lillis Crosby, of course.

Frankie Sinatra is one of Bing's firm friends today. But even though he knows him well, Frankie's attitude toward the Great Groaner is still one of humble reverence. He's a Crosby man, as he was at the start, and even now after all the fame he's waded into, he still regards Bing with awe. It shows in all sorts of ways. Frankie, for instance, calls Bing, "the King." The other day, he confessed to a close pal of his, Hugh Daniel, that the biggest thrill he's had since he came to Hollywood was to watch Bing record a song that he, Frankie, had discovered and made famous. "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Town of Berlin" is the number. Frankie has already asked Bing for an autographed platter to add to his collection of Crosbyana. And you should get a load of Frank singing the parody he wrote on "Sunday, Monday and Always." Chances are you won't, because Frank uses the little ditty just at Army camp shows and sometimes now and then to warm up a radio studio audience, but never over the air. So I'll have to slip you a look at the lyrics. You can see right off the bat with whom Frank Sinatra brackets himself in crooner ratings. The first verse starts like this:

"I'll soon become a wreck. They're breathing down my neck—
Dick Haymes, Dick Todd and Como—
They're really coming fast. Who knows, I may be passed—
By Dick Haymes, Dick Todd and Como.
The fact that girlies scream, they say will cause me grief,
But if they ever stop, I'll find that I'm back on relief.
It'll mean the end of me, good news for Tommy D.,
And Dick Haymes, Dick Todd and Como!"

There's a stack of verses. But Frankie ends like this:

"I'll never sing like Bing, I know I don't compare,
I'll grant he's got a voice, if they'll grant that I've got hair.
But then why all the fuss? There's room for all of us—
Dick Haymes, Dick Todd and Como!"

crooner humor . . .

And he always winds up with an extra lick, "There's just one Crosby!"

Oddly enough, although it's a lyric built strictly for laughs, that's just about how Frank Sinatra really feels about Bing. He worships the guy like Lil Abner worships the "Ideel," Fearless Fosdick. Always has. Frankie was practically weaned on Crosby, like a million other boys and girls his age. And if Bing should start cracking his voice tomorrow and singing sour notes in Frank Sinatra's ears, he would still be Bing the Great. That's what happens when you get a kid crush on a

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stuck by Rudy Vallee all these years. Well, Rudy was the Frank Sinatra of the Terrific Twenties.

In fact, Frank has confessed a time or two that it was Bing who inspired him really to dig on this singing business and set out on a career. Frankie was still a New Jersey jerk then, trying to get somewhere on his newspaper job, and he'd got himself all tangled up in love trouble with Nancy, his present wife. Frank wanted to get married, and the sensible thing to do when you are figuring on becoming a husband is to have a steady job. But, sitting with Nancy in a Manhattan movie one Sunday afternoon, he ran into a Bing Crosby picture, and as the Old Master rolled his big blue eyes and gave out with some pear-shaped notes, Frank was carried away. "I'm going to quit my job and sing," he stated, "like I've always wanted to." And he did. And you know what happened.

no. 1 crosby fan . . .

The first time Frank met and had a chat with his idol was not long after he had come to Hollywood for "Higher and Higher." Naturally, with all the swoon build-up, the squeal stuff and the bobby-sock ballyhoo, Frank was a marked man, and naturally, too, the columnists and press agents had to build up some sort of a Crosby-Sinatra rivalry, because didn't both of them sing songs? The fact that Frank's style and Bing's are two separate articles entirely, the fact that Frank belongs to an entirely different generation than Bing (he's twenty-six, and Bing's in his forties), and the fact that you can like them both at the same time and probably do, had nothing to do with it. After all, there has to be an angle for some hullabaloo.

So—Frank's radio producers thought it would be a good idea to have Bing and Frank show up on each other's programs. Also RKO thought it might just be possible the Groaner would consent to a quick appearance in Frank's picture, and Frank could return the compliment in Bing's current epic. "Tell your agent to get in touch with Bing's agent," said Frank's radio boss.

Frank was horrified. "My agent?" he gasped. "Why I wouldn't think of that. Gosh! I'll go see Bing myself. Say—he's too big a man to treat that way!" So he called up Bing, and Bing invited him over to lunch at Paramount. They really got together then, and although the picture and radio swap was nixed by various managers and things, that started the personal friendship of the King and the Crown Prince. Frank came away and told his crew, "I've been talking to Bing. I actually had lunch with Bing Crosby, honest!" Just like a movie-struck fan who'd touched Garbo. They kidded him about it around the RKO dressing room for days, but Sinatra kids easy. He didn't mind.

Since then, of course, getting to know Bingo better and better and thereby having to learn to crack back or get annihilated by the wig-parters Bob Hope and Bing toss around, Frank has managed to punch back. For instance, last time he was in New York, walking up Fifth Avenue, he looked in the window at Sulka's, exclusive Manhattan haberdashery, and spied a sport shirt to end all sport shirts. The thing had Oriental sunbursts on it, birds of paradise, Dali-esque alligators and maybe the Great Chicago fire, too. Anyway, I have it on good authority that it was a shirt to make even an old scream-shirt fancier like Bing Crosby shudder and shake. "Hold on," Frankie told his manager, Al Levy. "This just has to go back to the G"

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Frankie has learned to be quick on the uptake and handy with the touché retort, too. He's had to with those worldly wolves, Crosby and Hope, snapping happily at him. One place where the trio let themselves go is on "Command Performance," the GI radio show. The insults and lowerations flow fast and furious. Bing and Frank were warbling off a duet, for instance, the other day for the soldiers, Cole Porter's "You're the Top." Suddenly Bing heard Frank change the lyrics. "You're the top," Frank sang, "you're the head canary!" Bing thought that was pretty nice. But the next line showed Frank was just suckering him. "You're the top," he chanted, "though your top ain't hairy!" That's Bing's real weakness, his shiny head of vanishing fuzz. Another time Frankie played on the same theme. Bing had just thrown in a snide remark about Frank's emaciated frame. Frank got through bending his notes on "This Love of Mine."

"My, my," whispered Bing, "to think that such beautiful music can come out of a rag, a bone and a hank of hair."

"Anyway, I've got hair," chuckled back Frank. They go on like that for hours. "Just call me Bing," pleads Bing in mock friendliness. "I wouldn't dream of calling a man your age by his first name," Frank comes back. Whoever is hanging around those battles of wit and words has to join in or go under. Once Judy Garland came in to break it up with a little feminine song and charm. Bob Hope immediately pounced on her. "Where's Frank Sinatra, Judy? I thought you were coming together—or did you swoon?"

"Oh, no," said Judy, "we were coming together. But I couldn't carry Frank another block!"

Maybe the most telling wisecrack Frank ever got off at Bing's expense, was delivered in the warm-up before Bing's very own show at NBC studios in Hollywood. Even today one of the most rapt audience members of Bing Crosby's at the Kraft Music Hall is a certain F. Sinatra. He likes to watch Bing work. Well, this evening Frank went backstage before the show, and Bing dragged him out on the stage to help jolly up the auadience. Naturally, those two together didn't need to say a word; the studio went wild. But Ukie was standing around, Ukie is one who always stimulates Bing's razz glands. He started ragging him, and in self-defense Ukie finally burst out with,

"Oh, Crosby, why don't you give up?"

Then's where Frank stepped in with his Sunday punch.

"You heard what the man said, Bing. You heard what he said!"

It's not at all hard to prove, though, that Frank and Bing have a genuine regard for each other which all the comic crustiness can't cover completely. Bing showed that way back the very first time the news camera caught him and

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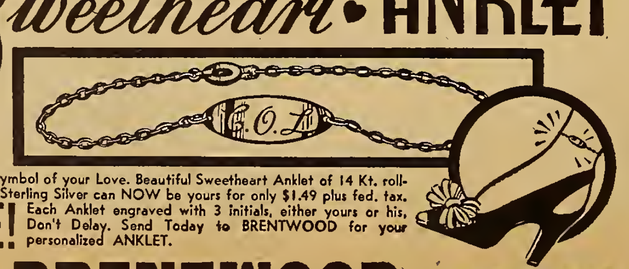

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Frank together. That happened at the NBC studios, where Frank, a CBS man, was visiting on Joan Davis' show. Right before it came Bing's half hour. The NBC and CBS press agents got their little heads together and decided here was the Big Chance. The programs overlapped—that is, Bing would be leaving just as Frank started on the air. But there were three whole pages in the first part of the Davis show where Sinatra wasn't needed. They set it up with Bing to shoot the picture then and with Frank to run off the stage, make 'em and get back for his lines. Both Frank and Bing, approached separately, said "Sure!"

Frankie was so eager to make the shots that out on the broadcasting stage he kept craning his neck over to the wings, looking for Bing, and Joan Davis, who hadn't been told, wondered what the heck went on. When she saw Frankie trot off the stage when his empty spot came, she thought he'd gone crazy! So as he whizzed by, she grabbed him by the coat collar and hung on. That ruined the plans, but to everyone's surprise, Bing Crosby laughed and said, "I'll just wait around until after the show, and we'll make the pictures then."

speech is silver . . .

In the past ten years Bing had never been known to wait on anyone anywhere, he's that relaxed and indifferent. Nor has he ever given a hoot whether or not he ever had a picture snapped of him or an article written about him or anything else. But the next morning bright and early, Bing was on the phone in person calling the publicity boys at NBC and CBS. He said he'd sure like a quick set of those pictures of, as he said, "the two vocalists."

As for Frank Sinatra—how he feels about Crosby, comes out all the time. He was a guest on Bob Burns' show not long ago, and as Robin and Bing are pals of long standing, the Groaner dropped around backstage before the show for a chat and ran into Sinatra. Then he left, Frank thought. But during the program, where Frank and Bob Burns were rattling off some repartee about Bing, Frank tossed in a line of his own on the spur of the moment. "No kidding," he said feelingly, "he's the best there is!"

Whereupon, to his surprise Bing himself, who had been on the sidelines watching the show, walked out on the stage, smacked Frank with a big, loud kiss and slipped him a brand new, shiny silver dollar!

Frankie and Bing and Bop Hope are three of a kind in a lot of other ways, of course, besides snappy comebacks, cut-ups and respect for one another. All three have a tremendous and unique talent that can't be boobed, and all three, on the personal side, are Joes who haven't an enemy in town. Hunt all over Hollywood and parts East and West, and you'll be mighty hard put to find a bad word from anyone—male or female—about Hope, Crosby or Sinatra. But of the three, perhaps the softest-hearted, most generous and sentimental is Frank Sinatra. Bob Hope and Bing Crosby have been up there on the top for so long that a certain blasé crust has had to form to protect them from being washed to pieces by waves of public worship. But it's still all new and wonderful to Sentimental Sinatra, and maybe the biggest kick he's getting out of being a star is throwing his talent and the money it brings him around. Of course, with all the contracts and day and night jobs he has, the Voice hasn't yet been able to dash off to foreign battlefronts to entertain lonesome GI's. But every Saturday, and often Sunday

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too, an Army technical crew moves in on Frank wherever he is, and he puts in a few thousand dollars worth of bent-notes on wax for this and that camp or fighting sector. When Bob Hope sailed on his current entertainment tour in the South Pacific, he was hard up for new gags and material to keep GI Joe laid up with laughs. Bob uses up funny material like a Kentucky Colonel uses up bourbon. His stable of gag men were dried up and panting. When Frank heard about it, he sent his whole staff of radio writers out to Bob's house for a week, getting together a satchel full of funny business for Bob to use on his atoll-hopping tour.

singing saint . . .

The other day Frank read in a Los Angeles newspaper about an ex-sailor and his young bride (an expectant mother) who got in a jam with the law hooking some things off a store counter, to help them set up housekeeping. The sailor was just back from the wars, had seen rugged action, had a disability discharge. He wasn't a real thief but really a casualty of the war and a preview of a problem that a lot of kids might be tempted to have. Promptly Frankie scribbled a hundred dollar check and sent it to the pair as "my wedding present." "Keep your chin up," advised Frankie. The sailor did and won a dismissal of his case in court. (And he's going to name his baby after Sinatra.)

That soft side of Frankie is probably incurable, thank goodness. On his radio program the other night he was singing "I'll Get By" when a little white-haired lady, about seventy years old, whispered to a girl seated beside her in the front row, "Isn't he wonderful? I know now why all you girls swoon over him." Frankie heard her, and a smile cracked his face from ear to ear. After the program switch to New York that followed, he leaned down and said, "Thanks, Honey—now because you're so nice, I'm going to sing a song just for you." He announced it to the audience, "Here's one for my favorite fan here," and he pointed to the thrilled and fussed little old lady. Then he got down and on his knees sang right to her, "I'll be Seeing You."

The lady, by the way, had a taste of how it feels to be queen for a minute right after the show. Darned if the bobby-sockers didn't gang up on her for the autograph of "the girl Sinatra sang to!"

But Frank has one character spot that's right in line with his pals. He's nutty about kids. Bing has proved his passion for small fry with a dozen picture pals, from Don O'Connor on up and down. And in his own home he's done all right, although by now Gary, Denny and Linny have sprouted to a size where the old man has to be tough or get snowed under. If they get obstreperous, Pop Crosby wades in yelling, "Break it up, you hams, break it up!" and they break it up.

Hope the householder is tyrannized a little more by his kids, Linda and Tony, especially Linda, a blonde little dream who leads Bob around by his notorious nose any time she wants to. By now, though only five, Linda is plenty wise in show business. Whenever Bob has time on his radio camp shows or even commercial programs he slips in, "Good night, Linda and Tony." But sometimes the program is long, and he doesn't make it. And that's tragedy in the Hope home, and there have been complaints. Not long ago Bob set out from his house, as usual, in a whirlwind rush. Linda wanted to know where daddy was off to.

"Santa Ana Air Base," Bob flung back over his shoulder. "For a radio show. And if Daddy's lucky, he'll say 'Good

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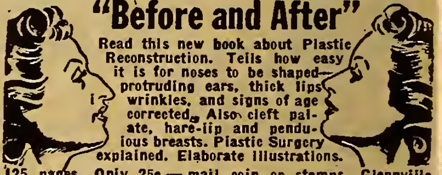

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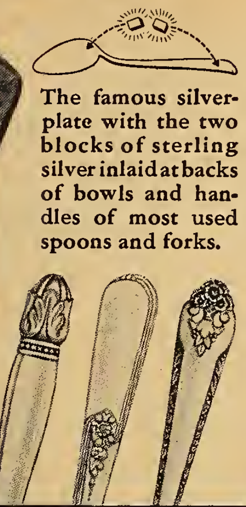

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night, Linda and Tony' right over the air."

"All right," agreed Linda. "But you'd better write it in the script now!"

Another time Bob's wife, Dolores, was scolding Linda for some cut-up or other.

"Okay, okay," retorted Linda, "I'll let Daddy get all the laughs around here!"

lullaby lane . . .

Frank's babies are still too much on the small side to pester their pop, but it's a cinch that when they get big enough, he'll be putty in their hands. When Frank came out to Hollywood and had to leave his wife, Nancy, and the new baby back East, he shipped Sinatra-crooned lullaby records back by the case loads to set the baby, two weeks old, off on the right sound track. And when there isn't one of his own around to make happy, some other kid gets the Sinatra sunshine. Frank can't help himself that way. Little Dean Stockwell, who plays with Frank in "Anchors Aweigh," found himself with a swell imported music-box the other day that plays Brahms' lullaby when you lift the lid. And when the sound man on that same picture announced that his new daughter had just arrived, he went home that night with a $100 war bond for the baby. That's Frankie, all the time.

The Hope, Crosby and Sinatra families don't see an awful lot of each other, so the fellows' friendship is mostly a work-a-day one. All of them are so busy these days that home is mostly a place to grab a quick bite and expire on a handy bed. And all the wives, too, are tied down with growing kids. But Frank Sinatra has bought Nancy a home on the shores of Toluca Lake, and already he has a couple of rowboats and some bikes to go visiting when he has the time. Bob Hope already lives there, and while the Crosbys are temporarily *in absentia*, being burned out and living near Beverly Hills, they don't like it, and it's a safe guess that come V-Day, Bing will be building himself a chateau and making the San Fernando Valley his home, somewhere comfortably near the first tee at Lakeside Country Club, his home away from home.

Then the Three Jokers can carry on their slam-bang palship over the back fence, and maybe then somebody can dream up a triple Hatfield-McCoy family feud—although you can bet right now it will be a phoney.

Matter of fact, the only real jealousy I can uncover so far in the friendship of Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Bop Hope is the rankling envy of those two first guys for the last—and with a pretty good reason. Both Bing and Frank are pea-green because Bob has been out wowing GI's where the bullets fly and they'd give their gravel larynx and their best bow-tie, respectively, for the million unforgettable experiences Bob has collected up front with our fighting Yanks.

Perhaps the one serious wisecrack Bing ever made about his pal, Bob Hope, was when Bob's book about his front-line Army tours hit the stands the other day. It's called, "I Never Left Home," and when Bingo got his copy, he cracked ruefully, "It's a great book, Bob. But by the title maybe I should have written it."

Bing will be fixing that up, he hopes, as you read this. He's booked for a tour of Army hospitals when he winds up his summer movie and radio jobs about a month from now, and he's hoping to get overseas where the big show is playing. The same goes for Frank Sinatra, if he can ever wiggle off the hook of all his movie and radio contracts long enough to pack his bag and a kit of songs.

The way they figure, when they're old and gray, why should "Thanks for the Memories" be an exclusive Bob Hope tune?

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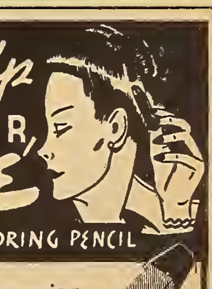

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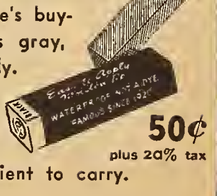

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THE JAMES GIRLS

(*Continued from page 47*)

Ordinarily, Harry's word is law. But when he says, "Come see the baby, Punkin," Punkin tries to push his head between Harry's legs, under the illusion that he's an ostrich, and you can't see him. He's improving a little though—getting so he'll rush over once in a while and take a quick look, then run back to Betty or Harry and push with his nose, to make sure everything's the way it used to be, that they love him just the same.

"Sure we do," Betty comforts him. "You're the best dog we have, and Vicki's the best baby—"

between two loves . . .

Harry'd left on a tour of one-nighters, to be followed by an engagement at the Astor Roof, in fulfillment of an old contract. Except for the contract, he'd never have gone. Married almost a year, it's as hard for the Jameses to say good-by as it was in those first months when Betty was working at Twentieth and Harry at Metro, and they'd meet halfway every day for lunch.

Harry was to be gone two months, and Betty'd been torn between her two loves. She just *couldn't* leave Vicki for all that time—being away from Harry was going to be terrible. But if she went with Harry, how could she stand not seeing Vicki? Like a sensible girl, she compromised. A month with the baby while Harry was on the road, then a month with Harry in New York—

She looked down at her daughter. "You won't miss me, honey, but I'll miss a whole month out of your life, and that's bad. But I'll bring Daddy home to you, and that'll be good—see?" Vicki winked at me, which means, "Go ahead, Mom. Just leave Noony and Granny and my bottle, and I'll be okay—"

May we pause here to make a point?

Because she's blonde and luscious, because she breezes around on the screen, because she's our No. 1 pin-up idol, people get the notion that Betty's a dizzy number, that she conga's through life, snapping her fingers and cracking wise. Nothing's farther from the truth. She's reserved, she's fastidious and a little shy. She doesn't know how to bubble or gush or put herself on exhibition. Her voice is low, her manner composed, and she rates as high in sound common sense as in curves. So you can total it up for yourself—and now that *that's* off our chest—

In her quiet way, she's breathless with happiness. Like a child tiptoeing round a Christmas tree, afraid to touch and almost afraid to look. Talk about fairy godmothers waving magic wands! Why, even the house they live in was a miracle—

When she bought the house in Stone Canyon where she lived with her mother, Mildred Lahr heard her say she was looking for a decorator. "Come over and see if you like our place," said Mrs. Lahr. "Then if you do, you can get the same man—"

Betty thought it was perfect, inside and out, and did get the same man. *Then* what happens? While she and Harry were hunting like mad for a house, she heard one day that Bert Lahr wanted to sell. She rushed Harry out there, and he bought it that same night—lovely furniture and all. All they did was change one room to a music-room for Harry and re-decorate the nursery—

From the first, Betty wanted a girl. Harry said he didn't care, but she felt a little guilty, because she knows men would rather have a boy. "You're sure you don't

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ABC
stuff about
E

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mind if I wish for a girl, Harry? It'll be whatever it wants to be anyway—"

Girl or no girl, the nursery was going to be blue, because that's the favorite color of both. It was cleaned up and painted and wallpapered, with little capering lambs and a little lace edge running round the ceiling like a valentine. But Betty didn't hurry the decorator. Plenty of time for the furniture, she said. The baby wasn't expected till the middle of March. She wanted to put all the little diapers away herself, and all the shower presents that had piled up, but she'd rather keep that for the last, like dessert. Then, boom! she was in the hospital, and not even a stick of furniture moved in. She could have wept. Her mother and sister had the fun of putting the diapers away.

You've read about the tough time she had. According to her, she deserved a little trouble. "Because I had such an easy time beforehand." Up to the last, she'd been going to the Palladium with Harry, going to his broadcasts, driving the car and eating too much. She was ravenous the whole time—weighed 144 when she went in. It's okay, kids. Betty's herself again now.

She got to the hospital at 2 P.M. on Thursday. The baby was born 4:45 Friday morning. She was never wholly unconscious—they gave her a spinal for the operation—but her memories are hazy. Except for dashing to his broadcast and back, Harry never left her—she couldn't bear to have him out of her sight. She remembers his walking in with a stack of the crossword puzzles she's crazy about—and she remembers laughing in spite of the pains, which were lasting two minutes each. She remembers being shown a string of blue-and-white beads, tagged B. James, that would go round the baby's neck the minute it was born—

After that, she doesn't remember much but pain till she heard a cry, and saw the doctor leaning over her. "What did you say you wanted?"

So *she* started crying like a sissy. For a few minutes, everything broke her up. Somebody said, "Vicki's a big girl," and Betty cried. They wheeled her out into the hall where Harry waited with her mother and dad. "You've got a beautiful little girl," said Harry, and Betty cried. But she managed to whisper, "Next time we'll have a little boy—"

a promise is a promise . . .

Then she remembered it was Friday. She'd promised not to have the baby on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, Harry's broadcast days. "I kept my promise," she murmured weakly to him.

After that, she did a lot of sleeping and, when she woke up, they brought the baby in and laid her in the crook of Betty's arm. And there she was—Victoria Elizabeth—not a hope, not a dream, but a warm pink morsel with fuzz on her head and blue and white beads round her neck. She stirred a little and made a face, and Betty looked up at Harry as if heaven had opened.

"She grinned at me. And don't let anyone tell you it was a bubble."

Two weeks at the hospital, with no visitors but the family. One day Harry said: "I'm having the house fixed up."

She couldn't quite dope that one out. "For instance, what?"

"Sent the curtains out to be laundered, so they'd be nice and fresh when you get back. Well, I had to do *something*—"

The only thing wrong with a hospital is having your baby doled out to you in snippets. Here she comes, and there she goes. It's necessary, but unsatisfying. Betty couldn't wait to get home, where she could see Vicki any time she liked—

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So the great day came. Harry and Mrs. Grable and the nurse arrived with Vicki's carrying basket. Noony dressed her in her own little clothes and diaper. Betty, with hot and cold prickles running up and down her spine, was wheeled out to the desk, where she had to claim her child the way you would a parcel—

"Is your name James? Is this your baby?" It sounded silly, but wonderful. Whose baby did they think she was? They delivered her over to Noony. Vicki had her first ride in the family station-wagon. Betty went home in an ambulance.

The doctor's orders were for her to go to bed and stay there. Well, first she had to see the nursery. That was reasonable enough—she hadn't seen it since the furniture was in. So they wheeled her across the threshold, over the floor of robin's-egg blue to the bassinet that had once been a slave cradle. The first time she'd seen it at the decorator's, it was full of flowers—

"Now it's full of Vicki."

She saw the marvelous highchair Alice Faye had sent, that collapses into a low chair with a playpen in front. She saw the wide, chintz-covered windowseat that looks out on the garden and thought, "What a lovely place for a little girl to read." She saw the fuzzy animals on the shelf and the dresses in the wardrobe, and they opened the drawers to show her the diapers that she hadn't been able to put away herself.

Then they stuck her in bed, where she stayed a full half hour before she started wheedling. "Look, honey, I'm too excited to stay in bed. Just let me go to the nursery once more." But when she got there, she almost fell flat on her face. Harry carried her back, and that time she stayed put.

It was a heavenly interval. She had the baby, and she had Harry all to herself. His broadcasts were over, and he took almost a month off, just to be with her. It was the first time in five years he hadn't worked steadily, and the first time for Betty since she was thirteen. Convalescing might have been tiresome under other conditions, but she's never bored when Harry's with her. They had their meals together in the bedroom. They listened to records and played backgammon and gin rummy. Harry'd bring the baby in and lay her on the bed or convoy her around the room, and after a while he became very accomplished about changing her and burping her and giving her the bottle. His first present to Vicki was a musical lamb with a blue ribbon round its neck. He came in with it the day after they got home, and wound it up and held it to Vicki's ear, while it played "Merrily We Roll Along."

"So she'll like music," he grinned. "But if she doesn't like music, she doesn't have to." That's one thing they've agreed on. Because Betty's a dancer and Harry a musician doesn't mean that Vicki has to be either. She can be an elephant-trainer, if she wants to.

She does like music, however. Betty flatly asserts she can tell one tune from another, and that her favorite's "Sweet Leilani." Her father was singing it to her one day, and held a note, and Vicki came in on exactly the same note. "I know I sound like one of those mothers, and nobody will believe it, but it's *true*."

They have no fancy names for their offspring. It's Vicki or Baby or Honey. Or, "Hello, keed" from Harry—or at the most, "Hi, Shoog." She's crazy about her father. Keeps her eyes glued to his face from the minute he walks in, and when he walks out, they follow him all the way. "Nothing strange about it," Betty remarks, "just shows how very intelligent she is."

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As Betty grew stronger, Harry'd carry her out to a deckchair beside the pool, and they'd have breakfast there. Harry eats enormous breakfasts. He's gained twenty pounds since their marriage, and if he doesn't look fatter, it's because he works off the calories playing baseball. If he hadn't been a musician, he'd have been a ballplayer. Before the baby came, they'd never say, "If it's a boy—" Either, "If it's a girl" or, "If it's a baseball player—"

Six weeks after they got home, the James girls went out for the first time—to see their doctors. Vicki looked simply beautiful in her fancy pants—soakers to you—and a little white dress and a white silk bonnet and coat. She waited with Noony in the car, while Daddy took Mother to see her doctor, then they went over to Vicki's doctor, and he said she was a fine specimen. Her parents knew it, but they thought it was sensible of the doctor to agree with them.

Now, on Noony's day off, Betty takes care of the baby. She was scared to death the first time—

"You'd better do it," she told her mother, "and I'll watch—"

But it wasn't two minutes before she was telling her mother what to do. "That's a new kind of diaper. You fold it square—"

back-seat mamma . . .

Mrs. Grable's very tactful. "Goodness," she murmured, "what'll they think up next?" Having seen two daughters and a grandson through infancy, however, she couldn't quite take it all lying down.

"You're supposed to hold her head," said Betty the mamma.

"Look, honey," said grandma, "did *your* head ever roll off?"

Betty's an expert now. When the baby's awake, she lugs her round the house like a doll. Vicki never cries except when she's hungry or wants water. Noony fixes the formula before she leaves, and all Betty has to do is warm it up and give the baby her bottle. Oh, and bathe her—she's so cute in the tub. And stick her out on the nursery porch for her sunbath. And pop her into the bassinet for her nap—

It's a pleasant picture—Betty in the blue nursery, a yellow ribbon round her hair, laying her baby into the cradle, rocking it gently—

"This doesn't spoil her—much. I know it's against the rules, but I don't care. I'm going to spoil her—up to a point."

It's a subject on which she has firm ideas. No books on child psychology for Betty. Just common sense. Common sense tells you not to disturb her when she's resting. Common sense tells you not to overindulge her, so she gets false ideas of her own importance and grows up to be a pain in the neck. But this notion of never picking a baby up or cuddling her doesn't sit well with Betty—

"We're not going to ignore our child. We're not going to give her to the nurse and say, 'raise her for us.' That's what's so nice about Noony. She's not one of those characters that says, 'Don't come in now—the baby's asleep.' As if she didn't even belong to you. We don't moo and goo over her, but it's good for babies to be talked to and played with, to have them know they're part of your life."

Betty's not planning to stop at one baby. She hopes to have that baseball player yet, but not for a couple of years. On July 31st she's scheduled to return to work in "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe." Harry'll be starting a picture around that date, too, so at least they'll be busy at the same time.

She's given a lot of thought to the marriage-and-career problem. Betty's too sober-minded to brush it off with a careless. "Oh, it can't happen to us." They're so in love, she doesn't see how it *could*, but believe us, she's going to keep her eyes open, and any time the career threatens their happiness, she'll quit—

Not that she doesn't enjoy her work. She does. And she's grateful for all it's brought her. But she's not one of those who must have a career or die. It was quite by accident that Buddy de Sylva discovered those diamonds in her feet, and built up her role in "DuBarry"—the role that skyrocketed her. At Twentieth, she's never made demands. She's been satisfied to let the studio pick her parts, and they've done plenty all right by her. She's worked hard, she's had fun, she'd like to go on. But while her responsibility used to be only to the studio, now she has a greater one to her husband and child—

Right now, there's a special reason why she wants to continue. Letters pour in from servicemen, begging her not to quit. Don't get her wrong. She knows the war will be won even if she never dances another step. But the boys seem to like the kind of pictures she makes and, as long as they get a kick out of them, she thinks it's up to her to make them.

Harry's never asked her to give up her work. He knows she enjoys it, so it's all right with him. Being in show business himself, he understands the headaches. And Betty has this advantage—she's married to a man who's as well known as she is—at *least*—and who makes a lot more money. He'll never be Mr. Grable.

and baby makes three . . .

So she thinks it'll work out, because there's just one point she's sure of. Harry and Vicki come first. If she finds that working means being away from six in the morning till six at night, coming home dead tired, not seeing enough of her family, not being able to give them enough of herself—well, there just won't be any argument, that's all—the career will go—

Sometimes she turns to Harry in a kind of bewilderment. "I don't deserve to have *everything* work out—first the movies, then you, now the baby and a *girl* at that. No one deserves to be so lucky—"

Harry doesn't like to hear her call herself lucky. "Say fortunate—"

"What's the difference?"

"I can't put my finger on it exactly. Lots of people have luck, but they're not all happy. It's what you *do* with your luck that counts, and that depends on something inside yourself. Character, maybe—"

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Their Mistake In Love Was In Giving Too Much!

That was the curse of this clan of women, goaded on by an endless hunger that enslaved *themselves!* To Maizie's fun-loving sister it was to bring exquisite pleasure, and terrible pain. For Betsy, too, was the toast of the town—a pleasure-seeking, devil-may-care girl that men fought over—until dance-mad Oren Garth beat a jazz rhythm on her young heart.

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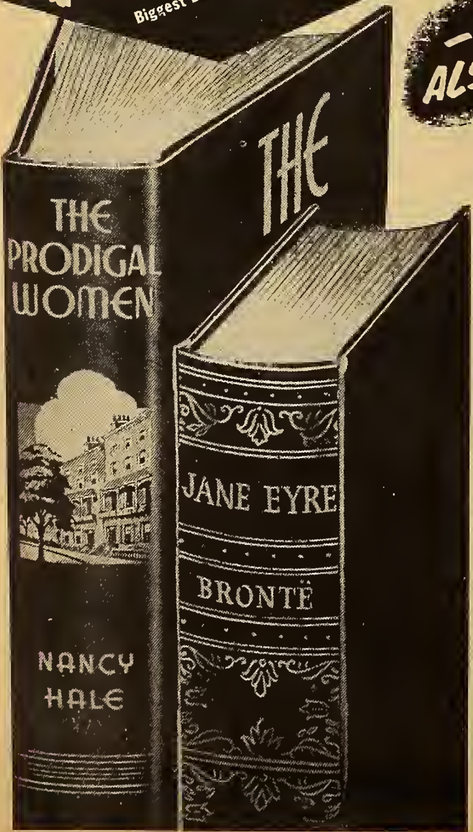

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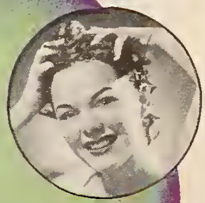
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He's far more apt to find you fair

If you have lovely, shining hair!

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

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Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

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Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!

THE GAYLY COLORED woolen "weskit" is new and smart. Wear it with an equally gay shirt, in contrasting color! And try this smart new hair-do, with the very low side part which starts 'way out at the end of the eyebrow. For glamorous, shining-smooth hair—use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!

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Romance can begin with a lovely smile!

Let your smile bring new happiness! Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

MORE POWER TO YOU, Plain Girl! You don't need to have real beauty to make you click.

Learn from the girls who have the most fun – girls who find happiness, romance. Yes, learn that you can cast a spell *with a smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile. But be sure your smile is radiant, heart-warming in its charm. Remember, though, that such a smile needs sparkling teeth. And teeth that are sound and bright depend so much upon firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist at once!* He may tell you your gums are sensitive—that modern soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And as thousands of dentists do, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the health of the gums as well. So massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation speeds up in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more appealing.

It's a Great Life for the girl with a bright, flashing smile. Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile radiant!

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Getting downright serious, M-G-M has put a lot of laurel on this leonine mane in this Anniversary Year of 1944.

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King Vidor directed "An American Romance". One of the first pictures made by the company was his "The Big Parade". That was in 1924.

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"An American Romance" is a Big Parade of our time, our country, our struggles, our loves. It is a "must" picture and is to be ranked along with those other recent "musts" "The White Cliffs of Dover", "Dragon Seed" and "The Seventh Cross".

★ ★ ★ ★

We're not going to expand further about the glorious and forthcoming

"Mrs. Parkington" which stars Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. We're going to leave this expansion to kismet.

★ ★ ★ ★

Did you know that kismet means fate in Arabic? Well you will when you see the dazzling romance, the swirling orgy of panoramic color that stars Ronald Colman.

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"Kismet" is about the biggest eyeful that has ever happened on the screen.

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Marlene Dietrich who dances her way to romance is clothed in Technicolor.

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James Craig is in it, Edward Arnold is in it, Hugh Herbert, Joy Ann Page, Florence Bates, Harry Davenport and thousands of others are in it.

★ ★ ★ ★

William Dieterle has directed his outstanding film. The producer is Everett Riskin.

★ ★ ★ ★

We think you'll have a swell time at this moon-drenched escape from reality. You'll come out of the theatre singing an Oriental chant—

★ ★ ★

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Leo—

modern screen

STORIES

***MODERN SCREEN SPENDS A DAY WITH GENE KELLY**
The bank book wouldn't balance, Kerry wouldn't grin, and the photog was out of bulbs, but 'long about Gene's third tutti-frutti, a wonderful time was had by all 30

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It's a familiar cry. You'll hear it in Army hospitals and camps, from Jim Farley, Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, in the 136,000 fan letters each month 58

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Anna who believed in them!
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Across the breadth of America
To power and riches!
She followed his star
With a woman's tender courage!
Theirs is a romance
That you will
Remember forever!

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE

KING VIDOR'S
PRODUCTION
IN
TECHNICOLOR

Starring

BRIAN DONLEVY

with

ANN RICHARDS • WALTER ABEL • JOHN QUALEN • HORACE McNALLY

Screen Play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig • Produced and Directed by KING VIDOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Co-ed

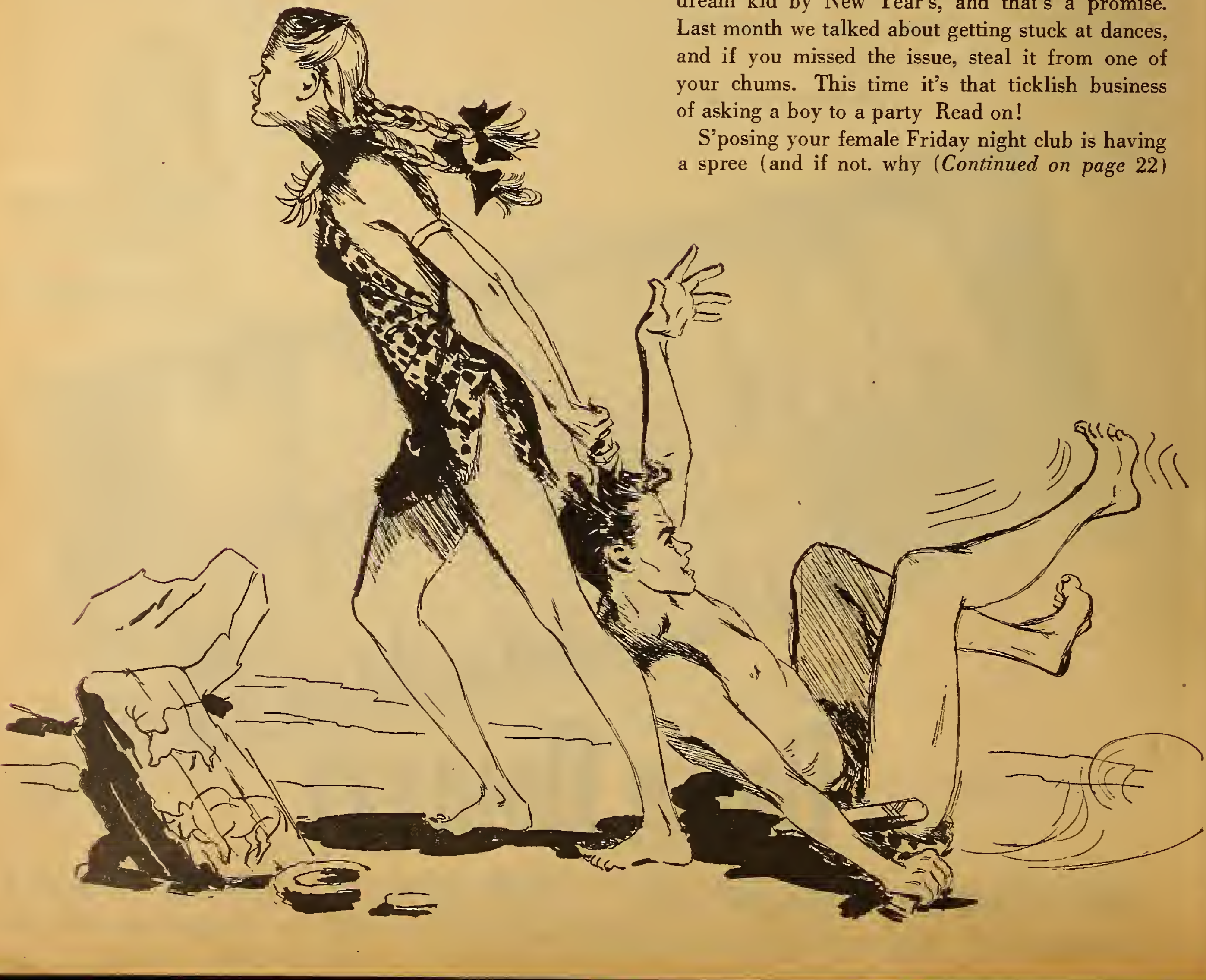
By Jean Kinkead

It simply isn't done—this hauling a guy off by a hank of hair. There are far subtler ways of dragging a man to our lairs these days!

■ Acquiring smoothness, chickens, isn't business like—say—catching the measles. You have to work at it. We told you that last month, but in case you were looking the other way, here we go again. It starts with looking your most lush all the time (and toward this end our fashion, beauty and weight charts will light your way). It includes knowing how to eat correctly, how to introduce people, how to acknowledge a compliment (and you'll find our Etiquette chart invaluable for that sort of thing). The really smooth person, you know, is at home in the world. She doesn't go to pieces the minute she's with a new man or a strange crowd. She knows how to cope with all the crises in the book, so that when they arise, they don't scare her. How do the smoothies get that way? Well, maybe by experience. Maybe by having a big sister who gave them ten easy lessons.

Stop envying them. Now. Right this second. And join the lodge yourself. Every month we'll give you a couple of pointers. Use 'em. Make them part of your bag of tricks. If you do—no matter what a mouse you are now—you'll be a dream kid by New Year's, and that's a promise. Last month we talked about getting stuck at dances, and if you missed the issue, steal it from one of your chums. This time it's that ticklish business of asking a boy to a party Read on!

S'posing your female Friday night club is having a spree (and if not. why (*Continued on page* 22)



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in Technicolor

Directed by
HENRY KING
Written by
LAMAR TROTTI

"GREENWICH VILLAGE" *in Technicolor*

"Irish Eyes Are Smiling" in Technicolor

A. J. CRONIN'S
"The Keys of the Kingdom"

"WINGED VICTORY"
by MOSS HART

BETTY SMITH'S
"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"

The Story of the World's
Favorite Playground
IN THE YEAR'S TOP
MUSICAL HIT!

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of the boardwalk and beach
...songs galore, stars without number and hundreds
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GALLAGHER & SHEAN (Jack Kenny & Al Shean)
VAN & SCHENCK (Gus Van & Charles Marsh)
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

■ This hilarious story of two amiable old ladies whose hobby is poisoning equally amiable old gentlemen will provide you with more laughs than you've had in years. It's completely mad—and completely wonderful! Josephine Hull and Jean Adair, who starred in the Broadway version, continue their career of crime in the picture. Cary Grant plays their bewildered nephew, and Priscilla Lane is his unkissed bride. Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre handle the menace department.

The Brewster family of Brooklyn is as much of an institution there as the Brooklyn bridge. Miss Abby (Josephine Hull) and Miss Martha (Jean Adair) are known for their old-fashioned kindness and charity. Their nephew, Mortimer (Cary Grant) is a famous dramatic critic. He has just married the Brewster's next-door neighbor, Elaine Harper (Priscilla Lane), and they are to leave that night on their honeymoon.

Perhaps they would have, too, if an elderly waif named Mr. Hoskins hadn't stopped at the Brewster house to inquire about a room. But Abby's and Martha's kind hearts are always touched by poor old men with no place to go. They have long since worked out a plan to take care of these unfortunates. Just one sip of Abby's delicious elderberry wine (one teaspoonful of arsenic and a little strychnine to each (*Continued on page* 10)

One sip of the Brewster sisters' (Josephine Hull, Jean Adair) elderberry wine (teaspoonful of arsenic and a little strychnine per gallon), and their careworn guests are peaceful forever. Nephew Mortimer (Cary Grant) rebels, almost comes to a heavenly rest himself.

Could a strange guest destroy *your* home . . . ?

She came into their lives as she might come into yours—a charming and welcomed visitor—but as deadly as a cobra. Deep within her flamed strange, sinister, neurotic desires—she would stop at nothing to destroy those who loved her! Hunt Stromberg has made a daring motion picture from the daring play—the boldest love story that the screen has ever told—the most unusual entertainment of the year!

HUNT STROMBERG *presents*

GUEST IN THE HOUSE

starring

ANNE BAXTER

with

RALPH BELLAMY

ALINE MacMAHON · RUTH WARRICK · SCOTT McKAY · JEROME COWAN

MARIE McDONALD · PERCY KILBRIDE · MARGARET HAMILTON · CONNIE LAIRD

From the Stage Play by Hagar Wilde and Dale Eunson · Adaptation by Elliot Paul · Screen Play by Ketti Frings · Director of Photography, Lee Garmes, A.S.C.

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

Now I can wear tampons, too.

Rounded ends make FIBS* Tampons easier to use!

Do you envy those other girls . . . who find internal sanitary protection *so easy to use?* Why not learn their secret? See what a difference there is between Fibs, the Kotex* tampon, and other tampons you've tried!

Fibs have *rounded ends*, gently tapered for easier insertion. The just-right size of Fibs means *this* tampon is not too big, not too tiny. And Fibs alone are "quilted" to give you greater safety, greater comfort. These are features, important to every woman, which *only Fibs*, of all leading tampons, give you!

So, try Fibs. Once you've tried them you'll find Fibs so comfortable and safe . . . so easy to use . . . you'll never go back to other kinds.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

gallon), and the elderly gentlemen are at peace forever. Then Teddy Brewster (John Alexander), who thinks he's Theodore Roosevelt, buries them in the cellar. Abby and Martha are always careful to inquire as to their victim's religion, so that they may hold an appropriate burial ceremony.

So you see it's all very easy and pleasant. The sisters are definitely annoyed with Mortimer for making such a fuss when he finds the body of Mr. Hoskins in the window seat. Why, the way he rants, you'd think they'd committed a crime! It's too bad they hadn't gotten around to burying Mr. Hoskins yet, but the minister came to tea, and they were so busy. . . . Tonight, they assure Mortimer, they will tuck him away in the cellar with the other eleven bodies.

Mortimer continues to be unreasonable. He won't even start off on his honeymoon. Then to make matters worse, Jonathan arrives. Jonathan (Raymond Massey) is the black sheep of the Brewster family. He is accompanied by his friend, Dr. Einstein (Peter Lorre), who has assisted him in twelve murders over a period of years. Yes, twelve! His score, and Abby's and Martha's, are the same. That infuriates Jonathan, who decides Mortimer would make a lucky thirteenth to break the tie. . . .

You'll just have to go and see the picture. Nothing I can say about it does it justice.—*War.*

P. S.

Took two solid months of intensive shooting to capture this play on film, but everyone from stand-in to producer had fun. . . . The trio of happy lunatics—the two old maid sisters and their brother—were imported from the New York stage. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair and John Alexander did their parts so well no one could be found in Hollywood to replace them. . . . Every available inch of Warners' huge stage seven, the largest sound stage in Hollywood, was jammed with buildings and backings to represent the section of Brooklyn. Artists and technicians spared neither time nor expense to duplicate the Dutch dwellings found in Brooklyn in the eighteen sixties. The houses had real tongue and groove flooring, beamed ceilings and fireplaces that really worked. The main house boasted a large old kitchen with a Dutch oven and real closets loaded with real preserves. . . . A solid acre of canvas was used for the cyclorama which completely circled the setting. On it was depicted dwellings, the towering buildings of lower N. Y., and the vastness of the city proper in the distance was made felt by tiny lights which looked like traffic on the bridge and along the parkway. . . . Cary saw none of the $100,000 he was paid for the role. Half of the sum went to British charities and the remaining half to American causes. . . . Frank Capra, who served in World War I, volunteered during the closing days of the film to serve again with the armed forces. He's now a major in the Signal Corps. . . . Capra's only difficulty in filming the picture was keeping the actors from giggling through the thing. Cary, a veteran on the screen, broke up about fifty scenes—couldn't check loud guffaws when he was supposed to be seriously concerned about his imaginary aunts and their elderberry wine.

THREE IS A FAMILY

I'll bet there's a family right in your block where the married daughter and her baby have come back to live with Mother and Dad "for the duration." It's happening all over the country, so a picture built around this situation is bound to be timely. The play was a success on Broadway, and the picture will undoubtedly be one at the box-office. It's a very light comedy with most of its humor revolving around diapers, obstetrics and the maid shortage.

Marjorie Reynolds, as usual, is lovely to look at, in the role of Kitty Mitchell, who brings her baby home to her mother and father while her husband is in the Navy. Father (Charlie Ruggles) is an optimistic character who always thinks his next "deal" is going to make him a million dollars. Meanwhile he runs the house, while his wife, Frances (Fay Bainter) supports the family. Her acidly sarcastic sister, Irma (Helen Broderick), lives with them. When Kitty and the baby appear, Irma has to give up her comfortable room and sleep on the living room couch. "Even with a war on," says Irma, "no one should be asked to sleep on that couch. I'd take a fox hole in preference any time." And the baby yells all night, which doesn't help.

Other people beside Irma object. The cook leaves. The manager of the apartment house points out that the lease said very definitely "No children or pets." This last difficulty worries Archie, Kitty's brother (Arthur Lake), too. His wife, Hazel (Jeff Donnell), is going to have a baby, and where will they go if they have to give up their apartment? The Army settles the question of where *he* will go by inducting

(*Continued on page 12*)

WHO . . . ME?

"What do I know that would help our enemies?" Remember saying that at Mabel's hen party or that night at Joe's place? Look, Lady, we're not asking you to forget there's a war on. We're telling you that even one unimportant, silly little remark you may make about Hank's typhoid shots or the new two-inch thingamabob the plant's producing can jig-saw in with the 10,000 other unimportant, silly little remarks being passed half a continent away from you into a bloody blueprint of invasion plans that will tip off the Axis.

And don't think that just because you're with friends or family, you're free to talk. A leak of information which led to one of the greatest disasters of the whole Pacific campaign is suspected of having come from a town 300 miles away from the nearest known enemy agent! And from people who got their news third and fourth hand and rejected their responsibility to break the chain.

You can be in the Armed Forces or in a war or related industry such as transportation, you can be a clerk in a government agency or a G.I.'s wife or girl friend or mother and be guilty of sabotage! Remember, you don't have to know a big secret to give a big secret away. And Lady, you won't be stifling freedom of speech by keeping quiet—just preserving it.

So here's a little guide that'll prevent you from popping at the seams and squealing, "Can't we talk about anything?" You can, if you'll just remember these 3 rules: If you HEAR it from someone, don't repeat it. If you SEE it yourself, don't repeat it. But if you READ it in newspapers or magazines or hear it on the radio, then it's public property—and you can go ahead and talk about it as much as you like.

Pretty simple, eh? Simpler, at any rate, than trying all the rest of your life to forget that telegram—"State Department regrets to inform you . . ."

"Paramount's 'TILL WE MEET AGAIN'

is a lovely romantic story that is so realistic it could be happening to your soldier boy in France this very minute!" —*says* MELISSE

"A fascinating picture of what happens when a beautiful young French girl leaves the nunnery and faces earthly temptations and dangers . . . risking her life to save the life of an American soldier by posing as his wife."

"Till we meet again"

starring

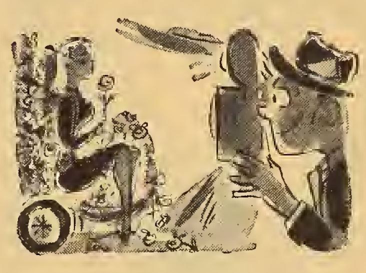
RAY MILLAND *and*
BARBARA BRITTON

with WALTER SLEZAK · LUCILE WATSON

A **FRANK BORZAGE** PRODUCTION

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
Screen Play by LENORE COFFEE

Meet Barbara Britton in "Till We Meet Again"



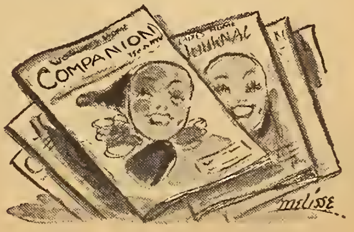
"Well, Paramount does it again! This time they picked a budding young star out of the Pasadena tournament of roses, and blossomed her into a beautiful leading lady . . . Some people have all the luck —but not so quick! Barbara waited over two years for the Big Break.

• • •

"This young lady is something to write about . . . Remember the pretty girl in 'So Proudly We Hail' who tries on the big straw hat with the cherries? . . . Well, that's HER!

• • •

"She starts out in this picture wearing a nun's robe, from then on wears nothing but a plain blouse and skirt, but still looks like an angel! For hers is a natural sort of beauty . . . soft blond hair, baby blue eyes, with the *longest* eyelashes —and they're *real!*



"It's no wonder that in this past year she's been the cover girl on eight issues of the greatest women's magazines!"

BLUE RIBBON WINNER OF
1944 CALIFORNIA FASHION SHOW

Bright little two-toned eye catcher! New, young, wide wing shoulders...easy front kick-pleat! Be the first with the latest—gather compliments galore! Smoothly tailored of rich "Harvard Square" Gabardine, by "Reliable". Sizes 10 to 20. **Navy, Brown, Red, Green, Cadet Blue,** (with contrasting trim) **$5.98,** plus postage. **"BLOUSE BEAUTY"**—Flattering accent! High round neck, long graceful sleeves. Rich rayon crepe—white only. Sizes 32 to 38. **$3.98,** plus postage.

Send No Money—We Mail C. O. D.
(Or save C. O. D. charges by enclosing cashier's check or money order plus 25c mailing fee.)

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WE WILL GLADLY REFUND YOUR MONEY!

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Navy ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Cadet Blue ☐ Green ☐ (Mark 1st and 2nd choice).
Size: 10 12 14 16 18 20 (Circle size wanted in jumper and blouse).
Send **"Blouse Beauty"**, at **$3.98,** plus postage.
Size: 32 34 36 38 (Circle size) (WHITE ONLY)
(Please print name, etc. plainly)
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CITY ______________ ZONE ________
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him, but that still leaves Hazel. Then the new cook drinks a hidden bottle of Scotch, goes mildly berserk and kidnaps Kitty's baby. In the midst of the ensuing panic, Gene (Fred Brady), her husband arrives on leave. He blames Kitty for everything, and the excitement makes Hazel's baby arrive before they can get her to the hospital. A Navy friend of Gene's shows up with a wife who promptly gets into the spirit of things by having a baby then and there. Everything turns out fine in the end, but it's a busy evening for the stork, who should certainly be listed among the cast. *U.A.*

P. S.

Film debut for Donna and Elissa Lambertson, nine-months-old twin girls. Casting list called for only one baby, and producer Sol Lessor saw 478 applicants before the Lambertson babies. When he saw them, he ordered the script to be rewritten around them. . . . Marjorie Reynolds, in a new romantic combination with newcomer Fred Brady, plays her first mother role as the proud parent of the two babies. . . . Charlie Ruggles and Fay Bainter play their first roles as grandparents. . . . Some of the most giggle-provoking scenes are those depicting the family's relations with the maid, Hattie McDaniel. Situation offers countless chuckles from the time she is hired in a crowded subway from under the noses of a carful of maidless people with the same idea in mind, through the trials of the family afraid to ask her name for fear of offending her. . . . Members of the cast and crew swear it wasn't power of suggestion, but a strangely large number of them increased their families while the picture was in production. Hattie McDaniel anounced she was to become a mother in the fall, Arthur Lake told friends he was to be a father for the second time, Authors, Henry and Phoebe Ephron, became parents of a third child during production. . . . As the aged, nearly blind, family doctor, pressed into service because of wartime shortages of doctors, John Philliber (whose screen career began at the age of seventy-two), plays his largest film role to date. . . . This is one of the first pictures to be shot in sequence. Usually a motion picture is made in sections, depending on location trip conveniences and stages available. Since ninety percent of the action takes place in a small New York apartment, the four rooms were constructed on one sound stage at R.K.O., and the script was done from start to finish as written.

LAURA

For sheer suspense "Laura" rates a couple of Oscars. And why not, with a fine, tight plot and a cast that is definitely all-star? Gene Tierney and Dana Andrews make a well-matched romantic team. Clifton Webb, Vincent Price and Judith Anderson handle their parts with the assurance born of successful years on Broadway. "Laura" might be called either a mystery thriller or a psychological study, but whatever you call it, be sure to see it.

One character in it will probably give you the creeps. He is Waldo Lydecker (Clifton Webb), columnist, collector, eccentric. The kind of man who is hated by almost everyone, but envied, too. He has a venomous tongue, a priceless collection of antique glass and love for just one person in the world besides himself.

That person is Laura Hunt (Gene Tierney). Waldo discovers Laura when she is an unknown young copywriter for an advertising firm. Somehow her charm and beauty pierce his selfish shell, and he falls in love. From then on, Laura's career

(*Continued on page 14*)

WHAT A WONDERFUL START THAT WAS!

When we asked you wonderful people to try to make up the million-dollar kitty that Virginia Zanuck needs to further her Naval Aid Auxiliary, frankly, we wondered . . . And the September issue hadn't been on the stands two days before the M.S. walls started to bulge with requests—"Here's my quarter, send me So 'n' So's autograph." "Enclosed please find two dollars, I'd like eight NAA star-autographed cards." And so it went, loyal kids tumbling over each other to plunk down their dime and nickels, 25c per autograph, and most of the time asking for three and four of them for as many quarters. They knew how their help is needed to provide milk for sailors' babies and medical care and lodging for their families and canteen aid and extra clothing and the million and one things a fighting man and his loved ones need when he's off to the wars.

So keep it coming. Fill in the coupon below, now, and send it out with a quarter for each NAA card complete with emblem and personal autograph of the star you choose from the list.

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Mary Anderson
Dana Andrews
Jean Arthur

Jane Ball
Lynn Bari
Lionel Barrymore
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Constance Bennett
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bey
Julie Bishop
Janet Blair
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Barbara Britton
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Claudette Colbert
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Laird Cregar
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Durante

William Eythe

Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Faye
Fibber McGee and Molly
Gracie Field
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Errol Flynn
Preston Foster
Kay Francis

John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson
Sidney Greenstreet

Alan Hale
Dare Harris
Signe Hasso
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Bob Hope
Walter Huston
Marsha Hunt
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Harry James
Gloria Jean
Richard Jaeckel

Jennifer Jones
Brenda Joyce

Danny Kaye
Gene Kelly
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Priscilla Lane
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn

Roddy McDowall
Lon McCallister
Dorothy McGuire
Irene Manning
Marilyn Maxwell
Ray Milland
Carmen Miranda
Thomas Mitchell
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Lloyd Nolan

Jack Oakie
Merle Oberon
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Michael O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power

Frances Rafferty
George Raft
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Donna Reed
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Phil Silvers
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Alexis Smith
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
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Cornel Wilde
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Monty Woolley
Teresa Wright
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Loretta Young
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History waits while

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THE CONSPIRATORS

WHILE THE LAW WAITS, THEY MAKE HISTORY!

with

SYDNEY GREENSTREET · PETER LORRE VICTOR FRANCEN · JOSEPH CALLEIA

CAROL THURSTON · Directed by JEAN NEGULESCO · Screen Play by Vladimir Pozner & Leo Rosten · Additional Dialogue by Jack Moffitt · From the novel by Frederic Prokosch · Music by Max Steiner

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Produced by JACK CHERTOK

DeLong
STRONG SPRING - WON'T SLIP OUT
GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Stronger Grip

DeLong
STRONG SPRING - WON'T SLIP OUT
GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Won't Slip Out

DeLong
STRONG SPRING - WON'T SLIP OUT
GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Try again next time if your store is out of *DeLong Bob Pins* today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

is assured. Through Waldo she meets everyone worth knowing. Her own talent does the rest.

But one of the people she meets is Shelby Carpenter, and that ends Waldo's chances. Shelby is handsome, amusing—and a heel. He has been having a useful romance with Anne Treadwell (Judith Anderson), who is wealthy enough to afford him and who has no illusions as to his character. Then he and Laura fall in love, and one night Death rings the doorbell of Laura's apartment.

Mark McPherson (Dana Andrews), the detective assigned to the murder case which follows, falls in love with Laura. Which is a very odd thing for him to do, since it's her murder he is investigating. Or perhaps Laura isn't really dead. Perhaps it was another beautiful girl who answered the doorbell's ring that night and was killed by a shotgun blast in her face.

Dana Andrews, as the hardboiled detective in love for the first time, will start you writing fan letters like mad. And Gene Tierney is prettier than ever, but top acting honors go to Clifton Webb for his eerie impersonation of Lydecker.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Since "Laura" is an escape story of a new type—escape into the mad luxury of pre-war New York cafe society life—Gene was provided with an elaborate wardrobe. Clifton Webb has forty years in the theater behind him (he made his debut at seven), was once one of the greatest living dancers, stepped into dramatic roles when he couldn't find a dance partner fast enough to keep up with him. . . . The sequence in Waldo's New York penthouse bathroom out-DeMilles any bathroom scene done on the screen. The room itself is of sea green tile with a chaise lounge of leopard skin among the other gay accessories. Those of the audience who like to loll away hours in the tub will get a laugh when they see a typewriter shelf which permits Waldo to work in the tub. A telephone and a

BOB WALKER

(See page 52)

The slick chicks and the melting matrons were gnashing their teeth. The lights were flooding, the fans milling, the reporters roving—and Bob and Pete Lawford strolled into the premiere of "White Cliffs"—stag! It was too much. "But heck," grinned Bob, "we're celebrating. This is Pete's first American movie and me, well, the studio just announced that I'm getting star billing in 'The Clock.'" Private Hargrove's been baching it for quite a while now, ever since he and "Bernadette" split up. Not that it's a question of torch totin' or anything, but Bob's been playing the field and liking it. Our "Good Newser," Louella Parsons, was go-between for a date 'tween him and a very willing Diana Lynn, Glo DeHaven was in the running for a time, and then there was l'affaire topaz ring with which he gifted Jimmy Garland, Judy's sister. He's a busy fella, Bob, outgorging his two kids at the circus, yipping sore 'cause M-G-M "grounded" him because he was risking life and contract on those two fiendish motorcycles of his, desolate because he simply can't get a promotion. He was a corporal in "Since You Went Away," "30 Seconds Over Tokyo" and "The Clock," and now, he's on the downgrade for sure. Bobbie's a bell boy in his next flicker—with Lamarr!

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Ragged?
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▶ Jagged cuticle "fringe" spoils hand beauty. Never cut cuticle. Use Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover to loosen and soften ugly cuticle—keep finger tips smooth and attractive. Wonderful for cleansing under nail tips, removing stains!

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FASCINATING FASHIONS
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handy reference library are all within easy reach. . . . Webb, one of the ten best dressed men in the world, lost his baggage en route from New York. Since he would wear his own wardrobe in "Laura," the bathroom scenes were shot during the days while he waited for the missing trunks to be forwarded. Webb spent ten days in a tub of lukewarm water, naked to the waist. . . . Dialogue of "Laura" is one of its outstanding features. Jay Dratler did the script, and special dialogue sequences were added by Samuel Hoffenstein and Betty Reinhardt. . . . The special musical background, which incorporates hit tunes of 1942, will bring a nostalgia to the audiences for the fabulous pre-war period that introduced the platinum mink and the diamond gardenia as a buttonhole gadget.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

This is another picture about the French underground, but it has a completely new type of heroine. Barbara Britton, one of Paramount's newest discoveries, plays a young nun. As Sister Clothilde, she has dedicated her life—and love—to the Church. There is no place in it for the affairs of the outside world.

Yet even in a convent, one can not entirely ignore the war. Clothilde discovers, to her shocked amazement, that the Mother Superior is a member of the Underground. The crypts beneath the ancient stone convent are used as a hiding place for those who seek escape from the Germans. To Clothilde, this seems like sacrilege. The Mother Superior wearily explains that here on earth the Church must fight for what is right. The girl tries to understand but still feels that the convent should take no part in such matters.

The next night, Clothilde finds a young American flier hiding in the crypt. She is frightened, but she tells the Mother Superior about him, and a plan is worked out by the Underground for his escape. The pilot, John (Ray Milland) agrees to carry some secret plans with him, and also a hand grenade with which he can blow himself—and the plans—up, if it should be necessary.

The plan calls for a girl to pose as his wife, since John is to play the part of a wounded veteran who has lost the power of speech. Someone must go with him, to care for him and speak French for him. Someone who can be trusted. That someone is to be Clothilde. She is at first reluctant. Then the Mother Superior is killed by the Germans during a raid on the convent, and Clothilde feels that she must carry on in her place.

During the long dangerous journey to the coast, Clothilde falls in love for the first time in her life. But John has a wife at home, whom he adores, and in any case her own future is promised to the Church. They are surrounded by peril, and when John is wounded and delirious, Clothilde allows herself for a few short hours to pretend to be the wife he calls for. That much happiness she may have and no more. The rest is danger and courage and sacrifice without end, but Clothilde doesn't mind. She has found the true meaning of life. . . .

Walter Slezak and Lucille Watson are particularly convincing as a collaborationist and the Mother Superior, respectively.—*Par.*

P. S.

Trench coat worn by Barbara Britton is one Frank Borzage has carried in the storage compartment of his car for years (in case he ever leaves California and gets caught in the rain). Coat came from England with Frank in 1926, and since the wardrobe department didn't have a European type trench coat, this was donated to

In wartime as in peace

A special process keeps

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luxuriously soft – dependably strong!

Your nose knows– there's only one KLEENEX
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In your own interest, remember—there is *only one Kleenex** and no other tissue can give you the exclusive Kleenex advantages!

Because *only Kleenex* has the patented process which gives Kleenex its special softness . . . preserves the full strength you've come to depend on. And no other tissue gives you the one and only Serv-a-Tissue Box that *saves* as it serves up *just one* double tissue at a time.

That's why it's to your interest not to confuse Kleenex Tissues with any other brand. No other tissue is "just like Kleenex".

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the picture. . . . Walter Slezak, son of the late great tenor, Leo Slezak, has made only four previous films. This is a new type role for him. In other four pictures he was a German so-and-so; in this he is a French so-and-so. . . . Cast has a strong international flavor Shayne and Sokoloff are Russian, Slezak is half Czech, Lucille Watson is a Canadian, Ray Milland was born in Wales, John Wengraf is a Viennese as is Tala Birell, and Marguerite D'Alvarez is a Peruvian. . . . Two-weeks-old Javanese Rice Birds were only two inches long from tail to beak. Survived their movie debut only because between takes they were wrapped in a soft towel and kept on an electric heating pad. . . . More than 200 doves and pigeons were used in convent garden scenes. They were loosed on a sound stage and had the run of the place for a week. The Democratic way of life was so dear to many of them, they defied all attempts to recapture them and set up housekeeping on the back lot. . . . The convent garden background scenes were made in the garden of the San Juan Capistrano mission—the same historical garden where the swallows return year after year on the same day. . . . Shouldn't spoil your enjoyment of the picture to know the bombing raid on the German held air field was done in miniature. Required eighteen days to construct the set, and it occupied the entire area of a big stage. Exactly how this is done must remain a mystery since the studios lock the stage doors and admit no one while miniature work is being done. Will admit, however, that the scale for this particular special effect was one inch to the yard.

IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

Monty Woolley seems to be softening up. In "The Man Who Came To Dinner" he exhibited the most virulent disposition ever seen on celluloid. In "The Pied Piper" he started out as a very crotchety old gentleman indeed, but soon mellowed into one who loved the patter of tiny footsteps. Now, in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling" he is only mildly sarcastic and plays Cupid all over the place. It seems rather a pity! However, he remains one of the most fascinating characters on the screen. And this is a good picture, with pretty June Haver and that alleged-threat-to-Sinatra, Dick Haymes, furnishing the love interest. Maxie Rosenbloom, Beverly Whitney, Veda Ann Borg and Anthony Quinn are included in the cast.

The story is written by Damon Runyon and is based on the life of Ernest Ball, who wrote "Mother Machree" and various other sentimental Irish ballads. Ernest (Dick Haymes) is fired from his job of teaching a course in piano because he "wastes" too much time composing songs. The same day he is fired he meets "Irish" O'Brien (June Haver) who is in the chorus of a local burlesque show. Quite unintentionally, he manages to get "Irish" fired from *her* job. He falls in love with her, too, but "Irish" goes off to New York to be an actress—she hopes. Ernest is so broke that he accepts the challenge of a prizefighter, Stanley Ketchel, who offers twenty-five dollars to any man who can stay in the ring with him one whole round. Ernest stays three, but only because Stanley and his manager, Edgar Brawley (Monty Woolley), are sorry for him.

Later they all meet in New York. Ernest by then is a successful song writer. "Irish" is a hatcheck girl, and Edgar is in the money as a result of some lucky

(Continued on page 18)

FREE OFFER!

'Tisn't every day that we give another mag a plug like this—but honestly, SCREEN ROMANCES is worth every bit of our lavish praise. We think it's so wonderful that we want you to have a copy absolutely free. And all you have to do to get yours, is fill out the following Questionnaire and whip it off to us. We've got 500 FREE SCREEN ROMANCES to send out, so fill in this coupon quick-like, 'cause the mags won't last long. We know how anxious you are to read the stories of all the latest movies and see the wonderful color portraits in the mag. Be sure to send in your coupon before the 20th of September.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our November issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

MODERN SCREEN Spends a Day with Gene Kelly................ ☐
Judy Garland, Life Story, Part I.... ☐
Lon McCallister's Prayer........... ☐
Young Man with a Torso! (Richard Crane)........................ ☐
Sixteen's Okay (Shirley Temple).... ☐
June Bug (June Allyson).......... ☐
Turks Are No Jerks! (Turhan Bey).. ☐
For Wolves . . . For Swooners (Jennifer Jones, Bob Walker, Jeanne Crain, Richard Jaeckel, Dick Crane, Anne Baxter............ ☐
Slick Mick (George Murphy)....... ☐
Dream Dish (Anne Baxter)........ ☐
We Want Rogers (Roy Rogers)..... ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons...... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?..............................

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in the order of preference..............................

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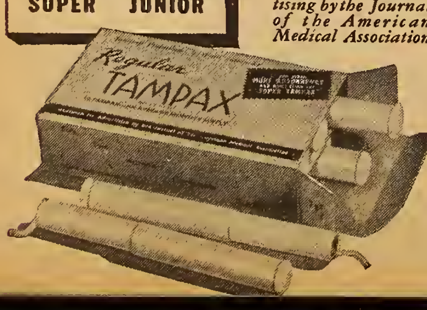

gambling. Edgar bets with a show producer that he can make the next girl who comes into the room a musical comedy star in a month. Ernest, still in love with "Irish" although he's seen around all the while with beautiful Lucille Lacey, gets an idea. He manages to have "Irish" enter the room at the right moment, so Edgar is determined to make her a star to win his bet. But Lucille doesn't want any competition, and the first thing Ernest knows, "Irish" is on her way to Cuba. That's when Edgar starts to play Cupid—and with more success than he'd bargained for!—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Tiny June Haver (who weighs one hundred pounds if she tilts the scales just a little) went through her fight scenes swinging her left like a hefty Amazon. Got too enthusiastic in one scene and went to bed for two days with a sprained shoulder. Had her tonsils removed while the picture was in production. Cast sent huge bouquets to her bedside to help her "Get well fast." June was bouncing around the sound stage the very day after the operation. . . . Dick Haymes received his only vocal training from his mother, a former light opera star. Neither thought much of his voice. He was prouder of the songs he wrote. When he attempted to sell them to Harry James, Harry told him they were awful but bought Dick's voice. . . . During production Dick became a father for the second time when his daughter, Helen, was born. Dick, Jr., the first-born, is now two years old. . . . Dick signed a new contract for "IEAS" which gives him star billing in this and future pictures. In honor of this occasion, he presented his manager, Bill Burton, with a Lincoln Zephyr coupe because he felt Burton was responsible for his present position. . . . Cast and crew always have fun on a Monty Woolley set. Remarks one catches are repeated over and over to the co-workers. One such pearl was made when the wardrobe man pulled a night shirt over Woolley's head, and Monty got a look at his naked chest in the mirror. Monty remarked, "Revolting. I look exactly like a Technicolor caricature of a Mennen's Baby Powder ad.". . . The number "Bessie and Her Bustle" took almost a week to shoot. Dance Director Hermes Pan (former director for Fred Astaire Routines) has brought some of the fastest chorus numbers to this picture ever to be screened. When June and the girls went through "Strut Miss Lizzie", cameramen remarked that the dance was liable to burn the film before it reached its audience.

JEANNE CRAIN

(See page 52)

Jeannie's not talking. But everybody else is. About her glorious red hair—or is it blonde? About the way she was discovered in a little theater production—or was it while bowling? About having been a cover girl—or was it a typist? Y'see, Jeanne's something new in flicker fashions — a beauteous babe who won't talk! Some reports have it that she was bowling in a local Hollywood 15c-a-stringer, all glamoured up in slacks, plaid boy's shirt and two skinny pigtails, when a talent scout spotted her quietly reposing on the slick, shiny surface of the alley—flat on her face! He's supposed to have yelped "Eureka!" scurried over, dusted her off and presented her the next A.M. to the 20th Century-Fox powers that be with that broad grin that comes from having cornered a particularly photogenic mouse. But then there's *this* version. That after having just missed polling in as "Miss America" in the 1942 national Beauty Contest, she was dubbed "Miss Long Beach," handed a coupla dozen modeling assignments and left to stagnate in a pool of panchromatic make-up at 15 dollars an hour. Which didn't suit Miss Crain at all. Because seeing as how her cherished future as an artist had crashed, she was intent on being an actress. With no place to act. Which was discouraging enough to make her want to go back home to her 25-dollar-a-week typing job in Texas and bury herself in her beloved Raphael and Shakespeare and Liszt. And then she bethought herself to join a little theater. Which she did. Whereupon, after months of sloshing whitewash all over sets and doctoring scripts, the director handed the plum role of the season to another girl who'd never even seen a typewriter or a paint brush outside of a store window! But plucky Jeanne hied herself to the opening performance and sat there, grimly intent on learning exactly why she'd failed and how not to let it happen again. Then all the Cinderella stuff happened. A scout saw her, shoved his card in her face, told her to report to Darryl Zanuck's office. The next day she tested for a part, outdid the other 6 aspirants, and bingo—"Home In Indiana!" So you has yer choice, and you takes your pick as to how Jeanne Crain was discovered—not that it really matters. Just as long as she got here.

STRANGE AFFAIR

Did you ever discover a murder? Or catch a spy? Probably not. Most of our lives run in quieter channels. That's why we get such a kick out of seeing a nice young couple like Bill Harrison (Allyn Joslyn) and his wife Jacqueline (Evelyn Keyes) do those things on the screen.

Bill gets into more jams than Dick Tracy. He loves to play detective, but the results are often unexpected. Jacqueline, his adoring and jealous wife, wouldn't mind his being a Junior G-Man if there wasn't always a beautiful girl somewhere in the case. Jac thinks Bill carries that old saying about "Cherchez la femme" too far. This time the femme is Marie Korsakoff (Marguerite Chapman), who sits beside Bill at a refugee benefit where a man is murdered. The victim, a Doctor Baumler, has had heart disease for some time, and the police at first attribute his death to natural causes. Bill is sure it's murder, and finally gets Lt. Washburn (Edgar Buchanan) to admit he's right. This success goes to his head, and he decides to

must be one of half a dozen people who were sitting at the table with the doctor. It can't be Jac, and it doesn't seem to Bill that a girl as beautiful as Marie Karsakoff would go around murdering people. But when he finds that Marie was secretly married to Dr. Baumler and inherits his fortune, Bill begins to wonder.

Of course there are other suspects. Look at the odd way that refugee, Czerny, acts. How about Leslie Christopher? (Tonio Selwart). He's in love with Marie; maybe he's guilty. Or Domino (Hugo Haas), the doorman with the queer accent. There are lots of clues, but unfortunately for Bill, they all point in entirely different directions. He does get on the right track eventually, and comes too close to the truth for the murderer's liking. Only the fact that Bill has an extremely jealous wife saves him from ending up in the morgue.

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This is a fast, funny mystery, with Allyn Joslyn making an attractive amateur detective. I think you'll like it.—*Col.*

P. S.

Ed Dearing, veteran of more than fifty "cop" roles, has been beat up by some of the screen's toughest characters. Swears he'd take 'em all on at once rather than have Evelyn Keyes again as an opponent. . . . Allyn Joslyn got a taste of the strength of the "weaker sex," too, when Ruth Warren knocked him cold with an umbrella. Director had told Ruth that Allyn's hat was padded in order to get her to hit him hard enough to make it look good. It looks good. Allyn is actually knocked out. . . . Evelyn got her coaching for her part as a telephone operator from Marguerite Chapman. Marguerite was once an operator in Mount Vernon, New York. . . . Marguerite came on the set one morning, idly picked up a newspaper and saw the headlines of Georgia Carroll's marriage to Kay Kyser. Her scream could be heard on the back lot. Georgia was Marguerite's room-mate, and she knew nothing about the wedding until she saw the paper. . . . Evelyn can vouch for the effectiveness of exercises. She lost two pounds at every rehearsal of the scene where she "rides the bicycle" on the floor. . . . Allyn begged a few days off from picture to go Marlin fishing in Guaymas, Mexico. Came back with stories about the one that got away but no fish. Two days later he received a wire from the captain of the boat he had used saying they had caught six Marlin that morning. . . . Wardrobe department fastened tiny ball bearings into the soles of Allyn's shoes for his scene with the Great Dane. Dog wasn't strong enough to pull him without them. . . . Director Al Green has only one superstition—he wears the same suit to work every day until a scene has to be reshot, then he changes to another outfit and so on. During production of "Strange Affair" he spent long hours in the cleaners waiting for his suit—wore the same one throughout the entire shooting.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

You've whistled the tune for months. Now you can hear Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers sing it, in a picture named after it. Trigger, of course, keeps time to the music and also helps Roy out in both a fight and a romance. What a horse!

The action in "San Fernando Valley" doesn't take place there at all, but Roy plays a rancher from there who is looking for an ex-employee. The employee is also a friend, Keno (Edward Gargan), who has left his job with Roy to run a traveling shooting gallery. Roy finds him in a little town called Pendleford, and puts the shooting gallery out of business by winning all Keno's money. They are set to go back to the San Fernando Valley when two things happen. A—Roy is held up by two men who steal his, and Keno's, money. B—He meets Dale Keyon (Dale Evans). So, instead of heading West, he and Keno take jobs as cooks on a ranch that belongs to Dale's grandfather.

Their cooking is terrible, but old "Cyclone" (Andrew Tombes) likes them anyway and tells Dale to keep them around. Dale is quite willing—she and Roy fight a lot, but they both know the fighting is only on the surface. Dale's kid sister, Betty Lou (Jean Porter), thinks Roy is the handsomest cowboy she's ever seen. (Who doesn't?)

Dale has been having trouble with Betty Lou and l'amour lately. Betty Lou has grown up in a hurry, and she falls for every man she sees. As a result Dale has to fire all the ranch hands and hire cowgirls in their place. Now here is Betty Lou going overboard for the new cook. "Maybe," Dale suggests to Roy, "we should make her think you and I are in love. That would fix things." It certainly would, Roy agrees, with a cat-looking-at-dish-of-cream expression. It does fix some things, but it makes others more complicated, for it sends Betty Lou off on a new tangent. One that leads to stolen horses, a wild ride across the prairie and—finally—the recovery of Roy's money. Credit Trigger with an assist.—*Rep.*

P. S.

Although Republic Studio is located front and center in the "Valley" itself, huge replicas of it had to be built on sound stages for the musical numbers. This was done to avoid the noise of traffic, airplanes and juke boxes in the kaowkontry. . . . Half of the cast are residents, mostly ranchers, of the San Fernando Valley. Even city-gal Dale Evans moved out during production. . . . Eight new songs in the picture including Tim Spencer's burlesque on the western, "They Went Thata Way". . . . Edward Gargan, who started his career in opera in New York, sings the song—his first warbling on the screen. Gargan entertained visitors to the

(Continued on page 22)

JENNIFER JONES

(See page 52)

"Misty . . . spiritual . . . naive," they've all been used to describe the 23-year-old who copped an Oscar with her very first picture, "Song of Bernadette." Which she is. Also "canny . . . quick-thinking . . . level-headed." When a reporter, at one of the many meet-the-press parties given to introduce her to the public back in 1942, asked about her pert, ups-a-daisy name, she replied with an *entre nous* grin, "My mother must have been reading an old English novel." But her guardian angel, David O. Selznick, not having heard of that version, told this one. About how, having phoned her to come sign contracts after he'd o.k.'ed her test, she taxi'd from Garden City with her just-shampooed hair streaming out the window; and getting there, Phyllis Isley (of the Tulsa, Oklahoma theater-owning Isley's) became Jennifer Jones. But after all, what's in a name? Regardless of whether Jennifer enrolled at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts after graduation from Convent school, or after a ten-year stint of one-night-standing barn theaters, she's definitely hit the big time. She and Bob are still good friends, *really* friends, and not for publicity purposes only; and though Watson Webb, 20th Century producer, took her to meet his folks recently, she's still much too engrossed with her career and her two babies to seriously consider another marriage. Jennie's still studying theater technique, thinks she should've had more experience before being hurled into the limelight with "Bernadette." She's just discovered great literature and music. She'd love to work with Boyer or Spencer Tracy. She feels cokes, tea and hard likker are all in the same class of stimulants. She's the one-minute-beautiful, next-minute plain "flash in the pan" who's proving, via "Since You Went Away" and "Keys to the Kingdom," that actresses are born, not made. And that grease-paint goes swell with sweetness and light.

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set with the story of his first appearance at the "Met." His family came en masse, paid seven bucks apiece for seats and couldn't see Ed as he stood in the crowd on the stage behind a six-foot-two character who wouldn't move over even when pinched. . . . Roy, who pretends to be a cook in the picture, surprised the gang on the set by whipping up some luscious "paprika creamed snitzels" (pop-overs to you dudes) which were mighty good eatin'. . . . Trigger gets a little horsey competition in this from one "Thunder," Bill Elliot's horse.

GUEST IN THE HOUSE

Anne Baxter has the top role of her career in this story of a beautiful young girl who wrecks the happiness of an entire family. In less skillful hands, the character of Evelyn would be unbelievable. Anne makes her real and understandable but so hateful that you will breathe a sigh of relief at the fate that eventually overtakes her.

Evelyn has heart trouble, but she has something else far worse—a mind so evil that it poisons everyone with whom it comes in contact. Young Doctor Dan Proctor (Scott McKay) falls in love with her pretty face and doesn't realize how deep the neuroticism of his patient has gone. Hopefully he sends her to spend the summer with his brother and his wife. Surely in those charming surroundings, she will get well enough so they can be married.

Within a week after she arrives, Evelyn has lost all desire ever to marry Dan. Instead, she becomes wildly infatuated with his brother, Douglas (Ralph Bellamy). Douglas is a successful painter, happily in love with his wife (Ruth Warrick). But there are always ways to start trouble in a marriage, and Evelyn wastes no time in beginning. Her first step is to charm the entire household into trusting her. Then she gradually begins her insidious remarks. Before long she has persuaded Douglas that he is doing the wrong kind of painting, because he isn't properly "understood." Then she convinces his wife that he has been having an affair with his model (Miriam Blake). This serves the double purpose of getting rid of the model and causing the wife to change her attitude of love to one of suspicion. Everything is going fine, and Evelyn is sure that she soon will be able to cause a divorce and get Douglas for herself.

As time passes, however, it becomes apparent to everyone that their troubles stem from the guest in the house. In spite of her sweet, sympathetic manner, Evelyn is obviously a wickedly selfish and cruel young woman. But it is Aunt Martha (Aline McMahon), who has the courage to provide a nerve-shattering climax to this tense, emotional drama.—*U.A.*

P. S.

Art director, Nikolai Romisoff, was dispatched to Maine to gather material and sketches on Maine homes so the house (the only set used for the picture) would be authentic in every detail. Rooms were built on rollers so that the house could be "dissected" for easy lighting and camera manipulation. Put together the house is a liveable unit. So liveable, as a matter of fact, that screen-writer Ketti Frings plans to build a post-war home based on the plans. . . . Romisoff came back from his trip to Maine loaded with bric-a-brac and odds and ends to give the house color and warmth. The wallpaper was discovered in the cellar of a small town country store; Romisoff considers it the real "find" of the trip. . . . The authenticity of the house was just a headache to cameraman Lee Garmes for the Romisoff ceilings are seven feet high and beamed. Garmes claimed it was the most difficult set he's ever worked with. . . . Before actual shooting began on the picture, director Lewis Milestone, Romisoff and Garmes, using "live dummies," walked through the entire script. Accompanying them was a sketch artist, Les Thomas, who drew sketches of scenes and camera positions as Milestone envisioned them. When the sketches were completed, Milestone had a handy reference of the picture with full exposition of camera angles, set-ups and character movement. This is called "pre-production designing," and cuts down shooting time of the picture by solving in advance many lighting and camera problems. . . . Since the picture's musical theme (Liszt's "Liebestraum") contributes much to the psychological "feeling" of the picture, a good deal of the credit should go to musical director, Werner Janssen.

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 6*)

not?), and you're each to drag a guy. Invite him by phone if you know him pretty well. Just, "Hi, Johnny. We're party-ing at Jen's Saturday night. Want to come?" No apologetic fol-de-rol about, "I know you're probably busy," or "It may not be terribly exciting." If he can make it, say, "O, beautiful! Pick me up at eight," and ring off without further messing. If he can't, don't feel embarrassed or immediately suspect that he's fibbing. Just say airily, "I'm sticking my tongue out at you, mister. Next time I'll get my bid in first." Then without skipping a heart beat, call your second string angel-puss.

If you absolutely do not know one boy to ask, don't get yourself all frenzied about it. How about that boy your mother is always trying to stuff down your throat? Every mother in the world has some male she plugs every chance she gets, usually the son of her dearest friend. Okay, call her bluff. Invite him. Or maybe one of the gals in the club has a girl-shy brother. He's never had a date in his life. Invite him and acquire him for your own particular beau. Perhaps there's a flicker of a crush smouldering between you and a boy in school. It's never been put into so many words. He's never even asked you out. But you kind of know it's there. Do you *dare* ask him? Sure, you do.

We think a short note is best for these boys. It's a bit easier to be smooth in writing when you're dealing with an unknown quantity. Just say, "Dear Bob, Our club is party-ing on Saturday night the tenth, and I've been thinking what fun it would be if you'd come. Can do? If so, could you call for me about eight? Oh, and please let me know as soon as you can, won't you? Sincerely, Janet."

Never, never sound apologetic. Never, never beg him to come. After all, he's a pretty lucky guy getting a Saturday night date for free.

More of this next month, and meanwhile, let us know your particular smoothness problems. We'd like to help.

CO-ED MAILBOX:

I frequently go out on double-dates with

(*Continued on page 24*)

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN REALLY *Afraid?*
Asleep or awake, she felt him near—probing for the truth—in the darkness of her mind.

BENEDICT BOGEAUS
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"Dark Waters"

...from The Saturday Evening Post's most thrilling story success, starring

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THOMAS
MITCHELL

with
FAY BAINTER
JOHN QUALEN · ELISHA COOK, JR.
Produced by
BENEDICT BOGEAUS
Directed by
ANDRE DeTOTH
Original Story by FRANK and MARIAN COCKRELL · Screenplay by JOAN HARRISON and MARIAN COCKRELL
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

a gal whom I'll call Betty. Everything starts off nicely, but by the end of the evening the two joes are practically slugging it out over Betty, and I'm left out in the cold. It's not that she's prettier than I am, but she's terribly cute. I'm getting discouraged. Jane McA., Inglewood, Calif.

Don't blame me, chum, but there are two things you can do about it. One is to speak to Betty. Swallow your pride and ask her to lay off. She doesn't have to be *that* cute. Ask her to confine her eyes to her boy. To lower her voice a little so that some of your cracks can be heard. If you know her very well, you might ask her to 'cue you for some of your funny stories for a change. Another suggestion is this. Try to overcome that prickly little worried feeling you undoubtedly have acquired about all your double dates with Betty. That beats you down before you even start. Be sure that you are looking your best and that you have something amusing to contribute to the conversation. Try to carry on a private chat with your date instead of making it one big open forum. Captivate him by laughing at his jokes, by being interested in what he has to say, by using his name frequently while you're talking to him. If, in spite of all your efforts, his attention wanders to Betty, let it wander. Sit back, relax and try to figure out what she's got. Next time maybe you can finesse her at her own game.

I've gone with a boy for a year now, and we think we are very much in love with each other. We talk about getting married some day, but we are still too young. He'll be leaving for the Navy soon, and I am very scared he will find many other girls and will not love me any more. Do you think we should get engaged? How can we be sure that we love each other? L. Senkow, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

It's sort of hard to tell you how to be sure that your love for each other is lasting and not just a teen-age crush. However, the fact that you've loved each other for a whole year shows that the feeling must be pretty deep. Question is, is it deep enough? Well, are you miserable when he's out of your sight? Do his wishes seem more important than your own? Do you know his faults and love him all the more because of them? Are you proud of him? Do you have faith in his ability to make a success of his life? If all the answers are "Yes," we'd say that this was it.

About the engagement. Why not wait a little while? Our idea would be to give each other some freedom for the next year or so. If this is the 14-carat stuff, it will bear comparison with minor flutters, so don't worry about losing your sailor to some other gal. If it isn't, don't you think it's wiser to discover it now? If, however, you both feel you've had sufficient friendships with other boys and girls to be very sure, and if it would make you both happier to be engaged, by all means go ahead.

I have red hair and freckles, but am not unattractive to the boys. At least not to one named Pete whom I've gone around with a long while. I like him, but he is very dull. Take John now—there's a boy I could really go for. How to let Pete down easy? Grace McConna, Pelham, New York.

Look, chum, don't go burning your bridges. Has John made a move? Does he know you're alive? S'posing you axe Pete—what are you doing Saturday night? Sitting around kicking yourself most likely. Be a bit bright and ease yourself back into the stream of things gradually. Noise it around that you are no longer Pete's monopoly. Be seen in the halls with somebody else by hook or crook. Turn down a date with Pete and go to the movies with the girls by way of declaring your independence. If his feelings are hurt, explain to him as gently as you can that twosomeing is all very well for the married, but that until you meet your pipe and slippers boy, you think you'll kind of look around.

I am fifteen years old and have been madly in love with a boy of twenty. I told everyone I had a crush on him, and of course he heard about it. I let school work go for two months just thinking about him. However, he never paid any attention to me, and now I dislike him and hate other boys because I was so badly hurt by this one. Ginger Lambert, Newark, N. J.

You, my fine friend, should be spanked. You can't go around hating all men just because one old dope ignores you. Don't you know you can't bowl over every boy you meet? Even Betty Grable's not that good. You were unlucky enough to fall for one of the ones who wasn't for you. Pick yourself up and profit by that experience. Next time, tell no one that you have a crush. If you do, he'll eventually find out, and then you'll be so self-conscious with him, you'll never get anywhere. Study the actions of the girls you know who are big stuff with boys. Get on to the small tricks that cut so much ice with the guys. When you have a bit of self-confidence, go to work on some of the lesser lights at school. As you gain in experience, toss your wiles at some of the big wigs. Don't reach for the moon in the very beginning, but later on, don't settle for anything else.

My brother has entered the Navy this past week and has promised to give my

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Velvet enchantment for your lips when you wear Irresistible's most fascinating Lipstick shade FUCHSIA PLUM . . . a deep, rich plum tone, to lend that look of tender fullness that is so inviting to romance. The secret WHIP-TEXT process gives your IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK luxurious, creamy smoothness, making your lips so much lovelier longer. Try this exquisite lipstick today. Complete your make-up with Irresistible Rouge and Face Powder.

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Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER.. S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

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address to the boys who don't get much mail. Whatever shall I say? I'd like to know about their home towns, their likes and dislikes, but I don't want to sound like a quiz kid. How can I phrase these questions? Dorothy, Newark, N. J.

If your brother is a real angel—and apparently he is—he might send you along a little thumbnail sketch of the boys. Make your first letter extremely warm and friendly, but don't emphasize any one facet of your personality too much until you know more about him. Your first letter might go something like this: "Dear Bill, Gosh it was nice to get your letter. You're a busy man, aren't you? I was ever so interested to hear about your life while you're in training, and there are a million questions I'd like to ask you. No doubt all the answers would be military secrets—they always are.

"To make this all a bit more proper, let me introduce me. I'm sixteen years old and a junior in high school." (Here put in a description of yourself.) "I love to dance, play tennis, listen to Frankie . . ." Tell him about your favorite books, movies, songs. Don't bore him with too much detail. Finish with "Now it's your turn to talk, Bill. I'll be waiting for a fat letter. Sincerely—" Happy V-mail, Dorothy!

* * *

We're still doing business at the same old stand, so kiddies, if you've a problem, won't you let us help you tussle with it? Be sure to give us your name and address if you'd like a reply, and the gal to write to is Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Say, friends . . .

Isn't it swell, the trees getting all green and russety and clothes looking svelte and sweet again and everything going back to its nice, cozy routine? So now that your mad dirndl and dripping frenzy is over, start shooting the questions at me! I imagine you're going to have lots of 'em now that you're going to the movies 'cause you're interested in them rather than because the houses are air-cooled!

All you do is get yourself a stickler and send it out with your stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

Mrs. Elinor Nelkin, Tenn.: WHO PLAYED "ANDY," "ALABAM" AND "JOHNNY" IN "DR. WASSELL?" . . . Elliot Reid played Andy, Olivier Thorndyke was Alabam, and Renny McEvoy did Johnny.

Sylvia Gold, B'klyn, N. Y.: WASN'T HELMUT DANTINE SUPPOSED TO PLAY IN "MASK OF DIMITRIOS"? . . . Yes, but during the shooting, there was a disagreement 'tween him and Warner Brothers, and Zachary Scott was substituted.

Kitty Molinero, Verona, N. J.: MAY I HAVE THE ADDRESSES OF THE JAECKEL, HUTTON AND LYNN FAN CLUBS? . . . For Richard Jaeckel it's Pat Lawrence at 585 W. End Ave., N.Y.C. Bob Hutton's prexy is Pat Smith, 6716 Cornell, Chicago, and Diana Lynn's club is headed by Peggy McShane, 621 East 161 Street, N.Y.C.

Eda Field, Long Branch, N. J.: WAS BOB WALKER "DAVY" IN THE AIR SHOW, "MAUDIE'S DIARY"? . . . Yup—that was his first real break.

How to take a Hero's mind off his Medals!

Guard charm—prevent underarm odor with Mum!

A refreshing shower—and new daintiness is yours! But remember, your bath removes only *past* perspiration—Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor.

One sure way to stay dainty—appealing. Use dependable Mum every day! Mum smooths on in just half a minute—keeps underarms fresh for hours on end.

WANT to win his praises? Want his love to linger? Then make sure of your charm first—and always! Be certain you never offend—use Mum every day, before every date. Your bath removes only *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* underarm odor—use Mum regularly!

Mum works quickly—dependably! Smooths on in half a minute—keeps you bath-fresh for hours.

Remember, it's the dainty girl who wins hearts! Let Mum help you *stay* dainty. Ask your druggist for Mum—today!

• • •

- **Mum's easy to use—takes only half a minute to apply.**
- **Mum guards charm for hours—through busy day or gala date.**
- **Mum prevents underarm odor, does not stop perspiration.**
- **Mum won't irritate skin, even after underarm shaving.**
- **Mum won't harm clothes. Get Mum—today!**

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FOR GLAMOUR

Fashions for Tall Girls—by *Marjorie Bailey* .... ☐
Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height. What's tops for *you* in coats, suits, dresses. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Fashions for Short Girls—by *Marjorie Bailey* .... ☐
Fashion tricks to make *you* the willowy girl of your dreams. What to choose in dresses, coats, suits, hats to make you inches taller. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Fashions for Stout and Thin Girls—by *Marjorie Bailey* ..... ☐
How to appear thinner or more curvaceous. Lines and styles that slenderize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Fashions for Teens—Fall and Winter .... ☐
Hot tips for gals from 12 to 18. What to wear, when to wear it, how to match up your outfits. Dope to make your wardrobe look like an All-Adrian job. How to dress for your guy whether he's a Pfc. or a juke-box king. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

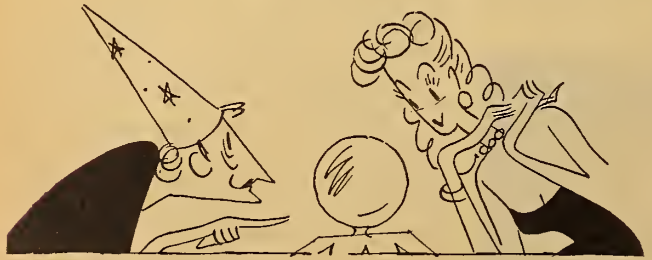
Glamour for the Teens .... ☐
This is 'specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-do's for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Be Beautiful .... ☐
For over 18's—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to your need. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Have Lovely Hair .... ☐
Encyclopedia on hair care. Hair-do's styled for you, setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Lose Weight .... ☐
12-page chart giving you all the safe ways to lose weight. 2 easy-to-follow scientific diets. Exercises for reducing every part of body, plus scoring chart. Free, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

★ Gloria De Haven's Glamour—for you. Turn to page 48 for complete details on how you can get the very same dresses Gloria's wearing.



CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

Handwriting Analysis (10c) .... ☐
Send a sample of your or your guy's handwriting in ink (about 25 words). Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c) .... ☐
Fill in your birthdate: Year......month......date......time......
Name........... Street........... City.......... State.....
Send 10c. No self-addressed envelope required.

FOR ROMANCE

★ Please Behave! .... ☐
Just off the press chart with tips on how to be poised, well liked. Etiquette for dating, engagements, weddings, letter writing—the works. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Write a Love Letter .... ☐
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Co-Ed Personal Advice
Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's cagey to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Jean Kinkead, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. See box on page 25 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

Be a Better Dancer!—by *Arthur Murray* .... ☐
Complete, easy-to-follow directions on how to fox-trot, waltz—all the turns and tricks that'll help you follow your partner. Also dance floor etiquette, what to wear and how to be popular with the stag line. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FOR FANS

Super ★ Star Information Chart (10c) .... ☐
Our new, revised 32-page booklet. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and a complete section on Western stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Music Makers, their Lives, Bands and Records (5c) .... ☐
New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra. 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hep cats. Send 5c, as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Join a Fan Club .... ☐
Have yourself a time! Join one or more of the 60 fan clubs we've listed and get snaps of your favorite stars, club journals, chance for pen pals—even meet the stars themselves! Read about the new MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk
Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 25 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Bates "Picture Frames" bedspread with matching draperies, shown here in blue, is available also in rose, green, and tan.

Dolores Moran's Favorite Fashion

DOLORES MORAN, featured in **"THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT,"** a **WARNER BROS.** picture, shows how college girls can make a comfortable home in temporary quarters. Bates bedspreads and matching draperies do just about the entire decorating job quickly, inexpensively. Bates bedspreads are wrinkleproof, washable, packable for traveling, shed no lint. What's more, the spreads serve as extra covering at night. War work comes first at Bates . . . that's why your store may be temporarily out of your favorite bedspread or drapery pattern.

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She: "Why can't I be Lovely instead of Lonely?"

Me: "Why not try my beauty secret."

WHEE! Now she's got that Ivory Look...

YOU can have a Lovelier Complexion, too...

You can have softer, smoother skin . . . that Ivory Look that makes a man's heart march double-time. How? Just change from on-and-off skin care to regular, gentle cleansings with baby-gentle Ivory Soap. You can't buy a purer soap—a surer way to a clearer, naturally radiant complexion. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate even babies' tender skin. No wonder more doctors advise it for them—and you—than all other brands put together. 99 44/100 % Pure

More doctors advise Ivory—

—*than all other brands put together!*

SOAP CONSERVATION IS IMPORTANT . . . because soap is a necessity and it's made of vital war materials. Don't waste your Ivory. Make it last—use it up.

TO OUR READERS...

The gang is glaring dangerously over my shoulder as I write. There are NINE PAGES OF FULL COLOR in this fascinating issue of MODERN SCREEN. And they insist that I shift into verse and give you the choruses to the tune of ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-dee-ay. All right, all right. But that takes time, and we're celebrating.

Before you can say "nine pages," I'm taking my watch off and plunging into a tub of Pepsi. NINE PAGES OF COLOR! Out of this world, isn't it? But then, of course, trust M.S. to always do things by bigs, not by littles. It's meant more work for all of us. It's cost oodles of money.

But what the heck, kids, you love it, don't you? A spread of color on the Gene Kellys. A spread of color to brighten Judy Garland's life story. Terrible Turhan Bey. Gossamer Gloria De Haven. Debonair Dantine. Not to mention the special glamour spread with Bob Walker, Dick Crane, "Jake" Jaeckel, Bernadette Jones, Jeanne Crain and Dream Dish Baxter.

I see where I've got to stop right here. Henry Malmgreen is doing a dead-man's float in the Pepsi—with his watch on. And the staff has already tortured five Hershey bars to death. Got to watch those kids!

See you next month. And have a swell time!

Al Delacorte

Al (nine-page) Delacorte

modern screen spends a

■ LIFE Magazine had been wandering around all morning, and the Kellys were dead. Betsy, keeper of the cash, was moaning over the non-balancing checkbook with one breath and *now-now'ing* Kerry with the other. Gene was gnawing at a chocolate bar and mumbling ". . . so the lawn *isn't* photogenic . . . bet I had more fun wearing it down playing kickball than I would've gardening. . . ." Everyone was feeling gay as a goon when presto!—Gus Gale was stowing his Speed Graphic, Betsy had gooky mounds of vanilla ice cream with caramel sauce (there's always gobs of it ready for Gene's Dagwood snacks) on the kitchen table, and everybody was dangling from the high red leather stools discussing Adolf and Gene's anti-vegetablitis and pic posings and life while Betsy tried to put the snatch on Gene's candy bar. We left with a last slap-happy glimpse of Kerry, her tummy supported by Gene's brawny southpaw, floating in mid-air, drooling down at Daddy's third tutti-frutti special.

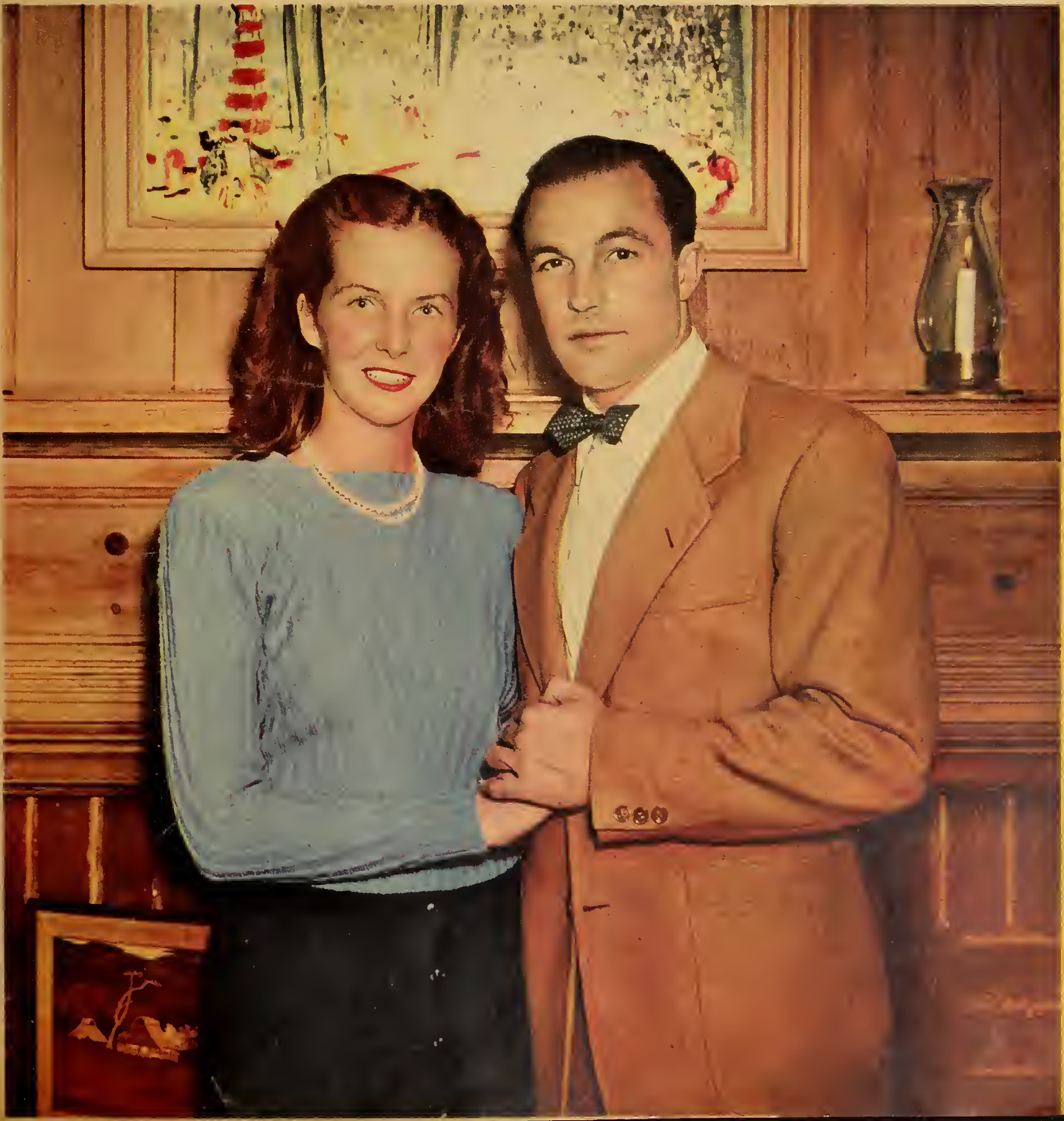
Sundays are for snoozing till 12, then kickball with the local kids. Gene whips up the eggs 'n' wienies, then dashes off with Terry and the Pirates.

Evenings, the gals wait for Gene with Kerry flying into his arms at the first horn toot. Her new strip tease routine has Dad hoarding pins so she won't be caught with her pants down!

Strictly a slack 'n' stubble guy, Gene treasures his lucky "Pal Joey" shirt, abhors men's jewelry. He likes Betsy in sports clothes and can discuss femme togs by their *right* names!

day with Gene Kelly

Meet the Kellys—tap-happy Gene, wife "Sweeney," and their Kerry, dancing along in Daddy's footsteps.



Continu

Save for Gene's rare brogue'ing, the Kellys will crown anyone who baby-talks Kerry, whose sudden shift from silence to speech upped her prestige to 5 parties a week!

Kerry's past the slop 'n' spill stage, so Gene often tries his ladling technique. He and "Sweeney" nixed a nurse, but they may get one for Daniel, if and when *he* comes along.

modern screen spends a day with Gene Kelly

Phones used to give Kerry the jitters till Betsy, gradually breaking her in, hit on dialing the time signal to let her hear the voice and bell. K. now giggles and jabbers back.

Gene begs rides from pals to save gas, but whips out the convertible for those Thurs. eve baseball sprees with the Garfield, Barry Sullivan gang.

Members of the "Writer's Set," the Kellys hold open house, breaking up the weighty gab fests with sprints around the block, sweet Adoline-ings—and fast rounds of Anagrams!

"Sweeney" and "Genee" can jabber in 6 tongues, picked from school and tutors. Betsy's angling for a 3 months' overseas jaunt with an ex-B'way dram group, while Gene's just beginning work in M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Follies."

anyon
silen

young man with a torso

Nine mastoids, two broken eardrums, three fractured ribs—Dick Crane's battered but beautiful!

■ While Dick Crane was reading his fan mail recently (it now runs into many hundreds of letters a month) he opened a fold of pink paper to disclose the following communication:

"Dear Mr. Crane:

You are the healthiest looking zombie I have ever seen. However, you MUST be a zombie because I have seen you die four times in four different pictures. First I saw you in a Hopalong Cassidy picture, and you got perforated in a most fatal manner. Then I saw you in 'Happy Land,' a picture from which you didn't escape vertically. After that you gave your all in 'None Shall Escape,' and last night I saw you get liquidated again in 'Wing And A Prayer.' This is too much.

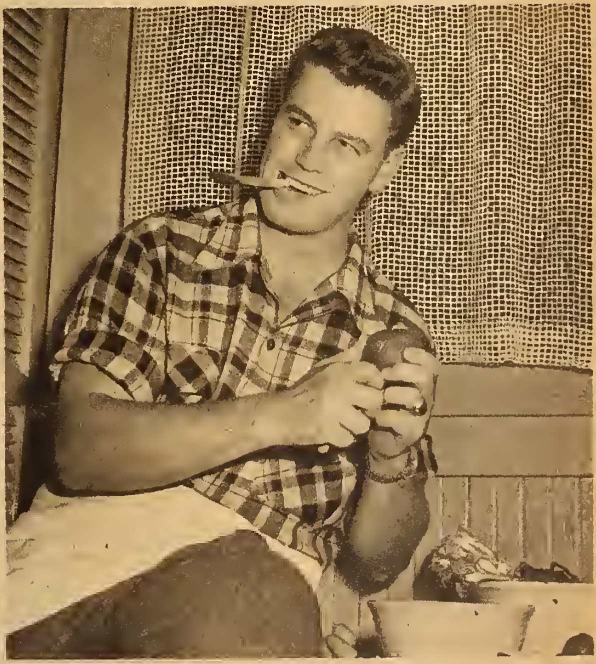
I am going to start a LET RICHARD CRANE LIVE club.

Yours devotedly,
Jean T. . . ."

To hear from a fan who had seen all FOUR of his decent-part pictures represented a milestone in Dick's life . . . frequent and violent death aside.

As a matter of fact there are few men as much alive as Dick Crane is. He consists of five feet ten and one-half inches of brawn that weighs about 170 pounds. He would like to trim that down (*Continued on page 89*)

First few years in films were tough sledding. Between pics took jobs as dishwasher, hasher, truckdriver. Ambitious to cop Oscar, he sees every new film to study technique of stars. His latest, "Wing and a Prayer."



Dick's superstitious about just one item—ring his mom gave him one birthday. Wears it as good luck charm on his left hand in every picture. Goes for Harry James and all shades of blue.

By Nancy Winslow Squire

Way last Dec. her sidekick proclaimed she wouldn't be surprised if Shirley and Andy Hotchkiss took it to a preacher. They've got it that bad! Next movie's "I'll Be Seeing You."

tune of English folk song, she penned lyrics for "Mother ouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow," hit of "Since You Went voy." She's added verses for its broadcast by name bands.

y **Cynthia Miller**

At Canteen she modestly claims boys would rather talk to her than dance. "Most of them have sisters at home, and I seem to take their place." On one of her rare radio stints, she guested on War Dept.'s "Visiting Hour," aired from service hospitals.

sixteen's okay

It means powder 'n' lipstick, buying your own clothes—

having a MAN! To Shirley it's strictly "er ker"!

■ Sixteen's a nice age, but not very different from fifteen. Shirley guesses no age is very different from the one right in front or behind. You have to go pretty far back to tell the difference—

Like the night of the preview of "Since You Went Away." It was one of those gala previews that they hardly ever have any more on account of the war—with grandstands and flashbulbs and everybody dressed up. The girls, that is. Most of the men were in uniform—

Anyway, walking along under that marquee-thing, she couldn't help feeling pretty grown-up. Because last time she was wearing bobby socks and a white wool coat. That was for "The Little Princess" when she was eleven. And here she was now with a long white crepe dress and an ermine jacket and a gentleman. Of course Mom and Dad were there, too, but they were strictly a party by themselves, and so were she and Andy—Private Andrew Hotchkiss of the U.S. Army Air Force, that's his official title. But he's the same Andy she used to play hopscotch with.

No, she didn't feel important—just excited. If heroes can come back from shooting millions of enemies without feeling important, wouldn't it be silly for people who just shoot pictures to get that way? Yes, of course she was glad the fans remembered her. And she thinks it was pretty swell of them, seeing as how she hadn't done anything in such ages. (*Continued on page 94*)

Shirley's a plain meat-and-vegetable girl without too much seasoning. Some of the kids really like coffee, but frankly, she doesn't give two hoots about the stuff.

With Selznick as tutor, she's learning ins and outs of picture business so that when her starring days are over, she can step in as director-producer. Practised on Red Cross playlet, directing, rewriting lines, playing each part to show actor how.

Graduated from high school with highest average in class—97.3%. "I wasn't a bright kid. I had to work for every grade I got. I was so afraid I'd fail I guess I overstudied."

During production of "Music For Millions," fragile 99-pound, five-foot-one June crashed thru platform and had to be sawed out! Everybody, including Errol Flynn, kidded her to death.

By Jeanne Karr

June Bug

She was little and scrawny and had no oomph. The guys in high school *never* asked June Allyson to go out.

■ Her real name's Jan Allyson. George Abbott changed it to June, because Jan sounds like a boy's name. Her mother wasn't too happy about her going on the stage. Now she says, "That's my daughter"—with a spark in her eye—when she sees people looking at June's picture in theater lobbies.

Recently she sent June a classic letter: "Just saw 'Two Girls and A Sailor.' Please take care of yourself and get lots of rest. Love. Mother." June doesn't know exactly what it means, and she's sort of afraid to ask. As long as she doesn't ask, she can go right on hoping that mother just wrote in a terrible hurry.

She's amazed by what's happened to her. Being asked for an autograph makes her feel silly, but wonderful. When people say, "I liked you in the picture," she gets embarrassed. It's hard to be casual and just say thank you very much. Her impulse is to hug them, ask them to dinner and inquire about the health of their families.

The biggest thrill was going to the Mocambo after "Two Girls and A Sailor." Darling Emil Coleman, the orchestra leader, caught sight of her and stopped what they were playing and started "Young Man with a Horn." Roman candles exploded in her head, and her knees went weak, and she (*Continued on page 111*)

Boys at Ft. Lewis voted her their favorite "Pin Up Ether Girl," which means that June's the first vision they'd like to see if they're wounded or coming out of ether.

Gloria DeHaven claims June's most conscientious person in town. "When I stayed overnight with her, we studied our roles until 3 a.m. Even after we went to bed, she made me rehearse until her housekeeper stopped us."

Turhan Bey

turks are no jerks

By Kirtley Baskette

"Bey" means Mister and vodka at the Scheherazade and a rider without a horse and flivvers and orchids and laughs.

■ One afternoon, a few weeks ago, Katharine Hepburn and Turhan Bey sat on a prop log in a Hollywood version of a Chinese rice field and waited tensely for the camera to roll.

They were about to tackle a terrific love scene in "Dragon Seed," and the ordinarily cool and cocky Katie was nervous as a witch—with good reason. Being the star of the picture, she knew this key scene had to sizzle with the right high voltage or the picture might flunk dismally.

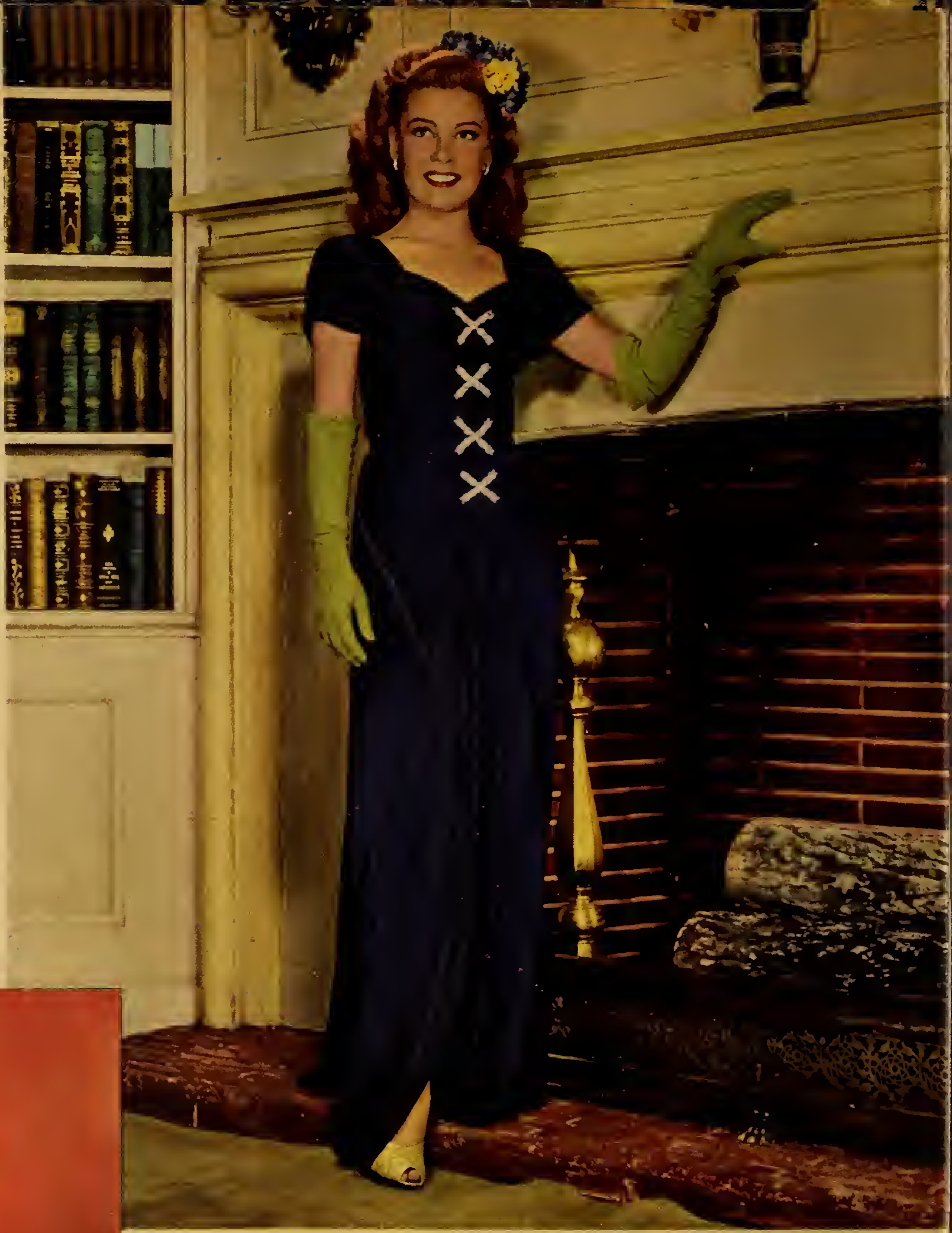
It was up to her to make it sizzle and practically melt away with love at the end, and, frankly, Hepburn was not so sure this Turhan Bey fellow, whom she'd never met before, had the stuff on the ball to handle (*Continued on page 99*)

Mrs. Bey, often taken for her son's sister, shares his taste for vodka, but not for yank slang.

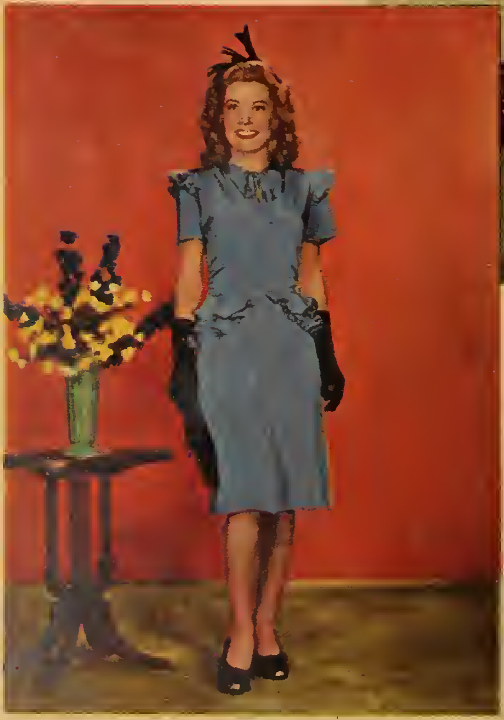
Turhan's been twosome-ing with Turner ever since the "Dragon Seed" premiere, when she spied him and whispered, "That's for me!"

Night he was to squire Susanna F. to the opening of "Voice In The Wind," he blew 3 tires, had to haul her in a rented, vintage flivver!

By Marjorie Bailey

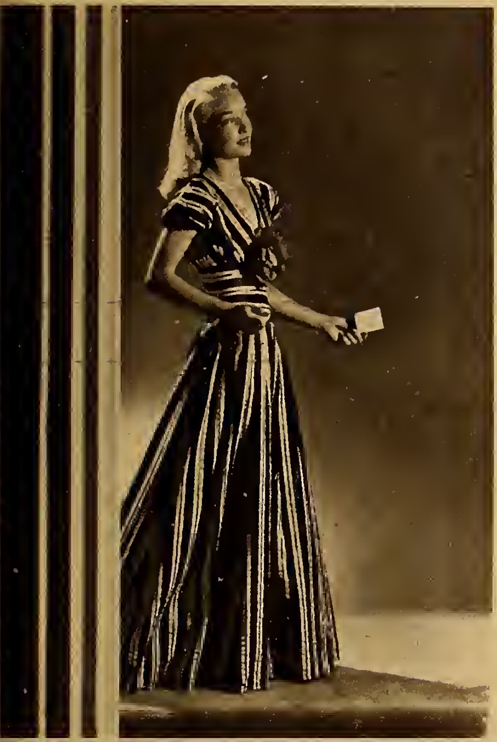


Gloria DeHaven shows how *he'd* like to have his dream girl look. Dress from Miss America in Cohoma's supple new fabric, "5 P.M."

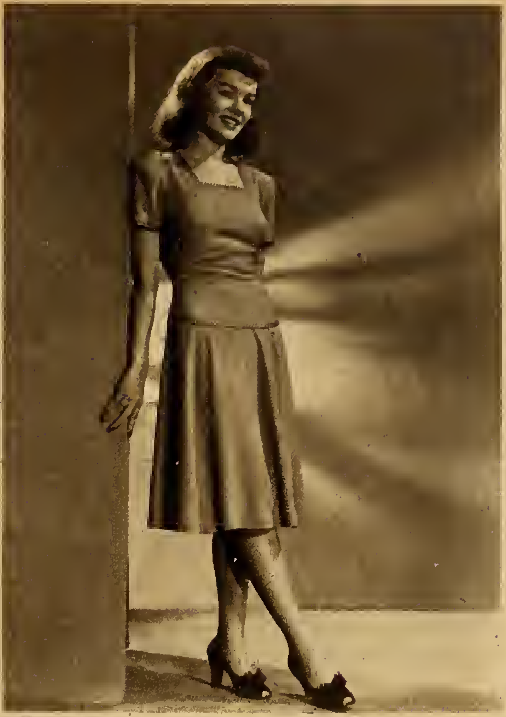


Same wonderful girl, same wonderful fabric. New mood in a J. L. F. original with fluted peplum and epaulette lines.

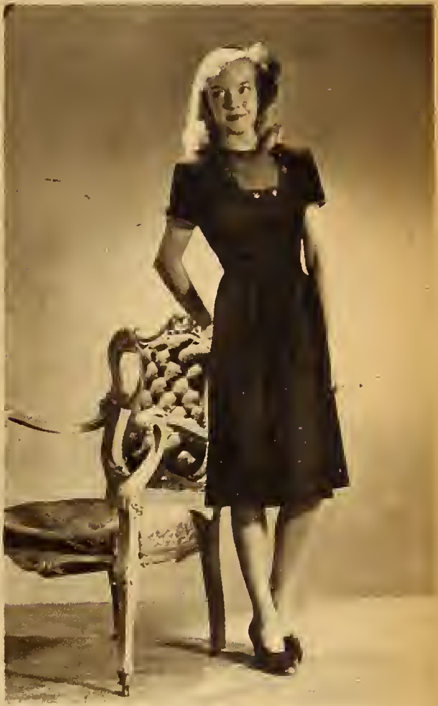
Does the sight of Gloria DeHaven send your fella into ecstasies? Here's how you can step right into her clothes!



SWISH . . . dancing dress of rustly striped taffeta. A Junior Formal. Around $25.



GLAMOUR . . . in longer torso silhouettes. An Arkay Junior. Under $20.



AND GLITTER . . . of jet and pastel. Judy 'n' Jill. About $25. "Debucap" around $3.

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide

■ Of *course* you're not Gloria De Haven. But, with one very tiny exception, who on earth is? There's only one, and you'll soon be seeing her in "The Thin Man Goes Home." I still say it could be *you*, wearing the date dresses that are so agleam here with color. Because—while our Gloria did happen to be way up front when they were handing out looks—nobody can call her "grabby." None of this nonsense about "I couldn't dream of letting anybody know where this little number came from." What's hers is yours. At least in this particular case it is.

If you're headed for something formal and want to be very much "this year" about it, the fashion of cap sleeves is definitely yours. By the way, I'm not saying your shoulders are kinda scrawny. But if you think they are, this new line supplies wonderful cover-uppage. And nobody's been hinting that your waistline needs slimming, either. But, just in case it should, the shoulder breadth will help balance it. Do I have to explain again? All that width up top simply makes the mid-area seem smaller in comparison.

Rumor has it around fashion circles that hips today are more than something to be concealed by a two-way stretch. While I still say yours would appear more haven-ly if you controlled them a bit with a panty girdle, this is your year to talk (*Continued on page 80*)

Helmut Dantine

HER RING—a "miniature" of her fiancé's class ring, is set with a diamond and small rubies

ENGAGED TO WEST POINT CADET

Mary Alice Maxwell
of Columbus, Ohio
fiancée of Cadet Robert Northrup Ives
of the
prominent Army family

BUY ANOTHER BOND—**Mary Alice has been active in every one of Uncle Sam's War Bond Drives. The soft-smooth look of her Pond's complexion proves a magnet to sales! Selling bonds is a war service many girls are proudly giving.**

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

She has a rare sculptured beauty—this auburn-haired girl with breathtaking eyes and a complexion smooth, cool and fine as alabaster.

Mary Alice is still another engaged girl with that delightful "Pond's look."

"I'm certainly keen about Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so *exactly* right for me—and it leaves my face with such a clean smooth feeling."

She slips the soft, snowy cream over her face and throat and pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She *rinses* with more Pond's Cold Cream—with little spiral whirls of her white-coated fingers—for *extra* cleansing—*extra* softening. Tissues off again.

Give your face Pond's beauty care, every night, every morning—for in-between clean-ups too! It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for the big luxury jar—it helps save glass. And, it's so pleasant to be able to dip the fingers of *both* your hands in this wide-topped Pond's jar.

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Alexander W. Biddle · Lady Kinross · Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton · Mrs. Allan A. Ryan · Viscountess Milton

FOR WOLVES

Jeanne Crain **Was she picked up from a bowling alley? (Story on page 18)**

Anne Baxter **At school she imitated a mashed potato—(Story on page 56)**

Jennifer Jones **"Jennie made her mind up . . ." And she did it! (Story on page 20)**

FOR SWOONERS

Richard Crane "I'm starting a LET DICK CRANE LIVE Club," penned a fan. (Story on page 40)

Richard Jaeckel Even his Chinese houseboy didn't know about it—(Story on page 95)

Bob Walker "Pvt. Hargrove's" on the downgrade—he's been demoted to bell boy. (Story on page 14)

By James Carson

After "Step Lively" preview, fans mobbed Sinatra, so a kid consoled Murph, "You were 3 times as good." "I should be," he grinned. "I'm 3 times as big!"

George sold RKO his script, "Chicago Method," then dashed to buy a tractor and plough! His "H'wood Handbook" will be released this Fall. (With Ginger Rogers.)

slick mick

George niblicked smack into his prof's seat, he raffled off a piano that wasn't there—trust a Murphy to be merry!

■ The other day George Murphy got a letter from a U.S. Leatherneck in the blazing South Pacific. "Dear George," he read, "Your cousin, Bill Murphy, went to glory next to me in battle last week. He was my buddy, and he always spoke about how proud he was of being your cousin. I thought you'd like to know he died like a brave soldier and a Marine."

George sat right down to answer the note. He told how sorry he was to hear the news but how proud he was of Bill. He hoped the buddy who'd written him would visit him in Hollywood on his way back from Tokyo.

Then George blew his nose, dabbed his eyes and made a mental note about an item to bring up in his next confession at church. "I guess though," he sighed to himself, "that's one lie for which the Good Lord will forgive me!"

Because George Murphy never had any cousin Bill who was a U.S. Marine. But he figured he couldn't let a fellow down who had liked him well enough to claim kinship.

Of course, being a Murphy and an Irishman, it's only natural that George should *(Continued on page 118)*

AS THE TWIG IS BENT

Ever since her daughter was a little kindergartner—her devoted mother
has endeavored to be her confidant and guide to see that she gets the *right start*.
As "her baby" grows older—mother helps select that thrilling "first party dress", the new wall paper for
that "very own" bedroom—she consoles about braces on teeth, runs in stockings—lost hockey games.
And then comes an eventful day—a day when mother explains how many girls and women on "certain days" of the
month often suffer distress from female functional monthly disturbances and how Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound is so effective to help relieve monthly pain and accompanying
tired, nervous, restless feelings—due to this cause.
She tells her daughter to try Pinkham's Compound to relieve such symptoms. Taken regularly it helps build up
resistance against such distress. A wonderful suggestion which daughters everywhere should pass on to *their* daughters.
Buy Lydia Pinkham's Compound today. Follow
label directions. It's well worth trying.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Top psychiatrist cued Anne for her "Guest in the House" paranoiac role. Preview guest card commented, "I hate A.B. more than my mother-in-law."

Dream Dish

By Fredda Dudley

"I'll never marry an actor!" vows Anne Baxter. Does that mean John Hodiak?

Anne's grandpap, architect Frank Lloyd Wright, gifted her with blueprints for a postwar home. Sketches include a nursery. Baxter-Hodiak rumors are flying thick and fast.

■ As Anne Baxter tripped into the 20th Century Commissary one noon, having come from the set where she was working opposite John Hodiak in "Sunday Dinner For A Soldier," a bemused onlooker confided to his luncheon guest, "If they ever send Anne Baxter overseas on an entertainment tour, the war will be over immediately."

The straight man wanted to know how the commentator doped it. "The enemy would be entirely destroyed by concussion caused by the prolonged whistling of American troops," was the answer. "That Baxter is a dream dish."

Ask any six people at Fox, and they will tell you that Anne Baxter is a terrific tomato; that she has the ideal face, the ideal figure and the ideal background to be successful in pictures. To date, they will add, she has lived an ideal life. Practically everything that has happened to her has had a definite bearing upon her cinematic career.

Take, for instance, her childhood. She didn't think so very much of it as a guide for the rearing of future generations. She seldom remained in one school over a year. Because of her father's work (he was sales manager for a national corporation) the family moved a great deal.

Dig back in memory and recall your own first day at school when you were six. The teacher was a tall, strange creature who explained the local rules. The kids conned one another suspiciously. The room was filled with the typically school-days odor of chalk dust, floor oil and the odd aroma of glazed paper and printer's ink on new text books. You felt as conspicuous as a Ubangi in the Clover Club. And as perplexed as that same Ubangi, confronted by corn on the cob.

Your second year was different, of course. You knew practically everyone in your class. Those you didn't know, you gave the old double-barreled ogle and ignored.

Anne was always one of the newies. Each year, and sometimes each semester, she became the recruit in some new school. The first time this happened, she tried to orient herself; she tried to make friends by a frontal attack of cordiality. "What's your name?" she would ask some little girl.

"Nonayourbusiness. What's yours?"

annie granny goat . . .

"Annie, Annie, she's a granny. Annie, granny nanny; goat, goat, Annie."

The kids laughed at the nonsensical chant. Sometimes they took it up and repeated it at recess. It was a very painful initiation process.

But Anne got hep. To protect herself, she developed Rule 1 in the Baxter code of self-protection: She learned to let the other person make the overtures. She found that there was great strength in silence. When she went to a new school, she paid no attention to anyone. She arrived on the school grounds barely in time to answer the bell, and she left the vicinity without loitering the instant school was dismissed. This self-sufficiency intrigued the natives. Instead of regarding her as foreign, hence funny (a common human weakness), she seemed mysterious and exciting. When the established leaders in school became suppliants for her attention, Anne could select as friends those who seemed to be compatible.

It is a system she uses to this day. She lets people approach her first. And, from those hectic days of adapting herself to a series of different school customs and local traditions, she has brought a pliability of mind that makes it possible for her to understand almost any type of human being. A very handy trait to be developed by an actress.

During this strenuous period of carving out a succession of comfortable environments for herself, Anne developed a talent. She *had* to excell in some respect. She wasn't so Euclid with figures, nor very Marco Polo in geography. Natural history seemed as complicated as a Burbank experimental garden, and literature (although a favorite subject) sometimes got awfully Gertrude Stein. But she could SPELL. She won matches faster than a pyromaniac could strike them.

At one time she triumphed in a Spell Down with the word "Occasion." At another time her winning word, spelled with assurance, was "harass." (She was perfect in pronunciation, too, as she called it "harris" as in Phil, which is proper.)

Only twice did she ground loop her vocabulary. Once she crash-landed the word "restaurant"—left out the "u." At another time she jumbled the vowels in "lieutenant." To this day, when she addresses a letter to such an officer, she gives him the abbreviated treatment. They are all

(*Continued on page 76*)

PASADENA Set 134.75
Engagement Ring 100.00

HYANNIS Set 237.50
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LOWELL Set 300.00
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DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

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MM 11-44

By George Benjamin

Proud of his Indian Princess grand-maw, Ray will soon be seen in "San Fernando Valley," his 40th pic. (Piggy-back with "Lil Brown Jug.")

A whiz at the harmonica, trumpet, piano—and gui-tar, Ray's a chow mein, ravioli fiend. Paid $82,000 in prizes at N. Y. Rodeo. (With Bing.)

Ray caught "Oklahoma!" while in N. Y., came out raging, "Phonies, they can't lasso and their accents ain't right!" (With C. Landis and Frankie at "Com. Performance.")

Under his hotel window in Dakota, outside the Astor in Times Square . . . wherever he goes, you'll hear the familiar chant!

We Want Rogers

■ Last Fall, Roy Rogers strolled into the Yankee Stadium to see the opening game of the World's Series between the St. Louis Cards and the New York Yankees. As usual, Roy looked like a Western sunset going East. He sported a ten-gallon dove-colored sombrero, pink and white butterfly boots, skin tight breeches with barberpole stitches, darts, pipings, filigrees and fancy frills here and there against the blues, greens and assorted color clashes of his movie cowboy rig. On exposed places, like fingers; silver, turquoise and gold sparkled in the sun.

There were sixty-nine thousand people at the Stadium that day, and about all of them except a few near-sighted old folk rubber-necked, awestruck, as he pushed, grinning amiably, through the mob. Roy shook hands with Jim Farley, Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Connie Mack and assorted celebrities, picking up fans like a rolling snowball picks up snow.

Finally, Roy climbed into his box, and the crowd of Rogers rooters swarmed after him like bees, knocking over chairs and sending pop bottles skittering along the aisles. They spilled over into the adjoining boxes, yipping for autographs, and in the one right behind Roy, a chubby, dignified gentleman with graying hair got considerably mussed up. The cigar was knocked from his mouth, his hat sent flying, his chair almost tipped over. Nobody paid any attention to him. Maybe Roy wouldn't have noticed, either, except that the crush of fans spun him around, and what he saw almost made him topple over.

The dignified gentleman behind him, getting bumped around by the fervent fans of Roy Rogers, movie cowboy, was the Honorable Herbert Hoover, ex-President of the United States!

Of course, Roy Rogers would never stack himself up against Herbert Hoover in the Hall of Fame, or against a few hundred other great men for that matter. Besides, Roy knows by now that mob scenes are no measure of greatness, and he's not impressed. He gets them wherever he goes, whether it's breaking records with his Rodeo at Madison Square Garden or zooming the population of a tiny hamlet from 300 to 17,000 (as he once did in Virginia) just by paying it a visit. He's been kept awake all night in small towns by crowds yelling under his hotel window, "We want Rogers!" and in the really large cities when he ventures out on the streets almost anything is likely to happen—and frequently does.

Like the time in Pittsburgh when he sneaked into a famous cafe and walked out to face 500 kids blocking the doorway. The only way the cops could rescue him, after Roy had almost worn off his trigger finger writing his name, was to back up the Black Maria and haul him off to jail! Or like New York last year, when Roy got restless in his room at the Astor Hotel and clomped his high heels up Broadway for a drink of his favorite brew, pinacolada, at one of those sidewalk stands. Roy didn't realize that while he sipped his fruit juice, the bright lights were spotlighting him. The minute he stepped outside, they had him, and the cops had to blow their whistles again. When he got back to the Astor about everything was ripped off except Roy's smile.

king by acclaim . . .

That smile would be hard to erase under any condition right now, because what Roy Rogers does know, and for sure, is that his King of the Cowboys tag is a case of no kidding.

There's not a Hollywood cow-waddy who can come within lasso-length of Roy in the popularity poll. One recent month no less than 136,000 letters, more than any Hollywood star has ever piled up, practically pushed Roy right out of his office. The "Corrals," into which Rogers' fan armies divide themselves, cover the United States and the United Nations, too, and if Roy wanted to make a foreign stamp collection from all the mail he gets from service guys and gals, he could set up a booming philatelist's shop as a sideline.

Not only are Roy's rootin', tootin' Republic pictures standing them in the aisles all around the globe, but they're playing right in the same movie palaces where million-dollar epics play. "Song of Nevada," the latest Roy Rogers movie, has just been booked for the Carthay Circle and Grauman's Chinese, Holly-

(Continued on page 82)

WADSWORTH PERSONALITY COMPACTS

VERONICA LAKE
star of the new Paramount picture,
"Bring on the Girls"

"BLACK MAGIC"
for the spell-binder, the girl who causes constant hearts to falter.

"INTRIGUE"
for the sultry sophisticate with the knowing glance.

"LIVELY LADY"
for the little lady with the bewitching twinkle.

"Just a little thing...

LIKE A COMPACT . . . TELLS WHAT YOU'RE REALLY LIKE" . . . says Veronica Lake

The quiet elegance, the depth of design, the powder-tight construction of Wadsworth compacts have made them the choice of fastidious women everywhere. Each style is a symphony in skillfully wrought metal and is as exquisitely made as a fine watch case. Sold at department and jewelry stores, priced from two dollars to three hundred dollars.

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"Black Magic" $7.50 . . . "Lively Lady" $5.00 . . . "Intrigue" $3.00 . . . Others up to $300.00

Makers of fine compacts... fine watch cases... small precise parts

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LOVELY NEW STAR
TO APPEAR IN
ANGELUS
PRODUCTIONS

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DANGER
of DRY SKIN"
says DONA DRAKE

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oft Skin! So I Simply
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ich Creams containing
OLIVE OIL!"

hen you see gorgeous Hollywood stars
the screen, you probably never stop to
nk that they have the same worries you
about dry, sensitive skin.

Yes, *even more* because they're exposed
the drying heat of movie lights. So
hen famous stars tell you how they fight
y skin, it's a secret worth knowing!

Why don't you do what these beauties
? Use Lander's Cold Cream with Olive
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ss—to leave your skin radiantly fresh
d satiny soft. Use Lander's Hand Cream
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LANDER'S CREAMS
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BUY BONDS

Louella Parsons'

Ann Sheridan camp-touring in India

. . . Rooney authors book on Army life

. . . "Wilson" courting Judy Garland.

■ Van Johnson has certainly had his wings clipped—but it takes Van to tell this one on himself:

A couple of weeks ago Van went with his pals, the Keenan Wynns, down to Casino Gardens—a big dance hall on the pier. They watched the jitterbugs for awhile when suddenly an enterprising Junior Miss came up and asked Van if he would dance.

Very much flattered (because he's a nice guy), Van skidded out on the floor with the girl and enjoyed himself immensely. She was a darn good dancer, and Van politely said, "If you would like to dance again—"

"No" said the girl, surprisingly, "I'm going to be sorta busy."

Van took that one standing up, and when the music started again, he was approached by an entirely new jitterbug. "This is my dance" she said, practically leading him onto the floor. The same thing happened

Bing, whose "Silent Night" record netted thousands for charity, plans to do another (most likely candidate: "White Christmas") for war charities. He and Betty Hutton showed Maj. R. Bong a time on "Here Come the Waves" set.

Good News

Lynn Bari had returned from bond-selling tour just shortly before premiere. Her husband Sid Luft, a test pilot for aircraft plant, has Hollywood aspirations.

Bill Eythe and Mrs. Peter VonEyke come to "Wilson" premiere with Mary Anderson. Hubby Behrens, stationed nearby, can get in only on weekends.

Privately long-hair, Frankie (above, with Gloria DeHaven) plays Rachmaninoff by hour in dressing room between scenes Soon's his commitments permit, he'll tour orthopedic hospitals.

Ronnie and Janie Wyman welcomed 10-day lull on his furlough last summer. During N. Y. jaunt when she recruited for WAC, taxi driver dropped her at hotel, dreamily sighed, "Well, good-by now."

Getting the hang of it

When hanging pictures on a wall,
Nails won't leave plaster cracked
If first you use some Texcel Tape
To hold the wall intact.

And if your clothing should get caught
On parts of desks or chairs,
Just shield rough spots with Texcel Tape-
No snags, no runs, no tears.

For keeping licenses unsoiled,
For keeping passes sealed,
You'll find in sturdy Texcel Tape
A safe, transparent shield.

For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-ums" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out,
It's one, like grass and lawn.

Since all the Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Made by Industrial Tape Corporation
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Good News Continued

for the next five or six numbers—each dance brought a new doll who just up and claimed Van without so much as a by-your-leave.

"And then what do you think I found out?" he told me almost bent double with laughter as he related the incident, "The first girl was out behind the seats *selling* dances with me at a dollar apiece! No wonder she said she was going to be 'sorta busy.' She ought to be an agent!"

* * *

Ann Sheridan writes about a funny thing that happened to her in India—or should I say when she was trying to get out of India, on her recent camp tour abroad.

"A plane was expected to pick us up at (censored) and fly us to (censored). All day long we had waited at the airfield at this spot in India—and still no plane came.

"Finally, one of the officers who had been escorting us went to send a wire to headquarters to find out why we had not been picked up.

"The answer came back that such a plane had not been ordered.

"Our friend immediately asked: What shall I do with Ann Sheridan?

"The reply was: If you don't know what to do with Ann Sheridan we can't help you. BUT DON'T GIVE HER BACK TO THE INDIANS!"

* * *

It's been a month of parties, parties, PARTIES!

The little Queen of the Ice, Sonja Henie, certainly looked the part at the big affair she gave at her home. She wore a beautiful new dress made of bugle beads, and she's lost so much weight that her figure is out of this world.

Sonja planned everything on an elaborate scale because she knew her husband, Captain Dan Topping, was due to go overseas—and the party was in his honor. But Marine regulations wait for no man, and Dan left the night before!

The bright stars overhead had to vie with the stars on hand for brilliance. Mary Benny, Jack's wife, got a lot of ribbing over a dress she was wearing completely embroidered in brilliants. Several months ago, a columnist had said that Mary had a million dollars worth of jewels. "Are those your jewels?" she was asked.

It was a warm balmy night and flower bedecked tables were set around the swimming pool. A striped blue and white tent had been set up for supper and dancing.

Roz Russell said she was so tired after finishing "Roughly Speaking" that she was going to take the baby and go into retirement. (Don't believe it. Roz is one of the most energetic women in Hollywood.)

An "entrance" that was an entrance was staged by Joan Crawford accompanied by her bridegroom, Phil Terry. She was the Joan of the lush days, done up in all-white with a garland of gardenias in her hair.

Sonja's mother, who is a culinary expert, was beaming over all the compliments she was getting on her Norwegian pudding—a matchless dish I can heartily recommend.

As for Yours Truly, I had the time of my life doing rumba after rumba with Clark Gable!

Between numbers—Clark and I sat at one of the bright little tables and had a long talk. Gable has been going to all the parties—perhaps because he wants to forget all that he saw overseas. It is certainly something new for him because he isn't a party man and enjoys far more being with a crowd of his pals and hunting and fishing.

Kay Williams, his favorite girl, and I also let down our hair. "These big parties are grand, Louella," Kay told me, "but the birthday celebration that touched me most was the dinner party for just the two of us that Clark had for me last night.

"It was at his home in the Valley, and at my place he had a cake with eighteen candles—which were sheer flattery," she laughed, "and my presents. He gave me a beautiful watch and an Alligator bag, and he had wrapped them himself!"

* * *

Another social event that brought out the town was the Jack Warner birthday party and the unveiling of Mrs. Warner's portrait by Salvador Dali. Not only was it Jack's birthday but also Lt. Robert Taylor's, Mrs. Otto Preminger's, Kay Williams' and LOP's (me). We all had birthday cakes—so everybody sang "Happy Birthday" to everybody else.

Barbara Stanwyck was so happy she was radiant because Bob was able to get home for his birthday celebration. Of course, the Navy didn't arrange it that way. It just happened.

Jane Wyman was also celebrating. She had just had her contract torn up and had been given a new one, and Janie was a vision in white with her Captain husband, Ronald Reagan.

Errol Flynn came alone, as usual. But I overheard him making a date to take Joan Blondell out to dinner. Joan is so witty and amusing she always has a crowd around her.

The Warner home is the loveliest in California. I say that without fear of contradiction, for treasures have been collected from all over the world, and the grounds are landscaped with beautiful fountains and Old World statues.

Everyone viewed Ann Warner's portrait by Dali, and comment was divided. To those of us who know her well, the artist seemed to make Ann too sad and missed her sparkling vivacity. Yet art critics say it is a masterpiece—so who am I to think differently?

* * *

Private Mickey Rooney blew back into town on a furlough and lost no time dating Gloria DeHaven. However, he showed up at the premiere of "Dragon Seed" with his Ma.

Mickey is writing a book about his Army experiences which he is calling "Wise Up." I suppose it is along the general lines of a "See Here, Private Rooney."

* * *

Frank Sinatra is indulging in a terrific feud with a Los Angeles newspaper columnist (male) who recently has ceased referring

Amazing new ink actually prevents pen troubles!

Parker Quink . . . the only ink containing *solv-x* . . . prolongs life of all types of pens!

For your pen to continue giving good performance, switch today to Parker Quink with *solv-x*. This remarkable new ink stops pen troubles before they start . . . gives 4-way protection to your pen:

1. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot caused by high-acid inks.

2. Ends gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting, even flow.

3. Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.

4. Actually cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.

Brilliant, fast-drying Quink is ideal for every type of fountain pen—for steel pens, too. This ink alone contains pen-protecting *solv-x*—yet it costs no more than ordinary inks!

Quink is America's largest-selling ink! Try it in your pen. Seven permanent colors: "Micro-film Black", the all-purpose black ink; Blue-Black; Royal Blue; Green; Violet; Brown; Red. Two washable colors: Black, Blue. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also in pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

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MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

PARKER Quink the only ink containing solv-x!

Since divorce Lana's put her Bel Air mansion up for sale, lives in rented house. Turhan Bey's grandma doesn't know word of English, bewilders phone callers by wordlessly taking up receiver, just as quietly hanging up.

Fox's answer to Sinatra, Dick Haymes, will star in his next pic. His new baby, Helen, is named after her godmother Helen Forrest.

Fast-climbing Jeanne Crain gets star billing in her second film, has five producers clamoring for her at Fox. Preemed with Lon McCallister, also dates newcomer Paul Brooks.

Lifetime contract recently went to Loraine Day's stand-in. Girls are old friends, and part of sentiment's due to fact she introduced Loraine to husband Ray Hendricks!

Good News Continued

to Frankie as the "Voice." He calls him the "Head."

"So that's the tale!" cracked Sinatra when he heard of the switch.

And something tells me there's more to that observation than meets the spelling!

* * *

The Alan Ladds have acquired a new dog—that is, the pooch was given to them by Brian Donlevy. The animal is no aristocrat. The most polite thing that can be said about its ancestry is that it is "mixed." But it has the cutest name of any dog in town.

They call it "Laddie-Come-Home."

* * *

Don't think for a minute that Betty Grable took lightly those brickbats from several small town papers in the East. The editors and some of the fans roasted Betty to a brown because she had failed to appear and "take a bow" on a recent band tour of Harry James'.

"I certainly never intended to be rude, Louella," Betty told me after I had shown her several of the clippings. "The point was that it was Harry's show, and I was just traveling along as his wife.

"It was dreadfully hot. I wasn't feeling any too well, and half the time I didn't even bother to wear make-up or to have my hair dressed.

"I have been in the business long enough to know that people expect movie stars to be dressed to the hilt at all times. If I had appeared not looking my best—for I had just taken plain suits and simple little dresses along—I would have been roundly criticized for my appearance.

"They would have said, 'That Grable! She looks terrible unless she's all fixed up by Hollywood camera magic.' It has taught me a lesson, though. I've learned that I can't travel in the future just as Mrs. Harry James. If I ever go out with Harry again, I'll be prepared to appear any hour of the day or night because I'm terribly hurt over these stories."

* * *

In my long career as a columnist I've found that you can say or print almost anything about a star, and they very seldom say anything. But it's another story where stars' relatives are concerned.

Not long ago I wrote that the reason Mrs. Gene Kelly did not wear make-up or even face powder was because she was allergic to cosmetics.

About a week later I received a long and indignant letter from her mother in the East. "My daughter's skin is wonderful," wrote Gene's mother-in-law. "She could use make-up if she wanted to without any harmful effects. Her skin is so good she used to be a model. I am terribly upset about your statement."

* * *

Never let it be said that Betty Hutton isn't an effective gal. She knows her type and dresses it. Right now Betty is definitely the "champagne girl." Her hair is champagne colored, and she is going in for champagne colored suits, dresses and formal gowns.

The other night she dropped by my house wearing a champagne satin dress that exactly matched her hair. Even her bag and shoes were of that color. It's very striking. Not since Jean Harlow's all-white fad has there been a mode of dress more effective.

For her personal appearance tour (she'll get $10,000 a week for six weeks in the East), Betty is taking along a champagne sequin gown with which she will wear sequin shoes and champagne colored brilliants sprinkled in her hair. That should be something! In the spotlight she should sparkle and sizzle just like a bottle of the rare old vintage she's imitating.

* * *

Close-up surprises of the month:

Lana Turner and Turhan Bey, who have been soooooo secretive about their romance, holding hands all through dinner at Romanoff's and not caring who looked.

Alexander Knox, of "Wilson" fame, temporarily forgetting all telephone numbers but —Judy Garland's!

Claudette Colbert's surprisingly homey bedroom with its deep easy chairs and convenient reading lamps—not at all the typical movie star's boudoir. Claudette's a wise wife to know that men hate fripperies and to consider the taste of her husband, Lt. Commander Joel Pressman.

The "island" that Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles have built in the middle of a small lake on their property. Or does somebody expect to get "marooned"?

Lucille Ball's (Continued on page 110)

FORSAKEN! (because your hair is gray?)

*Clairol banishes every trace of gray or graying hair . . . swiftly, surely, beautifully

What's *wrong* with your friends? Why have they changed towards you? Perhaps it's because *you've* changed . . . by letting lackluster gray hair make you look drab, faded . . . and old!

Don't be pitied—be admired! Other women have had your problem and solved it . . . naturally . . . with Clairol. Young-looking, color-radiant hair can make all the difference in the world! You really owe it to yourself to give Clairol a chance to *prove* what it can do for you.

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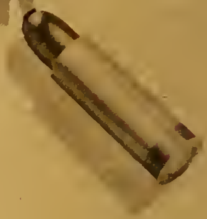
HURRAY FOR LIPSTICK



Read on to gather all the latest Hollywood facts about choosing colors and applying lip glamour.

■ Joyce Reynolds is a gal just chock full of enthusiasms. She's mad for Texas, the nation of her birth, for California (well, Hollywood's there), for New York, just because . . . and for lipstick! Fact is, she's quite an authority on the stuff. Believes that the tiny red baton is the most important make-up item. In the course of her twenty eventful years, she's learned how to apply it smoothly; how to pick the best colors to do right by her creamy skin and red-gold hair. Now what could I do, but corner Joyce for an interview so that all you MODERN SCREEN beauties could share her lip glamour? And here's the information.

LIPSTICK MAESTRO Speaking of ways and means to achieve lovely lips, Joyce tells me, "It's plain to see that beauty-sellers

Joyce wields her lipstick with practiced skill.

Cleansing-tissue makes a neat lipstick blotter.

A smart lip-painting job! You'll be seeing Joyce in "Hollywood Canteen."

By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

are the maestros of the lipstick!" They have as many lip-wands spread out on the cosmetic counter as Harry James has tunes. Your own mouth should be colored bewitchingly. "And it's easy!" adds Joyce. For today, manufacturers whip up a delectable rainbow collection of lipstick reds, everything from a dainty, young Shirley Temple-ish natural pink, to a deep, intense, throbbing Dot Lamour purple . . . take your pick.

COLOR CUE Check on the simple ABC's of color-blending and lipstick application. Result? The phone ringing in a steady buzz, you'll be that popular. "But don't be a one-lipstick woman," warns Joyce. Hollywood stars who, you must admit, are beauty experts, collect whole wardrobes of lipsticks, a shade to match every mood and costume change. And, with only a few coins necessary for a really wonderful lipstick, it's possible for you to begin your own collection.

Have fun experimenting with color. Annie Sheridan (one of Joyce's screen favorites) looks luscious in Technicolor, doesn't she? But some of you seem to forget that *your* public is always getting a Technicolor view of you! Match finger-tip polish to lipstick shade, and see that your rouge belongs to the same color family. Pick a red that blends with your skin coloring. Remember that team-work makes for perfect color harmony; a bright gal won't wear orange-red nail enamel that screams at her red-violet lipstick.

Here are a few color pointers: Dark, autumny greens, rusts, browns and smoky grays team happily with a russet, orange-toned red. Ruddy wine colors, purples, violets, blue-greens and navy are at their best with a muted, blue-red lipsick. Black, white, multi-color prints and stripes, all respond to the stimulating note of a true red-red. A crimson dress calls for special care in choosing a lipstick . . . dark shades of red with blue predominating need a bluish-red lipstick, orange-red dresses need bright, tawny lip rouge to look their best.

On the whole, brunettes, brownettes and ash blondes with creamy or medium complexions are flattered by blue-red. Golden blondes, (*Continued on page 109*)

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DULCINEA * *For True Love's Sake*

POETIC DREAM * *For Sheer Enchantment*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Coming up: one cold, bitter, skin-chapping winter. But read "Lotion Lore" and learn to combat Jack Frost's worst blows!

LOTION LORE

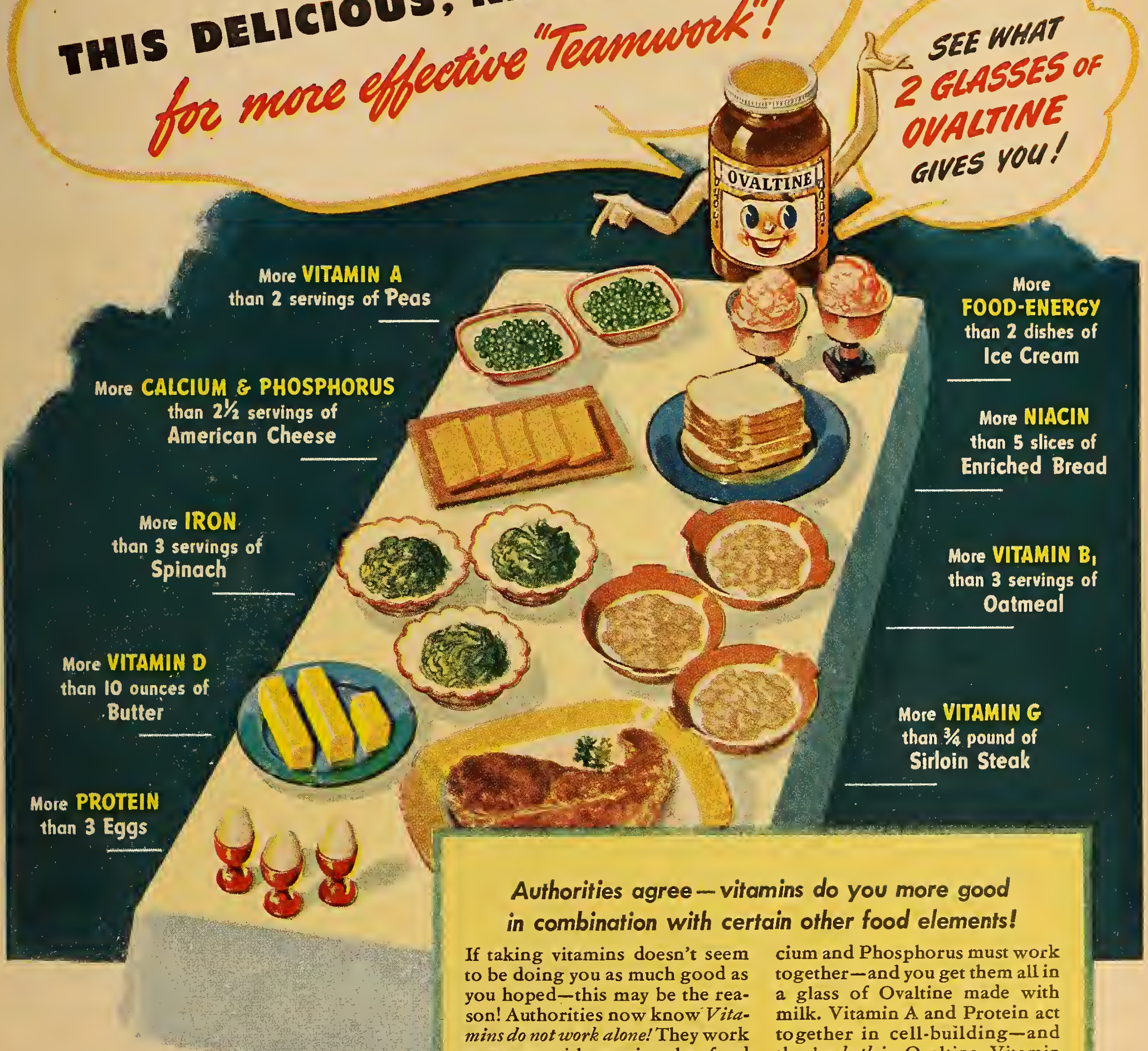
Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ Must be the nip of frost in the autumn air and the threat of stinging blasts to come that make me lotion-conscious. Time was when a lady did one of two things if she wanted to keep her pretty cheeks unchapped, come winter. She ventured outdoors swathed in mufflers to the eyelashes. Or she buttered her face with protective creams and looked like an animated grease spot. But you don't catch women doing that today! Not with all the wonderful lotions available on the market . . . creamy lotions that dry on the skin in a wink and lend maximum protection at the same time. Listed below are a few ailments that are liable to turn up and plague your poor unsuspecting epidermis. Some are cold weather bugaboos, some may appear any old time of the year. But lotions are balm to all.

WINDBURN—Seems that winter blasts have an unmerciful habit of drying out your tender skin. So the thing to do is dabble a lotion over your face before you dash out on a windy day. A bit of timely lubrication will save your dainty complexion from painful chafing. Incidentally, if you'd do your hero a favor, slip a bottle into his next overseas package. Be he in the stormy Aleutians or sunny Oahu, he'll sniff it and slap it on his stubby chin with pleasure. (*Continued on page 108*)

Laraine Day keeps cozy in a lamb coat . . . but before venturing outdoors, she applied a soothing lotion to face and hands. Her new pix: "The WACs."

TAKE YOUR *Vitamins* THIS DELICIOUS, NATURAL WAY *for more effective "Teamwork"!*


SEE WHAT 2 GLASSES OF OVALTINE GIVES YOU!
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More **VITAMIN D** than 10 ounces of Butter
More **PROTEIN** than 3 Eggs
More **FOOD-ENERGY** than 2 dishes of Ice Cream
More **NIACIN** than 5 slices of Enriched Bread
More **VITAMIN B₁** than 3 servings of Oatmeal
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Authorities agree—vitamins do you more good in combination with certain other food elements!

If taking vitamins doesn't seem to be doing you as much good as you hoped—this may be the reason! Authorities now know *Vitamins do not work alone!* They work as a team with certain other food elements. Therefore scientists, doctors, nutritionists are urging "Take your vitamins *in food*—for best results!"

For this reason, thousands are switching to Ovaltine. Unlike mere "vitamin carriers"—Ovaltine contains not only extra vitamins, but nearly *all* the precious food elements necessary for peak vitality. Especially those food elements needed for vitamin teamwork.

For example, Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus must work together—and you get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A and Protein act together in cell-building—and they're *both* in Ovaltine. Vitamin B_1 and fuel-food are both necessary for sparkling vitality—and they're combined in Ovaltine.

Another advantage—the elements in Ovaltine do not vary. They are accurately measured in every ounce. That is why it is an ideal supplement to ordinary foods which lose vitamin-values, sometimes sharply, in cooking.

So turn to Ovaltine, as thousands are doing, for an easy way to get the extra amounts of vitamins and minerals you need.

3 out of every 4 people need

extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons for this include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamin-mineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.

Ovaltine

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—and Dreamflower 'Rose Cream' most of all!"

"Never doubt the flattery of a rose-tinted powder shade!" advises charming Antonia Drexel Earle, shown in the portrait above wearing her favorite powder—Pond's Dreamflower *Rose Cream.* "Rosy tones in a powder are sure to give a clearer, brighter look to the skin—and I want my rosy shade to have *creamy* tones, too, for smooth blending. That's why I think Pond's Dreamflower 'Rose Cream' is so *exceptionally* flattering—because it brings out my freshest, clearest skin tones in such a soft, natural way!"

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

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BRUNETTE	ROSE CREAM
NATURAL	DARK ROSE
RACHEL	DARK RACHEL

49¢, 25¢ and 10¢ (plus tax)

Pond's "LIPS"

Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer! Five warm, exciting shades. Dainty Dreamflower cases—49¢, 10¢ (plus tax)

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK THE SOONER WE WIN!

LON McCALLISTER'S PRAYER

(*Continued from page 39*)

hand was on his shoulder. "It's 6 o'clock, Bud—"

He ate a big breakfast, which was unusual with him—scrambled eggs and cinnamon toast and hot chocolate. Mother, Granny and Mac took him down to the station. They didn't cry—which was wonderful. Just acted as if he were going off to school. That's what it felt like, too. When he used to go to Whittier, they'd drive him down to the same little red car that was waiting now to take him to Fort MacArthur.

Bill Johnstone was there, and that helped. In civilian life Bill was The Shadow on the radio. They'd met the day they took their physicals, been accepted together and sent to the office of a WAC recruiting sergeant. "No sense sitting around," the sergeant said. "Here—sweep out the office—"

like father, like son . . .

That was their first detail, and until Lon was transferred to "Winged Victory," he and Bill were together all the time. Father-and-son team, the guys used to call them. "Here come the old man and his baby," they'd yell. Bill's 37 and distinguished looking, with prematurely white hair, while Lon's GI haircut made him look more kiddish than ever. That first day the fellows stared uncertainly—his face was familiar, but not quite familiar enough. "Don't I know you from somewhere?—Didn't you go to school with me—?"

Fort MacArthur reminded Lon of "The Human Comedy"—all the guys talking about home, showing each other snapshots. Lon had some pictures that were taken by MODERN SCREEN—the one with Mac went over big with the boys. There's no getting away from it, an induction camp's a sad place. The breaking of ties is so fresh, the change so sharp—you've still got one foot and most of your heart in the other world. It's hardest on the older men like Bill Johnstone, whose life is wrapped up in his wife and little boy. Lon felt the sadness, but he also felt an undercurrent of strangeness and excitement. That came from the sense of being part of something too big to grasp—the kind of thing you read about in history but never expected to happen to you—sort of like coming face to face with yourself in a textbook—

By the time they were shipped to Camp Crowder, he'd begun to swing into the tempo of Army life—though he still can't get used to calling chow, chow. And either the movies have it all wrong, or Company C, 31st Training Battalion, was lucky. At MacArthur, they'd built up mental images of whipcracking sergeants and noncoms all roaring, "See here, Private Nincompoop!" Well, they couldn't have had a sweller topkick than Sergeant Jimmy Hudgins. He maintained discipline all right, but he was nice about it. As for Lt. Edward Allen, their c. o., they'd have jumped through hoops for him. Nothing brass hat about him—gave you the feeling he knew just what you were going through.

The only thing wrong with Camp Crowder was its location in the middle of nowhere. When a GI has a pass, he wants to get as far away from GI as possible. All you could do there was go sit in the park at Neosho with a lot of other soldiers and watch the fountains and listen to the birds. So if you weren't in a bird-and-fountain mood, you stayed at camp and waited for the mail.

Lon lived from mail to mail. He'd like to tell anyone reading this that one thing can't be repeated too often—write to your soldier *at least* once a day. What you write doesn't matter—tell him there was a knot in your shoelace that morning, tell him the baby said awk!—he'll eat it up. Nobody but the man who's felt it knows the desolation of going for mail and not finding any. Three days went by once, without any letters for Lon. He knew perfectly well that he hadn't been forgotten, that something must have held the mail up, but boy! did he go round feeling sorry for himself!

On the fourth day, there were ten letters—including three from Mom and one from Granny. Granny told him about weeding and planting the garden. Mom wrote about Mac—how she'd shown him her favorite picture of Lon, and said, "Where's Bud, Mac?"—and how Mac looked up at her, then went and lay down in front of the fire where they always romp when Bud's at home.

"And it was almost as though I'd been with them all for a little while."

The company threw a party to celebrate the end of basic training. Lon's no song-and-dance man, but—purely for soldier audiences—he does a deadpan imitation of a burlesque queen, complete with bumps and grinds. He did it that night, a few appropriate accessories dangling from his uniform, and a guy at the piano banging out a spirited rendition of "Take It Off."

A short time later, he made his public debut as a singer. The Army needed WACS—especially girls with trained skills to qualify for camouflage and laboratory work. So certain members of Company C were transferred to Headquarters Company to prepare a WAC recruiting show. Russell Gleason and Ted Key wrote it, Bill Johnstone produced it, Lon was one of the cast. Starting at St. Louis, they toured the Seventh Service Command, playing mostly at colleges and universities.

At St. Louis the house was so jammed, they had to give a second performance for the overflow.

Bill called Lon over. "We'll only have time to repeat the second act, and all you do in that is sit around. I think you ought to sing a song or something."

"You've got hold of the wrong guy. Not only am I no Sinatra—I just can't sing."

"Anyone can sing. You're not tone-deaf, are you?"

"No, but I might as well be—"

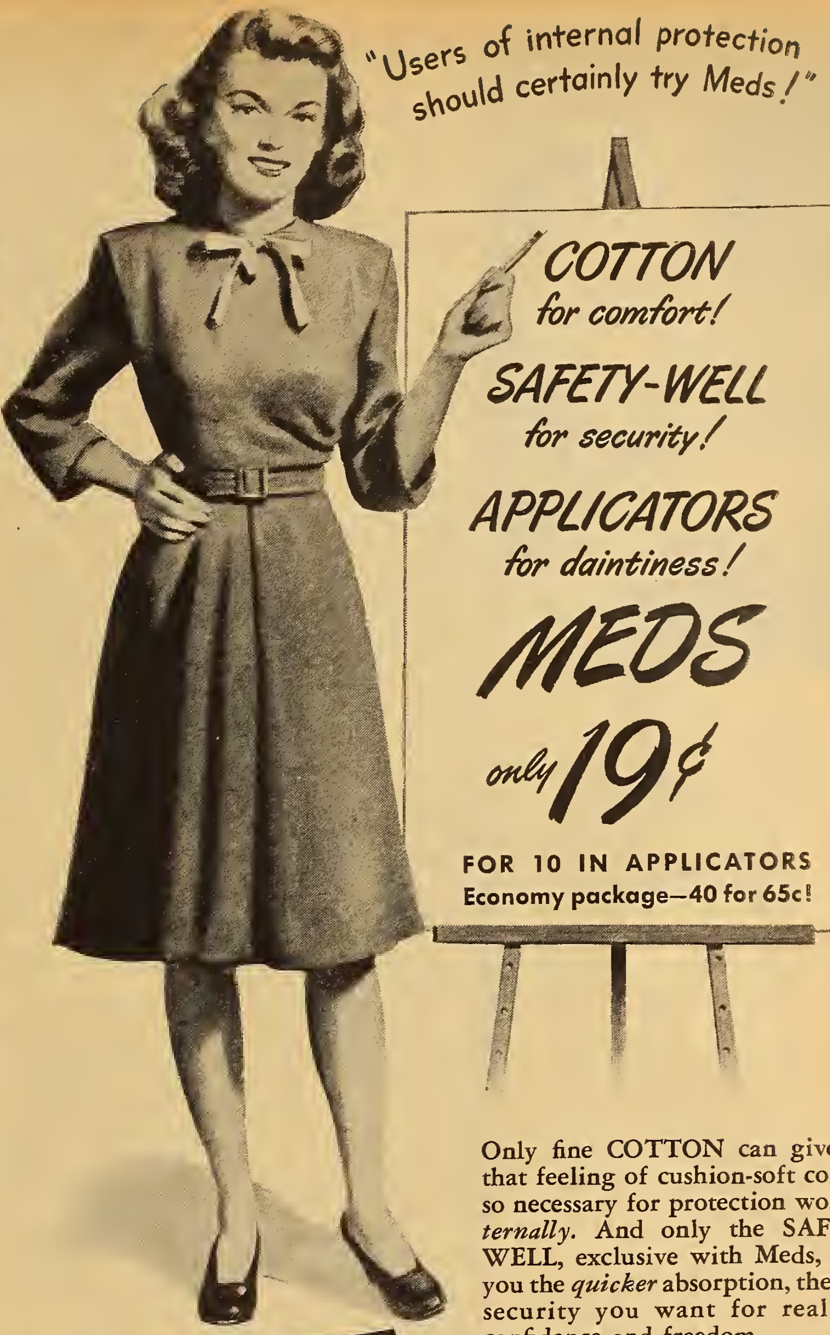
"You sing," said Bill.

Orders are orders. Lon sang "I'll Be Seeing You." There were seven curtain calls, and they certainly weren't for his voice. Bill finally had to go out and tell the gals that Private McCallister couldn't take any more bows, by order of the Army.

shades of sinatra . . .

And talking of Sinatra, he had Frankie hurled at his head in Kansas City. Ordinarily, time was allowed for autographs after the show. But in Kansas City, they were whisked straight off to the train, and Lon received his first unkind fan letter. The writer was very upset. No time for autographs, huh? That was just too bad. "Frankie never treated us girls that way," she scolded—forgetting that Frankie's time is still his own, and that Lon's belongs to Uncle Sam.

One grand thing about Army life is the comradeship. Lon drew very close to the boys he traveled with—Corporal Nat Lund and Bill Lawless, Ted Key and Hal Hedrick, Kathryn Grayson's brother. There was a silly running gag he and Nat used to pull on each other, known



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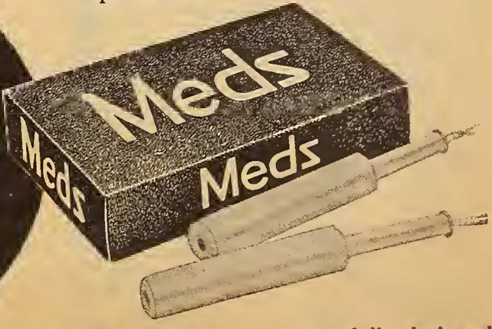

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as the movie-star or delusions-of-grandeur routine.

"Private McCallister, Miss Garbo's waiting outside. Will you see her now?"

"No, I'm not in the mood—let her wait for a couple of hours."

Or, "Corporal Lund, may I remind you that you have a luncheon engagement with Cary Grant?"

"Oh, tell him to go soak his head, I'm busy reading."

Nat caught his buddy off guard once. "Lon McCallister wishes a word with you—"

"Tell him to go to the devil," said Lon absently.

'ittie bittie fishies . . .

Then there was the night in Northfield, Minnesota, when they had a whole apartment to themselves, and flipped a coin to see who'd get the bedroom. Lon and Bill Lawless won. But the room overlooked a beautiful little river, and sleep seemed a waste of time, so they sat up talking and watching the river till Johnstone and Gleason, who'd been out fishing, broke in on their lyric mood with two half-dead catfish. This, Lon and Bill decided, was no night for death. They filled the bathtub, revived the fish, left them swimming peacefully and went to bed. Their own peace was shattered next morning by a howl from Nat, who came tearing in with a tale of fish in the bathtub—

"Poor little fish," murmured Lon, half asleep. "We put 'em there—"

Nat hauled them both out by an ear and made them clean the tub.

One morning—they were about to leave Omaha for Denver—Lon came in, to be greeted by a chorus of wisecracks—

"Well, nice to have known you, Bud."

"Hope we can get together after the war."

He, of course, didn't know what they were talking about. And didn't believe it when they told him that a phone call had come in, saying that Private McCallister had been requested for "Winged Victory." At first he shrugged the whole thing off as a rib. When the boys persuaded him that they weren't kidding, he still shrugged it off. In the Army, you learn not to believe anything till the orders come through.

So they went to Denver and Colorado Springs and Laramie, and back to Omaha again. And in Omaha, on the afternoon of June 2nd, his orders reached him. He was to leave by plane that night.

If anyone had told him in February that he'd be going back to California four months later with a certain sadness of heart, he'd have said simply and feelingly, "You're crazy." But that's what happened. That's another thing you learn in the Army—to make friends and lose them suddenly—to live with men like brothers, then swiftly and sharply to be cut off from that life of shared experience and emotion, and find yourself a thousand miles away.

"I read about a guy in Italy," said Lon. "He was leaning against a rock after a fight, looking awfully tired. A doctor spoke to him. 'Yeah, I'm tired,' he said. 'I don't want any more buddies, I'm tired of losing 'em.' Well, you can't compare the two experiences, his was so much more poignant, but in a lesser degree I know how he felt."

He'd phoned home to tell them he was coming. Mother said, "We'll be waiting at the airport." Granny said: "Whether you arrive for breakfast, lunch or dinner, we'll have lemon meringue pie." The fellows went out to the Omaha airport with him. They dropped in at the Canteen and signed their names on the curtain—where Lon found Vic Mature's name among others. They exchanged addresses, then stood around in that last-minute tension of parting, trying to bridge the approaching gulf with smartcracks.

That was the worst moment. Boarding the plane was a kind of relief. Having flown only once before, he stayed up all night, thinking his thoughts and taking everything in.

Lon's done a lot of traveling in the past year or two, and a little tradition's grown up around his homecoming. He likes to meet Mac alone. So the folks take the dog to the little apartment they've kept in Hollywood. Iya, as Lon calls his grandfather, uses it most—works at RKO and doesn't always feel like taking the long trip to Malibu.

Mother and Granny were at the airport. They drove to the apartment, and Lon went up alone to where Mac was waiting. It was fifteen or twenty minutes before they came down. "First we make love and then we roughhouse," grins Lon. "I know lots of people can't stand dogs kissing them. I'm sorry if they disapprove, but I love it."

those foolish things . . .

He reported to the "Winged Victory" camp at Santa Monica and got a pass to go home for the week-end. Everything was just as he'd left it. Lon's folks are sentimental, which is fine with him, because he's sentimental, too. Instead of dismantling his bed, they'd made it up fresh the morning he went away, to be ready for him whenever he got back. He'd been reading "Goodnight, Sweet Prince," and had left it open, face down, on the bookstand beside his bed. That's how he found it. On the dresser lay some change he'd removed from his trousers

(Continued on page 74)

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Say, you're not *that* pooped out from that winter wools shopping spree! And anyway, snooping out the identities of our quizzlers is fun, guaranteed to relax the muscles and make the hair curl. You remember the routine, don't you? Trying to guess the name of the actor or actress on the first clue, and failing that, going on to the second and finally, the third and last? You jackpot with 5 points if you guess on the first try, 4 points for the second and horrors—3 points if ya gotta slink on to the last set. We think maybe 84% should be average for this month. Of course, if you hit below 70%, you're a faint brain, but if you score in the 90's, well—you're just a well-informed MODERN SCREEN fan, that's all.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. A Son of the Pioneers
2. From campus to contract
3. Talks Turkey
4. Cork County colleen
5. Beaming Britisher
6. Maureen's momma
7. 3 of a kind
8. Men, drag in son (anagram)
9. Kidded for Kruger
10. Abbey Players alumnus
11. Tops in tear-jerkers
12. Hoofing heartbreaker
13. Man mountain
14. Boy wanted
15. Walked into Bataan
16. Frank Lloyd Wright's granddaughter
17. Talks awhile for a Camel
18. Mrs. Ejner Pedersen
19. Triple threat jokester
20. Blitzed Fritz

(Continued on page 110)

She'll do a man-sized job tomorrow! She'll be completely rested—ready for her full-time regular job, her after-hours' war work. And, no wonder! She's sleeping on a Beautyrest mattress! If *you* own a Beautyrest, you're lucky, because we don't know when it will be made again. Simmons is roof-deep in war production. Take good care of those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those ingenious little ventilators that keep your Beautyrest clean and fresh! Some of you may need a new mattress *now*. If you do, look into WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress, with layers and layers of durable, resilient cotton! White Knight is $39.50. If you need a Box Spring too, and you're alert, you'll catch one of the Beautyrest Box Springs that are on sale in limited quantities. $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P. S. ARE YOU PLACING WAR BONDS HIGH ON YOUR GIFT LIST—AND BUYING EXTRA ONES FOR YOURSELF?

Be a football hero's HEROINE with glamorous, sparkling Hair.

"Stand and cheer near OUR goal post," Eddie called from the football field. "Then I'll score a dozen touchdowns—just to catch a glimpse of your bright, sparkling hair!"

"You toss compliments almost as well as that ball," I laughed. But how glad I was that Nestle Colorinse gave my hair such glowing highlights—such lustrous sheen! And Colorinse makes my hair *sparkle* with richer, warmer color—makes it so much softer and silkier, too.

After the game Eddie said, "You helped us win today, Gorgeous. How about a date to celebrate?" Wouldn't he be surprised if he knew how Colorinse is helping ME win in the game of Love!

PS For your next permanent, ask for an Opolescent Creme Wave, by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE

In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

For that well-groomed look, whether you wear your hair up or down—a delicately perfumed hair lacquer. Just a few drops of Hairlac will keep your coif in place throughout the day. 2½ oz. bottle 25c.

Nestle HAIRLAC

pocket. Lon smiled, seeing the picture of Mom or Granny, carefully replacing the coins after they'd dusted—

He called some of his friends—Bill Eythe, Marjorie Riordan, Gene and Betsy Kelly. "You've got to come over tonight," Betsy said. "We're having a party."

"I'd love to. I want to see all the kids."

Instead, he went to bed at 7:30 and slept for 12 hours. Mom stole in about 9 and stole out again to phone Betsy. "He didn't get any sleep on the plane last night. I haven't the heart to wake him."

Betsy agreed it would be a crime. "Tell him we'll give him a raincheck for next Saturday."

He spent all of Sunday on the beach. California decided to smile—it was the first time in a month—for her namesake. He got a swell burn. They had lemon meringue pie for breakfast, lunch *and* dinner.

home in indiana . . .

Next morning he reported back to the Post, to resume GI life under the military discipline of a regular AAF organization. His first orders sent him to the studio, where his heart warmed to the welcome of old friends, and he got permission to lunch with the "Home In Indiana" gang. He met George Cukor, who's directing "Winged Victory."

"You directed the first picture I was ever in, Mr. Cukor."

"Are you kidding? Or did I direct 'Stage Door Canteen' in my sleep?"

Lon grinned. "I was a page boy in 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

On evenings off and an occasional week-end pass, he picks up the threads of his personal life. With his folks and Bill Eythe and Bill's mother, he went to see "Home In Indiana." He sits through his own pictures with mixed feelings—naturally curious, yet deeply embarrassed to watch himself on the screen. His grandfather's reaction tickled him. Iya doesn't commit himself in words. He has the reserve of his British forebears and a dry sense of fun.

"How did you like it?" asked Granny.

"Wonderful horses. Liked those colored boys, too—reminded me of the boys that used to work for me down in Arkansas—"

"Did you happen to notice that your grandson was in it too? What did you think of *him?*"

He patted her hand. "Exactly what you thought."

girls of his dreams . . .

Jeanne Crain plays one of the girls in "Winged Victory." Since their first picture together, rumors of an off-screen romance between the two have been floating round. As a rule, you don't put too much stock in Hollywood rumors—*nor* in any denial of them. Lon's the exception. What Lon tells you, you believe. He says he's been out with Jeanne only once. And once she came down to Malibu with another girl, and they all ran around the beach together in blue jeans. For the rest—well, he feels about her the way Sparke felt about Char in "Home In Indiana." All through the picture he thinks of her as just a pal—till the end, when it begins to dawn on him that she's a very charming girl. That's how Lon feels about Jeanne—including the last reel.

It can't be too serious, since there are two other girls he'd like very much to go out with. One's Gloria De Haven, who was a sophomore at high school when he was a senior. He hasn't seen her in a couple of years, and they've probably both changed, but he's never forgotten her. The other girl's Shirley Temple, whom he hasn't even met. Just thought she was wonderful ever since he started seeing her in pictures when she was five, and he was a ripe ten.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

Her voice floated over the phone. "Could I visit my boy friend who's a prisoner of war?" "You mean in Germany?" asked the Home Service volunteer, astonished. "Oh, no, he's in this country!" "Then he's a captured Italian or German?" inquired the worker. "My boy friend is an American," answered the gal. "But he's a prisoner of war—he's in the guardhouse."

But the work of the trained volunteers of the Home Service Corps isn't usually that simple. Or so much fun. The Red Cross Charter reads, "they are to act as a medium of communication between the people of the United States and their Army and Navy." Which is the nutshell way of telling about the kid who was saved from nearlv worrying himself plunk into a nest of Nazis when Field Service found out that his mother hadn't died just because he hadn't gotten mail for two months. Or the bride who followed her about-to-be commissioned husband cross-country and found herself with no money, no job, a husband shipped overseas and a baby on the way. The Red Cross fixed that one up. The way they fixed up the father with a son dying in a prison camp in Japan or the youngsters worried about their parents in Greece or the G.I. and his motherless baby.

Call your local chapter today. Ask if they can use you in this vital service. And if they can, what a lucky, lucky gal you'll be!

He's 21 now—a thoughtful 21, living in an age that calls for sober thought. He returned to find home the same, but himself different. He no longer takes anything for granted, however small, however routine. Everyday commonplaces are touched with magic—like walking down Hollywood Boulevard at lunchtime, having a malt at Melody Lane, watching plain people go about their business, lying in bed at the Post and hearing the surf pound the Santa Monica Beach—all with a quickened perception of the minor delights of living that in normal times he never thought about twice—

Where his next mission may take him, nobody knows—overseas perhaps. In the Army, you live each day as it comes. You don't plan, though sometimes you dream, as he and his friends dreamed round the fire one night. It happened unexpectedly that his three college roommates, two of them in service, were all in town at the same time—which called for one of their traditional get-togethers—a Sunday at Malibu. After dinner they gathered round the fire and talked of the war. Three were in uniform. One had brought his wife along. Before breaking up, they pledged themselves to a reunion at Malibu six months, six weeks and six days from the day of victory. Then, with Bill's wife at the piano, the four young voices rose in their fraternity song—

"Comrade, this prayer I pray with thee,
That thou and I may ever be,
As now, though time and duty part,
Possessors of a common heart."

Lon thinks it's a good song not only for fraternity brothers, but for men to sing to each other the world over.

Smooth...

she's a Lux Girl!

"My Beauty Facials really make skin lovelier"

IDA LUPINO

I NEVER NEGLECT MY **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** WITH LUX SOAP—THEY'RE A WONDERFUL BEAUTY AID!

In recent tests of Hollywood's beauty care, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

"Here's how I take my daily Active-Lather Facial," says Ida Lupino. "I cover my face generously with the rich Lux Soap lather, work it in thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold—then pat to dry. Now my skin feels *smoother!*"

You want the loveliness that wins romance! See what this gentle care can do for your skin!

★ ★ FIGHT WASTE ★ ★

Use your Lux Toilet Soap wisely, for soap contains material vital to the war effort. Never waste it.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

What Happened

WHEN HER HUSBAND JOINED THE NAVY!

"This is my chance to make myself over," said Mrs. Lial Eddy, of Oklahoma City—*and she did!*

"When you're only 24 and weigh 164, you're not happy! I had been considering the DuBarry Success Course, and when my husband left for camp, I enrolled.

"When I'd lost 20 pounds, he had his first leave. Meeting him was a thrill! I was so proud of my new figure and make-up. And the look on his face was my reward!"

Today Mrs. Eddy weighs only 130, ideal for her 5 feet, 7½ in. Her skin is radiant.

"The DuBarry Success Course is a wonderful thing for *every* woman, overweight or not!" says Mrs. Eddy. "I'm really a different person, and life is far rosier! Now all my friends want to take the Course!"

After

Before

At left—Mrs. Lial Eddy when her husband joined the Navy. Above—The charming, glamorous Mrs. Eddy of today, slim, trim, and beautiful.

HOW ABOUT YOU! Maybe *you* don't need to lose 34 pounds. But the DuBarry Success Course will show you how to bring your weight to normal, how to care for your skin and hair and use make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Why not use the coupon to find out what this famous Course can do for you?

DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SL-59, 693 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING IN PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Please send me the new book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss
Mrs.________________

Street________________

City________ Zone No., if any______ State______

DREAM DISH

(*Continued from page 57*)

Lts. as far as Anne is concerned.

In addition to her schooling the next ideal condition in Anne's life was the fact that she came from a liberal-minded family. Her grandfather, as you undoubtedly know, is Frank Lloyd Wright, our era's most ingenious and pioneering architect. He believed, more daringly than most other men of his profession, in trying new things. His daughter (Anne's mother) inherited his able and open mind.

When, at age 13, Anne made the statement that she didn't want to go to high school or college, but wanted to be educated for the stage instead, her parents didn't laugh at her. They discussed the matter and reached a conclusion: She could go to dramatic school. If she made a success of it, if the teachers really thought she had talent, then she could continue. But if she were guilty of a sliperoo from excellence—and at that time they viewed with alarm the Awful State of her music lessons—she had to go to high school, then to college.

If Anne ever has children of her own, she thinks the same method will be applied. They will be allowed to try anything; if they succeed, they may continue. If their efforts are not so good, something new must be added.

So she was enrolled in the Theodora Irvine School of Drama in New York, and from there she went into the training classes of Madame Maria Ouspenskaya.

role of steel wire . . .

Madame's methods are as unorthodox as they are successful. In order to stimulate imagination (a trouper's most valuable asset) she asked her students to pretend to BE some inanimate object. Sounds complicated. Works like this: For instance, how would you reflect the mannerisms and basic character of a blue bowl filled with mashed potatoes? Or could you pretend to be a grey chiffon shawl so pliant that at the first gust of wind you would slide in flowing lines from a chair to a floor? Or could you be a pale lavender envelope, left unopened on a mantel?

One of Anne's best characterizations was that of a roll of steel wire. She was always strung as tight as fiddle strings in torrid weather, anyhow.

Work of this kind is inclined to call for such concentration that the amateur Thespian is likely to develop preoccupied habits having nothing to do with the desired characterization.

After Anne had finished a scene one day, Madame Ouspenskaya complimented Anne's partner in the play, saying that she had never once fallen out of character. Then she turned to Miss Baxter and asked in her deep, rich, slightly accented English, "Anne, tell me vy did you kip leefting oop und down on your toes? Vy?"

Anne couldn't think of a good reason at the time, but afterward the trick came in handy when she had to represent a rocking chair.

Another benefit to be reaped from these exercises was the habit of looking at, and playing to, the other person in a given scene. Beginners are likely to be so concerned with themselves and the audience that they forget the essential ingredient of drama: interplay of stage personality. One of the first things the talent scout, who eventually recommended a test for Anne, noticed about the budding actress was her complete absorption in the other persons on the stage to the exclusion of, apparently, everyone else in the world.

During her training period Anne appeared in two Broadway productions, "Seen But Not Heard" and "There's Always a Breeze." She was so young that her chief reaction to this success was a great weariness. In the first play, she, Frankie Thomas and two other children had very few responsibilities. All they had to do was sit on the stage and react. But from the second act on, it required every drop of their dramatic stamina and sense of theater to stay awake. They were bored to death.

In the summer of 1938 and again in 1939 Anne worked in a stock company at Dennis, Massachusetts, where she lost her last vestige of awe for the stage as such. Summer stock is always a rugged enterprise in which the members of the company have to be everything from set dressers to script doctors; in which an audience at a melancholy drama is likely to be thrown into hysterics by the appearance of a vagrant cat on stage; in which a high wind is likely to blow down the back drop. Great stuff.

In 1940 Anne came to Hollywood to start her 20th Century-Fox contract by playing opposite, of all impressive leading men on earth, John Barrymore. She was scared to death. If Madame Ouspenskaya thought Anne's best characterization in school had been the bale of wire, she would have thought Anne's first days on the set were a barbed wire entanglement.

Anne was doing the role of an eager young playwright whose play Barrymore had, according to the script, promised at first to produce, then had changed his mind. At which point Miss Baxter was supposed to entreat him not to give up her play. They went through a rehearsal.

"no swimming" allowed . . .

Mr. Barrymore was slumped deeply into a canvas set chair. His chin rested upon his chest, his hands dangled limply over the chair arms, his eyelids were at half-mast, and his barely visible eyes contemplated a distant mirage of some nature, not—to judge by his expression—entirely pleasant.

Anne, diffident and dry of throat, rehearsed her lines. "Oh please," she said with great feeling, bringing her arms forward in a twin sweeping gesture and clasping them before her. "Oh please don't fail me now." Her arms swept backward. Then, with the beginning of the next sentence, "You promised me. Don't break your promise," her arms swept forward again, clasped and swept backward again.

Seventy-seven seconds later Anne delivered her last phrase and turned to the director. "It sounds fine to me," he said. He became aware of the pained Barrymore profile slowly turning a full-face even more pained.

"Please," intoned the magnificent voice, "does the young woman have to SWIM?"

Anne dispensed with the gestures.

Her next brush with genius and her own inhibitions occurred when she was working in "Swamp Water." In this little epic she was supposed to be a wild creature, entirely at home with beasts of the field and the vegetation they munched.

Handicap one: Anne had always been violently afraid of cows. To her, a bovine was Lugosi with four legs. It was a belligerent animal with a voice like a ghost groaning down a well, a slimy snout and a husband entirely lacking in social sense.

Handicap two: She was supposed to run

(*Continued on page 78*)

Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.

Courtesy Vogue

19__

Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand...sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.

Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

19__

Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios . . . crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene —disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 60¢ per dozen.

Courtesy Vogue

19__

Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.

Courtesy McCall's

19__

Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered . . . perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.

Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

19__

Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting . . . increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!

19__

Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.

More women choose KOTEX*

than all other napkins put together!

*T.M.Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

Yes—

YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL

AND HERE'S THE SECRET—a make-up *miracle* awaits you in the new *duo-tone* Rouge by Princess Pat. As you apply it, mysteriously and amazingly the color seems to come from within the skin—bringing out new hidden beauty. Your color looks so real, no one could believe that you use rouge at all!

LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR! There's an amazing 'lift' to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence in your beauty—bids you be irresistible—and if you feel irresistible, well, naturally, you *are!*

THE RIGHT WAY TO ROUGE

For the most lasting and natural effect:

- Apply rouge before powdering.
- Smile into mirror. Note that the cheek raises. Apply rouge to the raised area in the form of a > pointing toword the nose.
- Blend with finger tips outward in all directions. Notice that Princess Pat Rouge leaves no edges.
- Put a touch of rouge to each ear lobe and point of chin.
- Now, apply Princess Pat Face Powder.

ONLY PRINCESS PAT ROUGE has the *duo-tone* secret—an undertone and overtone are blended in each shade. See it perform its beauty miracle on YOU! Until you do, you'll never know how lovely you really can be.

And Lips to Match—

Key your lips perfectly to your cheeks—the effect is stunning! You'll love the smoothness of Princess Pat Lipstick and its amazing power to stay on. The shades are simply heavenly! Wherever you buy cosmetics you'll find Princess Pat Rouge, Lipstick and Powder. Get yours today.

$1, 25c, 10c

PRINCESS PAT

barefooted across a field covered with clods and wheat stubble, a gruesome task for feet hardened to nothing rougher than satin bedroom slippers.

The picture was being directed by Jean Renoir, son of the celebrated painter and himself a stickler for artistic realism. When he saw the rushes at the end of the first day's pastoral shooting, he froze with dismay. In all scenes in which Anne appeared with the barnyard brethren, she *slunk!* Instead of giving the impression that she was a bucolic belle entirely at home with beef, she was as out of place as a curate at a crap game.

It required days and days of getting acquainted with Holsteins and getting the soles of her feet hardened before the perfect take of a wild creature, fraternizing with stock and leaping nimbly over furrows and roots, was secured. Anne regards "Swamp Water" as her toughest assignment to date.

Having worked with Barrymore and Renoir, Anne then had the ideal experience of working with two of the most colorful characters in the motion picture or any other industry: Orson Welles and his dependable friend, Joe Cotten. Anne was cast as the ingenue in "The Magnificent Ambersons."

One of the first things she learned about Mr. Welles was that he might be arbitrary with the special effects men, with the cameramen and with other technicians from whom he expected miracles of inventive departure from the ordinary, but with actors and actresses he was always courteous, helpful and understanding. If he didn't get the reaction he wanted, he figured out means of appealing to the imagination and eliciting the mood desired.

Much of "Ambersons" was shot in a huge ice house in downtown Los Angeles. You probably recall the convincingness of the snow scenes complete with frosted breath and a certain ruddy aspect of the players' faces, even in black and white.

In the sequence that Anne dreaded, the sleigh in which she was riding around a hill was supposed to be flung out of the narrow, snow-clogged ruts of the road, and to overturn. Anne was to roll over and over down the drifted embankment.

They started to work on the scene early one morning, but by dinner time that evening they hadn't achieved a take that Mr. Welles considered satisfactory. "It doesn't look natural," he said. "We'll have dinner, then shoot it again."

They went to Mike Lyman's (on Hill Street) to eat and to discuss the problem. "You're too stiff, Anne. Can't you relax?" he asked.

"I guess I'm scared," Anne admitted. "You know I don't care much for animals even if I do ride horseback. That's the first trouble. Then I don't like that breakaway sleigh."

One of the girls in the group suggested that Anne take a sedative to soothe her nerves. Anne had never touched nembutol before in her life, although dentists frequently use it to calm nervous patients. "It's harmless," everyone said. "Go ahead."

jill with a jag . . .

It had a terrific effect. Anne's smile grew distant and misty, and her gestures were gently lackadaisical. Her eyelids hung softly over sleep-laden eyes, and she didn't worry about anything. No one in the group had ever seen such contended-baby calm descend upon a high-strung, dynamic bit of nerve tissue like Anne.

On the first take the sled flipped over, Anne out-tumbled Jill and looped merrily down the hill. When she reached the bottom she sat up, brushed the snow out of her face, and laughed. "Fun!" she said. The take was perfect the first try.

And so to romance. There, too, Anne's life has been perfect. She had her first heavy crush at age 11, when she was spending the summer in a mountain camp. Nearby was a boys' camp; arrangements were usually made for a Saturday night party to be attended on a co-educational basis. Anne knew from her mother's letters that the son of Mrs. Baxter's dearest friend was attending the other camp, but she didn't think he'd recognize her even if he saw her.

Probably the pictures that Anne's family had supplied of her were better than those the Baxters had of the boy. At any rate, he came striding in one night, looked over the giggle aggregation, then made straight for Anne. "I know you," he said, beaming down from the enormous height found only in adolescent boys and giraffes.

"You're Kirk—I know you, too," said Anne, wondering how on earth it happened that a family friend could turn out to be so super.

"Well . . . let's dance," suggested Kirk.

Anne hesitated. "I can't . . . that is, I don't know how to dance," she admitted.

"Neither do I," said Kirk happily. "Let's try it anyhow."

So they did. They found that they weren't bad. Each had a natural sense of rhythm, and—after casing the steps tossed off by other dancers—they ad libbed Murrays in a hurry. After that they had a standing date for any occasion on which the two camps merged.

That fall he went off to prep school, and Anne went back to Broadway. They exchanged letters enthusiastically until An Older Man spoiled the idyll. This Older Man was an actor, handsome, suave and about 45. Anne was 14. When she was not required to be onstage, she haunted the wings, watching her dream boat sailing through his lines. She agonized over every kiss he bestowed upon the leading lady, and her imagination devised scenes in which *she* was the object of his dramatic emotion. One day he tossed a casual arm about her shoulder (or was it *really* so casual, her hopes suggested) and said, "You certainly look pretty tonight, darling."

She lived for weeks upon that sentence. As days wore on, and he failed to enlarge on this observation, Anne came to the conclusion that all men were blind. She had compensatory day dreams in which she saw herself, a celebrated actress, being interviewed. When she was asked why she had never married, she imagined how delicately she would allow a fleeting, world-weary smile of utter disillusion to cross her face. "I do not wish to discuss it," she would say, half-revealing her Great Wound.

A brief year later Miss Baxter was healing her aches in a summer stock company and had developed a crush on a boy in the same company. This romance was like summer itself—beautiful while it lasted and ended by a nostalgia on the one hand and a lively anticipation of fall football games on the other.

Since that time there have been a dozen gay, inconsequential romances in the Baxter life, which is the inalienable right of a smoothie.

Currently, the rumor boys and girls have been blowing full blast on her interest in rugged "Hi" Hodiak, the sensational over-six footer who, after being discovered in "Lifeboat," went on his own romantic exploratory field trips guided by, among others, Turner and Judy Garland. Fact is, just the other day, when our "Good News" penner, Louella Parsons, asked Anne about "Hi's" statement that he was very much in love with her, Annie's quiet reply was, "I hope what John says is true." Which called for rejoicing till she blew cold on everyone's warm hopes by re-

(*Continued on page 80*)

You, too, will see the difference when you use Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil *says* VERA ZORINA

"No other shampoo has ever left my hair so pleasingly soft, sparkling, and easy to arrange," says Vera Zorina, lovely motion picture and musical comedy star.

THE very first time you use Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil, you'll see, too, that it is truly the *only* perfect three-purpose shampoo. It has (1) the unique benefits of an oil shampoo; (2) but at the same time it cleanses easily and quickly with oceans of light, rich, bubbly foam; (3) yet it leaves no dull, soapy film—in fact it leaves your hair exquisitely clean, gleaming, soft and easy to manage.

Easy to understand then, isn't it, why Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil is preferred by so many stage and screen beauties? They *know* that it brings out the true, shimmering, romantic high-lights and leaves the hair gloriously clean and easy to arrange. Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil is a gentle, mild shampoo with a fast cleansing action, but contains no harsh chemicals, alcohol, or caustics. It removes loose dandruff and requires no lemon or vinegar rinse. Get a bottle today at your favorite beauty counter, or ask your hairdresser for a professional Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil shampoo. You, too, will be more than delighted to find that it really brings out the true, radiant beauty in your hair.

Mar-o-Oil *Super-Foamy* **Shampoo**

Try It Today! . . . .

She's very very...

SHE'S VARVACIOUS!

The moment she enters, all
else stops; she wins eyes and hearts
effortlessly, without seeking them
. . . for she is *varvacious!* Varva's
perfumes "Follow Me" and
"Nonchalant" are the subtle reasons
she's so very *very* . . .

Varva extracts—$1 to $15 • Bath Powder, $1
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, $1 • Bubble Foam, $1
Sachet, $1 and $1.75 • Talc, 55c
(plus tax)

NONCHALANT
(Your Secret Weapon)
The Devil-May-
Care Perfume

FOLLOW ME
(Suivez Moi)
The Perfume That
Leads and Lasts

VARVA

Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

peating her now-famous motto, "I'll never marry an actor." Mebbe she's trying to keep 'em guessing, but the consensus of opinion is, that if those two aren't very much in love, they should win an Academy Award for the good job of acting they're putting on.

The final ideal condition in Anne's life is the fact that she lives in a dream of a Southern California house with her parents whom she particularly adores. Only once has this housing arrangement seemed less than perfect. Last New Year's Eve when Mr. and Mrs. Baxter were away briefly she came home from a watch party at 2 A.M. She was to leave with a group of friends for Palm Springs at 4 A.M.

Anne decided that a nap of two hours duration was not sufficient justification for getting undressed and into bed, so she spread a blanket before the fireplace, touched a match to the wood already laid in the grate and prepared to nap. First, she wanted a drink of water. She hopped into the kitchen and had just finished the final swallow when she heard a sound that tightened her scalp, scraped her throat and moistened her hands. It was a stealthy, furtive sound. She tried to identify it . . . what on earth? Then she knew. It was the sound made by two sections of corduroy rubbing together . . . the sound made by a man moving with great caution.

Weeks, months, eons went by while Anne grew roots, and her ears stretched toward the sound like ivy toward the sun. The sound was intermittent; there was another odd thing about it—it seemed to remain where it was when Anne first heard it. It hadn't moved about the room, hadn't grown louder nor softer.

It was then that Anne thought of the huge brass fire tongs; if she could get them, she could protect herself. Cautiously she slipped into the living room. There was no one there except that one terrible noise.

She had set up her Christmas tree in front of the air vent so that the pine fragrance would permeate the room. The forced air came up in gusts; each time it billowed into the room, it rubbed the bristling branches of the tree against the resounding stucco walls.

Anne almost had hysterics of relief.

If she is ever cast in a horror picture, she will be able to give a superb performance, so—once again—it is apparent that Anne Baxter's is an ideal life. A list of those who would like to share it with her would be added at this time, but there's a paper shortage—remember?

MODERN SCREEN'S FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 49)

me down and play *them* up. The street-length dress Gloria wears does it with a peplum. Even so, you'll notice that the curves veer downward, not outward. This dress, too, gives you plenty of shoulder width. Makes your waistline seem plenty slim by contrast.

If you want to be sure your deadliest rival won't outshine you, pick colors like these. Aquamarine and parma violet. Or fuchsia, chartreuse, royal blue or almond green. If your bankroll says "no" about expensive gloves in a contrast color, settle for a long pair in fabric. I dare your date to tell from two feet away (that's where you keep him, of course) that you aren't wearing costly, precious suedes. And, of course, when he gets *closer*, he won't know the difference, anyway!

To twinkle is the newest wrinkle. (I heard somebody say it at the New York dress show.) If you want to accomplish this via sequins, I've no argument. I've seen enough of them to launch a thousand fake mermaids. But, if I were you, I think I'd be a bit more subtle and advanced.

The black dress photographed, for example, uses jet and pastel embroidery. Your family should approve of that very respectable high round neckline—even if it is the filmiest chiffon way down to a deep, deep oval. If you want to be specially bedecked, wear a feather cap like the one shown here. Or track down a quaint black jet comb or barrette for your hair. But please—as you trust me—don't litter up this nice throat line with a bead choker or anything.

Now about longer waistlines. Remember, I promised to take a stand on the subject several months back? The answer today is "yes." But only provided the dress you buy doesn't have to be shortened to fit you. The one I've shown here is a junior size, which means that it's cut for short figures. But you can see what would happen if you had to slice any more off the skirt section. While your eyes are in focus where they are, it's a good time to mention that square necks are mighty good for you. Nail studs, too. They'll match the gleam of your engraved silver barrette.

This particular wool dress has more points than the normal ration book. The color, for example, is gray. I know I said to go in for brilliance, because everybody can't wear gray. And, besides, it isn't the most effective attention-getter in the world. But if you have vivid coloring and feel sure of yourself, it's a pretty snooty color.

Are you one of the gals who wrote me asking "how to catch a boy's eye?" Even if you weren't, better sit down and listen. Wear stripes! If you think I just make things up out of my own head—why do you think they paint stripes on the highways to get the attention of traffic-eers?

I've shown you just one example of the many ways that fashion has used stripes this year. A cap sleeve formal—and if you don't know by now what this shoulder line does, I'm just wasting my time. The tones of green and red shine almost like neon lights. You can carry this creation if you wear a junior size—no matter how many sodas and sundaes you've been downing lately. That midriff section does an extra bit about slimming down the frame. But, a dress like this, makes the frothy stuff look like something left over from last year's Christmas tree.

* * *

No secrets, as I said. If you want to know where to get these dresses, including the ones Gloria de Haven wore for us, just write me. Or if you want to tell me all about you and ask what to do about clothes in general, I'll be listening. Write: Marjorie Bailey, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

TIE A STRING AROUND YOUR FINGER

Or place your order way ahead. Because the December MODERN SCREEN will be on the stands November 10, and you may be out your copy unless you get there early. By November 11, at the very latest. . . .

. . . next to WAR BONDS
the best loved gift . . . FURS

I remember—do you?

I REMEMBER a struggling young clerk who fell in love . . . and who dreamed of giving his bride diamonds and limousines and fine furs.

I REMEMBER a patient wife who stood by her husband when the going was tough . . . who never complained that other women had more.

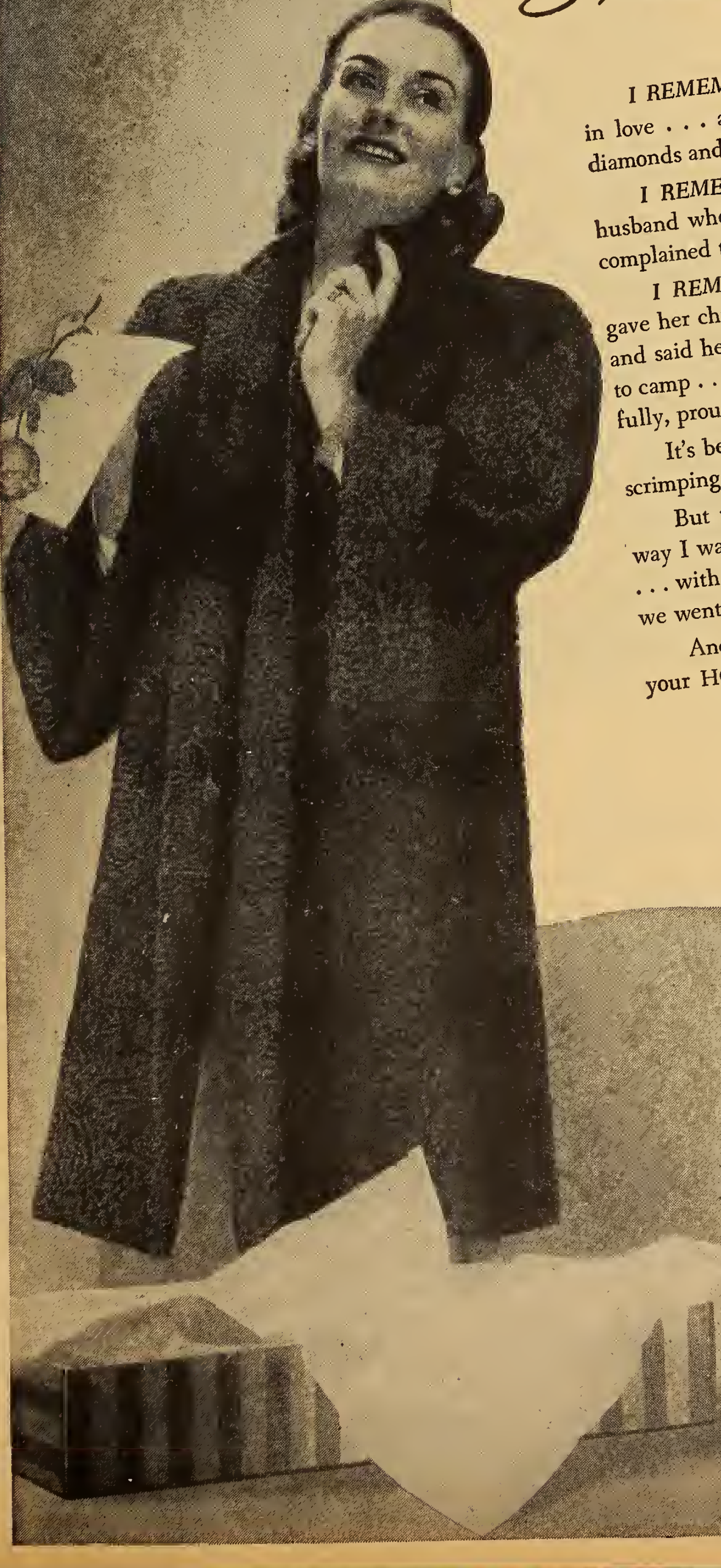
I REMEMBER a self-sacrificing mother who gave her children every advantage . . . who laughed and said her new Spring wardrobe was Junior's trip to camp . . . who wore her much-worn clothes cheerfully, proudly, beautifully.

It's been a long time, dearest, too many years of scrimping and saving and doing without.

But this is one anniversary I *can* celebrate the way I want to . . . one dream I *can* make come true . . . with the very fur coat I saw you admire that day we went "window shopping."

And so, my dear . . . with all my love . . . here's your HOLLANDER PERSIAN LAMB!

John



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Better stores will be glad to show you this tag on Hollander-dyed Featherlite Persian Lamb

cost so little you can afford fresh, new ones every year?

*CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES are made of magical cellulose fibre. Beautiful. Durable. Look like costly cloth. Refills attach to old rollers as easily as sealing a letter. Cost only 15c-29c. Millions in use in smart homes. Get CLOPAYS at your 5 & 10, variety or hardware store.

ARMY E NAVY

CLOPAY
America's largest selling brand of window shades

WE WANT ROGERS

(*Continued from page 59*)

wood's two holiest premiere temples where no mere horse opera has ever gotten a hoof inside before. On top of all this, five or six big businesses are bidding for Roy to yodel on a radio show this fall, and if Boss Caesar Petrillo wasn't such a meanie about letting people make records these days, you'd find Roy right there in the juke-box royal family, too. The day his Roy Rogers Comic Book came out, the million copies went like hot cakes—in 24 hours.

So you can see that Mrs. Rogers' boy is doing all right for himself. And while all of this means exactly $12.50 a week personally for spending money (that's absolutely all his manager lets him tote around in his jeans), he's as rich as Croesus in a commodity that Roy sets big store by—friendly fans. Many's the month he's shelled out $500 or more just for stamps to paste on letters to his pen pals, boys and girls he has never seen. Many's the stranger who asked for Roy's autograph and struck up a solid palship. Because Roy, who at heart is just a grass roots guy from off an Ohio farm, has a knack of liking everybody. And usually it's a case of vice-versa, too—although sometimes there are exceptions.

price of fame . . .

A few months ago, for instance, Roy was rattling along toward New York on the Twentieth Century Limited when he noticed a beefy passenger glaring at him with a perplexed frown. Roy had on his sky-blue cowboy suit that day with all the terrific trimmings, and he looked like the painted desert. Every time he grinned, the glaring man scowled deeper. Well, they went into the diner before the train neared New York, and Roy, who has ears sharp as an Indian's, heard the gruff gent talking to his wife, like this—

"I can't figure that guy out. What do you suppose he does—sell Indian snake-root medicine?"

"S-h-h-h," said his wife. "He'll hear you."

"Or is he out of a circus?"

"Stop staring," hissed his wife.

"I can't help it," growled the man. "He gets me."

Well, the scowler-growler never let off glaring and grunting at Roy until they pulled into Grand Central Station. Then he saw photographers and reporters swarm around Roy, now in his ten gallon hat. The mob hemmed in the beefy gentleman like a Nazi in deepest Russia. That made him boil all the more, but at last he realized who Roy was.

"Well, I'll be damned," he bellowed to his embarrassed wife. "It's that damned wild cowboy guy in the movies. What do you know about that? Lemme out of here!"

Roy loves to tell stories about himself like that because he has a funny bone built for an Elk, and also because he realizes, like anyone else, that he's no Kit Carson, but a strictly theatrical rough rider. In fact, Roy's favorite story on the subject of his riotous rig is the time he was highballing along on the Santa Fe's Super Chief through the ranch country of Arizona, and a bronzed old man with white whiskers came over and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Son," said the oldster, "what's that uniform you got on? What branch of the service are you in?"

Roy said he wasn't in the service at all. He explained amiably to the old man that he was a cowboy in the movies in Hollywood and that he always dressed like that.

"W-a-al, now," marveled the man. "Ain't that interesting? I never in all my born days saw a get-up exactly like the one you got."

Roy chinned a while more, then he asked his inquisitor what he did.

"Why, I guess you'd call me a cowhand," grinned the old man. "I've got me a cattle ranch back in the hills here!"

Sometimes, after episodes like that or a Manhattan mob mauling, Roy seriously considers lugging along one suit of civvies to wear as a disguise. He's got "a store suit and a new pair of shoes I used to get married in," explains Roy, but each time he gets them out and tries them on, he feels downright conspicuous!

There's only one time on record, though, that his rainbow rig ever got him into any trouble. Oddly enough, that time the difficulty was that he got taken for what he was dressed up to be! That was in Manhattan, where they don't know much about cowboys anyway, in fact, it was at the famous Stork Club. Roy's prone to skip the bright lights when he hits the big cities, because, for one thing, he doesn't drink, like to dance or hanker to stay up and greet the dawn, not when he has to put on a rip-roaring show the next day, as he usually does on tour. But on one trip to New York, Sherman Billingsley, the owner-host of the Stork, called up Roy and personally invited him to pay a visit to the Stork. Roy thought that was right hospitable and friendly so he said sure enough, he'd amble over right after the Rodeo was over at the Garden that night.

Now, the real buckaroos from West of the Pecos who swarm into New York for prizes at the annual Rodeo are sometimes pretty rugged customers, a hard-drinking, wild-acting, rip-snorting bunch. Most of them stop at the Belvedere and other hotels around the Garden, and every year when they swarm in, the management discreetly hauls out the good furniture in the cowboy rooms and drags in some sturdy stuff that can stand the kicking around. There's generally a rough-and-tumble fight going on somewhere, and a couple of times the hell-raising cowpokes have even gotten themselves killed. You wouldn't say their reputations for being little gentlemen in café society were exactly Grade-A.

So when Roy Rogers ambled up to the Stork Club, the doorman took one look at his Stetson and spurs and other marks of what he considered the real McCoy ranch clothes.

"Beat it, cowboy!" he said.

"Say, look here—" began Roy.

dropped by the stork . . .

The doorman had visions of the Stork's famous mirrors being shot up, the chairs splintered, and all the swank guests running screaming out into the night without paying their checks. So he called all the help in the place and gave Roy the bum's rush right out to the pavement!

Sherman Billingsley called up the next day to apologize and to beg Roy to give the Stork another chance, but Roy said he reckoned he just wasn't interested.

But all of this I've been telling you is very definitely an exception to the rule. Most times, Roy collects pals wherever he goes—and that's a lot of places. Last year, for instance, he traveled around 50,000 miles on his rodeo circuit, his movie

(*Continued on page 84*)

Glamour to Glamour

say Betty Compson

Filmtone for Loveliness

Glamour Then: In 1919, at the time of her greatest role in the MIRACLE MAN, Betty Compson was acclaimed one of Hollywood's foremost beauties.

Glamour Now: More fascinating today than ever, Betty Compson's striking loveliness is glamorized to perfection by Filmtone. In her own words: "Very young complexions . . . and those not so young . . . profit equally from Filmtone's extra rich Lanolin base. Smoother as it goes on . . . non-drying as it stays on. Filmtone delights your skin with its gentle texture. Helps to conceal tiny skin faults and gives you that sleek *close-up* confidence.

25 *cents* at Drug and Dime Stores

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Lip glamour calls for the radiant tones of Filmtone Lipstick . . . In smart plastic case . . . only 10 cents.

House of Hollywood

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Look! 49,701 women who recently switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins gave as their reasons "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!"

What's true for them will be equally true for you.

Modess is far, far softer—with its gentle, soft-spun filler. Far, far safer—with its triple, full-length safety shield at the back, giving full-way protection!

Says Mrs. P. C. D. "Modess' extra protection gives me the peace of mind I've dreamed of"—and you'll feel the same way.

Now—more than ever—*you should try Modess!* It costs no more.

Discover the Difference—Switch to

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS

personal appearances and his Bond Rally tours. He played the Army hospitals and camps wherever he happened to be in-between stands.

As a result, Roy has plenty of pals in all corners of the fighting fronts today, but there are a couple of kids he keeps in touch with particularly, because in a way they're almost like his own boys. Both are in the Air Corps now, but only a few years back they were a couple of neighbor kids to Roy, just Gary and Dick, who used to wander over to Roy's house looking kind of lonesome and sometimes hungry, especially when Roy's wife, Arlene, was putting some of her famous pies out to cool. Gary and Dick didn't feel very comfortable at home—there was some stepmother trouble—and before he knew it, Roy was getting them to help him out around the place. Seemed like after that they were usually eating a meal or two every day at Roy's house, and he began to look on them as kinfolks.

Then came the war and Roy was surprised to find both Gary and Dick had grown up enough to enlist as Air Cadets. Gary's still in school, but first thing Roy knew, Dick was all graduated and wearing his gold bar and wings, and then he was over in India, writing to his favorite good neighbor and movie star. But at first what Dick had to write wasn't so good. In fact, he was pretty disgusted. He hadn't gotten himself a Zero yet, and some of his pilot buddies had.

"Wonder if you'd care," Dick wrote, "if I name my plane 'Trigger' after your horse. I've got a hunch I might get going then."

dead-eye Trigger . . .

Roy wrote back, "Dee-lighted!" and the next note he got from Dick, things were looking up. "Trigger and I got two Zeros," Dick exulted. The next letter raised the ante, "Now we've got five!" Last time Roy heard from Dick he wrote, "Trigger and me are just sittin' here with our guns cocked, waitin' for more Japs!" You can imagine how good that made Roy feel and why he spends so much time writing all the Hollywood news to that particular scrapper for Uncle Sam.

Most of Roy Rogers' real chums are people like that—boys he has taken an interest in, people he has met on his travels, friends of people who work for him, just plain folks that Roy has taken a fancy to here and there. He's not a speck Social in the Hollywood Capital S way; in fact, at playing Society he's a total flop. Roy meets Big Shots galore everywhere he goes, and on his Army tours he has rubbed up against bestarred generals as well as lowly GI's—but rank or moneybags or Blue Book standings don't click with Roy at all. He's always running across someone he just happens to cotton to, and from then on they're usually a Rogers pal.

Like the time in St. Louis when Roy was on a personal appearance tour and theater tycoons there staged an elaborate press party for him. That afternoon at a baseball game he'd sat next to a fellow ball-fan. They got along fine, and the fellow asked Roy out to a roadhouse he ran over in Illinois, for a spaghetti dinner. Roy said he'd come right after the press party. But like a lot of those whoop-te-doos, it went on and on, and as the newspapermen got more and more oiled up, the later they stayed. Came seven, eight and then nine o'clock. Roy hated to leave his own party, but he'd also promised a pal to show up. So he left the reporters to their highballs and drove clear over to Belleville, Illinois, and made it, true to his word, better late than never. His new friend fed Roy and his guests royally, and that night introduced Roy to Mort Cooper, the big St. Louis Cardinal pitching ace. Roy and Mort got along fine, too. He took Roy duck hunting up on the Missouri River, and they've been pals ever since. That's the way Roy Rogers is always making new friends.

Hunting and baseball both are top items in Roy Rogers' fun book. He used to pitch a little as a youngster, and he's got a gold baseball at home in his den to show he hurled a winning game when the Hollywood Leading Men walloped the Comedians one season. One of the biggest thrills Roy ever had was in Cincinnati, where he was born, when the Cincy Reds invited him to come and work out with them, gave him a suit and let him bat and field with the big fellers. He has baseballs at home signed by every player on the Cincinnati squad and one from the Pittsburgh Pirates, too, and if anybody hooked those, he'd sure be in bad trouble with Rogers.

Roy has always hunted a lot, from his farm boy days up until war came. He used to specialize in wildcats around Hollywood. You can see the results of some all-night mountain stalks with his dogs right in that same den with a stuffed fox that he once ran over with his car! But when Uncle Sam started shooting, shotgun shells vanished like nylons at a bargain sale, so Roy had to lay off.

Then a friend of his horse trainer, Glenn, back in Nebraska, heard about Roy's sad plight. He shipped him out a case of shotgun shells he had and with it an invitation to stop there on his next trip East for some pheasant shooting. Roy has marked that a "must" stop on his schedule this fall, because he has more of a thank-you call to make than for just the shells. The man also sent Roy's baby girl, Cheryl, a pony. That cinched him with Roy Rogers as a friend for keeps. Because if there's one thing the Cowboy King is nutty about, besides beans and baseball, it's horses.

In fact, one reason he can plan a Midwest bird-shooting visit this year is because Roy aims to travel the highways from now on with his horse, Trigger. A while back, Roy had Trigger shipped across the country by train. He met him at the station, and poor Trigger stumbled off the boxcar like he was on his last legs. Roy was hopping mad when he sleuthed around and found out that Trigger had been kept on his feet, swaying and jolting for four days without any attention at all, except a bucket of water now and then. Right away he vowed he'd never ship him anywhere again. Roy's really touchy about Trigger. In San Antonio, Texas, they built a stall for his horse right in the hotel lobby so Roy could be near him, and sentimental Roy has even tossed a birthday party for Trigger with an oats and barley cake and guests and everything. He's that foolish about him.

in trigger's trail . . .

In fact, Roy knows as well as anyone, that his biggest rival isn't another screen cowpoke, but his own horse. A story Roy chuckles about is the time he got a wire from a big department store in Pittsburgh. He was set to play the rodeo there, and the store wanted to stage a Roy Rogers stunt. But in their wire they weren't a bit bashful about whom they considered the top attraction. "Please advise if we can have horse, Trigger," it read. "We don't want Rogers!"

Roy has scurried around and found himself a big, luxurious horse van, with hot and cold running oats and all equine conveniences, to carry Trigger around the country from now on. He aims to ride right with him, even if it does take

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INVITING, they are—such confiding soft hands.

"Possible for any girl," says Elyse Knox. *"My hand care is so easy, but so 'special'."*

Elyse uses Jergens Lotion. Loves the almost-professional care Jergens gives a girl's hands.

Your hands look neglected, feel a little harsh? Jergens helps them to gracious smoothness with 2 ingredients many doctors prescribe for skin-beautifying. No annoying stickiness when you use Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle for this favorite hand care of the Stars. Just be sure and use Jergens Lotion.

Personal Hand Care of the Stars; they use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1

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See what they do for your Lips!

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1. **DON JUAN LIPSTICK STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, yes, even when you kiss, if used as directed... does not disclose romantic secrets.

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4. **STYLE SHADES.** Try Blackberry shade—dark and daring, or the alluring Raspberry shade. "Smart" say beauty editors. The Hostess Red shade is chic with furs and for evening. Other shades to accentuate every fashion vogue.

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MILLION DOLLAR
Lipstick
STAYS ON!

LIPS LOOK LOVELIER—LONGER

longer. And when Trigger gets old and rickety, he'll take it easy in clover while Trigger II carries Roy along on his movie career. Trigger Number Two is already picked out, by the way, and that again is because Roy Rogers is handy at making friends. It was while he had his rodeo up at the Maple Leaf Garden in Toronto, Canada, that he met Charlie McVeedy who runs a dude ranch near there and raises Palominos and other ranch horses. Visiting Charlie one day between shows, Roy spotted a colt just four days old. "Doggone!" exclaimed Roy, "he's marked just like my Trigger! Say—how about my buying this colt to take over Trigger's job later on?"

Charlie said that was okay, only to make it an option to buy, and then if the grown horse turned out right, Roy could have him. Roy was so thrilled about that and so grateful, that before he left Toronto he took off the hand-made silver spurs and handed them over to his new friend, "I can get me another pair when we get back to Hollywood," Roy explained.

But when he did get back to Hollywood, darned if Roy could find himself a pair of fancy spurs anywhere, not for love or money. He'd forgotten about the war and the metal and craftsman shortage. So now he hasn't a pair to his name, but he's not worried. He figures his spurs are a fair swap for a new and good friend like Charlie any day in the week.

strange fruit . . .

Roy's champion fan is Leo Khoury, a middle-aged Arab, of all people. Leo saw Roy in one of his movies and swore by the Prophet's beard or something that he was going to know the cowboy king, or else. He was living down at the beach at that point and doing all right in the restaurant business. But he promptly pulled up his stakes and moved out to the San Fernando Valley, only a whoop and a holler from Roy's Encino country place. Not only that, but Leo notified Roy that he, Roy Rogers, was now half owner of the restaurant, a thriving, busy Valley highway spot. Roy said he couldn't accept a free partnership—he has enough interests now—but Leo calls him "Boss" just the same, and Roy always manages to take the people he likes over to Leo's place to feed them when he's pitching a party. Some day after the war Leo swears, he's going back to Arabia and bring home a string of Arabian nags for Roy to gallop around on in Hollywood.

Roy Rogers, being the palsy sort of guy he is, reacts to his sensational fan worship with an honest friendship that other stars sometimes try to fake, but seldom feel. He usually tosses a party of some sort for his regional fan "corral" wherever he is. Last year he held a big banquet at the Astor Hotel for the New York get-together of Rogers' rooters. He's made a trip or two to Hammond, Indiana, just to meet Gene Ernst, who's national "Ranch Boss" of all his clubs, and more than once Roy has met a fan, liked him and had him come out and stay at the house for days at a time. One kid who hitch-hiked clear out from Rhode Island just to see Roy, stayed with the Rogers family until his mother wired Roy to send him home.

Of course, like all Hollywood stars, Roy gets his share of nutty notes, and a few fantastic things have happened to make even Roy scratch his head and wonder at the strange fruit fame hatches.

There's the usual quota of absurd mash letters from girls who can't seem to savvy that Roy is happily married and has a family. One star-struck sweet thing wrote him a while back, "I want you to fly here and get me in an airplane, just like Clark Gable did Myrna Loy in 'Test Pilot.' I want to be your secretary and be everything to you—I mean *everything!*" Roy hates to have to let them down with the fact that he has enough secretaries and also a wife who is *everything* to him.

Then, too, he feels embarrassed about some of the stunts fervent fans pull on him. One boy in Chicago, for instance, called Roy long distance three times in one day, got him every time and hung on chattering for long minutes. Finally Roy asked him, "Say, son—*who's* going to pay for this call? You're using up valuable time there—you know that?"

"Oh, sure," breezed the kid. "But my folks are out of the house. They won't know till the bill comes in. I'll worry about that later." Roy made him hang up pronto then. But that's the kind of thing he's always running into because he's so good-natured.

Maybe the oddest thing that ever happened to Roy because of his movie fame was a fracas out in Colorado that almost duplicated one of the wild and woolly plots of his own pictures. A man with a big hunk of land in the cattle country took a shine to Roy on the screen, and being along in years, decided he'd like to turn over his vast holdings to the King of the Cowboys—at a price, of course. So he wrote an offer to Roy wanting to sell him the stretch of Colorado cattle land and a whole town to boot, complete with post-office, general store, town hall and jailhouse.

Well, to Roy Rogers it was just another freak offer. But somehow the news got around the town, and it got around as a fact that Roy was going to buy up all this property. That upset a lot of applecarts. Cattlemen's interests clashed, there was pistol-packin', skullduggery, lawsuits and about everything else that makes up a picture plot. The darned thing finally ended in a good old-fashioned Western range war! And all the time Roy hadn't the faintest idea of gobbling up all that land.

Matter of fact, land is something Roy doesn't want any part of until his picture-making days are over. He just sold his rambling Encino hilltop home and moved in closer to the studios in a house on a city street, with neighbors all around him. One reason was the gas shortage, another the servant shortage, but the main reason was the safety of Roy Rogers' number one fan—his four-year-old daughter, Cheryl.

The old place had a swimming pool that was seldom used, and both Roy and Arlene were scared to death Cheryl would tumble in some day. First Roy built a fence around it, but when he found that Cheryl could unlatch the gate and get in anyway, he decided the risk was too great. It got so Arlene, without even a cook to help her, didn't dare let Cheryl out of the house alone.

fruit salad al fresco . . .

The servant problem hasn't been notably improved since the Roy Rogers moved closer to town. In fact, Arlene is still doing all the household chores, aided by Roy on his time off—because that's one thing he doesn't mind a bit. His favorite exercise is hammering and sawing and digging in the dirt. In no time flat after he moved in his new house, Roy had built a whole new set of lofts for his 200 racing pigeons and transformed the badminton court (Roy considers all games like tennis, golf and badminton a waste of time) into a pigeon city. And even though his new home is no farm, it has a hillside grove of lemons, limes, oranges, grapefruit, figs, avocados and five or six other kinds of California specialties which

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-the girl he can't forget

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60¢ and 25¢
IN SIX HEAVENLY HUES

CAKE MAKE-UP WITH Lanolin

Roy's green thumb has made spread all over the place like an outdoor fruit salad. But he could still use some hired help, and if things don't improve, he may even take up one fan's offer.

That was the one made right after Roy and Arlene had lost their lone wartime cook (she lasted a week) and had interviewed a colored couple who said they were looking for a job. Roy asked them how much they wanted, and they said $500 a month. He almost fainted, thinking of the $12.50 a week he jingles in his jeans and the income tax he pays. "You take my movie contract," Roy grinned to the high priced pair, "and I'll take the job—at those prices!"

So he was about at his wit's end to find somebody to help out Arlene when he got a phone call from a fan in North Carolina.

"Say, Roy," spoke up this kid, "I want to work for you in Hollywood."

Roy had an idea. "Why, I sure could use somebody to help around the house."

"I'm fine at housework," came back the kid. And darned if Roy wouldn't have hired him, right there over the phone, sight unseen, if Arlene, who had been listening to the conversation, shook her head firmly. She wasn't going to have some mother's son come clear across the country and maybe turn out to be another one to cook and care for!

"I'll keep singing a song" . . .

Of course, half the time these days, Roy Rogers is away from home—another reason he moved Arlene and the babies in closer to civilization. Because Roy doesn't come right back home from his show business tours these days—most times he sets right out on a junket to Army camps or hospitals. He rode Trigger right in the wards at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington last year and danced him in and around the beds. Roy made himself a marathon record, too, last winter down in Texas, staging 136 Army camp shows inside 20 days and a lot of them in the cold and rain. When he finally couldn't sing and couldn't talk either, he allowed as how something might be wrong with him. Something was—a strep throat which landed him in the hospital. The last thing Roy did about his private war effort was to stage his Rodeo in the Los Angeles Coliseum one Sunday and turn over the whole chunk of profits, $13,000, to Joe E. Brown's Army recreational fund to buy athletic equipment for GI's overseas.

Roy Rogers hasn't had himself a vacation for three years. He thinks he might get in a few days before the Fall Rodeo tour starts up at Big Bear or some near-Hollywood mountain resort, if Arlene can hold on behind him on his motorcycle, and if his folks will take care of the kids. But Roy has thought that a thousand times before in the last few years, and generally something comes along to bust it up. Some of his hundreds of pals want him to do something, or an overseas soldier requests a radio recording or an Army hospital needs a show.

A while back, after a strenuous day and night Army camp and Rodeo tour, Roy found himself in a hospital, a plenty *sick hombre* with pneumonia in both lungs. He almost died—and maybe he would have—not from the pneumonia, but from boredom. But, with a raging fever of 104 degrees, Roy got busy and dashed off a whole set of lyrics and melody for a new song, which you'll be hearing one of these days soon. He figures that job is what let him walk out of the hospital instead of being lugged out feet first.

By the way, the name of the tune Roy wrote was "I'll Keep Singing A Song." As any one of his thousands of pals will tell you, that's Roy Rogers, all over.

YOUNG MAN WITH A TORSO

(Continued from page 41)

to around 160 by hard training, but his unbridled hunger for fancy steaks and French fries crosses him up. Incidentally, despite the fact that most guys and gals consider 70½ inches of height to be satisfactorily tall, Dick's studio has him wear shoes with built-in lifts which make him an even six feet tall on the screen. This burns the boy considerably.

retreat in glory . . .

He doesn't burn fast, but he burns thoroughly. For instance, he decided in the fall of 1941—several months before Pearl Harbor—that the U. S. was going to be in the war before another year had passed, so he smouldered to get into uniform. He had a tradition to embrace, a fighting family name to decorate. Dick's father was killed in action in March, 1918.

The recruiting sergeant looked Dick over and assumed an expression of cautious approval. "S'pose you got an eye on the Air Corps, huh?" he suggested.

"I had sort of thought Infantry," demurred Dick. "I've done some boxing. —I can handle myself fairly well. Thought it might come in handy in the ground forces."

The sergeant glowed. "Right in there," he said heartily.

The doctors failed to glow. "You have two punctured ear drums," they said. And because they were professional men, hence curious about human mishaps, they quizzed him. Dick told them his story frankly. When he was three, he had developed a mastoid abscess and had undergone surgery.

His mother had told him about this, but she had never dwelled on it. It was still too painful an ordeal to remember. She had sat beside him hour after hour, anguished to see him in such misery. And there was nothing, absolutely nothing, she could do to help. There had been one frightful morning when the doctor warned her that the small, sturdy heart could not carry on; it skipped a beat. Another. A third. And then, with the unbeatable constitution of a lusty child, he had rallied.

Between that siege, and the time he was fully grown, Dick underwent five major mastoid and nine minor operations. No one, to look at this rugged fella, would suspect such a past.

He always refused to admit to anyone that there was any reason for him to be careful, of course. One afternoon he was sparring, open-handed, with a pal and accidentally caught a fast one on his bad ear. That finished that ear drum. A few months later he dived off a high platform into a pool whose depths he had miscalculated and tried to leave his headprint in cement in the best Grauman manner. End of second ear drum.

As a result of these accidents, years later Dick trudged out of the recruiting office, thoroughly crestfallen. It was the first major setback in a life singularly filled with accomplishment.

Dick was born in Newcastle, Indiana, which makes him about as typically Usaman (new word meaning Man From the U. S. A.) as one can get without being chiseled out of the base of the Goddess of Liberty.

About the time he became Marbles Champion of Newcastle, his mother decided to move to Los Angeles, so Dick grew up in the shadow of a forest of motion picture cameras and klieg lights, a fact of which he was blissfully unaware. He had too much on his mind always to think of the future. That bicycle, for instance.

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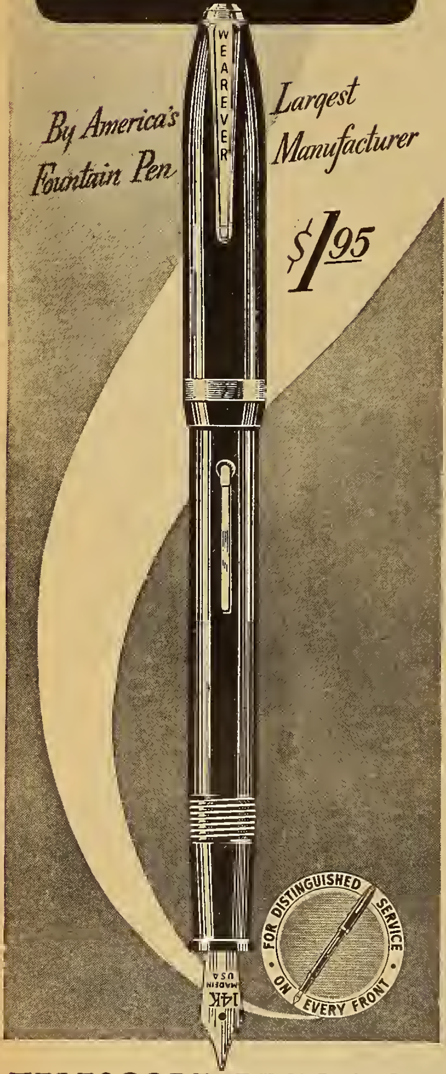

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He was manager, critic and .37 batter on his sandlot team when he decided that it would be much easier on his aching dogs after a hard afternoon on the diamond if he could ride home instead of walking. Being the resourceful type he went down to a local newspaper and made a deal to deliver nightly gazettes. Each week he put aside 90% of his take. He used that other 10% for current expenses.

His mother accompanied him to the local bank and assisted him in establishing a savings account that he still has, although it has been through a fluctuating history. When he had amassed $19.00, he withdrew $18.75 and bought a bicycle.

The ownership of a bicycle opened a wide new world to Dick. It enabled him to journey often to the Hollywood YMCA where he enviously watched the big boys diving off the 75-foot tower. In bathing trunks (which hadn't yet been baptized because he was afraid to go in) Dick was stalling around the pool one day when the life guard asked him why he wasn't swimming. "Because I don't know how," Dick said logically.

"Sure you do," laughed the guard, lifting Mr. Crane and tossing him in. Dick learned to swim in ten easy strokes. Somehow he got back to the rail that borders the pool and clung there, dripping and gasping.

"See how easy it is?" the life guard asked. "Your form isn't much, of course. Now watch . . . " and Dick learned three methods of swimming that afternoon.

At the end of summer vacation, the YMCA staged a swimming meet. Dick told his mother about it. "Some of those guys can really porpoise around, Mom," he said eagerly. "I want you to see the meet."

So his mother, smiling indulgently, went to the event without knowing that Dick was to compete in each of the free-style races. When she saw Dick line up with the other contestants, she arose in her place and started to call out because she had no idea he could swim. He rapidly splashed away her doubts by winning three races. Dripping, he brought the trophy ribbons to her. "Keep them for me, huh?"

She tucked them into her purse and drew out her handkerchief. "You'd think I'd been peeling onions," she laughed, half-annoyed at her tears of pride. Somehow, she always managed—in the years that ensued—to be in the stands when Dick went into action. She saw practically all of his high school football games and suffered with him when the team lost. Celebrated, too, when they won, which was often. Luckily she was nowhere around when Dick fractured three ribs; it happened during practice.

something to remember . . .

His senior year, Dick was captain. It was a great year; they went through their opponents like fire through dried meadow grass. The whole team was getting more and more keyed up, tightening to the final effort of the big game. On Friday night there was the usual rally. Everyone made speeches. Everyone cheered until he was hoarse. The Booster Club had gathered firewood for days, so the fight fete was finished by a monster snake dance around the bonfire. Then, in cracked voices, the entire student body sang school songs. It was achingly exciting and wonderful . . . something to remember forever. Something to send a team into action with the power of a flight of B-29s and the cunning of a cover of P-38s.

The following morning the principal called Dick into his office. "I'm sorry to say that I have VERY bad news for you,"

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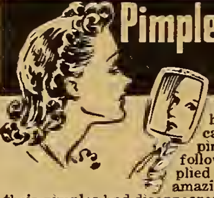

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he announced, patting Dick's shoulder. "It has been called to our attention that you're a mid-year student, so you're ineligible to play. You've already played your quota of high school football games."

Dick wanted to bawl like a baby. "Isn't there anyway we can fix it?"

No. He was ineligible. That was final. He thought of all the studying he had done, the boning for quizzes and the agonizing over notebooks—just to stay scholastically eligible for this game. And now he was ruled out on a technicality. Heartsick, he lagged out to the gym to tell the team. They couldn't believe it. They said there must be some mistake . . . and, throwing their helmets down hard, they said it was a lousy, rotten break.

"You'll get along swell without me," he said, trying to be casual. "This guy is a better back than I'll ever be." He patted his sub, who looked determined but doubtful.

gory grief . . .

When the whistle blew, Dick took up his place on the bench and played four hundred tough games without moving more than two square yards. His team, their morale shot, couldn't make anything click. Their passes were intercepted, their punts blocked, and their line plays fumbled. Oh, brother, but they got trounced. Mighty blue. Mighty blue. And Dick sat there during the endless moments, thinking that this was his last game.

He was wrong about that. At the end of the season the first team played the second; this was usually a wild scramble, bitterly fought by both sides. And *that* afternoon Dick was suited up and in there with both hands. He couldn't miss. He caught passes that started out like lightning and flitted off like butterflies. It made no difference. He ran all over the field, making touchdowns, intercepting his opponents' passes, messing up their carefully rehearsed secret plays. He spent the afternoon having an intensely pleasant time.

After school was out, Dick got a job with an automobile agency. His job was to ride a motorbike out to the home of a car owner whose bus needed service, fasten the motorbike to the back of the car and drive back to the agency. This all happened before the war, you dig. This gave him a taste for handsome automobiles; an appetite that he intends to gratify when a person can once again purchase a long, low, super-souped-up mechanical job.

After working all day, he liked to go down to the gym at night and work out. Gradually he got into the habit of putting on the gloves and going a few rollicking rounds with one of his friends. Bystanders began to comment upon how well he handled himself. "Hot right hook," they said. And, "That left is strictly from slumber."

Dick got the idea that an occasional go in the preliminaries at one of the Hollywood arenas might be a satisfactory way of adding to his bank account . . . in addition to keeping him out of the "Sinew Went Away" class. He inquired here and there and was given reluctant answers. The prelim boys who had seen him work out didn't care much to waltz a few with him on canvas.

One day the manager of a boy who had done pretty well in his first few fights approached Dick and asked how about it? "They tell me that you've never had a pro fight, but that you're spoiling for one and you look good."

So Dick, feeling elated over his forthcoming prowess (he hoped) as a leather-pusher, went home, told his mother and ate a hearty dinner complete with a steak as heavy as his boxing gloves.

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His mother looked at him unhappily. "Oh Dick, please be careful—for my sake." And she added, "This time I won't be in the stands to watch you."

"Don't worry about me, Mom," he grinned. "One—two, the fight's through. Three, four, he'll want no more."

The first thing that bothered him when he climbed into the ring, was the smoke. Walking down the chute, crawling under the ropes and making one's way to the corner was like trying to break through a series of giant spider webs. The stuff hung in clusters, making Dick's eyes smart and his eyes burn. Excitement was thick in his throat. He blinked against the hot, blinding lights; he had never dreamed they would be so brilliant.

courage and confusion . . .

All around him were crowd noises. The roar of voices, the shouts of vendors, the scraping and shuffling of thousands of feet. The loud speaker blared Dick's name so he went to the center of the ring where he shook hands with the big-muscled, hard-jawed man who was his opponent. The referee recalled the rules. The bell rang.

Dick felt swell. He came out alertly and on his toes. He sparred, conscious of the nimbleness of his foot work. Just then a ramrod shot out and opened Dick's cheek. It made him mad all the way to the canvas. He swung hard. It landed with a snap of leather upon flesh. The other guy's head snapped back. He went down with a grunt. And Dick, too surprised to move, stood there wasting precious seconds staring down at the sweat-covered head slowly shaking itself.

After that nothing was very clear to Dick. He remembered being against the ropes, upright and angry because the ropes were burning his back. It didn't occur to him to resent the punishment his face and body were taking. He was having trouble seeing out of that left eye, and his mouth kept bleeding. The bell rang. He sat down. The bell rang. He stood up.

Time went on. The smoke grew thicker. It was a fog now—impenetrable. Faces beyond the ropes were a surf upon a dark sea. The sea spoke in a rumbling voice, it said, "Stop da fight. Ya wanna kill that kid. He's game. He'll fight 'till he drops. Stop da fight."

Dick was astonished. He felt fine. He floated. He knew no pain. The referee separated Dick and the bleeding pug. Dick tried to say something, but his puffed lips trembled away from words. He was astonished that, when he tried uncertainly to leave the ring, there was applause. How come? He had lost. He knew because he had heard that over the loudspeaker; yet the surf and the dark sea boomed with approval. Funny.

Somehow he got to the dressing room where he was rather thoroughly sick. The medico patched him up and said he'd get over the sense of confusion and chaos after some sleep.

So Dick went home. His mother was waiting for him. She looked at him and started to cry. "Oh, your poor eye!" she said, but she didn't scold. She didn't tell him that he could never do that again. "You're a man, Dick, so you have to make your own decisions about things like this," she said, turning her head away because she couldn't bear the pain of seeing him so battered.

Dick never went into a pro arena again. After that his sparring was done strictly in fun with men he knew.

He had always been crazy about movies, so it occurred to him one day that the motion picture business might not be a bad racket for an ambitious young man. He went up to the Bliss-Hayden Theater and

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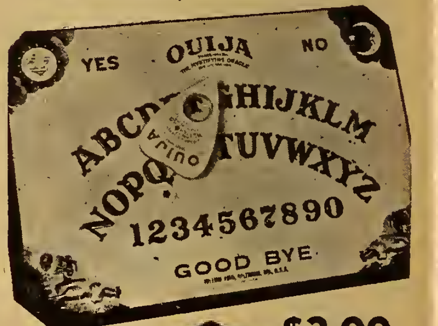

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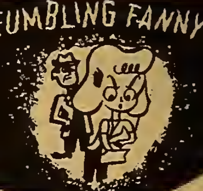

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enrolled. Luck kissed him on the forehead and arranged for a Metro talent scout to see the first play in which Dick had the lead. The next thing he knew, he was working in "Susan And God" with Joan Crawford and Fredric March. Dick had the part of their daughter's boy friend. Miss Crawford was charming; she was generous with camera angles and gave him several tips on timing.

From a drawing room comedy of manners, he leaped lightly into a Hopalong Cassidy picture. He had done some "military" riding in an Army training short, so he thought he could make friends with the local horses. What he didn't calculate upon was the difference between a military and a Western saddle. He was told that in one scene he was to take his horse over a jump.

The horse had other ideas. The next scene revealed Mr. Richard Crane lying flat on his back on the grassy sward while the horse loped calmly away, uttering derisive sounds.

This caused Mr. Crane to return to the automotive industry for a time. Through a friend who was a mechanic, Dick was sent to the office of Bert Morris, one of the town's most perspicacious agents. That did it. The next thing Dick knew, he had a thriving career sprouting faster than devil grass in a victory garden.

Comes now romance. Not too serious a romance, you understand, but a nice pleasant companionship that makes the moon rest her head on the hill's dark shoulder. While in Bert Morris' office one day, Dick observed a beautiful girl who was also a Morris client. Name: Kay Morley.

That was eleven months ago, and they are still going steady.

When Dick moved into lodgings that used to be a guest house on an estate in Laurel Canyon, Kay added the deft womanly touches to the furnishings. She pointed out lonely spots on the walls that cried for pictures. She went shopping with him and helped to select scatter rugs and draperies. Then she moved into the kitchen department.

cooks Kay and Crane . . .

Seems that Dick planned to prepare his own breakfast each morning. Only catch was that he didn't want to live on toast, and that was the only recipe he had memorized. So Kay taught him how to prepare a fresh tomato omelet the like of which would make Henry VIII drool even after a duck dinner. She also taught him how to make GOOD coffee.

When Dick entertains guests for dinner, which is often, *he* broils the steaks (Crane Specialty when he has the points), but he leaves the planning and preparation for all other items of the dinner, strictly up to Kay.

For Dick's birthday, Kay gave him a white Maltese Terrier named Muffins. Muffins wasn't secured from a swanky kennel nor from the litter of a hoity-toity registered private family. She came from the city pound. Kay had noticed an article in a Los Angeles newspaper, describing the available dogs and stressing their need for homes — otherwise they were faced with destruction. So she drove down and selected the most ingratiating animal available.

Not for several weeks did Dick suspect that his gift was not on solo flight. He looked at Muffins fixedly and decided that she was carrying quite a crew. Clearly the small dog house with which his back yard was equipped would not be adequate housing for the future. "As soon as my back gets better," he told Muffins, "I'll build you a barracks." He had sprained his back while bowling. A masseur, an osteopath and a chiropractor had been unable to return one particular vertebra to its proper groove.

Muffins became more uncomfortable by the hour, and so did Dick. Finally he decided that Muffins' problem was greater than his own, so he started to build a canine apartment house. And just to prove that kindness to animals pays: As Dick leaned down to pick up the hammer, his cranky cog snapped back into place.

Muffins promptly presented him with five puppies. Scandalous fact: two of white Muffins' puppies are coal black.

So serious are Dick and Kay (who is a Goldwyn Girl) about their careers that they frequently spend evenings reading plays aloud. They like the highly dramatic one-acters frequently used in little theaters, and they register emotions enough to burst the canvas off hermetically sealed wings.

This attention to business has stood Dick in good stead because he has made tremendous strides in a short time. While "Wing And A Prayer" was being filmed, Dick was scheduled to do a difficult scene early one morning. He knew that he was letter perfect in his lines, and he thought he had accomplished a good characterization. Under the brilliant lights he went through rehearsal. Then the director called, "This will be a take." The cameras ground. Dick gave. As a precaution the director had two long shots made, then closed in for the close-ups.

When it was over, Dick emerged from the scene in time to see the production head of the studio walking away. "Was he here all the time?" he gasped.

"Sure was. And he seemed pleased."

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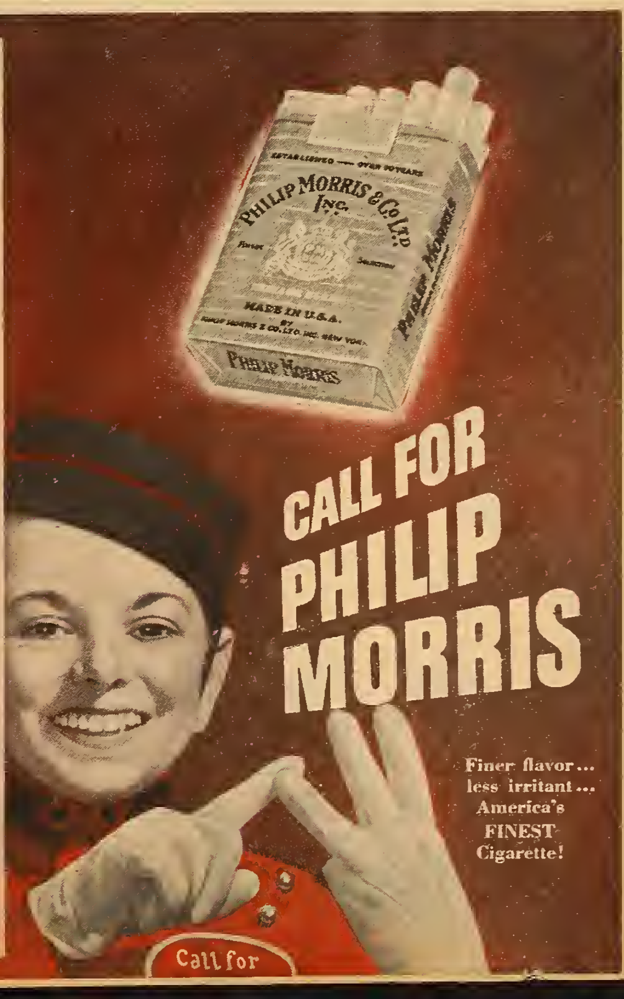
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SIXTEEN'S OKAY

(*Continued from page 43*)

Shirley likes to work. Not that she'd pine away otherwise, she's not the piney type. Besides, she's crazy about Westlake, and when you're working, you have to go to school on the set. If you gave her the choice, she'd make it half-and-half, the way it was this year.

She and Mary Lou had loads of fun on "Since You Went Away." Mary Lou Isleib's been her stand-in for ages, and one of her very best friends. At first Mary Lou kept pretty busy writing letters to a certain sailor, and Shirley was supposed to help. Only she did more *kibetzing* (the Temple version of kibitz) than helping. Anyway, it didn't matter, because Mary Lou kind of lost interest in the sailor, poor dear.

They did quite a lot of giggling, which was rather hard on the others who'd sometimes look pained. But it must be a disease at sixteen that you can't do very much about. For instance, Jennifer had to kiss Joseph Cotten, and he came off with lipstick all over him. Well, who wouldn't laugh? Of course she'll admit they didn't have to yell, "Yah! Yah! Joseph got kissed!" That was more like ten maybe, but you get a relapse now and then.

Monty Woolley was the one who really broke Shirley up. Once she was supposed to be feeding a turtle in the bathtub and looking up at him wide-eyed. Mr. Woolley, not the turtle. He was standing out of the scene, and when she looked up, he was making this horrible face at her, and she burst out laughing. Naturally the director got peeved. Probably rued the day he ever got Monty Woolley and Shirley Temple together—

And another thing. Mr. Woolley had this accomplishment. He could talk without moving his beard, so nobody knew he was talking but the person right next to him. They'd be in a scene together, and out of this perfectly quiet beard would come some quaint remark, and no matter how hard she tried not to, she'd simply explode. The director thought she was just being silly, for which she can't blame him—

She'd try to get back at Mr. Woolley by singing "Mairzy Doats" just before he went into a scene. That worked at first, because he couldn't fathom it, and he couldn't stand it, but it grew on him the way it does on most people, and by the end of the picture he was singing it himself. He's an *awfully* nice man—

hooky pays off . . .

Then the picture was finished, and they went to Palm Springs for a vacation, and all of a sudden "I'll Be Seeing You" popped up. The studio called them Saturday morning and said to come right back, not even to go home first. They thought it must be retakes, but when they got to Mr. O'Shea's office, he said it was a part in "I'll Be Seeing You," and they called wardrobe and make-up, and she did a test with Ginger Rogers, and they gave her a script, and she started working the next Tuesday. That was *really* a surprise. In "I'll Be Seeing You" she's seventeen—quite a difference from fourteen in "Since You Went Away." She plays Miss Rogers' cousin, and Miss Rogers plays a girl who has to go to jail because a man got fresh, and she pushed him away and he fell out of a window. It wasn't her fault that the window happened to be low—

Then, when "I'll Be Seeing You" was finished, Shirley went back to Westlake. From what happened a week or so later, you might think she wasn't glad to go back. But she *was*, she's *always* glad to go back. Only it happened to be a very beautiful day, and Shirley and this other girl got to school a little late—after chapel had started. They stood in plain sight at the door for a minute, and then they just couldn't bear it—the day was so beautiful, and besides, they had a sick friend in Westwood and felt sorry for her. So they turned around and headed for Westwood. On the street, Shirley wears dark glasses. It's a kind of disguise.

They found their sick friend able to sit up, so they went out again and bought her some nourishment—chocolate cake and cookies and a bottle of milk—which made her feel even better. Then they ambled back to school, conversing about things in general and ditching in particular—

"We missed a big English test."

"Yes, that was pretty foolish."

"Think they'll know we ditched?"

"Maybe not—" Shirley stopped short. "My *goodness*, of course they'll know. We just stood right there in the chapel door, that's all—with just about two hundred and fifty girls staring right at us!"

"That means we'll be reported!"

"Then we'd better go report ourselves first."

So they wrote a letter to the principal, and got called up in front of the student council—my, that was embarrassing. They had to stay in school three extra hours, and they got points off all over the place, and Shirley drew a conclusion. Ditching's not worthwhile—not when they catch you.

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puppy dog tales . . .

At home things are pretty much the same, except she has a new Peke—Ching Two. When the first Chingie died, she thought she'd never want another, but after a while she did. The kennels sent out a white one and a blonde one, and the blonde came running up and jumped into Shirley's lap, so naturally that's the one she took. The white one was a little bit too sophisticated for her, anyway—he sort of sat and looked down at everybody.

The nice thing about Two is, she's so sociable. Ching One never looked at Shirley very much, but Two never stops looking at her—even sits on a chair in the dressing room and watches her comb her hair. She's glamorous, too—especially round the ears, which have a glamorous flop. And she's a natural blonde, never touches peroxide. Of course all her blondness is at the wrong end—when they want to photograph her, they have to powder her face to make it show up, it's so black. On top of everything else, she's smart. When Shirley's writing a letter, Ching grabs her arm and shakes it to make her pay attention. If that doesn't work, she climbs into Shirley's lap, and let anyone try to get her out. The way she growls, you'd think she was a Great Dane. . . .

Right now, the parrot's their only other animal, but Shirley more or less ignores him. All he wants to do is fight and talk back, which would be all right if he talked any sense, but it's just idle chatter. Though sometimes she wonders. Sometimes she and her friends'll be talking, and Polly'll sit there, looking kind of wise and sneery, and she wonders if their talk sounds the same way to him. Could be—

RICHARD JAECKEL—

(*See page 53*)

Mom wouldn't come right out with it and ask where he'd been. So she prepared the apple pie and the fried chicken quiet like, just the way ordinary Ma's do, the ones without their names in the Blue Book and the Jaeckel fur fortune and the swanky Beverly Hills address. So finally, he told her. He'd been to Mexico. As a trucker. At 6 pesos a day. Which was exactly the sort of thing she'd gotten used to. After he'd finished "Guadalcanal Diary," he hired out to an orange juice bottling concern as a packer, and after "Wing and a Prayer", he became a Maritimer! That was some swap! If Mom would sign the consent papers, he'd do just this last film. Of course, it had taken two months of a steady diet of Mom's pie and a heck of a lot of roughhousing from the JUGS (Just Us Guys) to make him even consider doing it. As one of the fellas said, "If he got paid about 5 bucks a day, betcha he wouldn't be so scared of acting. That guy just doesn't *like* money!" Which is true. He hates being Hanley Jaeckel the 3rd and having a Chinese houseboy to screw on the caps of those umpteen bottles of lotion. And he doesn't like acting! Doesn't see how come they picked him to do the "Baby Marine," doesn't see how he avoids smelling up the place when he emotes. Unless it's on account of The System. The one he developed whereby he studied every little quirk of every big ham—and then did the exact opposite! Chicken Jake's a Maritimer now down Alaska way, 3 inches taller, a whole year older—and mebbe a little bit flicker hungry, too.

Fashion Recipe:

Tie a black velvet ribbon 'round your wrist—clip your prettiest earrings on the velvet. Presto—a conversation-piece bracelet!

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Campana Cream Balm

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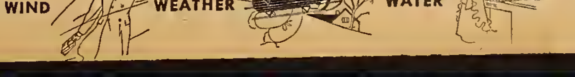

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Star of Screen and Radio, says:
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Joan Davis

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Sundays, they have the same old gatherings, down at the playhouse—with the soda fountain and the phonograph and the fireplace and the duckpin alley. It might start with about six people, and usually goes up to about twelve or fourteen. Then around six they have a buffet supper—salad and cake and milk.

After supper, they dance. Shirley thinks the boys are beginning to wake up. For a while, they just used to rock back and forth, but lately they're turning into very good dancers. She never did care for jitterbugging. Rumbas and sambas are nice, but her true love's a slow foxtrot—with Tommy Dorsey or Freddie Slack or Claude Thornhill playing. And for singers, she'll take Dick Haymes or Johnny Johnston—she thinks he's awfully cute. His "Black Magic" will always be one of her favorites. She can't understand why pieces as pretty as that have to go out so soon. Frankie? Yes. His voice is awfully nice, but she doesn't swoon.

Weeknights she stays home and does her homework—or learns her lines, if she's working. It's funny—she does her homework with the radio on, but the minute she has lines to learn, it gets turned off. Guess that proves she takes work more seriously than school—which she wouldn't care to have broadcast at Westlake. Then she might listen to the radio—especially thrillers like "Suspense" and "Lights Out." Not "Gangbusters" any more—she's outgrown that—though she caught Dad listening one night—

"That's all right," she told him. "You're younger than I am."

Oh yes, and she finally got him interested in gin rummy. He's really a golf man, but he plays with her now and gets rather mad because he doesn't win very often. It's fun to hear him get mad—he growls in his throat just about the way Ching does.

Saturdays she helps Katie in the kitchen. For a while she lost interest in cooking, but now she's all enthused again. Did pretty well on an angel-food cake the other day. How she knows it was good is, the family ate it. Ner, they didn't make a fuss. They don't make a fuss about anything she does—when it's good. When it's bad, they tell her right away, if not sooner. She has more trouble with her family—

Ner, that *ner* up above is no typographical error. It's Shirley's Er-language, in which okay becomes er-ker and stuff like that. You use it when you want to say something about somebody. At first it drove her family frantic. Mom said it was just about the silliest thing she ever heard, and why didn't Shirley grow up? Then suddenly they all started talking it, only you have to do it very fast to get the right effect, and Shirley's the champ. She can terk abert the fermily erl the terme and they hardly ever know what she's terking about.

To get back to Saturdays though—Johnny always comes over. Johnny's her nephew, and he's getting so cute. You can really do things with him now. For instance, Shirley holds his hands from behind and he walks, kind of wobbling from side to side, then he'll turn and smile at her and golly! you could eat him up. He likes her lipstick, too—puts his hand out and touches it. Or—it just occurred to her—maybe he doesn't like it. Maybe he's trying to get it off—the way Mr. Selznick did—

in the "brig" . . .

When she played Brig, Mr. Selznick wouldn't let her wear any make-up, not even powder. She tried to talk him out of it, because fourteens are all different, some of them grow up quite fast. But he said, not in this type of family. He said Brig would be naturally good and not think about powder, no matter how gruesome she looked—

Personally, Shirley uses powder and lipstick. For a while she used pretty dark lipstick—now she can't stand it. No, the family didn't stop her. Their attitude is, if she wants to look awful, that's her own hard luck. She just happened to catch sight of it suddenly in the mirror one day and decided she must have been out of her mind.

She wears her nails natural—doesn't like colored nails on a girl her age. And all she does about her hair is wash it once a week and brush it about three times a day—no special times and no special number of strokes—just when the mood seizes her and until she thinks it's shiny enough. She *does* love nice shiny hair—

Her usual hairdo is a long bob, with something you could call either a high wave or a low pompadour, depending on whether you like waves or pompadours best. And she simply adores pigtails with ribbons braided in at the end. Hers generally come out cockeyed, but they sure feel cool. Only it was so cold in Los Angeles this summer that mostly she wore it round her neck like a furpiece.

She buys her own clothes now. Mom thinks she's old enough to have the responsibility. But you can't tell the difference; her taste is plain, like Mom's. She can't stand a lot of ruffles. Usually she goes with a couple of the girls and tries something on, and usually they don't like it and usually she does, so she buys it and then they like it—being polite. Lately, Mom did go along once, and they bought a dress she'd never have had the nerve to buy alone—white silk with a cowl neckline and a midriff. Now she hasn't the nerve to wear it—especially after hearing that Gene Tierney had one like it. What if she ran into Gene Tierney, looking so wonderful! My, she'd feel silly—

lady in the dark . . .

Jewelry's er-ker, as long as it's pretty inconspicuous. She likes earrings on girls who wear their hair back sleek, but not on herself. She just wears these two thin gold bracelets—one i. d. and one link—and a little forgetmenot ring on her left pinky. No, she'd rather not say whom they came from if it's all the same to you, but if you'd like to know who gave her the anklet, it was Mary Lou.

During vacation, she sees lots of movies. Doesn't care much for historical pictures. Once in a while they're interesting, but on the whole, she avoids them. Still loves horror shows, though they don't scare her any more. Except "The Uninvited." That really gave her goose pimples. There was one part where she and the boy she was with jumped so hard they hit their heads together and both had headaches all the way home. And the minute she got into the garden, she smelt mimosa.

It was funny that night. Two little girls were sitting beside her, and while the news

I SAW IT HAPPEN

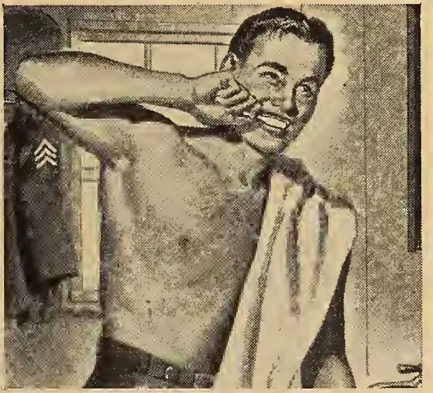
We were in the street after Allan Jones' broadcast, when we noticed a taxicab and a motorcycle parked in front of the studio. We waited, thinking that we might see the handsome singing star enter the cab and whirl away with his police escort. In about five minutes Mr. Jones emerged from the building, sat himself down on the motorcycle—and nonchalantly scooted down Seventh Avenue!

Sylvia Grill
New York City

The Word for the Sergeant is "Toothsome"!

One look at that dazzling grin and the girls are putty in his hands. And don't think the Sarge doesn't know *why!* He writes poetry about it:

"O Pebeco, to thee I owe—my standing as a Romeo.
Wash right away? Not Pebeco. It's *super-fine* to make teeth glow!"



What he means is: Pebeco cleans teeth better because its *micro-fine* particles stick with your brush, cling to your teeth while you polish. Contains a special combination of polishing agents—cleans teeth thoroughly but gently, leaves them gleaming.

So any Romeo (or Juliet) can have a brighter, fresher smile with *super-fine* Pebeco. See how super its flavor is, too. See what a kick you get out of that *extra* clean, polished feeling. How popular you are with that delectable Pebeco smile!

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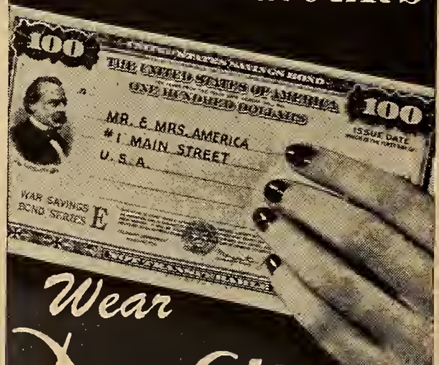

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was on, they were looking all over the audience. Finally, one of them leaned over and said, "Hey, you know Shirley Temple's in the audience?"

"She *is?!*" said Shirley. "Well, gosh, I'd like to get her autograph. Why don't you try to find her?"

"I *did,* but it's so dark you can't see a thing!"

"Look down there. Doesn't that look like Shirley?"

So she walked down the aisle and came back and said, "You must be crazy. That's a lady with gray hair—"

Shirley was having a wonderful time, but after the picture started, it slipped her mind. Then when the lights went on, the girls almost killed her, they were so mad. But she told them she dearly loved a joke and gave them her autograph, so they were nice enough to forgive and forget.

In her spare time, she knits scarfs and afghans squares for soldiers. And writes letters. For her birthday she got quite a lot of stationery, because she has so many friends in the service to write to. She sticks to it pretty faithfully, because they say mail's so important to soldiers.

A few weeks ago she went to San Francisco for a Bond rally. At the Stage Door Canteen they wanted her to make a speech, but she can't give speeches. So she got up and said, "This is certainly a pretty canteen." Later she cut a serviceman's birthday cake on the stage and had a dance with him.

Afterwards, she visited the hospitals. No, there's nothing hard about it. Except when a photographer walks in with you—she thinks that's awful. Sometimes you can't do anything about it, except apologize to the boys and hope they know it's not your fault. But if you go in alone with cigarettes or something and just talk to them—just say anything silly that comes in your head, it's all right. Most of the fellows are cheerful.

One boy did get her down though. The doctor told her beforehand he couldn't live very long, and did she mind going in? He had cute blonde hair and looked terribly young and came from New York, so she said she thought she'd be going to New York soon. "I'll be going back myself pretty soon, they tell me," he said. "Can I show you the town?" And he told her all the places he'd take her to, and if she ever acted in her life, she did that day, because she had to pretend she was all enthused, when really what she wanted was to crawl off in a hole and cry—

After seeing those boys, everything else seemed not important for a while. But life goes on—

For instance, Shirley'll be a senior at Westlake this fall. She'll get to initiate the freshmen. Has it all figured out exactly what she'll do to them—make them bring her flowers and something to eat and carry her books. Goodness, it seems hardly any time since she was a freshman herself. Never will she forget what they did to her. Got her up on the platform and told her to sing "Baby, Take A Bow" the way Shirley Temple used to sing it—

"I never heard Shirley Temple," said Shirley. "How did she sing it?"

So the senior had to show her, and she imitated the senior—which was slightly less foolish than imitating herself.

It's funny—looking back, the time goes so fast—looking forward, it doesn't. Not that Shirley wants to push it—that's the last thing she wants to do. It bothers her to see girls try to act older than they are—pulling out their cigarettes and stuff. There are lots of ages where you can be old and sophisticated, but sixteen only comes once, and what's the sense of trying to get over it quick, as if it were measles As long as she's sixteen, she'd rather be sixteen. Sixteen's

TURKS ARE NO JERKS

(Continued from page 47)

the job. After all, he'd been a mere villain-around-Hollywood and a sinister Oriental in a flock of B's, and that's about all, unless you counted the slightly elevated assignments with Maria Montez in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Arabian Nights." Hepburn knew he'd landed the "Dragon Seed" lead mainly because he looked the part to a T with his slightly slanted eyes, his swell build and the voice that registered like a young Charles Boyer's without the toupee touch.

Katie Hepburn's jitters were shared by Director Jack Conway and everyone else on the set that day except Turhan Bey. The only thing that bothered Turhan was whether Hepburn would like him or not. Because, long before he'd ever set his almond eyes on Hollywood, he had tagged her as his dream actress. Once he'd sat through eight straight performances of "Woman of the Year"—just to worship silently at her image. It didn't make sense that he was here in Hollywood, of all places, and about to caress his very best idol for all the world to see in one of her greatest triumphs. But Turhan at twenty-five knows life has many surprises, and his poise was not seriously disturbed. Still he was thrilled.

turkish delight . . .

It was a long scene and a torrid one—about as torrid as Chinese lovers ever get—involving a cross-country kiss starting on Katie's arm and traveling over her shoulder and cheek right up to a shell pink ear. Hepburn had to react all the way, and, like I say, she had built up beaucoup sales resistance.

Well—during the next few minutes after Director Conway whispered "Action!" and the Turk went to work, they say the log turned into a charred cinder, the rice fields withered, and the scorched earth policy brought the M-G-M fire department to Sound Stage 10 with hoses, axes and clanging bells. That's just gossip, of course. But what I know for a fact is that when the scene was over, and Katharine Hepburn had got back her breath, she turned to Turhan Bey and spake thus:

"There isn't any other man in the world who could have played that scene better!"

Which thrilled Turhan Bey from his handsome head right down to his well-traveled toes and sent him scurrying right out—after a discreet hand kiss—to load Hepburn's dressing room with roses from that day on, as Turhan Bey would—but naturally, Madame.

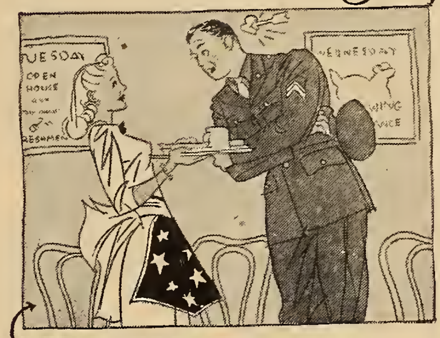
Of course, nobody needs Katharine Hepburn to tell the world that Turhan Bey is something new and special in the Hollywood male lover line. You and you and you discovered that the hard way quite a spell back through a fog of pretty sticky parts wherein he usually got his neck sliced or his hide fried. And those leerings through reels and reels of dirty work obviously has very little to do with love.

Playing Jap rats, Hindu heavies, menaces for Montez and such, is no royal road to Hollywood romance, but just the same Turhan (you pronounce it Toor-hahn, giving both syllables the same break) couldn't ward off the mash notes no matter how much black business he wallowed in. The minute Turhan opened his Turkish trap and let that low velvet voice out, the deed was done; when he gave just a lazy glance into the camera with his sloe eyes, the hypnotics got going, even if Turhan was about to chop the heroine into filet

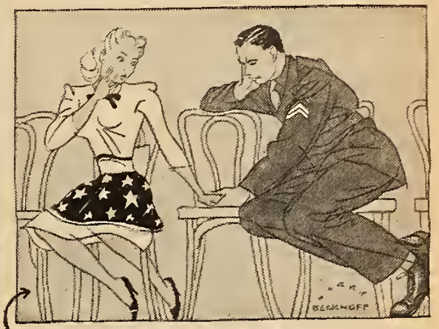
HANDY ADVICE...by Arlene Francis

Arlene Francis, star of Hinds BLIND DATE program, really knows about the magic in white, smooth hands

How to be a smart girl
(and get your man)



BOY MEETS GIRL:
"Ever old—ever new... Ah me, love in bloom. Her eyes?—stars! Her hair?—spun gold! Her hands?—tsk, tsk... now we've got a problem, gentle reader. Trouble for our heroine."



GIRL'S GONNA LOSE BOY:
"Soft lights...sweet music...hands meet ...and good-bye romance. No flower-petal softness—her hands suggest a cactus plant. Scratchy, rough, chapped, red."

GIRL GETS WISE:
"Chaps don't like chap. Nor sandpaper roughness, dishpan redness. Emotion needs lotion. Hinds! Because in Hinds there's a special ingredient—*the closest thing to the natural oils of your skin!*"

GIRL GETS BOY:
"Thrilling hands now. Soft. White. Smooth. Hinds hands! Hands with magic in their touch. Try Hinds, sister, and don't lose any time or you might lose your man!"

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FREE! EARRINGS!

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with solid backing from the bobby sock brigade to the corset circle, he's "Sailing along on Turhan Bey," as Jack Oakie cracks, panicking the post office with 10,000 or more sweet sentiments a month, set to start next in his own Valentino-esque super-dooper, "The Return of the Sheik" and, as Universal's Oriental Love Dream, proving that Turks are no jerks—definitely.

Of course, Mister Bey is not all Turk. Just on his nobleman father's side. He was born in Vienna, and his mother, who keeps house for Turhan in Hollywood, is a Czech. Tagging Turhan "Mister Bey," by the way, is double talk, just like saying Mister Mister. Because that's what Bey means, roughly, "Mister"—only a very high class mister, which is right and proper because Turhan is very definitely a high class guy. In fact, it's not very often that Hollywood sees a sentimental gentleman quite like him. That's why, startling as his success story is, I'm prepared to skip it. It's Turhan Selahettin Schultavy Bey himself who's out of this Hollywood world.

It's not his looks that dood it; there are plenty prettier boys around Hollywood than Turhan Bey, although he isn't exactly rough on the eyes, either. His head is large and nicely modeled, and his face full with a generous nose and a swell smile that's usually always working unless he's wrapped up in a bad Bey mood. His long hair is blue-black and shiny like silk, and his skin just faintly olive. The eyes are what get you—they're smoky dark, of course, and just tilted enough to suggest the East, but according to Turhan's deadpan explanation, that's more because he got snow-blinded once on an expedition in Siberia, than due to his Oriental blood. Which reasoning makes for to laugh.

His tall body is as ripply-muscled as a swimmer's and graceful as a cat's. But outside his velvet voice and mesmerizing accent, Turhan's championship charms are his personality, his Continental wit, his suave, gracious manner, his unruffled poise and his polish that shines like a cavalry colonel's boots.

Turhan wears all these sophisticated virtues as easily and naturally as a duck wears feathers. Few things are a mystery to him. He understands and knows what's what in fine food, horses, guns, clothes, music, art, languages—and women, too. He likes nothing but the best. He's accustomed to service and luxury, and he admits he's lazy. He's calm and collected in any situation, and the touch of the East in his make-up gives him a fatalistic, sometimes superstitious outlook. He doesn't exactly croak "Kismet" every now and then, but what's to be is to be in his book. And he doesn't tempt Fate.

pieces of luck . . .

For instance, Turhan's nutty about the symphonies at the Hollywood Bowl. When the season ticket sale went on a few weeks ago, he sent his secretary and shadow, Paul Richards, over to get some.

"But don't reserve them in my name," he ordered. Paul wanted to know why not.

"If I counted on being there that far in advance, something would probably happen to me to prevent it." So Paul bought them under a phony name.

Turhan doesn't go in for hocus-pocus charms or anything mystically Oriental, but when he does have a good luck piece he trusts, he clings to it like a bulldog. He doesn't wear exotic jewelry like Rudy Valentino (the star to whom they're always comparing him) did. The only cherished gimmick he sports is a solid gold ring with his family crest. The reason he owns that is because he was warned he couldn't take gold out of Europe. So in Switzerland he had some gold pieces hammered into the ring. But he did acquire a

St. Christopher medal, supposed to protect all travelers, here in America, which he promptly fastened to the dashboard of his automobile. He had a few narrow escapes driving across the country to Hollywood, but the St. Christopher carried him through safely every time. So Turhan was sure it was strong medicine.

Then, about a year ago, Turhan saw a car he liked better than the one he had. That's his big weakness, automobiles. He drives a sporty, light gray Lincoln Continental now, which he calls "my second hand Ford." That's because, as a young blade in Europe, he indulged his motor urge to the fullest, and today he has deluxe custom-made buggies sitting in storage (he hopes) in half the cities of Europe. There's a Lancia in Turin, for instance, a Mercedes in Paris and a Rolls-Royce in Vienna that Turhan could certainly use in Hollywood. None of those are exactly flivvers, and Turhan used to cut a fancy figure at the wheel on the boulevards of Europe.

Anyway, when he saw this new car, Turhan promptly traded in his old one and drove it off, forgetting all about the St. Christopher fixed on the trade-in's dashboard. Well, believe it or not, he'd hardly had the new car a day when everything began to happen. Three tires went flat a few miles from Hollywood. Then he skidded off the road and banged the fenders into accordion pleats. For a while Turhan couldn't understand it, then suddenly he knew. The St. Christopher medal wasn't around.

sherlock holmes bey . . .

He rushed down to the used car place. His old car, they said, was gone. Somebody had snapped it up like a pair of nylons on a bargain counter. That didn't daunt the Bey. He pulled a Sherlock Holmes, and even if it *did* take him a week, he traced the old car and got his good luck medal back. He hasn't had any car trouble since.

Of course, it's just one of the many contradictions of Turhan Bey's existence that he should tote around a St. Christopher medal in the first place. He isn't a Christian, but a Mohammedan, although he doesn't work much at it. In fact, he has been inside a mosque only once in his life—at St. Sophia's in Istanbul, his dad's home town. That was when he was a moppet. Since then he has traveled around so much that Turhan doesn't know what religion he is at heart. But still certain Moslem hangovers grip him. One even threatened to nip his first picture part right in the bud.

That's when Warner Brothers spied Turhan in a Ben Bard School drama and tagged him as the type to play a Hindu servant in an Errol Flynn picture. But when Turhan heard he had to be a Hindu, he said, "No" very firmly. Mohammedans and Hindus just aren't a bit chummy, that's all, and Turhan regarded such a deal as a disgrace. However, in the end they managed to tag the character as some other kind of Indian servant that wasn't too icky for a Moslem to take.

Turhan's movie break, by the way, has been painted as "just a lark." But it wasn't at all. Turhan took a fling at acting when they invited him, not because he wanted to show his mother and grandma that, like the Americans all around him, it was possible for him, too, to earn an honest dollar. Up until that moment, he had never scratched together a dime by his own efforts in his entire life. And that explains much about Turhan Bey today. Why he likes the best that money can buy, why he likes service and leisure and wit and sophisticated surroundings. Because that's all he's had from the time he was in didies. I'll just skim through this briefly

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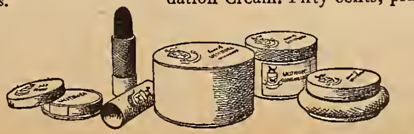

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to give you a rough idea—only it's not very rough. On the contrary.

Turhan's dad was a Turkish army officer. When baby Bey chose to arrive, Bey, Sr. was stationed in Vienna at the Turkish Embassy as military attaché. Most of Turhan's childhood was spent traveling here and there to the great capitals of Europe—Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Madrid, Petrograd, Budapest and so on.

Schultavy Bey, Sr., wasn't exactly poor. He came from an old aristocratic Turkish family, and when he was in Istanbul, which was rarely, Turhan lived in his father's immense villa "Naschautash" in a suburb of the Turkish city, a giant place spreading over hundreds of acres and boasting more rooms than a resort hotel. Often all the relatives on his father's side parked there, too—an old Turkish custom—and once Turhan remembers fifty cousins, aunts, uncles and in-laws roaming around the mansion all under his father's absolute rule—another Turkish custom.

But if his father was well in the chips, Turhan's mother's side of the house was even more on Easy Street. Her family owned vast holdings in Czechoslovakia, a big hunk of which was a factory manufacturing fine crystal glass. Luckily, before Hitler and his gang marched in, she managed to sell out her holdings. But the point is, as a kid Turhan never knew what money meant. The stuff was always around, and every whim he had was satisfied—whether it was guns, autos, trips or hi-jinks.

Chasing around like he did, exposed to the glamour and intrigue of the élite, Turhan picked up his polish and poise. He never had any formal education, never went to school in his life. Always a private tutor stuck around to teach Turhan his manners, his readin', writin' and arithmetic. They'd change whenever he went to a new capital. So that today Turhan can rattle off French, Spanish, Italian, German and now English—although he didn't know a word of that until he came to America. Oddly enough, he can just barely stumble along in his native Turkish, because the upper crust of Istanbul stuck to French.

forget to remember . . .

Being lousy with lucre, Turhan had his own horses now and then, when he was in a place long enough to have a stable. He got to be slick in a saddle, as he is today. They taught him the Turkish way of putting up his dukes, knife throwing, and while he's a little rusty today, he can still hurl a frog-sticker uncomfortably close when he wants to. Judo and wrestling probably helped develop that streamlined, silky-muscled build he has. It certainly is not the result of any training program. "I'm much too lazy for that," Turhan will confess charmingly. He found himself getting a little chubby about a year ago in Hollywood and signed up for a few workouts at Terry Hunt's. He went to just one workout. Then he forgot to remember to go any more.

Skipping around Europe's capitals gave Turhan a taste for sophisticated living that shows up today. Before he was 16 he learned, for instance, what the right wines were and how to order in a half dozen languages. Today he's a gourmet supreme. He'll make tracks clear across town just to discover some restaurant where a sauce is right on the beam. Russian Bublichiki's, the Villa Nova Italian restaurant and an obscure Turkish spot in Los Angeles are among his favorite lunch stands. He keeps a Turkish coffee pot, a brass and silver thing, in his studio dressing room to brew the dark strong stuff that can float a fleet of battleships and knock out an uninitiated American with one cup.

Turhan doesn't drink any more—not a drop—but when he was a young boulevardier in Europe he took a turn at the vin rouge. He used to smoke strong Turkish cigarettes, too, but he gave that up and sticks to pipes now. The reason for this and his slowed-down athletic life, too, is an overstrained heart he got somewhere or other, possibly from looking at Parisian bright lights too long in his youth.

Of course, it wasn't all fun and frolic that Turhan Bey grew up on. His mother, separated from his father, was sensible about getting him exposed to good sense, and at twenty-one Turhan knew his history, science and politics, being surrounded by the last all his young life. He and his mother both were able, by the way, to see the war coming in Europe and make tracks for the Land of the Free in time. One of Turhan's serious interests tipped him off early about German plans for world fireworks, too. That was when he trekked off on an expedition to Siberia—financing most of it himself, too—supposedly to uncover archeological secrets. A German professor headed the junket, and it turned out he was more interested in uncovering deposits of iranium for war-making purposes than he was in the bones of extinct mammals! At one time in his life Turhan worked up a big interest in uncovering ancient ruins and relics, going once into Tibet and another time digging all around Egypt and India. He was never any mere addle-headed young playboy, even if he did like his fun where he found it.

no time for money . . .

You might think all that wealth and easy upbringing would have spoiled Turhan like milk in July and made him so money conscious that he'd vibrate every time a dollar bill went by. However, outside of giving him an absolutely charming courtliness of manner and worldly wisdom, the damage from the first is absolutely negligible, and as for money—the guy just doesn't consider the stuff worth setting a match to. It's nice, of course, but he just can't be bothered about it.

For instance, last year Turhan paid his income tax without claiming a single deduction! He has pushed all mere money matters off on his secretary, Paul Richards. He'll even take Paul along when he's going to have an expensive evening, just so Paul can pay the check, a tiresome act which distresses Turhan immeasurably. Paul has talked him into an allowance by now, because with that auto weakness of his, Turhan was quite likely to stroll down Hollywood Boulevard for some pipe cleaners and come back with a couple of motor cars he fancied. But Turhan's disdain of heavy sugar can't really be cured. He vetoed all involved investment plans to get rich the minute his salary went up to respectable figures. He told Paul just to pay all the bills—without bothering him with them, please—and to sock all the rest in War Bonds.

On top of this high scorn of riches, Turhan is generous to a fault. When he first lit on the Universal lot, he caused a mild sensation by practically stripping himself naked every time somebody paid him a compliment. First off, a casual acquaintance admired a lovely gold and ostrich-skin cigarette case he was toting.

"You like it?" beamed Turhan. "Then please accept it." And he slipped it in the astonished guy's coat pocket. Next someone who wasn't hep at all, complimented him on a wrist watch. Off it came. Gloria Jean made the mistake of praising a Paisley scarf Turhan wore. He promptly untied it and put it around her neck. He dished out pipes, ties, coats—everything anyone happened to compliment. By now

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the studio hired help have learned not to build up anything the Bey wears, or they'll find themselves with it in their hands, embarrassed and protesting while Turhan purrs happily, "But I *want* you to have it!"

Turhan's the thoughtful type as well as being generous—especially when he's entertaining a girl friend. He never takes a girl out for the first time without sending her a present the next day and always one that's personal, exactly in the right taste, and top quality. First time he took out Susanna Foster, she got an album of symphony records. After Ramsay Ames had dinner with him, a messenger brought her her favorite perfume—how Turhan knew that she never guessed until she realized he'd sniffed it on her and being the old smoothie he is, recognized what it was at once. Turhan has given out with first editions, lovely jewelry and all kinds of nice things to various ladies he has squired. Hepburn's roses, by the way, were nothing sentimental. They were just a tribute—the kind that Turhan Bey invariably makes.

In fact, one thing that baffles and enrages him is Hollywood's habit of suggesting romance when he's seen anywhere with a lady. Turhan rebels at the bad taste it shows and gets sore as a boil. When some gossiper suggested that there was a rivalry over him between Ramsay Ames and Katharine Hepburn, Turhan blew up. "That's not only absurd," he stormed, "it's malicious." He's touchy as all get-out that way. He was raised to consider all *affaires de coeur* strictly private matters. Even when his secretary makes the arrangements for an evening, ordering theater tickets or night club reservations, he doesn't dare ask who the lady is to be. If he does, Turhan growls, "None of your business."

wall around nothing . . .

This gallant crochet, of course, has pushed Turhan Bey right into the role of a mystery man in Hollywood, which insists on knowing every muscular, mental and moral move of its stars, from breakfast to midnight. Actually, there's nothing at all mysterious about the Bey. Nor is he the stand-offish, snooty gent he's been cracked up to be. That rep came about because once or twice Turhan has refused bids to big Hollywood parties, simply by saying, "I don't feel like going." When he says that he means it. He hates parties and chit chat, gossip and small talk. He doesn't like big crowds, he doesn't like to be chummy with people he doesn't know, and he hates to be stared at. He won't attend premieres or even his own previews. He has a few pals in the picture business—Bob Lewis, dialogue director on "Dragon Seed," for instance, and Arthur Lubin, who really discovered Turhan, but most of his chums are Turkish students and European emigrés settled in Los Angeles or other Continentals he has known abroad driven here by the war. Turhan admits he's not the most sociable guy in the world, and he would rather be flayed alive than talk about himself, but there's nothing mysterious about him. In fact, he'll grin, "People say I have a wall of reserve. But what they don't know is that there's nothing behind the wall!"

One of Turhan's walls of reserve is his home in Los Angeles, where he lives with his 80-year-old grandmother and mother, a handsome and extremely *chic* woman. They bought it about four years ago, after coming to California to live, without any thought that Turhan would end up in the movies.

How that came about was by purest chance, but like most everything else in Turhan Bey's life, it stems from his Continental capers. He was in Paris living at the Grand Hotel right before the blitz when a young American doctor at the same hotel was looking for someone to show him the sights. The sights of Paris were right down Turhan's alley, so they did the town and the doctor was impressed. He said, "You know, you ought to be in the movies. You look like Rudolph Valentino." That phrase makes Turhan sore as a wet owl these days, because he hates to think he's a carbon copy of anybody—and he isn't at all. But at that time it flattered him a little, and he and his mother were already thinking about coming to America anyway. They could sniff the tough times that were bound to strike sooner or later in France. So the doctor gave Turhan a note to a friend of his who later turned out to be Arthur Lubin, a big shot director at Universal Studios.

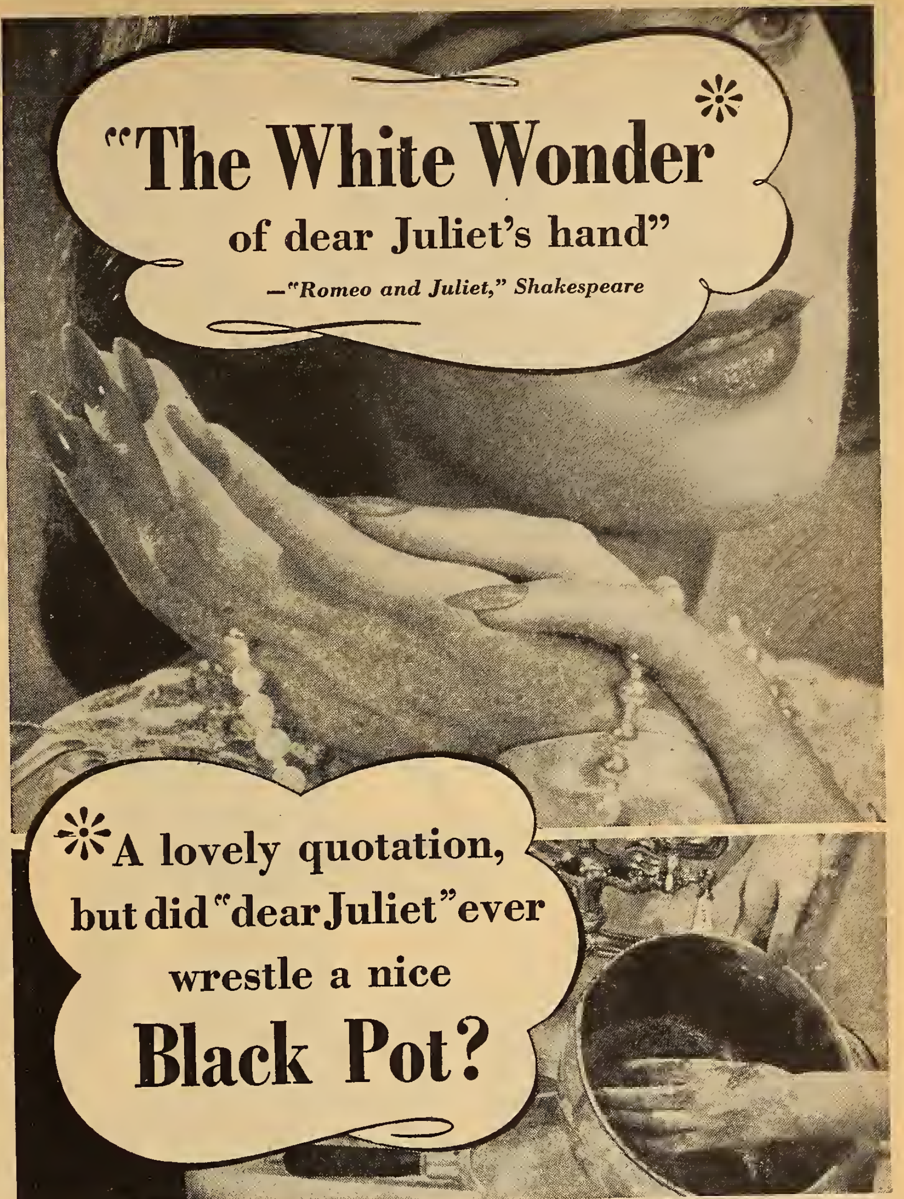
talking turkey . . .

However, at that time, Turhan didn't bother to look at the name or address. He was interested in seeing America and that was all. He'd seen about everything else, and there wasn't any future for him back in Turkey because he'd had a spat with his father, and he'd been around so much he didn't feel very Turkish anyway. So he soon found himself in New York, unable to speak a word of English and with plenty of no plans. He just hung around feeding the squirrels in Central Park, sitting in Translux newsreel movies and crooking his neck at the tall buildings until he got hold of a Chrysler convertible. Then the Beys went up to New Hampshire for the summer and planned to go to Florida for the winter season. But some Chamber of Commerce Californian they met got hold of them first. He said Florida was a place something like Devil's Island, whereas California was the garden spot of the world, with beautiful bathing beauties all over the place and hot and cold running orange juice in every room. As for climate—the Californian burst into tears of ecstasy as he warmed up on that subject. Climate was exactly what Turhan's mother was looking for at that point, so they set out right away, driving cross-country, and when they saw Hollywood, they liked it so much they bought their house the first week.

About the only problem Turhan had on his mind when he arrived was to learn to speak English. So, to learn the name of a good teacher, he dug out his doctor friend's letter and called up Arthur Lubin, who steered him on to Ben Bard's drama school as a good place to get glib with American as she is spoke, and have fun, too. Pretty soon Turhan was intelligible enough to act in a Playhouse production—a weird part it was, of course, one of those exotic roles, but that was practically required with the thick accent he had then.

That's when the Warners' scout saw him and offered him $350 a week to play the Hindu. Turhan got such a kick out of actually earning a salary and had such fun with Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Director Lloyd Bacon and the Warner gang of jokesters that he thought studios must be all right. Of course, Arthur Lubin took a peek at the picture and agreed with his doctor friend that Bey was future box-office. Lubin had a talk on his hands at Universal about signing up a Turk, but fortunately the studio was going in heavy for all sorts of jungle and Oriental epics, so that's how Turhan got his contract. And because Sabu is in the Army and because M-G-M thought enough of Turhan to trade Gene Kelly and several thousand bucks for his work in "Dragon Seed," you're going to see him starred next in "Return of the Sheik."

All this success and Hollywood furor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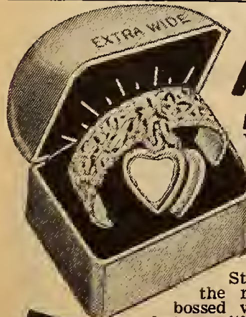

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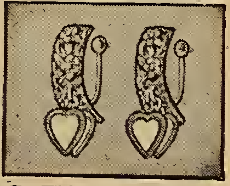

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course, but also a faint yawn. He thinks it amusing that people call him an actor when no one he ever knew before was called that. He guesses it's just Fate and lets it go at that. But he refuses to change his mode of living to accommodate a fame he didn't ask for.

That mode is what galls the press agents and snoopers in Hollywood—because if you believe Turhan, absolutely nothing at all happens. Few picture people indeed get inside his home, and since he won't step out to picture parties, the story is that he's a quiet operator.

"The truth is," Turhan will insist again, "that I'm just lazy." There's no argument there. For instance, he's probably the hardest person in the world to wake up. Alarm clocks do no good whatever. His mother has to come in and shake him. He likes to take it easy around his house where, in good Turkish custom, Turhan is the Lord and Master, if only the son and grandson. For recreation he used to potter around a lot with photography and had all kinds of expensive European cameras, which he got as official photographer for several of the scientific expeditions he was always ambling off on to Persia or somewhere. He also had a crack collection of guns. But when Uncle Sam went to war, Turhan promptly sold every camera and gun he owned. He was an alien, and he knew it, and he didn't think an alien ought to have any such things around his person. Turhan's still a Turkish citizen and subject, of course, to recall for military service if Turkey decides to take an active part in the war. But even then, maybe they wouldn't want to dress the Bey up in khaki because of that ticklish ticker of his, not that he wouldn't look darned beautiful in any sort of uniform.

As it is, Turhan decks himself out in daring costumes of loud checks and striking color combos that would look horrid on anyone else, but somehow drape him smartly and effectively. Maybe it's because clothes have a way of resting easy and carelessly on his swell build. He goes in for tweeds a lot, and often he'll show up around the lot in a pale lemon turtle neck sweater, a loud checked coat, riding breeches and polished boots. But somehow on him—even without the horse—it looks good. Turhan doesn't ride much any more because he doesn't like riding stable horses. Once one of them tossed him right on his ear when he took a turn around Griffith Park, and when he investigated, Turhan found the horse wasn't fit to be ridden; he had a saddle sore.

Turhan is touchy about his horses, so he has just given it up until he can have his own Arabian charger, like—who is that guy?—oh, Valentino.

That doesn't keep Turhan from striding around town in his riding clothes, however. He good-naturedly takes kidding about his clothes and customs now, being pretty well broken in to American humor. Sugie, Hollywood's famous host of the Tropics Eatery, puts the Bey on the pan when he sees him in boots and spurs. "My Gosh!" Sugie cries for all to hear, when Turhan enters done up *pour le cheval*, "it's the horseless rider again. Now don't tell me you ride nights and days, too!" Turhan thinks it's very funny now. Although a couple of years ago he'd have scowled and challenged Sugie to dirks at twenty paces or something.

sucker for scents . . .

Actually, he's extremely fastidious about his person. Designs his own shirts, has them specially tailored and has never been known to wear a shirt more than a few hours. He likes tubs, but has got used to American showers and likes to bathe three times a day and shave twice whether he needs it or not. He can grow a wispy moustache that makes him look fresh out of a Doctor Fu Manchu. The Oriental touch to his toilette is that Turhan's a sucker for scents. He daubs himself with cologne before he goes out and perfumes up his hankies. He has all his dress ties made with a special little square patch for his pearl stickpin. His favorite color is green, he hates bulges in his clothes, and he's always puffing a pipe.

If you pay heed to Turhan on the subject of his night life, he's strictly a home boy. He had his twenty-fifth birthday a few weeks ago, and although sometimes he looks about eighteen, sometimes he acts about fifty. He'll casually infer, when you bring up the subject, that all that café playboy business is far, far in the past and, in a slightly jaded voice, dismiss the subject.

He is very close to his mother, who like Turhan, is six feet tall and the epitome of Continental charm. Often they step out to dine, leaving Turhan's black cocker pooch, Keddy, to keep his grandmother company. For a long time the Scheherazade, a night club out next to Beverly Hills on the Sunset strip, was their favorite stepping-out place because of its subdued Continental, *intime* atmosphere. The Beys—I mean Schultaveys—gab to each other in German or French when they're alone. Considering this, it's a small miracle almost that Turhan can stick in the groove with American slang. But linguistically, he's like a blotter. Always has his ear out for a new station-house nifty, and when he catches it, repeats and cinches it, then beams and cries, "WON-der-ful! WON-der-ful!"

Susanna Foster is one of Turhan's current heartbeats. They met at the studio while making "The Climax" and then "Bowery to Broadway" and have been chumming around on sets and off ever since. That fact, by the way, is one of the nicest tributes Turhan could possibly have. Because Susanna is just about the most independent, outspoken young lady in Hollywood and has no time whatever for the Hollywood wolf pack. Turhan is the only movie actor she'll go out with. And she's my authority for this enlightening fact—that Turhan Bey is the only guy in Hollywood who can "kiss a girl's hand without making her feel silly!"

Turhan refuses to date around. If he goes with a girl, he goes until it p-h-h-ts. He bends over backwards, too, to play absolutely square with the conventions, sometimes to what seems an absurd degree.

For instance, he's a great pal of Jean Pierre Aumont's and also of his wife, Maria Montez, with whom naturally Turhan is very friendly, what with all the Universal thrillers they've made together, the newest one being, incidentally, "Queen of the Nile." Turhan used to see a lot of the Aumonts when Jean Pierre was in Hollywood. But the minute he left to rejoin the Fighting French, Turhan hasn't been out to the house nor taken Maria out. It's just not done in his book of rules.

There are a million little things about the Terrible Turk that make him a very rare bird indeed to be found nesting in the Holly-woods. Maybe after he's around a while longer, he'll slip more into the mould and become just another movie star. But right now he's out of this world, and it's a shame if he doesn't stay right there.

On the last day of "Dragon Seed" retakes, it came time for Turhan to say farewell to Katharine Hepburn, whom he unashamedly calls "the most exciting woman I have ever met." Said Turhan frankly, "You know, Katharine, I feel very upset. This is the last day of shooting, and I don't know you one bit better than I did the first day of the picture."

To which Katie replied, "I was just about to say the same thing to you!"

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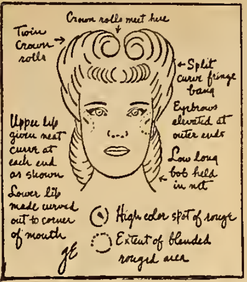
Crown rolls meet here
Twin Crown rolls
Split curve fringe bang
Eyebrows elevated at outer ends
Upper lip given neat curve at each end as shown
Low long bob held in net
Lower lip made curved out to corner of mouth
High color spot of rouge
Extent of blended rouged area
JE

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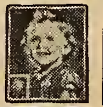

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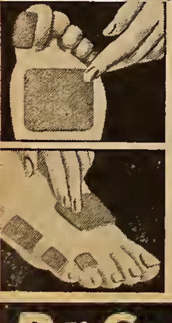

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LOTION LORE

(Continued from page 68)

SHINY-PUSS—Suppose you're dated up for a football game on a blustery afternoon. You don't want your nose to turn glossy after the first quarter. Neither do you want it to look red and frostbitten as the final whistle blows. Well, then, simply pat a certain all-weather lotion on your face before you step out. This lotion acts as a make-up base and chap-preventive, too. See if you don't pick up a rep for long-term outdoor glamour.

HOUSEKEEPER HANDS—When your hands fly from dishpan to dustrag to wash basin, they deserve special attention. After every sudsing, sleek a lotion over your roughened paws. It will restore the oil to your parched skin and keep your hands looking lovely as a bride's.

AFTER-SHAVE RASH—Dad knows how lotions soothe his prickly skin after a close shave, and you can profit by his experience, too. Swoosh a cool, fragrant lotion over your legs after you've de-fuzzed them. Don't give skin irritations a chance to crop up.

PINK ELBOWS— Pink's high style this season, but not for elbows. If your funny bones are in the sandpaper class, rest them in halves of lemons for fifteen minutes. This will bleach 'em back to normal. Then apply lotion generously to soften them up for exhibition.

GREASE SPOTS—If you've been clutching a monkey wrench on the assembly line, your hands have often looked drenched in licorice. For you, there's a special "beforehand" lotion that will make your cleansing chore easier. Apply it generously before you start work. It will act as a buffer substance so that grime and grease can be soaped off in a jiff when you're finished.

PUMP BUMPS— "Ouch!" you mutter. Sure sign those heel-hazards are rubbing you the wrong way again. Here's what to do. Night and morning massage a milky, softmaking lotion into those pesky calluses until they eventually fade into nothingness. Before you put on your shoes, dust some powder on the heel of your stockings to minimize friction and discourage the appearance of more little bumps.

TO SUM UP—Surround yourself with lotions, fair lady, strategically located in places you most frequent. Don't overlook the shelf just above the kitchen sink or the cabinet over the bathroom washbasin —they rate a bottle, too. A smart gal will keep one discreetly tucked away in her bottom drawer at the office. The accompanying rave notices will be just about as smooth as you will be.

LIKE TO BE IN DE HAVEN'S SHOES?

We can't quite manage that, but we can tell you how you can literally step into her clothes. Take a look at page 48, and see if you wouldn't give a couple of eye teeth to fancy yourself up in dresses exactly like the ones Gloria's wearing. Write to Marge Bailey for where to buy either one of these honeys.

HURRAY FOR LIPSTICK

(*Continued from page 67*)

carrot tops and bronzed brunettes are more fetching in tawny, orange lip tones.

APPLICATION TRICKS Once you've decided upon your pet color, how are you going to apply your lipstick to look your prettiest? One thing, says Joyce, you certainly won't do: That is, stab at yourself with a lipstick in the general direction of your mouth and hope that the finished product will suggest Hedy Lamarr.

For the natural effect the boys are clamoring for, take time to do a good job. The trick is to keep your mouth composed and bright, no matter how many boys you kiss good-by, regiment by regiment. Thickly smeared lipstick that leaves a flaming imprint on coffee cups, glasses of "Pepsi" or uniform collars is strictly taboo. Another thing the darlings don't like to see is a red-dyed fingertip. If you use your pinkie as a lip-rouge spreader, be sure to clean it thoroughly.

The correct procedure in Hollywood or Hoboken is to begin every lip-painting job with a perfectly clean mouth. First apply cream to help remove old lipstick. Use a soft cleansing-tissue to wipe away both cream and stale make-up. Tissues are handy to carry in your purse and leave a nice, fresh surface to decorate with lip art.

Now for the lipstick outline. If you feel that Nature has slipped up when it came to creating your mouth, do something about it! Design a new one that flatters the rest of your features. If your mouth is a thin slash, bring your lip rouge out to the extreme edge. If your mouth is a bit too generous for your peace of mind, work well within the natural outline. Only thing you have to avoid is imposing a square Bette Davis form on your own rosebuds, if they're the full, curving Rita Hayworth type.

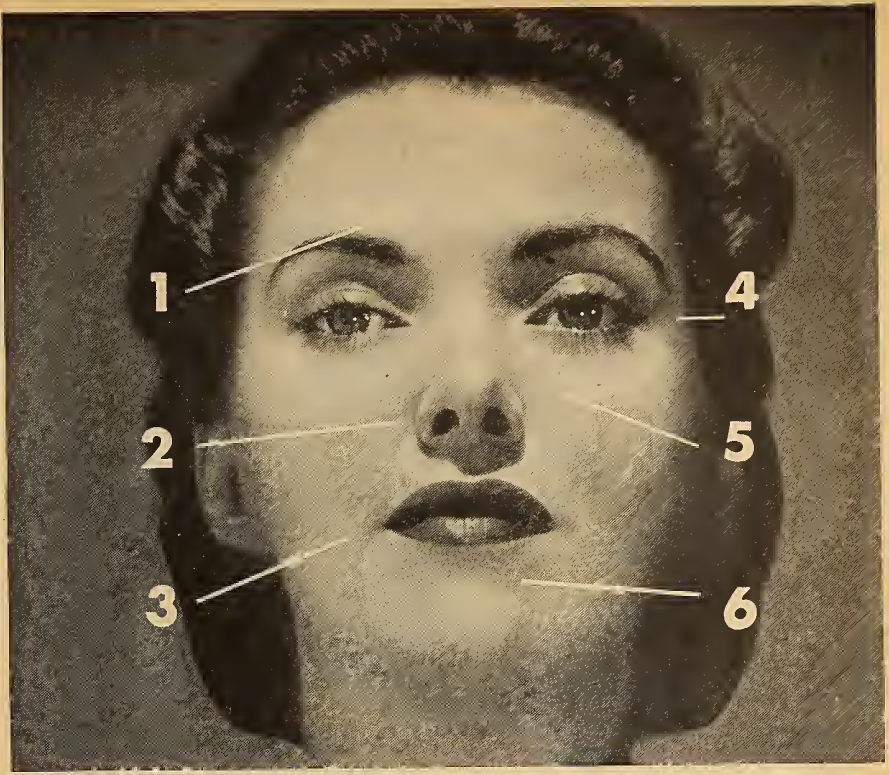
Take a tip from Joyce and use a lip pencil or brush to draw the perfect mouth. Fill in your deftly drawn outline with lipstick and carry the color well beyond the point where your two lips meet in order to avoid any abrupt dividing line. For a longer-lasting job, powder your lips and allow the powder-impregnated color to set for a moment. Flick off the excess powder with a tissue and apply a second layer of listick. Blot with a folded tissue, and you'll have an indelible "mouth" that will defy the inroads of the hottest coffee.

PROTECTION PLUS In the daytime, be sure your lips are protected with lipstick or lip pomade, because exposure to the elements makes them chapped and rough. Joyce is particular about this. Until she was fifteen, she lived in Texas where the elements can be pretty brutal. To keep your lips always in the pink of condition, apply a soothing lotion or cream every night before resting your weary head on the pillow. This simple care will prevent harsh, cracked lips. And, of course, you know that lipstick itself is a protective against the elements!

Before signing off until December, I have more news. The return of a reasonably priced, quality *metal* compact after an absence of several years! There are such smooth numbers as "cocktail hour," "pinwheel" and "parade." With that happy thought about compacts (metal ones!) I'll say good-by.

* * *

Your letters have been piling in. All I can say is . . . keep them coming! If you have any puzzler, from what shade of rouge to use to how your tresses should be worn, I'll be glad to help. Write to: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.



Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

1
Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?

2
Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?

3
Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?

4
Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?

5
Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?

6
Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?

Women say this new-texture face powder makes their skin look smoother, years younger!

There's a thrilling *new-texture* face powder that helps end all these 6 "face powder troubles"!

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's *made* differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES*. And this patented hurricane method of blending not only makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—it makes the shades richer—it makes your skin look *younger!*

Lady Esther Face Powder goes on your skin like a film of beauty. It helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles.

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Just try Lady Esther Face Powder! Get the smallest size box, if you like—but *try it!* When you see how much softer, smoother and younger it makes your skin look—it's time enough to get the largest and most *economical* size. But for living proof in your own mirror that this is the most flattering face powder you have ever used, get the small-size box *today!*

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(and save up to 50%)"

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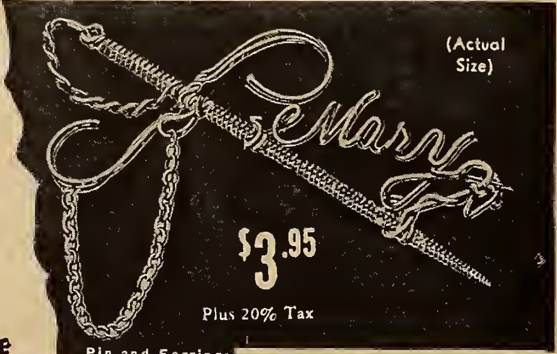

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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 65)

"hair-do" at the premiere of "Dragon Seed." Her hair is now decidedly pink in color, and she had red do-dads (that's all I can think to call them) dangling from her coiffure.

* * *

Alexis Smith told me a cute thing about the way her romance with her bridegroom, Craig Stevens, started. "You're responsible," she laughed. "You printed in your column that Craig and I, who had never met at the time, had had dinner together.

"The next night he called me up and said, 'Do you like Louella Parsons?'

"I said, 'of course'.

"'Well,' he laughed, 'you had better have dinner with me tonight unless you want to make an awful liar of her'."

Robert Walker came over to my house for dinner and did an awful lot of talking about Diana Lynn. The funny part of it is he has never met her. Just a fan. "She looks like an awfully nice gal," Bob said, "I wonder if she would like to have a date with me. Maybe dinner and a picture show?"

I couldn't let that good opening pass. So the next day I called Diana and told her what Bob had said. "Would I like a date with *him?*" she laughed, "What girl wouldn't?"

But the sequel is even funnier. In spite of my fine matchmaking, Bob still hasn't gotten his courage in hand to ask her.

* * *

When Bob Hope's plane was forced down in the South Pacific, and two cases of whiskey had to be tossed overboard—well, that was just too much for his pal, Bing Crosby, to let pass unnoticed. These two devote half their lives to ribbing each other.

The day after the story hit the front pages, Bing sent Bob the following cable:

"Would send condolences on the loss of your hair tonic and joke book, but cannot condone carrying such contrabands. I'm on the road to Berlin with a good cast. You're on the road to Tokyo with pretty good talent. What odds do you lay—who gets there first? Your guide and mentor—CROSBY."

QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(Continued from page 72)

1. Crooner cowboy
2. Curvacious in Corvette
3. Learner from Turner
4. Lady courageous
5. Serious in serials
6. Dumb doughgirl
7. Christmas caroler
8. Keeps even tenor with 4 kids
9. Lost his cover girl
10. Arthur Shields' brother
11. Prexies H'wood Canteen
12. Follows the girls
13. Laird of the Pasadena Playhouse
14. Had a gob of Withers
15. Jennie made her mind up
16. Huddling with "Hi"
17. Jack of all trades
18. Grandpa's the "Poor Man's Sinatra"
19. Diga, diga, does
20. Smolders with Loder

(Continued on page 119)

JUNE BUG

(*Continued from page 45*)

wanted to sit down on the floor and laugh and cry.

She's haunted by a crime she committed at the age of nine. A little boy proposed to her on the sunporch of a hospital. He had a bank, and people who came to see him put money into it. So when he asked her to be his girl, she said, "all right, if you'll give me your bank." He said, "All right, if you'll give it back when I go home." He went home first and forgot to ask for it, and she forgot to remind him. On purpose. She knew she was being awfully bad, but wasn't it wonderful to have that beautiful bank and all that money! Now she'd like to find the little boy. Maybe they could figure out how much she owes him.

He was her last beau for years. In high school the boys never asked her to go out. She was little and thin and had no sex appeal. Not till she was playing in "Best Foot Forward" did she have a real beau. They were even engaged for a while, but nothing came of it. He was the nicest boy. Used to tell her what to do and not to do, like "You shouldn't drink." Of course she didn't drink anyway, but she let him go right on telling her, it made him feel so good.

She attributes her success to everything but herself—to Fred Astaire's dancing, Betty Hutton's measles, George Abbott's kindness, wonderful Joe Pasternak, and an accident that all but killed her at the age of nine.

She was on a bike playing cops and robbers with the kids when a big beat-up old tree, loosened by a thunderstorm the night before, kind of fell apart on top of June and Teddy—her French poodle who was racing alongside. For a week, they thought she wouldn't live. For months, they thought she wouldn't walk again. For five years she wore a brace on her back. As recently as three years ago, when she danced in the chorus, her legs would sometimes buckle and down she'd go. The other kids laughed and called her clumsy. She laughed back and said, "I sure am." She didn't want them feeling sorry for her. There was nothing to feel sorry about. She was doing fine.

growing pains . . .

The accident happened in Westchester, where she lived with her grandmother, because her mother and dad were separated, and mother worked in New York. All she kept asking about, when her senses came back, was Teddy. Mother finally told her he'd been hurt so badly that they'd thought it best to send him to heaven with the other little dogs. That was her first great sorrow. She still carries Teddy's picture around with her.

When she was 12, her grandmother died, and June went to New York to live with Mother in a little cold-water flat under the elevated tracks. Their only heat came from the kitchen stove, so on winter mornings she'd get up at five and go down to the stores to get wooden boxes to burn.

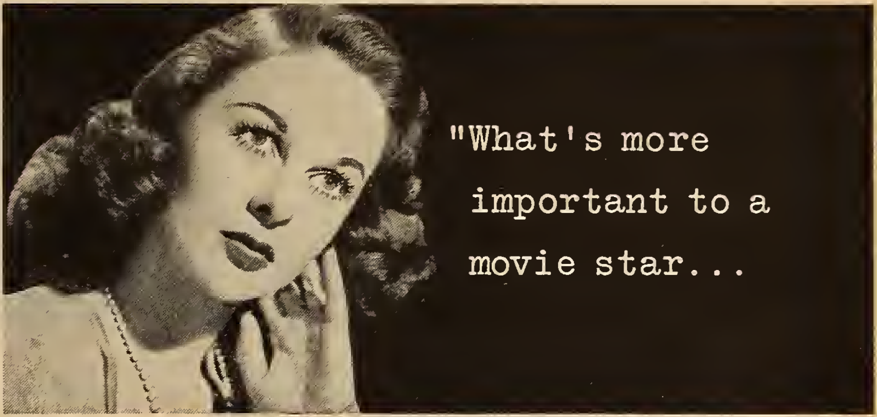
Two years later all that changed. Mother married again. They moved to Fordham, and June had a room all her own. At first, she just sat and looked at the room. She'd even go sit in the closet, it was so big. But the miracle of the world was getting four pairs of shoes all at once. Every night she'd set them up in a row, so they'd be the first thing she'd see when she woke in the morning. Otherwise, she'd have thought she'd dreamed them.

All through school she kept pretty much

(Continued on page 114)

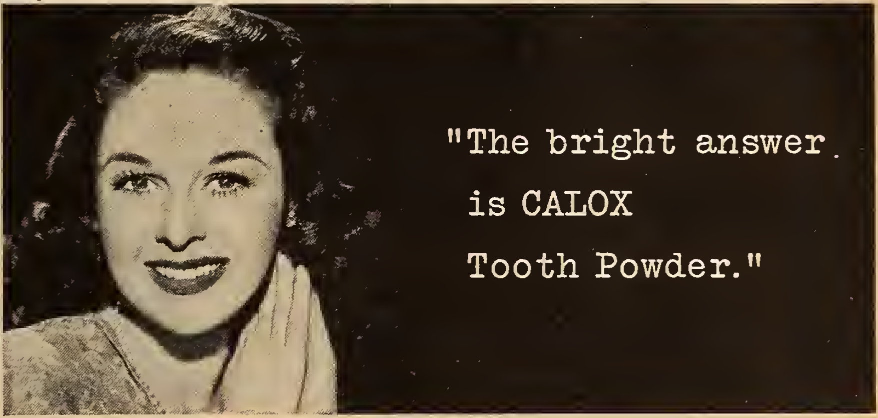
SUSAN HAYWARD speaking:

Appearing in "AND NOW TOMORROW" a Paramount picture.



"What's more important to a movie star...

"Than a beautifully brilliant smile?



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IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for people who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with *utmost gentleness*. Calox offers you:—

1. **SCRUPULOUS CLEANING.** Calox is a multiple-action powder. It contains *five* cleansing and polishing ingredients.
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3. **CALOX IS GENTLE.** Double-sifted through 100 mesh silk.
4. **NO MOUTH PUCKERING MEDICINE TASTE.** Children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. **MADE BY A FAMOUS LABORATORY.** McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

By Nancy Wood

Son Stan assiduously avoids K. P. Prefers to help his Dad in their Victory Garden . . . hopes Baby Jimmy will soon learn to weed!

When Daddy does the dishes, daughter Kristin loves to help . . . but solemnly inspects each and every one! "The Very Thought of You" is next Morgan starrer.

Here's where Dennis Morgan proves that folks like good plain food and plenty of it when they hail, as he does, from WISCONSIN

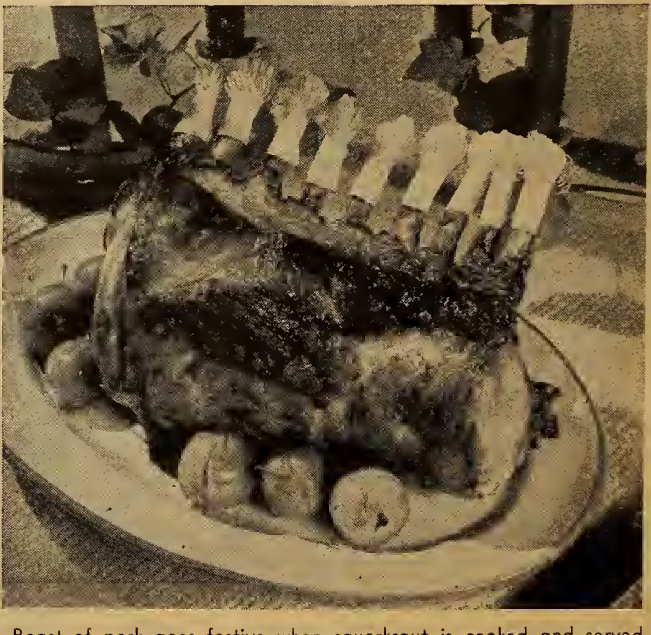
What's Cookin' America

■ WHEN we learned, recently, that *both* Dennis Morgan and his wife, Lillian, were born and brought up in Wisconsin, we decided that here indeed was a golden opportunity to find out the sort of fare preferred by folks from "The Beaver State."

This happens to be the very first of the Middle Western States to be featured in this series. We think you'll agree that the choice was a fortunate one when you learn about the many fine recipes we collected from the Morgans for you to try.

To begin with, as this Warner Bros. star pointed out, hearty foods are favored back where he came from. This derives in no small measure from the fact that Wisconsin was extensively settled by groups which escaped from Germany after the revolutionary uprising of 1848 . . . and by others who came from Scandinavian countries and from Switzerland—among whom are included Dennis' ancestors. Naturally these people all brought with them not only their cheese and beer making skills but also their liking for substantial dishes, together with their knowledge of how to prepare them. Couple this with the bountiful harvests produced by the outstanding fertility of the Wisconsin soil, and you'll readily understand why natives of that State establish, early in life, the habit of eating plenty—and well!

In this respect Dennis is certainly no exception. The head of the house of Morgan likes to begin his busy day with a big breakfast. Starts off with a large glass of orange juice; invariably includes toast, coffee and boysenberry jam—this last whipped up for his special delectation by Mrs. Morgan herself. Frequently in-



Roast of pork goes festive when sauerkraut is cooked and served with it, and paper frills top each chop. Spiced crabapples are used here to garnish this Wisconsin specialty of the Morgans.

The fourth in our Regional Recipe series

cludes on his breakfast menu "Eggs à la Morgan"—a concoction which he proudly claims to have originated.

A great dinner favorite with the entire family is Pork and Sauerkraut—cooked together for delectable results. Plain boiled potatoes accompany this combination. Pickled beets and onions are served as a salad—while rye bread and beer are musts in Mr. M.'s opinion.

Naturally, since Wisconsin has countless well-stocked streams and around two thousand lakes, Dennis has always been an enthusiastic fisherman with a marked preference for the fresh-water variety of fish—the kind he used to catch in the northern part of Wisconsin where he spent his boyhood vacations. Likes nothing better than to cook his own catch, on the spot, frying the small ones in deep fat, after dipping them in cornmeal. However when it comes to big fellows, like "Muskies" (the wily Muskalonge which often weighs around 35 pounds), Dennis recommends planking and baking at home, in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.)—allowing 15 minutes to the pound. You serve this sportsman's special right on the plank—with a garnish of radishes, green onions, lemon slices and parsley and a large red apple in the critter's mouth. (Wisconsin here we come!) With planked fish of all kinds, Lillian Morgan serves cole slaw and her Special French Fries. "No dessert afterwards, except fresh fruit and cheese," specified her handsome husband. "Wisconsin cheese, of course," he added with understandable loyalty!

Speaking of cheese, once again, Dennis also likes to cook up a tangy rarebit, occasionally. Claims he has worked out a method that assures unusual smoothness and mellowness of flavor. And we agree!

Where desserts are concerned, we did not find our host overly enthusiastic. True, he can never say "no" to one of his wife's Angel Food Cakes. And no wonder, for Lillian turns out an Angel Food that is not only as white as the driven snows on Wisconsin pines but is surprisingly moist in the bargain—this last being a noteworthy feature when you think how dry such cakes often are. Excellent bakers, these Wisconsin women. You see we tried her recipe so we know whereof we speak.

Occasionally, however, Mr. M. can be persuaded to eat a portion of a colorful Fruit Whip which Mrs. M. fixes especially for their three kids, who adore it! Nice part about this dessert is that you can make it with any kind of canned fruit.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO HAVE TESTED AND SURE-TO-SUCCEED RECIPES FOR DENNIS MORGAN'S FAVORITE DISHES? Then be sure to send for this month's free recipe leaflet which tells you how to prepare some pretty special fare: Roast Pork with Sauerkraut, Wisconsin Rarebit, Eggs à la Morgan, Special French Fries and Versatile Fruit Whip. Not to mention Holiday Angel Food . . . which takes a lot of egg whites, it's true, but makes up for this by not calling for a single red point. Now that's a thought! So send your request (enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope) to:

THE MODERN HOSTESS, Dept. D.M.
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

"So What ?"

This curious character isn't any one you know. It certainly isn't any one *we* know. In fact we don't believe the man exists who wouldn't prefer a crisp, *white* shirt to one that looks dingy and gray.

But we *have* known women who acted as though their husbands couldn't tell the difference. Not deliberately, mind you! They just didn't know how to get *all the dirt* out of shirts—or any badly soiled garment.

We get to know these women because a lot of them write to us—when they try Fels-Naptha Soap. They say this mild, golden soap, blended with naptha, makes washing quicker and easier. That it gets things sweeter and cleaner. They say they'll never use anything else.

These women are housekeepers—just like you. So we're passing the tip along.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

●Tens of thousands of women will tell you that smoother-fitting, more comfortable panties cannot be bought at any price. The reason is simple.—nearly a quarter of a century of constantly improving! Only the makers of this superbly tailored product may employ the exclusive NU-EVE patented features.

●At America's finest stores ... in limited quantities till Victory

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Does he hold your hand in the Movies?

Because they're irresistibly soft and smooth, the nicest hands in the world to hold! Your hands will invite romance if you use Sofskin regularly. For Sofskin is a dependable beauty creme which keeps hands white, soft and appealing . . . *the way he adores them!* Use it on wrists, elbows, ankles, too. Get a jar today . . . and make Sofskin a part of your daily beauty routine.

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for lovely hands and skin

Your beauty salon or cosmetic counter will be delighted to give you a free Sofskin application.

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(*Continued from page 111*)

to herself, being sort of embarrassed about her brace. You couldn't notice it unless you touched her, so she figured if she didn't play with anybody, they wouldn't know. At Roosevelt High School she *did* make some friends—exclusively girls—and won scholastic honors. She *had* to be smart, says June, because there was nothing else to do. Of course she'd rather have been popular, but boys never knew she was there. To hide the hurt, she'd brag. "Oh, *I* could have gone to the dance, but I'm too busy studying to be a doctor." Having spent so much time in hospitals, she worshipped doctors.

One afternoon she went to see "The Gay Divorcee" and, as Fred Astaire danced, something went bong! in her head, the way it does when you get a bright idea. She stayed all day and played hookey from school to go back the next day and the next. Eighteen times she sat through "The Gay Divorcee," and in her room she practised Astaire's routine. Well, anyway, it was based on his routine.

Now she really had something to brag about. "I can dance like Fred Astaire," she told the girls.

So they ganged up on her—cut out a newspaper ad for chorus girls and stuck it under her nose. "Why don't you go down and audition? We dare you—"

She couldn't very well back down, after all that bragging. Next morning, a small figure in bobby socks, flat heels and no make-up stood shaking in the shadow of the theater where "Sing Out the News" was in preparation. Beautiful girls, looking as if they'd stepped out of Vogue, swung gaily through the doors. June turned to go home.

the lesser evil . . .

And have the kids say you weren't good enough? You're going *in!*

But I'm *not* good enough.

You bet you're not. But you're going in and let *them* tell you so.

She pushed herself in and up to a table, where a man took her name. She saw that the other girls had brought their own music. When her name was called, she said, "I do a different kind of dancing. With*out* music—" and she went into the Allyson version of the Astaire routine. They hired her at thirty-five a week, and she had to suppress an impulse to tell the man he'd made an awful mistake, and didn't he want to change his mind?

Instead she flew home and called all the girls. "I'm a big Broadway actress." They sent her orchids and wires on opening night and even forgave her for being in the last row, where they couldn't see her. At the end of two months Mother put her foot down. June was to finish high school. Then, if she still wanted to, she could go back.

She finished at 16 and got a job in the chorus of "Very Warm for May." To hear her tell it, they took her because she danced so badly, they thought it was a new style. And they gave her a specialty number to get her out of the chorus, because she gummed things up by never doing the same step twice. Why, they let her understudy the lead in "Higher and Higher," she hasn't figured out yet—unless it was to keep her from singing in the dressing room and driving the other girls crazy.

Be that as it may, the principal came down with pneumonia just before they opened in New Haven, and June stepped in on three hours' notice. Net result: a specialty dance in "Panama Hattie," plus the job of understudying Betty Hutton.

She roomed with Claire Monahan and Betsy Blair—who's married to Gene Kelly now—at the American Women's Club, and they never had enough money for carfare. Till Betty got the measles. June wouldn't wish the measles on anyone, but as long as Betty had to have them, she's terribly grateful that it happened when it did. Because she kind of stopped the show with “All I Got to Get Now is My Man.” And when it was over, somebody knocked at her dressing-room door.

“It's George Abbott. May I come in?”

“Oh, go away—”

It was such a tired rib. The kids knew she'd tried to crash Abbott's office a dozen times, and never got past the office boy.

“I'm really George Abbott, and I'd really like to talk to you.”

What started her heart pounding was the smile in his voice. It sounded real. She pulled the door open, and there stood this regal-looking man. All she remembers of the next fifteen minutes is, he offered her a featured role in “Best Foot Forward,” and she kept gasping “No!” meaning it couldn't be true, but he thought she meant the other kind of no and kept upping the salary, till she collected her wits enough to say yes.

It would be nice to make a good story of her first Broadway opening—with people going wild and a star born overnight, the way it happens in the movies. Only it didn't happen that way. June was up in knots and never gave a worse performance. Even Mr. Abbott said so. As time went on though, she relaxed and improved. M-G-M offered her a contract. She felt terribly flattered, but decided she wasn't ready for the movies yet. Besides, New York was such fun—with her own apartment in Tudor City and enough carfare and the nice boy. She'd be glad to go to Hollywood after the run of the show—if they still wanted her.

They did. One day she stepped off the train at Los Angeles, all scared and thrilled because there'd be a reception committee and flowers and cameramen and a big to-do—anyone who reads the fan magazines knows that. Well, two hours later, honey, she was still standing there. Of course she'd arrived four days ahead of time and neglected to let the studio know. But that slipped her mind for the moment.

She felt very sad—and kept getting sadder by the minute as she climbed into a taxi and drove to the Beverly Wilshire—the only hotel whose name she knew. In her room, she plumbed the depths of sadness. Ten dollars a day said the card tacked to the door. She had fourteen left, of the fifty she'd started out with.

livin' on nothin' . . .

She couldn't stand the sadness. She had to do something to make herself happy again. So she went for a walk and dropped in at a drug store and bought a bottle of her favorite perfume that she'd never been able to afford. This left her with two dollars, but she smelled pretty anyway.

The air must have cleared her head. It dawned on her that nothing but a phone call stood between her and the studio. M-G-M gathered the lost sheep in and put her to work. Pretty soon she was paying dividends.

From a spot in “Girl Crazy” to “Best Foot Forward” to “Two Girls and a Sailor.” That's when June began feeling the difference. Nothing you could put your finger on—just a gradual change in atmosphere. Like smiles instead of stares. Like people taking you in, instead of letting you stand like furniture. Joe Pasternak produced the picture. She thanks him for everything. He's magic. Without him, she'd just be another girl. She says—*He* said he wanted her for “Brighton Beach,” his next musical. That was enough to make her delirious, but she got more. Pneumonia, first of all. Joe'd come over and see her, while she was convalescing. Just sit and look at her. “How do you

How can you tell your daughter *if*..

You, yourself DON'T KNOW *these intimate physical facts!*

You may be able to save your daughter years of unhappiness in her married life ahead if you'll only tell her these intimate physical facts *now*.

But first — make sure *your own* knowledge is just as *modern*, “up-to-date” as it can be — the newer *scientific* facts on douching. And it WILL BE if you recommend Zonite (discovered by a world-famous Surgeon and renowned Chemist).

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On the other hand *don't* use old-time over-strong solutions of harmful poisons (many even with skull and crossbones on label) which can actually burn, severely irritate and damage tissues — in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. Untold misery has come from this. When you use Zonite you take *no such risk*.

So Powerful Yet So Harmless

Your own Doctor will probably tell you no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues.

Zonite actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances, it helps guard against infection—*instantly* kills all germs it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! No germicide kills germs *any faster* or *more thoroughly* than Zonite! It kills all reachable germs—keeps them from multiplying.

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feel? How soon does the doctor think you'll be up?" Almost as if he were in a hurry. But he couldn't be. He had "Music for Millions" to do with Susan Peters, before he'd be ready for "Brighton Beach."

The first day she was out of bed, he phoned. "Are you standing or sitting?"

"Standing."

"Well, sit down. I've got news that may startle you."

They were taking her out of "Brighton Beach," she thought. All right, she'd be brave about it.

"You're going to do the lead in 'Music for Millions.'"

Even sitting down, her head swam. "Wh-what about Susan Peters?"

"She's not well enough to come back yet. We'll have something else for her when she's ready."

"But—she's so wonderful. How can I do a part that was meant for her?"

"Are you willing to let me worry about that?"

"*Willing*?" By now the tears were rolling down her cheeks. After all, you can't blame her. She'd just had pneumonia. "You worry, dear Joe," she sniffed. "I'll go find a handkerchief."

So she's making "Music for Millions," with "Brighton Beach" still ahead.

She lives in a furnished apartment with a glassed-in shower. The glassed-in shower makes her feel she's arrived. When she first moved in, she'd take eight or nine showers a day.

three wishes . . .

Long ago she decided that when she was grown up, she'd have a gray Persian lamb coat, a blue convertible with the top down and breakfast in bed. After saving up for the coat and the car, she told Bess one day about the three wishes. She truly didn't mean it as a hint, but next morning Bess brought her breakfast in on a tray. "In fairytales," she said, "all the wishes have to come true."

Bess is June's housekeeper, but she's more like a mother. She leaves messages on the phone-pad. "So-and-so wants to take you to dinner. I think you should go." "Such-and-such called. Wants you to call back. I'd advise against it." June never has to ask whom she likes and doesn't. If she goes to the kitchen and puts on a white apron, that means you don't rate. No apron means you're okay with Bess. Richard Powell and David Rose are no-apron people. These two may be Dick and Dave to all the world, but they're Richard and David to June. Nicknames rub her the wrong way.

She thinks the marriage gossip about Richard and herself is silly. How can you talk about marriage when the man won't be free to marry for almost a year? In a year, anything can happen. Of course they're good friends, else they wouldn't see so much of each other. But she goes out with other men, too—Van Johnson, John Hodiak, David Rose. Her best girl friends are Lucille Ball and Dorothy Cooper, a script clerk. She can tell the first time she meets you if she's going to like you—by your eyes and the way you smile.

Her favorite date's a nice quiet dinner and dancing afterwards. Her favorite dance is the rumba—to Harry James' music or Cugat's or David's. She hates big parties, everything's so confusing. It's nicer to go out with one person, then you know where you are. She's twenty now and still doesn't like to drink and expects to feel the same way when she's thirty. Hot coffee's her passion—the smell even more than the taste. She can't stand it in big cups, so she orders one demitasse after another and sets them where the whiff hits her nose. She'd rather eat

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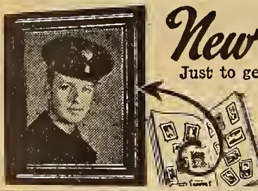

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And you, too, should know the heart-warming thrill of owning a canary. Like the stars, you'll want to feed it FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Biscuit—the largest selling brand in the U. S.

OWN A CANARY—*THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS*

hay than carrots, adores spinach and Chinese food and practically anything Bess cooks. She loves to stay *out* of the kitchen. When she had to feed herself in New York, seems all she ever ate was fried eggs and noodles.

She goes in for tailored clothes and subdued colors—though she's learning to wear them bright in California. Designs her own things, because bought clothes don't fit her, but hates to stand for fittings. So she'll dash in with a sketch, glance at materials, say "I'll take that," and start dashing out again, hoping to get away with murder. But they always haul her back.

Shoes are her pet extravagance—that goes back to childhood when she had to stay home while her one pair a year were being mended. Coupons don't bother her. She has enough shoes from before the war to last practically forever. She saves on hats—hasn't worn one since the accident. For months her head was bandaged. "If I ever get these bandages off," she said, "I'll never wear anything on my head again." On account of the accident too, she's a champ swimmer. She had to swim in the school pool every day to strengthen her muscles.

She likes to sew, but can't knit. Starts thousands of sweaters that somebody else has to finish. Which makes her worse than a moron, because people tell her that even morons can knit. They also make fun of her because she wears her fingernails natural and her toenails bright red. It fascinates her to see those little red things peeking out of her shoes. She has two superstitions. Dropping a comb's bad luck, so you have to step on it to break the jinx. And she always wears one thing —like the same ring or the same garter—from the very beginning to the end of a picture.

She collects pigs. That started in New York when the kids in "Best Foot Forward" held a contest. Whoever looked most like an animal would get the animal she looked most like. June won—with a pig. Mind? Don't be silly. She got a present, didn't she? Besides, they said she looked like a *cute* little pig, not a porker—

melody in blue . . .

Her idea of a lovely evening at home is to sit by the fire, read a sad book, listen to heartbreaking music and eat chocolate candies. Even on warm nights, she has the fire going—and the windows open. She loathes jazz. All her records are long hair. She can't exactly explain why she likes her books and music sad—except they give you deeper feelings than the other kind.

All she carted along from New York were her books and the little radio she bought out of her first paycheck. She could never bear to do away with a book, and still has the first one she ever owned. Every year she re-reads "The Stargazer," Van Gogh's life and Dalton Trumbo's "Johnny Got a Gun," sobbing all the way through.

When she has her own home, there'll be a fireplace in every room. And a library solid with books from floor to ceiling. And a big bear rug in front of the main fireplace. She wants to walk all over a bear rug, the way Lana Turner walked over mink in "Ziegfeld Girl." She'll *never* forget that!

Meantime, dreams are coming true so fast, she's a little scared. It somehow just doesn't seem right to get everything you wish for. Even Fred Astaire. Only thing that made her sad at M-G-M was, they didn't have Fred Astaire. Now they have him, and she can look at him once in a while, and that makes her very happy. Because just look what he did for her.

The woman who *thinks* she's a good wife

Tom is moody, strange. He seems to avoid Sue *deliberately*. Over and over, Sue seeks a clue. Tom was once proud of her looks, of the way she managed their home. That hasn't changed. Why has *he* changed? *Poor Sue.* She doesn't dream that carelessness about feminine hygiene is the "one neglect" few husbands can forgive. *If only she knew about Lysol . . .*

The woman who *knows* she is!

Joan and Les are perfect marriage partners. Wise Joan, like so many modern wives, uses Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. Her doctor told her it is an effective germ-killer that cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes. Yet Lysol is so gentle, used in the douche, that it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues . . . just follow easy directions. "So simple and inexpensive to use!" says Joan. Try Lysol for feminine hygiene.

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Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful *germicide*, active in the presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle makes *almost 4 gallons* of solution for the douche. **Cleanly odor**—Lysol deodorizes *completely*. No odor of its own remains after use. **Lasting**—keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

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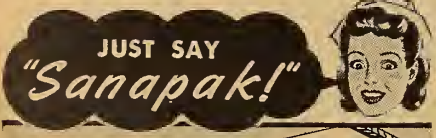

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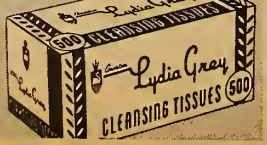

SLICK MICK

(*Continued from page 54*)

have a sentimental soft streak as wide as a barn door. He's not the kind of Mick who sings "Mavourneen" at the drop of a pratie and weeps in his beer or anything, but—well—when the war first broke, and the Army scattered its skimpy Coast Artillery in the hills back of George's Beverly Hills Home, he spent his evenings lugging coffee and sandwiches to the soldiers shivering in the winter nights at their exposed posts. As a result, George has a couple dozen red hot GI correspondents scattered all over Uncle Sam's far flung fighting posts, and he stays up nights writing them everything he does with his Hollywood pals. And he gets paid back when he receives notes like the one from a Corporal Sid Levine, along with the Samurai sword of a Makin Island Jap captain.

"Dear Moiph," scribbled the Corp, "right in the middle of a battle comes a mail guy from headquarters and guess what—a letter from my pal! It makes me feel so good, Moiph, that I knock off a few extra Jap bums with my tommy-gun, and one won't be needing this carving knife no more, so I'm sending it along to you."

Well, that in turn made George feel so good that he drove right off across country that night, although he was dead tired, put on two shows in an out-of-the-way Army camp before he passed out cold from exhaustion!

But if George Murphy is a tender Harp at heart, he's also loaded with the other rugged virtues that make an Irishman the greatest collection of contradictions on the face of the earth. He's got spunk and energy and drive and cockiness. He's got good humor and friendliness, the knack of getting what he goes after and a healthy portion of good old Irish luck, too. It's the combination, I suspect, that has made George Murphy what he is today—Hollywood's busiest and about its most personally popular star.

This past movie semester, for instance, George knocked out five straight pictures without one day's rest in between. He headlined the Red Cross Hollywood Speakers Bureau plugging the Blood Bank, Bonds and other war efforts. He managed to stock his Oregon ranch with pigs and cows and things. He made a whirlwind entertainment tour of all the Army hospitals in the Southeast U. S. He served as Vice-President of the Screen Actors Guild and won the nomination for its next prexy. And along the way somewhere, George managed to become a proud papa for the second time.

something for the dicks . . .

The other night, George was working off his surplus energy, jogging along the streets of Beverly Hills after dusk, togged out in an old pair of pants, sneakers and a sweat shirt to work up a steam. He was pounding along when a police patrol car pulled up. Two cops jumped out. They were green officers, and they didn't know George Murphy from Adam.

They grabbed him. "Now where do you think you're runnin off to, Bud?" they inquired. "What second story job did you just pull off?"

George told them who he was.

"Oh, yeah?" barked one cop. "Well, I'm Clark Gable. Suppose you tell us just what you've been up to now in the last few hours."

So George rattled off what he'd been doing: Working at the studio all day. A Command Performance radio show after that, home for dinner, then the workout.

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QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(Continued from page 110)

1. Quick on his Trigger
2. Bright when it rains
3. Turhan Selahettin Schultavy
4. Won Wilson
5. Dr. Watson
6. Ronnie's C. O.
7. Dr. Gillespie
8. Jack Norworth
9. Barkers don't bite
10. Father Fitzgibbons
11. Soured Skeffington
12. Split "Killer" Gray twosome
13. The larcenous Lodger
14. North star, lucky star
15. Private Hargrove
16. Led the Pied Piper
17. Made his own bed
18. What a woman's a momma
19. Nosed out by Umbriago
20. Heavenly body

(Continued on page 134)

[illegible] throu[illegible]re," revealed George, "I've got a meeting of the Screen Actors Guild in Hollywood."

"Then what are you running around for?" one asked. "Why aren't you taking a snooze?"

The cops scratched their heads. "I guess you ain't any burglar," the other sighed. "Looks to me like you're just plain nuts!"

George is always getting something like that. But when people shake their heads and infer he is nutty to knock himself out, it turns out he's nutty like a few foxes. When George made "Bataan," Bob Walker, who played in that rugged epic with him, caught George pumping himself up and down off the floor one afternoon right before George, Lloyd Nolan and Bob were to go into the most strenuous scene in the script. It was one where they had to come up over a rock cliff, worn out, panting and out of breath. The climb was bad enough. But here was Murphy knocking himself out doing push-ups as fast as he could!

Bob Walker tapped him on the back. "Will you kindly tell me, Murph, why you're doing that?" he inquired softly. "Or have you lost your mind?"

George just grinned. "Try it, kid," he suggested. "And take a tip from an old timer. When you're supposed to be out of breath, get yourself that way. Then you won't have to worry about it when you shoot the scene. Listen, in this acting racket, the fewer things you have to think about in a scene, the better you'll do what's left."

Pretty soon Bob Walker was down on the floor wearing himself out, too. He found it worked.

smack-in-one . . .

Luckily, one look at Murph and you can tell in a minute that the strenuous life isn't going to get him down much longer than it takes to get back his wind. Beneath George's long chin and twinkling gray eyes, he packs the lean and wiry build of an athlete. It's no accident. For one thing, George's dad was Mike Murphy, the most famous athletic coach the University of Pennsylvania ever had. Mike died when George was just a shaver, but his spirit lived on in George. At Pawling, Peddie and Yale, too, George Murphy was a crack athlete—baseball, football, track. Once, against his rival school, Taft, he won a track meet all by himself with five first places and one second. Even today he looks as if he could step right on to the gridiron, the diamond or a cinder path and get going at a moment's notice.

His best friend is Bob Montgomery—pardon, Commander Robert Montgomery, USNR, whom he met at school at Pawling, N. Y. (Thomas Dewey's home town). In fact, it was Bob Montgomery who started George off on golf, his favorite way of keeping trim today. As George recalls, he wasn't too interested in what he considered an old man's game at that point.

But Bob, who was a links nut, dragged him out on the course one day and said, "Go ahead, hit the ball!" So George slammed a two-iron over a hill, and a man came running back yelling and waving his clubs angrily. He'd smacked a professor, who didn't like Murphy anyway, right in the seat of his pants!

Bob Montgomery is still George's best friend. Every time Bob comes back from sea duty, they get together and laugh over old times, and George listens enviously to Bob's new naval adventures. He swears Commander Montgomery will be right there when the Yanks capture Hirohito. Last time Bob was home, he and his wife and George and his better half, Julie, stepped out for an evening at the Mocambo. They had a benefit whisky raffle that night, and George walked off with the case of Scotch, something like stumbling on to a drawer full of nylons these days in war-dry Hollywood. "You lucky Irishman!" Commander Montgomery kidded.

"Look who's talking about being lucky," retorted George, and *he* wasn't kidding. Because the one thing that burns Murph up is the fact that he's missed two wars—a guy with the name of Murphy, too! In 1918 George was a nipper, more or less, but tall enough to fool the recruiting officers in Canada. He was staying in Detroit then with his sister, when he slipped over the border one day with another chum and enlisted in the Canadian Army. Things might have worked out okay, ex-

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cept that George's sister got mad and tipped off the authorities that her brother was only fifteen. They booted him right out.

This time, the evening of the day the Japs smacked Uncle Sam below the belt at Pearl Harbor, George rushed down to Fort MacArthur and stayed up all night, confidently expecting red-balled bombers to paste the fort that night. But nothing happened, and when he tried to join up, George found, to his disgust, that a flock of school-day injuries put him on the technically unfit shelf.

This Murphy tabs the blackest luck an Irishman could have. But as a matter of fact, in all the crack-ups that made him a four F'er, it was pure Irish luck that let George come out alive. One summer, on vacation from Yale, he took a job in a Pennsylvania coal mine, and the darned thing caved right in on him, crushing him so badly that it's a miracle he wasn't crippled for life. An earlier time, at Peddie Institute, when George was only sixteen, he got kicked on the shin in a football game, and blood poisoning set in. George's leg swelled up like a sausage balloon, and he passed out for three days. He woke up in time to catch the doctor starting to saw his leg off. The doc had George's family's permission and everything, because it looked like a case of that—or else a lily on Murph's youthful chest. But George almost shook the hospital down yelling "No!" and somehow he got well, saving his famous-to-be hoofers right in the nick of time.

the luck o' the Irish . . .

The last time his patron saint was good to George was only two years ago. He and Cary Grant were in New York with their bags all packed ready to board the clipper for Lisbon on a trip to give the North African GI's some entertainment and laughs. Four hours before the big bird took off, George got a wire from the Army chiefs. They told him to go back to Hollywood and play in "This is the Army." That called it off for both of them, and the Clipper zoomed off without them.

When it landed in Lisbon—well, maybe you remember—the pilot crashed in the bay, several people lost their lives, and that beautiful songbird of radio, Jane Froman, was badly battered up. So George Murphy really hasn't any big kicks coming in the Irish luck department. Incidentally, he was dangling a St. Christopher medal from his watch chain that narrow squeak. He's never had it off since.

One of the biggest breaks of Irish luck George Murphy ever had, though, was marrying his wife, Julie. Because there's not a happier, gayer couple in Hollywood, nor two cuter kids than the ones Julie has given George in his son Denny, and his year-old baby darling, Melissa. Besides all this, brown-eyed, pretty, vivacious Julie is the main reason George is where he is today. Not only has she been his backer-upper for years, but Juliette Johnson was the girl who talked George Murphy into taking a crack at show business in the first place.

It didn't take much talking, George recalls, because that was back in the late Twenties, and Murph was down from Yale and facing the cruel world in Manhattan. Chores in Wall Street and other dreary marts of trade didn't click with him a bit. He was in and out of jobs and usually busted like an old light bulb. He stagged in a tiny room in the Nineties. But he could usually scrape up enough to take out Juliette, a professional dancer he'd met. The competition was pretty tough, too, he remembers, because Julie had a beau with a Rolls-Royce and more money than brains who showered her with orchids, took her to all the shows and expensive cafes.

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swingin' for their supper . . .

But when they would have enough sugar to go dancing somewhere, Julie, who knew her stuff, told George he was light as a feather. She suggested they work out some routines together. George liked the bright lights and color, the thrills and the quick-punching life of show business. He didn't know beans about it, but he could always dance and clown a little from kidhood on, and no one had ever accused him of being a shrinking violet.

Once, for instance, when George's wallet was flatter than a pancake, and he was itching for any kind of a job, but particularly one somewhere around Broadway, he dropped into a little beer joint where he could get a glass of suds and sometimes a steak on the cuff. The proprietor was singing the blues.

"Wouldn't you know it, Murph," he wailed. "The guitar slapper I got is home sick in bed. And in the upstairs room is a bunch of big-shot customers yelling for entertainment."

"That's tough," sympathized George. "But say, I know four chords on the ukulele, and I can sing some songs. Gimme that guitar. I'll sing for 'em!" He did, too, and made such a solid hit that the customers, who were going on to Philadelphia that night, wanted to lug him along with them. But George grinned and ducked out of the party, later kicking himself soundly. Because one of the merrymakers, he found out, was William Paley, a New York big shot who later became president of CBS.

George and his wife, Julie, have lots of memories to look back on today, most of them good for nostalgic laughs. They worked up their first dance routines, for instance, in a room above a Chinese Chop Suey joint at 96th & Broadway, because that was the only place they could find. They made a deal with the baffled Oriental proprietor to dance for his customers free to pay for the room, and sometimes if they were pretty sharp and his customers clapped, he came across with a little chop suey. And George will never forget the time they got good enough for their first crack at a professional job. The place was called "Ten East Sixtieth" then, it was the "Villa Vallee" later on, and today it's the "Copacabana." The hitch for George was that he and Julie had to dance at teatime, and the job required a cutaway coat and all the trimmings. George had no dough but plenty of cultivated tastes. He went to the best tailor he could find, ordered his expensive outfit and timed the final fitting so the suit would be ready a few minutes before he and Julie went on at the cafe.

Then he sent the tailor to the back room on some excuse and bolted out the door. He thinks the race he made from Fifth Avenue to the tea dance joint tearing along like the banshees were after him with his cutaway flying in the faces of astonished New Yorkers was just about the most spectacular race he ever won. Because George won it all right. The tailor couldn't catch up with him, and two hours later, after he'd played the job and cinched it, George called and made arrangements to pay off his cutaway suit on time. Funny thing, too, the tailor became a pal, and George has been getting his suits made there ever since!

Of course, it's pretty hard to get mad at George Murphy, no matter what he does, a fact Julie discovered in the year

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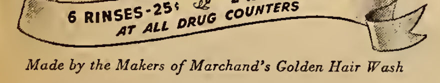

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or more they worked together as a dance team. So in spite of Rolls-Royce-and-orchid rivals, Murphy won in a walk, as he usually does in everything. "And it's *not* true," he swears, "that I had to borrow two dollars from Julie for the license. I wasn't broke. I had one dollar—she just *lent* me the *other* buck!"

Juliette Murphy hasn't danced a lick professionally since George clicked in the big time. But for a couple of years or more, the team of Johnson and Murphy did all right at Manhattan's swanker bistros, like the Montmartre, Lido, Central Park Casino and the Club Richman. They even went abroad to the Mayfair in London and the Opera Club in Paris. London was where George first became such a good friend of Fred Astaire. Fred and his sister, Adele, were playing in London then. All four stopped at the Grosvenor House, and over midnight spaghetti dinners with the girls in hair curlers and the fellows in almost anything, George and Julie had a ton of fun and learned the ropes from the two top artists. George still calls Fred the guy who put him hep to big time dancing, and they see each other all the time in Hollywood. Fred has even taught George's boy Denny a number of nifty hoof routines.

old acquaintance . . .

George, being the friendly Mick he is, has picked up friends all along the success road who are still pals today. When he finally got going on Broadway in shows like "Good News," "Of Thee I Sing" and "Roberta," he ran into a lot of unknown hopefuls like himself. In "Roberta," for instance, there was a wise-cracking, ski-snooted guy named Bob Hope that nobody had ever heard of. (George swears Bob still owes him for half of their last laundry bill—$1.32 for 2 dress shirts and collars.) And there was a saxophone tooter in that same show, Fred MacMurray. George has known Bing Crosby for years and years, and Hoagy Carmichael, the "Stardust" boy, who's a pal of George's today, was having a terrible time getting a song plugged when he and George first started calling each other by their first names.

Matter of fact, Murph's friends are scattered all over, wherever George has stopped off on his rambles. And once he makes a pal, he hates to lose him. When George came to Hollywood the first time, it was five years before he got back to New York City. All the way back on the train he kept worrying to Julie, "I wonder if there's anybody back there I know?" Gloomily he predicted he'd be a stranger.

But the first day George walked out of his hotel, the St. Regis, there was Big Tom, the traffic cop on the Fifth Avenue corner, cussing cabbies like he'd been doing years ago. He waved genially, "Hiyah, Murph!" George felt better. He strolled into the corner drug store, and the same tobacco counter clerk was there. "Where you been, Murphy?" he asked. "Haven't seen you around." The pay-off was when the newsboy from whom he always snagged a paper in the morning, was still at his old stand hawking the news. He was the only one who knew George had been to Hollywood and was in the movies. "Tell me about them Hollywood dames, Murph," was all he wanted to know.

In Hollywood, besides Bob Montgomery and Fred Astaire, George's best friends are probably Pat O'Brien, whom he knew back on Broadway, Carol Tracy (Spencer's brother), Adolphe Menjou, Jim Cagney and Fred MacMurray. George has gag names for all of them. He calls Adolphe "Froggy," Carol "Front Porch" and Cagney "Soft Talkin' Sam" from Jimmy's way of prac-

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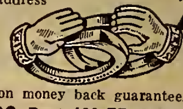

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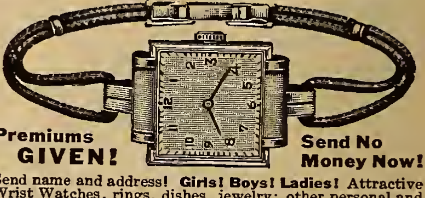

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tically getting right up to your face and whispering in your ear when he talks to you. George likes to tell about the time Ann Sothern threw a wonderful party in Hollywood where he had a terrific time. But next day, when George was rehashing the evening with Jimmy, the Cagney didn't remember anything about it. Because all evening he'd been talking into somebody's shirt front, so absorbed in his intense whispering conversation that he had missed all the evening's fun!

mr. murphy's corn . . .

George, on the contrary, is always on the look-out for laughs and circulates like a phoney nickel. His good Irish nature is always right there with a wisecrack or a joke to keep things moving, at work or play. For instance, at RKO Studio "Step Lively" didn't have a title for a long time, so it was known around the lot as "Sinatra Number Two," since Frankie had made one RKO picture before. It began to irk George, who was also in the opus, so he slipped the doorman a fiver one day. "From now on," said George, "this picture is "*Murphy* Number Two—get it?" The doorman got it. George kept bribing him until finally everybody on the lot began calling it "Murphy Number Two"—even Frankie, although the first time he heard it, he almost swooned.

The one George pulled on his pal, Pat O'Brien, is almost a Hollywood classic by now. Murphy is uncanny at impersonations, and when the screwy surrealist king, Salvador Dali, was in Hollywood, he called up Pat and in an out-of-the-world accent claimed to be Dali and said he was calling because he simply couldn't help it. He, Dali, considered Pat O'Brien his favorite movie star and one of the world's great actors. All in dialect.

Pat fell for it like a load of coal and was touched. He replied gallantly that he considered Dali the greatest painter in the world. Well, the next day in a Hollywood cafe whom should Pat spy but Dali, so he went over and started thanking him for his tributes and all he got was a blank stare. Finally Dali called a waiter. "Who is this man?" he asked. "Is he crazy?" Pat almost blew up.

Wherever you trail around the studio lots after George Murphy, you find evidence of his enlarged funny-bone. A while back one day on the set of "Having Wonderful Crime," George drew an old overcoat from the wardrobe department for a certain scene. Jamming his hand in the pocket accidentally, he pulled out a sheaf of ancient raffle tickets marked "Take a Chance on a Grand Piano—$1." Instantly he had an idea. In no time at all he had sold every raffle ticket around the set at a buck a throw. Pianos are something you just can't get these days, and the chances went like hot cakes.

But finally a sucker got suspicious. "Where *is* this grand piano?" he demanded. Luckily, there was one on the next set. That saved the gag for a while until another sleuth found out from the studio business manager that the piano was not for sale, raffle or hire. So George hustled out before he got mobbed and bought a toy piano for the lucky winner. The money went to the GI "Buy-A-Phone-Call" fund. And a couple of lucky soldiers got to talk to their folks back home because of George's cut-ups.

Both George and Julie love to dance, like to dress up and step out. George helped organize the Westside Tennis Club. He also belonged to the Beverly Hills Yachting and Polo Association—which never saw a yacht or a polo pony—but was strictly a stag club meeting in a sound-proof room every two weeks for all-night sessions of poker and gin rummy. And especially when George wasn't work-

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ing, the Murphys were either having their house full of noisy guests or off somewhere being the same themselves.

One of Murph's favorite rendezvous used to be the Jimmy Cagney shack out back of his house. There Cagney, O'Brien, Murphy, Spencer Tracy, Frank McHugh and assorted movie Irishmen with or without their wives, would stage impromptu vaudeville shows and star impersonations worth thousands if a movie camera could ever catch them. Everybody in Hollywood and on Broadway from years back was lampooned, the beer flowed freely, and the nights were long.

house of murphy . . .

At George's house, what with having neighbors around, the fun had to be a bit more refined, but at that the Merry Murphys did all right with conversation and parlor games. Guggenheim, charades and such and a favorite, Travelogues. One Travelogue (the journey of Balto, the dog, around the world) once went on so long that Cesar Romero, who was playing Balto, and hence had to crouch on the floor, fell sound asleep!

Most of the old fun gang are gone now; out on Pacific islands and in French fields, so Murph, who's left behind to his disgust, depends on his home and his family for what spare minutes of relaxation he has away from his movie and war morale jobs. The house of Murphy sits up near the hills behind Beverly. It's not a showplace, but it's big enough, comfortable and homey with pine-panelled walls, antiques and chintzy chairs here and there. No interior decorator got near it; George and Julie, mostly Julie, knew what they wanted, and they waited to get it, although for the first couple of years they lived in the place with hardly a stick of furniture. Their first Christmas, for instance, all the furniture the front room sported was the Christmas tree. Now it's rich with the rare antiques and special pieces that George and Julie had in mind from the start but had to wait to find.

George is fastidious that way. He likes good furniture, good clothes, good food and drink. Although he has been in Hollywood almost a decade now, he still buys his haberdashery at Brooks Brothers, New York's smart men's store, and has his suits tailored by Earl Benham—the self-same tailor who fashioned George's fugitive cutaway, away back when. George's pet extravagance is linen handkerchiefs. He has stacks of them. But while whatever he gets is usually the best he can buy, Murph takes good care of everything. He has a Cadillac, for instance, that he has nursed like a baby and today the speedometer reads 200,000 miles. He has some Dunhill pipes so old and well-smoked that they're black.

George is neat as a pin around the house—likes to keep dressed up, and if guests are coming, always puts on a coat and tie—something that's seldom done in the relaxed movie colony. When he steps out, too, he always wears a stiff collar, which makes Southern Californians stare. The only sartorial slip Murph allows himself alone at home is bare feet. He thinks walking around without shoes keeps his dancing dogs healthy. When he does slip on his number nines, he always puts the right shoe on first, it's his major superstition. He showers and shaves twice a day, keeps his clothes hung up neatly, always slips the detective stories he likes tidily back on the shelves and never spills a cigarette ash on Julie's rugs or spots a table with his favorite Scotch-and-plain after dinner. In short, he's a model spouse around the house.

But the minute he hits the studio, George doesn't pick up a thing, tosses clothes, phonograph records, fan mail, old cigarette

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